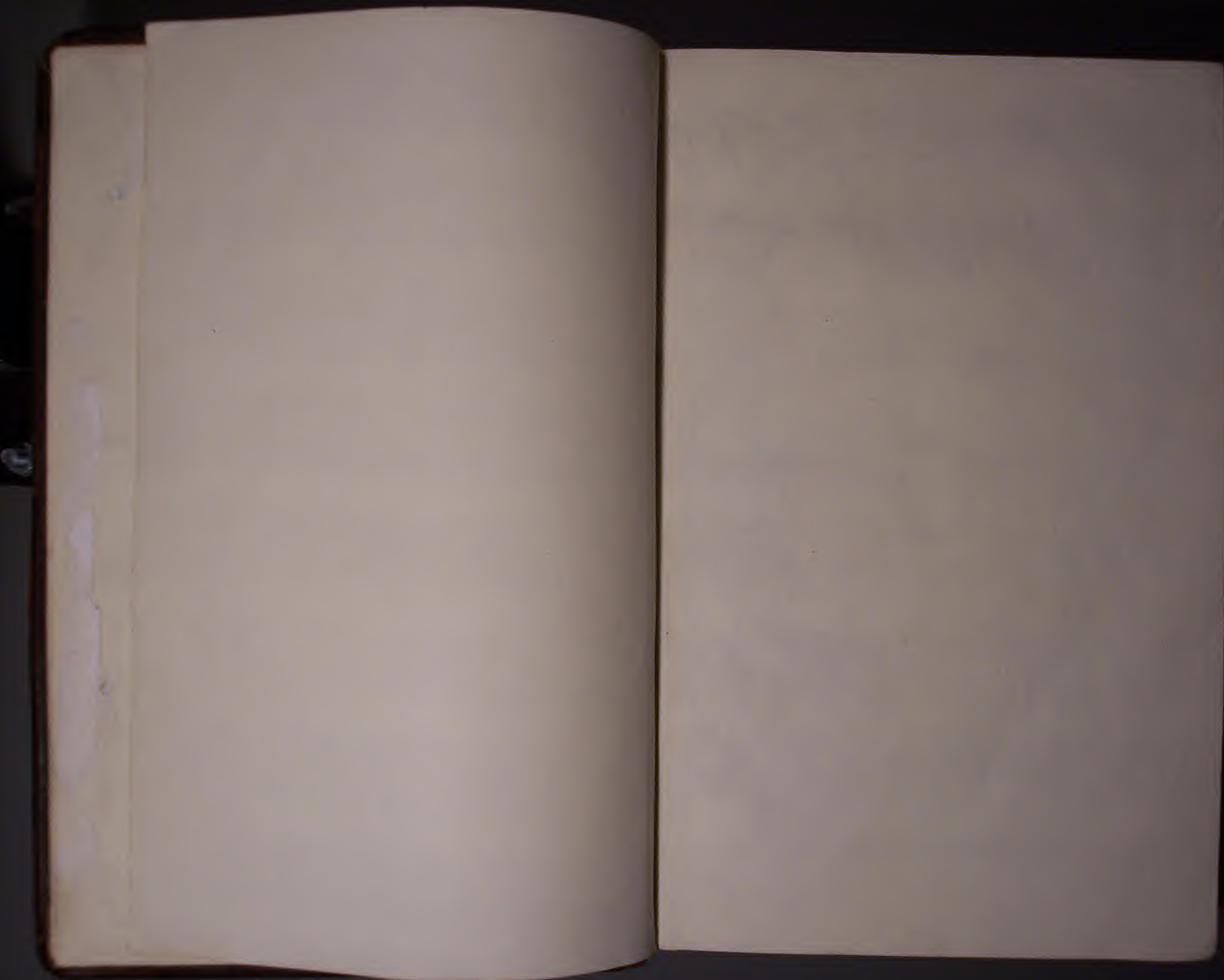




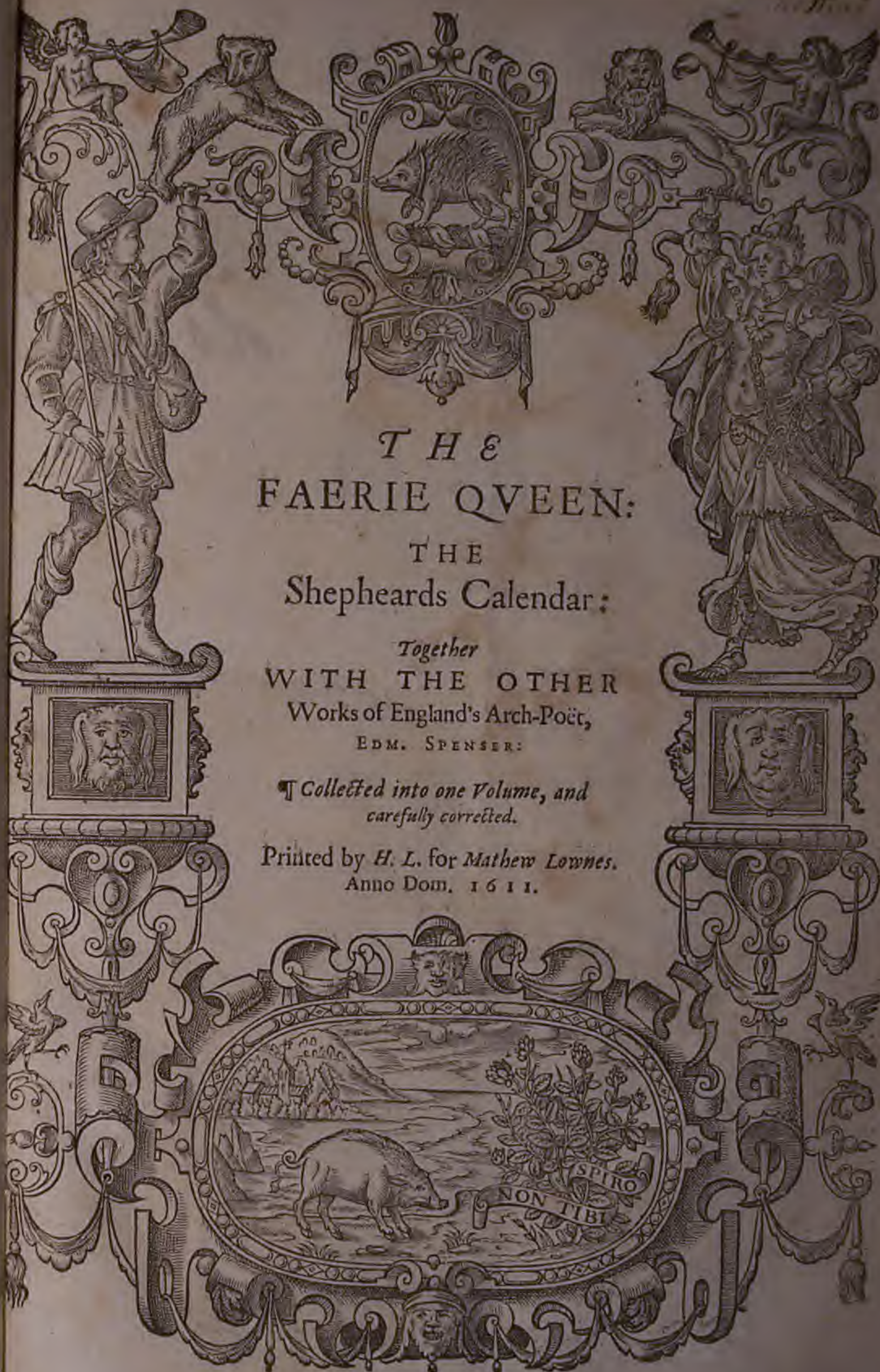
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TO THE MOST  
HIGH, MIGHTIE,  
AND MAGNIFICENT  
EMPERESSE,

RENOVND FOR PIETIE,  
VERTVE, AND ALL GRA-  
CIOVS GOVERNMENT:

ELIZABETH,  
BY THE GRACE OF GOD,  
Queene of *England, France, and Ireland*, and of  
*Virginia*: Defender of the Faith,  
&c.

*Her most humble Seruaunt, Edmund Spenser, doth in all  
humilitie dedicate, present, and consecrate these his labours, to line  
with the eternitie of her*  
FAME.







# THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING  
THE LEGENDE OF THE KNIGHT  
OF THE RED CROSSE,

OR  
*Of Holinesse.*

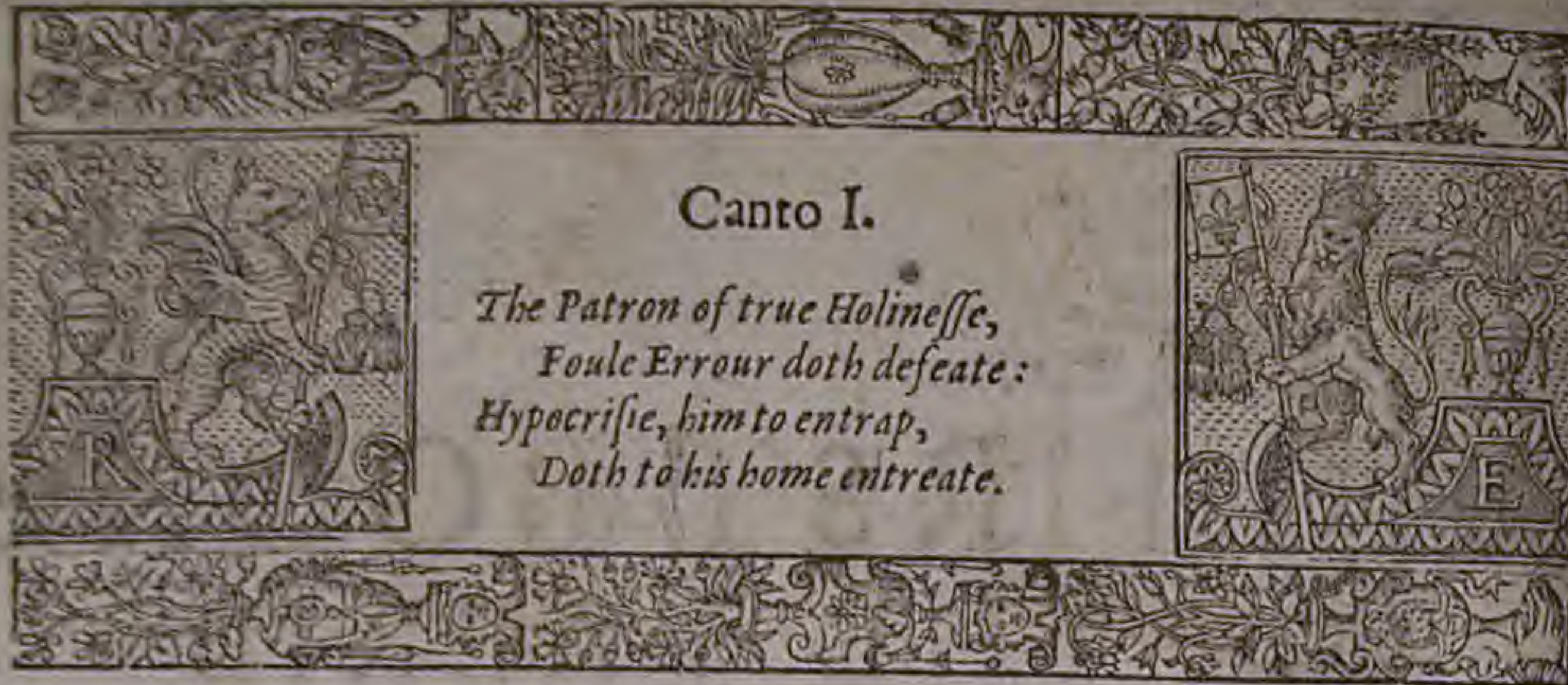
**I**O, I the man, whose Muse whilom did mask,  
As time her taught, in lowly Shepheards  
Am now enforc't a far vnfitter task, (weeds,  
For trüpets stern to change mine oate reeds,  
And sing of Knights, & Ladies gentle deeds;  
Whose praises hauing slept in silence long,  
Mee, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds  
To blazon 'broad, amongst her learned throng:  
Fierce warres, and faithfull loues, shall moralize my song.

Helpe then, ô holy Virgin, chiefe of nine,  
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will:  
Lay forth out of thine euclasting scrine  
The antique rolles, which there lie hidden still,  
Of Faerie Knights, and fairest *Tanaquill*,  
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long  
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,  
That I must rue his vnderferred wrong:  
O! help thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tongue.

And thou most dreaded impe of highest *Ioue*,  
Faie *Venus* sonne, that with thy cruell dart  
At that good Knight so cunningly didst rouse,  
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,  
Lay now thy deadly Heben bowe apart,  
And with thy mother milde come to mine ayde:  
Come both, and with you bring triumphant *Mars*,  
In loues and gentle iollities arrayd,  
After his murderous spoiles and bloody rage allayd.

And with them eke, ô Goddesse heauenly bright,  
Mirrour of grace and Maiestie diuine,  
Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light  
Like *Phœbus* lampe throughout the world doth shine,  
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble cyne,  
And raise my thoughts, too humble, and too vile,  
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,  
The argument of mine afflicted stile:  
The which to heare, vouchsafe, ô dearest dread *Amor*.





## Canto I.

*The Patron of true Holinesse,  
Foule Error doth defeate:  
Hypocrisie, him to entrap,  
Doth to his home entreate.*

**A** Gentle Knight was pricking on the Plaine,  
Yclad in mightie armes and siluer shield,  
Wherin old dints of deep wounds did remain  
The cruell marks of many a bloudie field:  
Yet armes til that time did he neuer wield:  
His angry steede did chide his foming but;  
As much disdain to the curbe to yield:  
Full tolly Knight he seem'd, and faire did sit,  
As one for knightly gists and fierce encounters fit.

But on his breast a bloudy Crosse he bore,  
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,  
For whose weete like that glorious badge he wore,  
And dead (as living) euer him ador'd:  
Vpon his shield the like was also seer'd;  
For so long hope, which in his help he had:  
Right faithfull true he was in deed and word;  
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad:  
Yet nothing did he dread; but euer was yclad.

Vpon a great adventure he was bound,  
That greatest Gloriana to him gaue,  
That greatest glorious Queen of Faerie land,  
To win him to ship, and her grace to haue;  
Which of all earthly things he most did craue;  
And euer as he rode, his heart did eare  
To proue his puissance in battell braue  
Vpon his foe, and his new force to learn:  
Vpon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearn.

A lovely Lady rode him faire beside,  
Vpon a Jewely Asse more white then snowe;  
Yet face much whiter, but the same did hide  
Vnder a veile, that wimpled was full lowe,  
And over all a black stole shee did throwe,  
At one that only mou'd: so was shee sad,  
And hee was faine vpon her palfrey slowe:  
Seemed in heart some hidden care shee had,  
And by her in a line a milke white lamb shee lad.

So pure an Innocent, as that same lamb,  
Shee was in life and euer vertuous lore,  
And by descent from Royall lynage came  
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore  
Their scepters stretcht from East to Western shore,  
And all the world in their subiection held;  
Till that infernall fiend with foule vprore  
Forewasted all their land, and them expeld:  
Whom to avenge, shee had this Knight from far compeld.

Behinde her farre away a Dwarfie did lag,  
That lazily seem'd in beeing euer last,  
Or wearied with bearing of her bag  
Of needments at his back. Thus as they pass,  
The day with cloudes was suddaine overcast,  
And angry Ioue an hideous storme of raine  
Did poure into his Lemans lap to fast,  
That euer wight to shrowd it did constraine,  
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were faine.

Enforc't to seeke some covert nigh at hand,  
A shady grove not farre away they spide,  
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:  
Whole lofty trees, yclad with sommers pride,  
Did spread so broad, that heavens light did hide,  
Not perceable with power of any starre:  
And all within were paths and alleies wide,  
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:  
Faerie harbour, that them seemed: so in they entred are.

And forth they passe, with pleasure forward led,  
Ioying to heare the birds sweet harmony,  
Which therein shrouded from the tempests dred,  
Seem'd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.  
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hie,  
The fayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,  
The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar neuer dry,  
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,  
The Aspine, good for stauces, the Cypress funeral.

The

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours  
And Poets sage, the Firre that weepeth still,  
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours,  
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will,  
The Birch for shafts, the Sallow for the mill,  
The Myrthe sweet, bleeding in the bitter wound,  
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,  
The fruitfull Oliue, and the Platane round,  
The carver Holme, the Maple sildom inward found.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,  
Vntill the blustering storme is overblowne,  
When, weening to returne, whence they did stray,  
They cannot finde that path which first was showne,  
But wander to and fro in waies vnknowne,  
Furthest from end then, when they neereft ween,  
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:  
So many paths, so many turnings seen,  
That which of them to take, in diuers doubt they been.

At last, resolving forward still to fare,  
Till that some end they finde or in or out,  
That path they take, that beaten seem'd most bare,  
And like to lead the labyrinth about;  
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,  
At length it brought them to a hollow Cane  
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout  
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser braue,  
And to the Dwarfie awhile his needlesse speare he gaue.

Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,  
Least suddaine mischief yee too rash provoke:  
The danger hid, the place vnknowne and wilde,  
Breeds dreadfull doubts: oft fire is without smoke,  
And perill without shoue: therefore your hardy stroke  
Sir Knight with-hold, till further triall made.  
Ah Lady (said he) shame were to reuoke  
The forward footing for an hidden shade:  
Vertue giues her selfe light, through darknes for to wade.

Yes, but (quoth shee) the perill of this place  
I better wot then you: though now too late  
To wish you back returne with foule disgrace;  
Yet wisdom warnes, whilst foote is in the gate,  
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrace.  
This is the wandring wood, this Errours den;  
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:  
Therefore, I reed beware. Fly, fly (quoth then  
The fearefull Dwarfie:) this is no place for liuing men.

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,  
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide;  
But forth vnto the darksome hole he went,  
And looked in: his glistring armour made  
A little glooming light, much like a shade,  
By which he saw the vgly monster plaine,  
Halfe like a serpent horribly dispaide,  
But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,  
Most lothsome, filthy, foule, and full of vile disdain.

And, as shee lay vpon the durrie ground,  
Her huge long taile her den all ouerspred,  
Yet was in knots and many boughs vpwound,  
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred  
A thousand young ones, which shee daily fed,  
Sucking vpon her poisonous dugs, each one  
Of sundry shape, yet all ill fauoured:  
Soone as that vnouth light vpon them shone,  
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

Their dam vpstart, out of her den effraide,  
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile  
About her curst head, whole folds displaid  
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.  
Shee lookt about, and seeing one in maile  
Armed to point, sought back to turne againe;  
For, light shee hated as the deadly bale,  
Ay wont in desert darknesse to remaine,  
Where plaine none might her see, nor shee any plaine.

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiu'd, he leapt  
As Lyon fierce vpon the flying pray,  
And with his trenchant blade her boldly kept  
From turning back, and forced her to stay:  
There-with enrag'd shee loudly gan to bray,  
And turning fierce, her speckled taile aduauist,  
Threatning her angry sting, him to dismay:  
Who, nought agast, his mighty hand enhaunst:  
The stroke down from her head vnto her shoulder glaunst.

Much daunted with that dint, her sense was daz'd;  
Yet kindling rage, her selfe shee gather'd round,  
And all at once her beastly body rais'd  
With doubled forces high about the ground:  
Tho wrapping vp her wreathed sterne around,  
Leapt fierce vpon his shield, and her huge traine  
All suddainly about his body wound,  
That hand or foot to stirre he stroue in vaine:  
God help the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine.

His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint,  
Cride out, Now, now Sir Knight, shew what you bee,  
Add faith vnto your force, and be not faint:  
Strangle her, else shee sure will strangle thee.  
That when he heard, in great perplexine,  
His gall did grate for griefe and high disdain,  
And knitting all his force, got one hand free,  
Where-with he gryp't her gorge with so great paine,  
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constrain.

There-with shee spew'd out of her filthy maw  
A flood of poyson horrible and black,  
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobberts raw,  
Which stunk so vilely, that it forc't him back:  
His grasping hold, and from her turne him back:  
Her vomit full of booke and papers was,  
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lack,  
And creeping, sought way in the weedy grasse:  
Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled was.

A 3



21  
As when old father Nilus gins to swell  
With timely pride above the *Aegyptian* vale,  
His little waues doe fertile slime ouerwell,  
And ouerflowe each Plaine and lowely dale:  
But when his later ebbe gins to auale,  
Huge heapes of mud he leaues, wherein there breed  
Tenne thousand kindes of creatures, partly male,  
And partly female of his fruitfull seed;  
Such vgly monstrous shapes elswhere may no man reed.

22  
The same so fore annoyed has the Knight,  
That wel-nigh choaked with the deadly stinke,  
His forces faile, ne can no longer fight.  
Whole courage when the fiend perceiu'd to shrink,  
Shee poured forth out of her hellish sinke  
Her fruitfull curst spawn of Serpents small,  
Deformed monst'rs, foule, and blacke as inke,  
Which swarming all about his legges did crall,  
And him encombred fore, but could not hurt at all.

23  
As gentle Shepheard in sweet euen-tide,  
When ruddy *Phæbus* gins to welke in west,  
High on an hill, his flock to viewen wide,  
Marks which doe bite their hasty supper best;  
A cloude of combrous gnats doe him molest,  
All struiuing to infix their feeble stings,  
That from their noyance he no where can rest,  
But with his clownish hands their tender wings  
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmuring.

24  
Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame,  
Then of the certaine perill he stood in,  
Halfe furious vnto his foe he came,  
Resolv'd in mind all suddenly to win,  
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;  
And strooke at her with more then manly force,  
That from her body full of filthy sin  
He reft her hatefull head without remorse;  
A streame of coale black bloud forth gushed fro her corse.

25  
Her scattered broode, soone as their Parent deare  
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,  
Groming full deadly, all with troublous feare,  
Gath'rd themselves about her body round,  
Weening their wonted entrance to haue found  
At her wide mouth: but, beeing there withstood;  
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,  
And sucked vp their dying mothers blood;  
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

26  
That detestable sight him much amaz'd,  
To see th vnkindly Imps of heauen accurst,  
Deuour their dam: on whom while so he gaz'd,  
Hauing all satisfide their bloody thirst,  
Their bellies swolne he sawe with fulnes burst,  
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end  
Of such a drunke her life, the which them nurst;  
Now needeth him no longer labour spend: (tend.  
His foes haue slaine themselves, with whom he should con-

27  
His Lady, seeing all that chaunc'd from farre,  
Approch't in haste to greet his victorie;  
And said, Faire Knight, borne vnder happy starre,  
Who see your vanquish't foes before you lie:  
Well worthy be you of that Armorie,  
Wherein you haue great glory wonne this day,  
And proou'd your strength on a strong enemie,  
Your first adventure: many such I pray,  
And henceforth euer wish, that like succeed it may.

28  
Then mounted he vpon his Steed againe,  
And with the Lady backward fought to wend;  
That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine;  
Ne euer would to any by-way bend,  
But still did follow one vnto the end,  
The which at last out of the wood them brought.  
So, forward on his way (with God to friend)  
He passeth forth, and new adventure sought;  
Long way he trauelled before he heard of ought.

29  
At length they chaunc'd to meet vpon the way  
An aged Sire, in long black weeds yclad,  
His feet all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,  
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;  
Sober he seem'd, and very sagely lad,  
And to the ground his eyes were lowely bent,  
Simple in shewe, and voyd of malice bad,  
And all the way he prayed as he went,  
And often knockt his breast, as one that did repent.

30  
Hee faire the Knight saluted, louting lowe;  
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was;  
And after asked him, if he did knowe  
Of strange adventures, which abroad did passe.  
Ah my deare sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,  
Silly old man, that liues in hidden Cell,  
Bidding his beades all day for his trespass,  
Tidings of warre and worldly trouble tell:  
With holy father fits not with such things to mell.

31  
But, if of danger which heereby doth dwell,  
And home-bred euill ye desire to heare,  
Of a strange man I can you tidings tell,  
That wasteth all this countrey faire and neare.  
Of such (said hee) I chiefly doe enquire,  
And shall you well reward to shew the place,  
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:  
For, to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,  
That such a curst creature liues so long a space.

32  
Farre hence (quoth he) in wastfull wildernesse  
His dwelling is, by which no liuing wight  
May euer passe, but thorough great distresse.  
Now (said the Lady) draweth toward night,  
And well I wote, that of your later fight  
Ye all forweared be: for, what so strong,  
But wanting rest, will also want of might?  
The Sunne, that measures heauen all day long,  
At night doth baite his steeds the *Ocean* waues among.

Then

33  
Then with the Sunne, take Sir your timely rest,  
And with new day new worke at once begin:  
Vntroubled night (they say) giues counsell best.  
Right well Sir Knight ye haue aduised bin  
(Quoth then that aged man;) the way to win  
Is wisely to aduise: now day is spent;  
Therefore with me ye may take vp your In  
For this same night. The Knight was well content:  
So with that godly father to his home they went.

34  
A little lowely Hermitage it was,  
Downe in a dale, hard by a forrests side,  
Farre from resort of people; that did pass  
In trauell to and fro: a little wide  
There was an holy Chappell edifice,  
Wherein the Hermite duly wont to say  
His holy things each morne and euen tide:  
Thereby a Crystall streame did gently play,  
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

35  
Arriu'd there, the little houle they fill,  
Ne looke for entertainment; where none was:  
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will;  
The noblest mind the best contentment has.  
With faire discourse the euenig so they pass;  
For, that old man of pleasing words had store,  
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas:  
He told of Saints and Popes, and euermore  
He strow'd an *Aue-Mary* after and before.

36  
The drouping Night thus erepeth on them fast,  
And the sad humour loading their eye liddes,  
As messenger of *Morpheus* on them cast  
Sweet slumbring dew, the which to sleep them biddes.  
Vnto their lodgings then his guests he riddes:  
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,  
Hee to his studie goes, and there amidst  
His Magick bookes and arts of sundry kindes,  
Hee seekes out mightie charmes, to trouble sleepey mindes.

37  
Then chusing out few words most horrible,  
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,  
With which, and other spells like terrible,  
He bad awake black *Plutoes* grisly Dame,  
And curst heauen, and spake reprochfull shame  
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light;  
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name  
Great *Gorgon*, Prince of darknesse and dead night,  
At which *Cocytus* quakes, and *Styx* is put to flight.

38  
And forth hee call'd out of deep darknesse dread  
Legions of Sprights, the which like little flies  
Fluttring about his euer damned head,  
Awaite whereto their seruice he applies,  
To ayde his friends, or fray his enemies:  
Of those he chose out two, the falsest two,  
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;  
The one of them he gaue a message to,  
The other by him selfe itaide other worke to do.

39  
Hee, making speedy way through *Hyperborean* syre,  
And through the world of waters wide and deep,  
To *Morpheus* houle doth hastily repaire:  
Amid the bowels of the earth full steep  
And lowe, where dawning day doth neuer peep,  
His dwelling is; there *Tethys* his wet bed  
Doth euer wash, and *Cynthia* still doth sleep  
In silver dew his euer-drouping hed,  
Whiles sad Night ouer him her mantle black doth spread.

40  
Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,  
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yuorie:  
The other, all with silver ouercast;  
And wakefull dogges before them faire doe lye,  
Watching to banish Care their enemy,  
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleep:  
By them the Spright doth passe in quietly,  
And vnto *Morpheus* comes, whom drowned deep  
In drowlie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keep.

41  
And more, to lull him in his slumber soft,  
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,  
And euer-drieling raine vpon the lofe,  
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sown  
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne:  
No other noise, nor peoples troublous cries,  
As still are wont to annoy the walled towne,  
Might there be heard: but careless *Quiet* lyes,  
Wrapt in eternall silence, farre from enemies.

42  
The messenger approaching to him spake:  
But his waste words return'd to him in vaine:  
So found he slept, that thought mought him awake.  
Then rudely he him thrust, and pulst with paine,  
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe  
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.  
As one then in a dreame, whose drier braine  
Is tost with troubled fighs and fancies weake,  
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

43  
The Spright then gan more boldly him to wake,  
And threatned vnto him the dreaded name  
Of *Hecate*: wherest he gan to quake,  
And lifting vp his lumpish head, with blame  
Halfe angry, asked him for what he came.  
Hither (quoth he) me *Archimago* sent,  
He that the stubborn Sprites can wisely tame,  
He bids thee to him send for his ingent  
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

44  
The God obeyde, and calling forth straight way  
A diuerse dreame out of his prison darke,  
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay  
His heauie head, deuyde of carefull carke,  
Whose senses all were straight benumb'd and sturke.  
He, backe returning by the Yuorie dore,  
Remounted vp as light as cheerfull *Larke*,  
And on his little wings the dreame he bore  
In haste vnto his Lord, where he him left afore.

A 4.

Who



Who all this while, with charmes and hidden arts,  
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,  
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender parts  
So lovely, and so like in all mens sight,  
That weaker sense it could haue raiust quight:  
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous wit,  
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:  
Her all in white he clad, and over it  
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for *Pen* fit.

Now, when that idle dreame was to him brought,  
Vnto that Elfin Knight he had him fly,  
Where he slept soundly, void of euill thought,  
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,  
In sort as he him schooled prively:  
And that new creature borne without her due,  
Full of the makers guile, with visage fly  
He taught to imitate that Lady true,  
Whose semblance she did carry vnder feigned hew.

Thus well instructed, to their worke they haste,  
And coming where the Knight in slumber lay,  
The one vpon his hardy head him plac'd,  
And made him dreame of loues and lustfull play,  
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,  
Barbed in wanton blis and wicked ioy:  
Then seem'd him his Lady by him lay,  
And to him plac'd, how that false winged boy  
Her chaste hart had subdew'd, to learne Dame Pleasures toy.

And shee her selfe (of beauty soueraigne Queene)  
Faire *Venus*, seem'd vnto his bed to bring  
Her, whom he waking euermore did weene  
To be the chastest flower, that ay did spring  
On earthly branch, the daughter of a King:  
Now a loose Leman to vile service bound:  
And eke the *Graces* seem'd all to sing,  
*Hymen* & *Hymen*, dauncing all around,  
Whilst freshest *Flora* her Yuie girlond crown'd.

In this great passion of vnwonted lust,  
Or wonted feare of dooing ougl't amiss,  
He started vp, as seeming to mistrust  
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:  
Lo, there before his face his Lady is,  
Vnder black stole hiding her basted hooke,  
And as halfe blushing, offred him to kiss,  
With gentle blandishment, and lovely looke,  
Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him tooke.

All cleane dismaid to see so vnouth sight,  
And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guile,  
He thought t'haue slaine her in his furce despight:  
But hasty heart tempring with sufferance wise,

He staid his hand, and gan himselfe aduise  
To proue his sense, and tempt her fained truth.  
Wringing her hands in womens pittious wise,  
Tho can shee weepe, to stirre vp gentle ruth,  
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

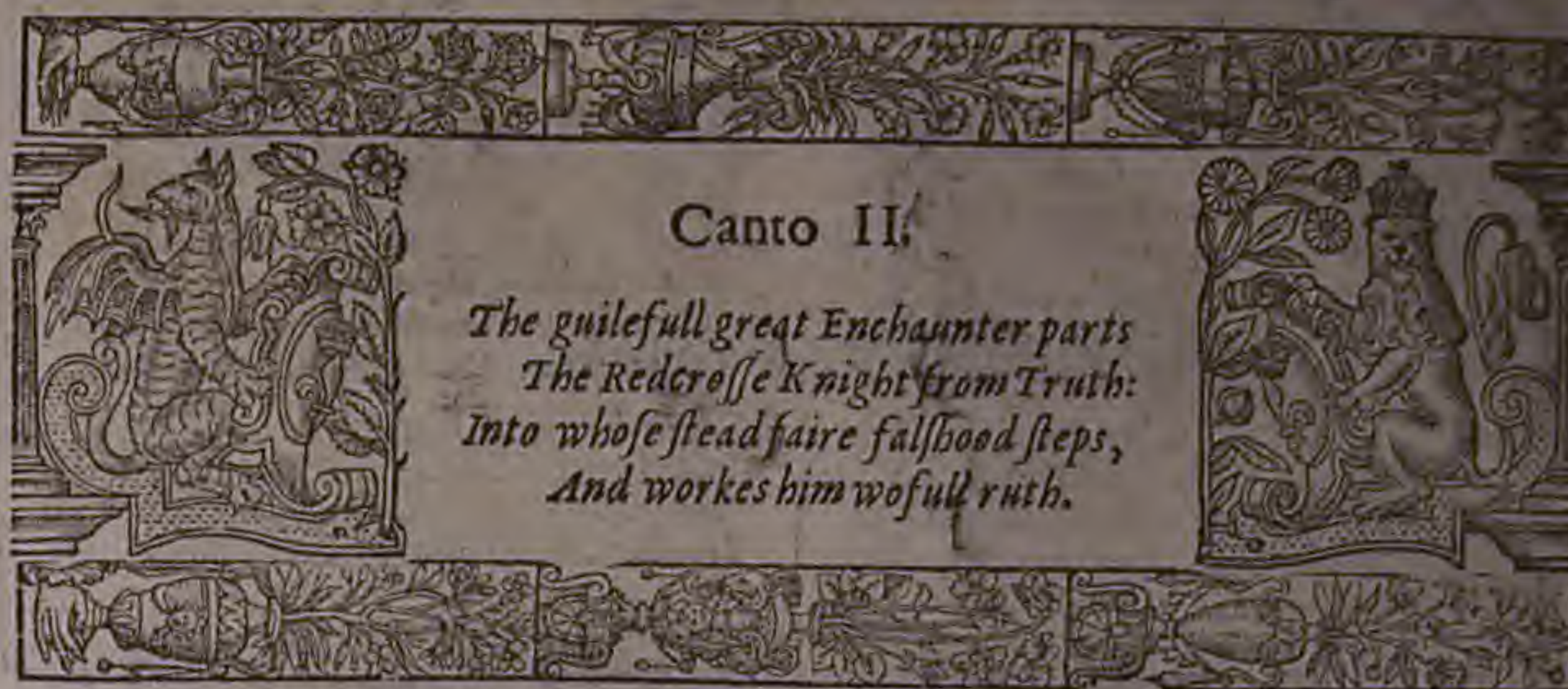
And said, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my loue,  
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell Fate,  
And mightie causes wrought in heauen aboue,  
Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,  
For hoped loue to winne me certaine hate?  
Yet thus perforce he bids me doe, or die.  
Die is my due: yet rue my wretched state,  
You, whom my hard avenging destinie  
Hath made iudge of my life or death indifferently.

Your owne deere sake forc't mee at first to leaue  
My Fathers kingdome: There she stopt with teares:  
Her swollen heart her speech seem'd to bereaue,  
And then againe begun, My weaker yeares  
Captiu'd to fortune and fraile worldly feares,  
Fly to your faith for succour and lure ayde:  
Let me not die in languor and long teares.  
Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismaid?  
What frays ye, that were wont to comfort me affraid?

Loue of your selfe, shee said, and deere constraint  
Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night  
In secret anguish and vn pittied plaint,  
Whilst you in careless sleepe are drowned quite.  
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted Knight  
Suspect her truth: yet sith n'vntuth hee knew,  
Her fawning loue with foule disdainfull spight  
He would not shend, but said, Deare dame, I rewe,  
That for my sake vnkowne such griefe vnto you grew.

Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;  
For all so deare as life is to my hart,  
I deeme your loue, and hold me to you bound;  
Ne let vaine feares procure your needles smart,  
Where cause is none, but to your rest depart.  
Not all content, yet seem'd she to appeale  
Her mournfull plaints, beguiled of her art,  
And sed with words that could not chuse but please;  
So sliding softly forth, she turn'd as to her ease.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,  
Much griu'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,  
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.  
At last, dull wearinesse of former fight  
Hauing vrockt a sleepe his irksome spright,  
That troublous dreame gan freshly tols his braine;  
With bowres, and beds, and Ladies deare delight:  
But when he saw his labour all was vaine,  
With that misformed spright he back return'd againe.



## Canto II.

*The guilefull great Enchaunter parts  
The Redcrosse Knight from Truth:  
Into whose stead faire falsbood steps,  
And workes him wofull ruth.*

**B**Y this, the Northern wagner had set  
His feuenfold teme behind the stedfast star,  
That was in Ocean waues yet neuer wet,  
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from far  
To all, that in the wide deep wandring are:  
And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill  
Had warn'd once, that *Phaebus* fiery carre  
In haste was climbing vp the Easterne hill,  
Full envious that night so long his roome did fill:

When those accursed messengers of hell,  
That feigning dreame, and that false-forged Spright  
Came to their wicked master, and gan tell  
Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding night:  
Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might  
Declud'd so, gan threaten hellish paine  
And sad *Proserpine* wrath, them to asright:  
But when he saw his threatening was but vaine,  
He cast about, and searcht his balefull bookes againe.

Esloones he tooke that miscreant faire,  
And that false other Spright, on whom he spred  
A seeming body of the subtile aire,  
Like a young Squire, in loues and lusty-hed  
His wanton dayes that euer loosely led,  
Without regard of armes and dreided fight:  
Those two he tooke and in a secret bed,  
Cover'd with darknesse and misdeeming night,  
Them both together laid, to ioy in vaine delight.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull haste  
Vnto his guest, who after troublous sighs  
And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast,  
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearefull frights,  
As one agast with fiends or dammed sprights,  
And to him calls, Rise, rise vnhappy Swaine,  
That heere wax old in sleepe, whilst wicked wights  
Hau' knit themselves in *Venus* shamefull chaine:  
Come, see where your false Lady doth her honour staine.

All in amaze he suddenly vp start  
With sword in hand, and with the old man went;  
Who loone him brought into a secret part,  
Where that false couple were full closely ment  
In wanton lust and lewd embracement:  
Which when he saw, he burnt with ielous fire,  
The eye of reason was with rage yblent,  
And would haue slaine them in his furious ire:  
But hardly was restrained of that aged Sire.

Returning to his bed in torment great,  
And bitter anguish of his guile sight,  
He could not rest, but did his stout heart ear,  
And waste his inward gill with deepe despight,  
Yrkelome of life, and too long lingring night.  
At last faire *Hesperus* in highest skie  
Had spent his lumpe, and brought forth dawning light,  
Then vp he rose, and clad him hastily:  
The Dwarfie him brought his steed: so both away do flie.

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,  
Weary of aged *Tithons* Liffon bed,  
Had spred her purple robe through dewy aire,  
And the high hills *Titan* discouered,  
The royall virgin shooke off drowly-hed,  
And rising forth out of her baler bowre,  
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,  
And for her Dwarfie, that went to wait each howre:  
Then gan she wale and weepe, to see that wofull stowre.

And after him she rode with so much speede  
As her slowe beast could make; but all in vaine:  
For thus far had borne his light-foot steed,  
Prick'd with wrath and ferie herce disdaine,  
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine:  
Yet the her weary limbes would neuer rest,  
But euer hill and dale, each wood and Plaine  
Did search, fore griued in her gentle bed,  
Helo vngently left her, whom she loued best.



<sup>9</sup>  
But subtle *Archimago*, when his guests  
He saw divided into double parts,  
And *Phaë* wandring in woods and forests,  
Th' end of his drift, he prais'd his diuclish arts;  
That had such might ouer true meaning harts;  
Yererts not so, but other meanes doth make,  
How he may worke vnto her further smarts:  
For her he hated as the hissing snake,  
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

<sup>10</sup>  
He then deuise himselfe how to disguise;  
For by his mighty Science he could take  
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,  
As euer *Proteus* to himselfe could make:  
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,  
Now like a fox, now like a dragon fell,  
That of himselfe he oft for feare would quake,  
And oft would flie away. O! who can tell  
The hidden power of hearbes, & might of Magick spell?

<sup>11</sup>  
But now seem'd best, the person to put on  
Of that good Knight, his late beguiled guest:  
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,  
And silver shield: vpon his coward brest  
A bloody crosse; and on his craven crest  
A bunch of haire discoloured diuersly:  
Full iolly knight he seemde, and well addrest,  
And when he late vpon his courser free,  
*Saint George* himselfe yee would haue deemed him to be.

<sup>12</sup>  
But he, the knight, whose semblance he did beare,  
The true *Saint George*, was wandred far away,  
Still flying from his thoughts and ialous feare:  
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.  
At last him chaunc'd to meet vpon the way  
A faithlesse *Sarazin*, all arm'd to point,  
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay  
*Sans Foy*: Full large of limbe and euery ioint  
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

<sup>13</sup>  
He had a faire companion of his way,  
A goodly Lady, clad in scarlot red,  
Purpled with gold and pearle of rich assay,  
And like a *Perfian* miter on her head  
She wore, with crownes and owles garnished,  
The which her lavish lovers to her gaue;  
Her wanton palfrey all was overspied  
With tinsell trappings, woven like a waue,  
Whose bridle rung with golden bells, and bosses braue.

<sup>14</sup>  
With faire disport and courting dalliance  
Shee entertain'd her lover all the way:  
But when she saw the knight his speare advance,  
Shee soone left off her mirth and wanton play,  
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray:  
His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickt with pride  
And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,  
Forth spurred fast: adowne his courser side  
The red blood trickling stain'd the way as he did ride.

<sup>15</sup>  
The knight of the *Red-crosse* when him he spide,  
Spurring so hote with rage dispighteous,  
Gan fauently couch his speare, and towards ride:  
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,  
That daunted with their forces hideous,  
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand,  
And eke themselves too rudely rigorous,  
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,  
Doe backe rebut, and each to other yeeldeth land.

<sup>16</sup>  
As when two rammes, stir'd with ambitious pride,  
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flock,  
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side  
Doe meet, that with the terror of the shock  
Astonied, both stand senselesse as a block,  
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:  
So stood these twaine, vnmooued as a rock,  
Both staring fierce, and holding idly  
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

<sup>17</sup>  
The *Sarazin* fore daunted with the buffe,  
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;  
Who well it wards, and quitheth cuff with cuff:  
Each others equall puillsaunce enuies,  
And through their iron sides with cruelties  
Does seeke to perce: repining courage yields  
No foote to foe. The flashing fier flies  
As from a forge out of their burning shields,  
And streames of purple blood new die the verdant fields.

<sup>18</sup>  
Curse on that Crosse (quoth then the *Sarazin*)  
That keepes thy body from the bitter fit;  
Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,  
Had not that charme from thee forwarned it:  
But yet I warne thee now assured sit,  
And hide thy head. There-with vpon his crest  
With rigour so outrageous he smit,  
That a large share it hew'd out of the rest,  
And glauncing down his shield, fro blame him fauently blest.

<sup>19</sup>  
Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark  
Of native vertue gan effsoones reuiue,  
And at his haughtie helmet making mark,  
So hugely strooke, that it the Steele did rite,  
And clef his head. He, tumbling downe aliue,  
With bloody mouth his mother earth did kisse,  
Greeting his graue: his grudging ghost did strue  
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,  
Whither the soules doe flie of men, that liue amiss.

<sup>20</sup>  
The Lady, when she saw her champion fall,  
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,  
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,  
But from him fled away with all her powre;  
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,  
Bidding the Dwarf with him to bring away  
The *Sarazin*'s shield, signe of the conquerour.  
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay;  
For present cause was none of dread, her to dismay.

Shee

<sup>21</sup>  
She turning backe with ruefull countenance,  
Cryde, Mercy, mercy Sir youchsafe to shewe  
On silly Dame, subiect to hard mischance,  
And to your mighty will. Her humblest lowe,  
In so rich weeds and seeming glorious shewe,  
Did much emmoue his stoutheroicke heart,  
And sayd; deare Dame, your suddain ouerthrowe  
Much rueth me: but now put feare apart,  
And tell, both who ye be, and who that took your part.

<sup>22</sup>  
Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament;  
The wretched woman, whom vnhappy howre  
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,  
Before that angry heauens list to lowre,  
And fortune false betraide me to your powre,  
Was (O, what now auileth that I was!)  
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,  
He that the wide West vnder his rule has,  
And high hath set his throne, where *Tiberis* doth pass.

<sup>23</sup>  
He in the first flowre of my freshest age,  
Betrothed me vnto the onely heire  
Of a most mighty King, most rich and sage;  
Was neuer Prince so faithfull and so faire;  
Was neuer Prince so meek and debonaire:  
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,  
My dearest Lord fell from high honours staire,  
Into the hands of his accursed sone,  
And cruelly was slaine: that shall I euer mone.

<sup>24</sup>  
His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,  
Was afterward, I knowe not how, conuaid  
And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death  
When tidings came to me vnhappy mayd,  
O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid!  
Then forth I went, his woefull corse to finde;  
And many yeares throughout the world I straid,  
A virgin widow: whose deep wounded minde  
With loue, long tyme did languish as the stricken hinde.

<sup>25</sup>  
At last, it chaunced this proud *Sarazin*  
To meet me wandring: who perforce me led  
With him away, but yet could neuer win  
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soueraigne dread.  
There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,  
Who whiles he liv'd, was called proud *Sans Foy*,  
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred  
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is *Sans Joy*,  
And twixt them both was borne the bloody bold *Sans Loy*.

<sup>26</sup>  
In this sad plight, friendlesse, vnfortunate,  
Now miserable I *Fidesse* dwell,  
Crauing of you in pitty of my state,  
To do none ill, if please ye not do well,  
He in great passion all this while did dwell,  
More buyling his quicke eyes, her face to view,  
Then his dull cares, to heare what she did tell;  
And sayd: Faire Lady, heart of flint would rewe,  
The vnderfurne woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

<sup>27</sup>  
Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,  
Hauing both found a new friend you to ryde,  
And lost an old foe, that did you molest:  
Better new friend then an old foe is said.  
With change of cheare, the seeming simple maid  
Let fall her eyen, as shamefast to the earth:  
And yielding soft, in that she nought gain said.  
So forth they rode, he faining seemely mirth,  
And she coy lookes: so, Dainty they lay maketh death.

<sup>28</sup>  
Long tyme they thus together traueiled;  
Till weary of their way, they came at last,  
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spread  
Their armes abroad, with gray mosses ouer-cast;  
And their Greene leaues trembling with euery blast,  
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round:  
The fearefull Shepherd often thereaghaft  
Vnder them neuer sat, ne wont there found  
His merry oaten pipe, but shund th' vn lucky ground.

<sup>29</sup>  
But this good Knight, soon as he them gan spie,  
For the coole shadowe thither hast'ly got:  
For, golden *Phaë* now that mounted hie,  
From fiery wheelles of his faire chariot,  
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,  
That liuing creature mote it not abide;  
And his new Lady it endured not.  
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide  
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbes a tide.

<sup>30</sup>  
Faire seemely pleasure each to other makes;  
With goodly purposes there as they sit:  
And in his falst fancy he her takes  
To be the fairest wight, that liued yet;  
Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit:  
And thinking of those branches Greene to frame  
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,  
He pluckt a bough: out of whose rift there came  
Small drops of gory blood, that trickled downe the same.

<sup>31</sup>  
Therewith a pitious yelling voyce was heard,  
Crying, O spare with guilty hands to teare  
My tender sides in this rough rynde embard:  
But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare  
Least to you hap, that hapned to me here,  
And to his wretched Lady, my deare Loue;  
O too deare loue! loue bought with death too deare,  
Aston'd he stood, and vp his haire did houe,  
And with that suddain horror could no member moue.

<sup>32</sup>  
At last, when-as the dreadfull passion  
Was ouer-past, and manhood well awakes  
Yet musing at the strange occasion,  
And doubting much his sense, he thus bespake:  
What voice of damned ghost from *Limbo* lake,  
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty ayre  
(Both which traile men doe oftentimes mistake)  
Sends to my doubtfull eares these speeches rare,  
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse blood to reare?

Ther



33 Then groning deep, Nor damned ghost, quoth he,  
Nor guilefull sprite to thee these words doth speake;  
But once a man, *Fradohis*, now a tree:  
Wretched man, wretched tree; whose nature weake,  
A cruel witch her cursed will to wreake,  
Hath thus transformd, and plac't in open Plaines,  
Where *Bornas* doth blowe full bitter bleake,  
And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines:  
For, though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me paines.

34 Say on *Fradohis* then, or man, or tree,  
Quoth then the Knight, by whose mischievous arts  
Art thou misshapen thus, as now I see?  
He oft finds med'cine, who his griefe imparts;  
But double griefs afflict concealing hearts,  
As raging flames who striueth to suppress.  
The author then, sayd he, of all my smart,  
Is one *Dueffa* a false forceresse,  
That many errant knights hath brought to wretchednesse.

35 In prime of youthly yeares, when courage hot  
The fire of loue and ioy of cheualree  
First kindled in my brest: it was my lot  
To loue this gentle Lady whom ye see,  
Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree;  
With whom as once I rode accompanide,  
Me chanced of a knight encountred bee,  
That had a like faire Lady by his side:  
Like a faire Lady, but did fowle *Dueffa* hide.

36 Whose forged beauty he did take in hand,  
All other Dames to haue exceeded farre:  
I in defence of mine did likewise stand:  
Mine, that did then shine as the Morning starre:  
So, both to battell fierce arraigned arres  
In which his harder fortune was to fall  
Vnder my speare: such is the dy of warre:  
His Lady, left as a prise martiall,  
Did yield her comely person, to be at my call.

37 So doubly lov'd of Ladies vnlike faire,  
I h'one seeming such, the other such indeed,  
One day in doubt I cast for to compare,  
Whether in beauties glory did exceede:  
A Rosy girlond was the Victors meede:  
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,  
So hard the discord was to be agreede.  
*Fradohis* was as faire, as faire mote bee:  
And euer false *Dueffa* seemd as faire as shee.

38 The wicked witch now seeing all this while  
The doubtfull ballance equally to sway,  
What not by night, she cast to win by guile,  
And by her belsh science rais'd streight way  
A foggy mist, that over-cast the day,  
And a dull blast, that breathing on her face,  
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,  
And with foule vgly forme did her disgrace:  
Then was she faire alone, when none was faire in place.

39 Then cride she out, Phy, phy, deformed wight,  
Whose borrowed beauty now appeareth plaine  
To haue before bewitched all mens sight:  
O leaue her soone, or let her soone be slaine.  
Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,  
Eftsoones I thought her such, as she me told,  
And would haue kild her; but, with fained paine,  
The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold:  
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

40 Thenceforth I took *Dueffa* for my Dame,  
And in the witch vnweening ioyd long time:  
Ne euer wist, but that she was the same;  
Till on a day (that day is euery Prime,  
When witches wont do penance for their crime)  
I chaunc't to see her in her proper hew,  
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:  
A filthy foule old woman I did view.  
That euer to haue toucht her, I did deadly rew.

41 Her neather parts misshapen, monstrous,  
Were hid in water, that I could not see:  
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,  
Then womans shape man would beleue to be.  
Thenceforth from her most beastly companie  
I gan refraine, in minde to slip away,  
Soone as appeared safe opportunity:  
For, danger great, if not assur'd decay,  
I sawe before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

42 The diuelish hag by changes of my cheare  
Perceiv'd my thought; and drownd in sleepey night,  
With wicked hearbes and ointments did belmeare  
My body all, through charmes and magicke might:  
That all my senses were bereaued quight:  
Then brought she me into this desert waste,  
And by my wretched Louers side me pight:  
Where now inclosed in wooden wals full fast,  
Banisht from liuing wights, our weary dayes we waste.

43 But how long time, sayd then the Elfin Knight,  
Are you in this misformed house to dwell?  
We may not change, quoth he, this euill plight,  
Till we be bathed in a liuing Well:  
That is the terme prescribed by the spell.  
O! how, sayd he, mote I that well out-finde,  
That may restore you to your wonted well?  
Time and suffisid fates to former kind  
Shall vs restore: none else from hence may vs vnbinde.

44 The false *Dueffa*, now *Fideffa* hight,  
Heard how in vaine *Fradohis* did lament,  
And knew well all was true. But the good knight  
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,  
When all this speech the liuing tree had spent,  
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,  
That from the bloud he might be innocent,  
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound:  
Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her found.

Her

45 Her seeming dead he found with feigned feare,  
As all vnweening of that well she knew,  
And paid himselfe with busie care to reare  
Her out of carelesse swoune. Her eyelids blew

And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly hew,  
At last she gan vp-lift: with trembling cheare  
Her vp he tooke, too simple and too true,  
And oft her kist. At length, all puffed feare,  
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

## Canto III.

*Forsoaken Truth long seekes her loue,  
and makes the Lyon mylde,  
Marres blind Devotions mart, & fall's  
in hand of leachour vilde.*

1 Ought is there vnder heau'ns wide holownes  
That moues more deare compassion of mind,  
The beuty brought t'vnworthy wretchednes  
By Enues snares, or Fortunes freaks vnkind:  
Whether lately throggh her brightness blind,  
Or through allegiance and fast fealtie,  
Which I doe owe vnto all womankind,  
Feele my heart pearc't with so great agony,  
When such I see, that all for pittie I could die.

2 And now it is empassioned so deepe,  
For fairest *Vnaes* sake, of whom I sing,  
That my fraile eyes these lines with teares doe sleepe,  
To thinke how shee through guilefull handling,  
Though true as touch, though daughter of a King,  
Though faire as euer liuing wight was faire,  
Though not in word nor deed ill meriting,  
Is from her knight diuorced in despaire  
And her due loues deuin'd to that vile witches share.

3 Yet shee most faithfull Lady all this while  
Forsoaken, wofull, solitary maid  
Farre from all peoples prease, as in exile,  
In wilderness and wastfull deserts straid,  
To seeke her knight: who, subtilly betraid  
Through that late vision, which th'Enchaunter wrought,  
Had her abandond. Shee of nought affraid,  
Through woods and wastnesse wide him daily sought:  
Yet wished tydings none of him vnto her brought.

4 One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,  
From her vnhaustie beast she did alight,  
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay  
In secret shadow, farre from all mens sight:

From her faire head her fillet she vndight,  
And laid her stole aside. Her angel's face  
As the great eye of heauen shined bright,  
And made a sunshine in the studie place:  
Did neuer mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

5 It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood  
A ramping Lyon rushed suddainly,  
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood;  
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,  
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,  
To haue at once deuour'd her tender carse:  
But to the pray when as he drew more nigh,  
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,  
And with the sight amaz'd, forgot his furious force.

6 In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,  
And lickt her lilly hands with lawning tongue,  
As hee her wronged innocence did weete.  
O! how can beauty muster the most strong,  
And simple truth subdue auenging wrong!  
Whose yeilded pride, and proude submission,  
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,  
Her heart gan melt in great compassion,  
And drizzling teares did shed for pure affection.

7 The Lyon Lord of every beast in field,  
Quoth she, his princely puissance doth abate,  
And mighty proud to humble weake does yield,  
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late  
Him prickt, in pittie of my lid estate:  
But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord,  
How does he find in cruell heart to hate  
Her that him lov'd, and euer most ador'd,  
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhor'd?

B.

Redon-



8  
Redounding teares did choke th'end of her plaint,  
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood;  
And led to see her sorrowfull constraint,  
The kingly beast vpon her gazing stood;  
With pity calmd, downe fell his angry mood.  
At last, in close heart shutting vp her paine,  
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,  
And to her snowy Palfrey got againe,  
To seeke her straid Champion, if she might attaine.

9  
The Lyon would not leaue her desolate,  
But with her went along, as a strong gard  
Of her chaste person, and a faithfull mate  
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:  
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;  
And when she wak't, he waited diligent,  
With humble seruice to her will prepar'd:  
From her faire eyes he tooke commaundement,  
And euer by her lookes conceiued her intent.

10  
Long shee thus traueiled through deserts wide,  
By which she thought her wandring knight should pass,  
Yet neuer shew of liuing wight espide;  
Till that at length she found the troden grasse,  
In which the tract of peoples footing was,  
Vnder the steepe foot of a mountaine hore;  
The same she followes, till at last she has  
A damzell spide, slowe footing her before,  
That on her shoulders had a pot of water bore.

11  
To whom approaching, shee to her gan call,  
To weete, if dwelling place were nigh at hand;  
But the rude wench her answer'd nought at all,  
She could not heare, nor speake, nor vnderstand;  
Till seeing by her side the Lyon stand,  
With suddaine feare her pitcher downe she threw,  
And fled away: for neuer in that land  
Face of faire Lady she before did view,  
And that dread Lyons looke her cast in deadly bew.

12  
Full fast she fled, ne euer lookt behind,  
As if her life vpon the wager lay;  
And home shee came, where as her mother blind  
Sat in eternall night: nought could she say;  
But suddaine catching hold, did her dismay  
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:  
Who full of gasty fright and cold affray,  
Gan shut the dore. By this arriv'd there  
Dame *Vna*, weary Dame, and entrance did requere.

13  
Which when none yeelded, her vnruly Page  
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,  
And let her in; where of his cruell rage  
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,  
She found them both in darksome corner pent;  
Where that old woman day and night did pray  
Vpon her beades deuoutly penitent:  
Nine hundred *Pater noster* every day,  
And thrice nine hundred *Aves* shee was wont to say.

14  
And to augment her painefull penance more,  
Thrice euery weeke in ashes she did sit,  
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,  
And thrice three times did fast from any bit:  
But now for feare her beades she did forget.  
Whose needlesse dread for to remoue away,  
Faure *Vna* framed words and count'nance fit:  
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,  
That in their cottage small, that night she rest her may.

15  
The day is spent, and cometh drowfie night,  
When euery creature shrowded is in sleepe;  
Sad *Vna* downe her layes in wearie plight,  
And at her feet the Lyon watch doth keepe:  
In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe  
For the late losse of her deare loued knight,  
And sighes, and grones, and euermore does sleepe  
Her tender breast in bitter teares all night,  
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

16  
Now when *Aldeboran* was mounted hie  
About the shinie *Cassiopeias* chaire,  
And all in deadly sleep did drowned lie,  
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;  
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,  
That readie entrance was not at his call:  
For on his back a heauie load he bare  
Of nightly stelfis, and pillage feuerall,  
Which hee had got abroad by purchase criminall.

17  
Hee was to weete a stout and sturdie thiefe,  
Wont to rob Churches of their ornaments,  
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,  
Which giuen was to them for good intents;  
The holy Saints of their rich vestments  
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept,  
And spoild the Priests of their habiliments,  
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept:  
Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.

18  
And all that he by right or wrong could find,  
Vnto this house he brought, and did bestowe  
Vpon the daughter of this woman blind,  
*Abessia*, daughter of *Corceca* slowe,  
With whom he whoredome vs'd, that few did knowe,  
And fed her fat with feast of offerings,  
And plenty, which in all the land did growe:  
Ne spared he to giue her gold and rings,  
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

19  
Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he bet,  
Yet of those fearefull women none durst rise,  
The Lyon frayed them, him in to let:  
He would no longer stay him to aduise,  
But open breakes the dore in furious wise,  
And entering is; when that disdainfull beast  
Encountering fierce, him suddaine doth surprize,  
And seizing cruell clawes on trembling breast,  
Vnder his Lordly foot him proudly hath suppress.

Him

20  
Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,  
His bleeding heart is in the vengers hand,  
Who straight him rent in thousand peeces small,  
And quite dismembred hath: the thirde land  
Drunke vp his life; his corse left on the strand.  
His fearefull friends weare out the wofull night,  
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to vnderstand  
The heauie hap which on them is alight,  
Affraid, lest to themselves the like mishappen might.

21  
Now when broad day the world discovered has,  
Vp *Vna* rose, vp rose the Lyon eke,  
And on their former iourney forward pass,  
In waies vknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,  
With paines fare passing that long wandring *Greece*,  
That for his loue refused deitie;  
Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,  
Still seeking him, that from her still did flee,  
Then furthest from her hope, when most shee weened nie.

22  
Soone as shee parted thence, the fearefull twaine,  
That blind old woman and her daughter deare  
Came forth, and finding *Kirkrapine* there staine,  
For anguish great they gan to rend their haire,  
And beat their breasts, and naked flesh to teare.  
And when they both had wept and waild their fill,  
Then forth they ranne like two amazed Deere,  
Haste mad through malice, and revenging will,  
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

23  
Whom ouertaking, they gan loudly bray,  
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,  
Shamefully at her railing all the way,  
And her accusing of dishonourie,  
That was the flowre of faith and chastitie;  
And still amidst her rayling, she did pray,  
That plagues, and mischances, and long misery  
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,  
And that in endlesse error she might euer stray.

24  
But when shee saw her prayers nought preuaile,  
Shee back returned with some labour lost;  
And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,  
A knight her met in mighty armes embost,  
Yet knight was not for all his bragging boast,  
But subtil *Archimago*, that *Vna* sought  
By trauels into new troubles to haue tost:  
Of that old woman tydings he besought,  
If that of such a Lady shee could tellen ought.

25  
There-with she gan her passion to renew,  
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her haire,  
Saying, that harlot shee too lately knew,  
That caus'd her shed so many a bitter teare,  
And so forth told the story of her feare:  
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chauce,  
And after, for that Lady did inquire:  
Which beeing taught, he forward gan aduance  
His faire enchanted steed, and eke his charmed lance.

26  
Ere long he came where *Vna* traual'd slowe,  
And that wilde Champion wayting her beside:  
Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not shoue  
Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turned wide  
Vnto an hill: from whence when she him spide,  
By his like seeming shield, her knight by name  
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride:  
Approching nigh, shee wist it was the same,  
And with faire fearefull humbleesse towards him shee came.

27  
And weeping said, Ah my long lacked Lord,  
Where haue yee been thus long out of my sight?  
Much feared I to haue been quite abhord,  
Or ought haue done, that yee displeasen might,  
That should as death vnto my deare heart light:  
For since mine eye your ioyous sight did miss,  
My cheerfull day is turn'd to cheerlesse night,  
And eke my night of death the shadow is:  
But welcome now my light, and shining lamp of bliss.

28  
Hee thereto meeting, said, My dearest Dame,  
Fare be it from your thought, and fro my will,  
To think that knight hood I so much should shame,  
As you to leaue, that haue mee loued still,  
And chose in Faery Court of meere good will,  
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth:  
The earth shall sooner leaue her kindly skill  
To bring forth fruit, and make eternall dearth,  
Then I leaue you, my life, yborne of heavenly birth.

29  
And sooth to say, why I left you so long,  
Was for to seeke adventure in strange place,  
Where *Archimago* said a felon strong  
To many Knights did daily worke disgrace;  
But knight he now shall neuer more deface:  
Good cause of mine excuse; that mote ye please  
Well to accept, and euermore embrace  
My faithfull seruice, that by land and sea  
Haue vow'd you to defend, now then your plaint appease.

30  
His louely words her seem'd due recompence  
Of all her passed paines: one lowing howre  
For many yeeres of sorrow can dispence:  
A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sowre:  
Shee had forgot, how many a wofull stowre  
For him shee late endur'd, shee speakes no more  
Of past: true is, that true loue hath no powre  
To looken back: his eyes be fixt before.  
Before her stands her knight, for whom shee toyld so fore.

31  
Much like, as when the beaten Marinere,  
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,  
Oft souit in swelling *Tethys* saltish teare,  
And long time hauing and his tawney hide  
With blustering breath of heauen, that none can bide,  
And scorching flames of fierce *Orions* hound,  
Soone as the port from farre he has espide,  
His cheerfull whistle merrily doth sound. (rounde  
And *Nereus* crownes with cups; his mates him pledge a-  
Such

B 2



Such joy made *Pna*, when her Knight she found;  
And eke th'enchanted ioyous seemd no lesse  
Then the glad Marchant, that does view from ground  
His ship farre come from watric wilderness:  
He hurles out vowes, and *Neptune* oft doth blesse:  
So forth they pass, and all the way they spent  
Discourfing of her dreadfull late distresse,  
In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment:  
Who told, her all that fell in iourney as she went.

They had not ridden farre, when they might see  
One pricking towards them with hasty heat,  
Full strongly arm'd, and on a courser free  
That through his fiercenesse fomed all with sweat,  
And the sharp iron did for anger eat,  
When his hot rider spurr'd his chauffed side:  
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat  
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hide,  
And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloudie lines was dide.

When nigh he drew vnto this gentle paire,  
And saw the Red-crosse, which the Knight did beare,  
He burnt in fire, and gan estoones prepare  
Himselfe to battell with his couched speare.  
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare  
To taste th'vntried dint of deadly Steele;  
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,  
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele:  
So bent his speare, and spurn'd his horse with iron heele.

But that proude Paynim forward came so fierce,  
And full of wrath, that with his shurp-head speare  
Through vainely crossed shield he quite did pierce:  
And, had his staggering steed not shrunke for feare,  
Through shield and body eke he should him beare:  
Yet so great was the puillance of his pull,  
That from his saddle quite he did him beare:  
He tumbling rudely downe to ground did rust,  
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,  
He to him lept, in mind to reane his life,  
And proudly said, Lo, there the worthy meed  
Of him, that slew *Sans loy* with bloudy knife:  
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,  
In peace may passe ouer *Lethe* lake,  
When mourning altars, purg'd with enemies life,  
The black infernall *Furies* doen aslake:  
Life from *Sans loy* thou tookst, *Sans loy* shall frō thee take.

There-with in haste his helmet gan vnlace,  
Till *Pna* cride, O hold that heauie hand,  
Deare Sir, what euer that thou be in place:  
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquish stand  
Now at thy mercy: Mercy not withstand:  
For he is one the truest Knight aliue,  
Though conquered now he lie on lowly land,  
And whil' it him fortune fauour'd, faire did thrice  
In bloudy field: therefore of life him not deprive.

Her pittious words might not abate his rage;  
But rudely rending vp his helmet, would  
Haue slaine him straight: but when he sees his age,  
And hoarie head of *Archimago* old,  
His hasty hand he doth amazed hold,  
And halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight:  
For, the old man well knew he, though vntold,  
In charmes and magick to haue wondrous might,  
Ne euer wont in field, ne in round lists to fight.

And said, Why *Archimago*, lucklesse fire,  
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,  
That hath thee hither brought to taste mine ire?  
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,  
In stead of foe, to wound my friend amis?  
He answered nought, but in a trauince still lay,  
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his  
The cloude of death did sit. Which doen away,  
He left him lying so, ne would no longer stay.

But to the Virgin comes, who all this while  
Amazed stands, her selfe so mockt to see  
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,  
For so misfeigning her true Knight to bee:  
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,  
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,  
From whom her booteth not at all to flee:  
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,  
Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

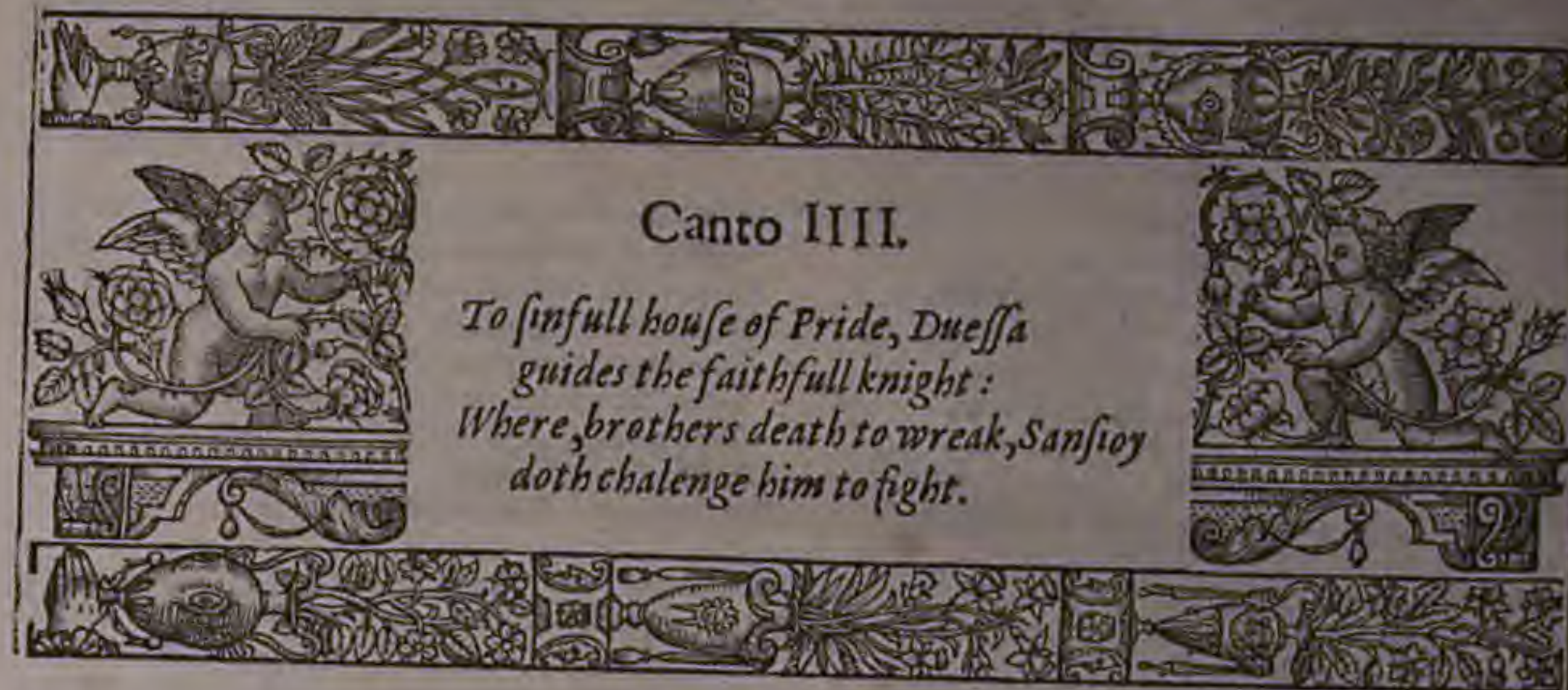
But her fierce seruant, full of kingly awe  
And hugh diddaine, when as his loueraigne Dame  
So rudely handled by her foe he sawe,  
With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,  
And ramping on his shield, did weene the same  
Haue rest away with his sharp rending clawes:  
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame  
His courage more, that from his griping pawes  
He hath his shield redeem'd, & forth his sword he drawes.

O then too weake and feeble was the force  
Of salvage beast, his puillance to withstand:  
For, he was strong, and of so mighty corse,  
As euer wielded speare in warlike hand,  
And feates of armes did wisely vnderstand.  
Estoones he pierced through his chauffed chest  
With thrilling point of deadly iron brand,  
And launc't his Lordly hart: with death opprest  
He roar'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid  
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?  
Her faithfull gard remoou'd, her hope dismayd,  
Her selfe a yeilded prey to saue or spill,  
He now Lord of the field, his pride to fill,  
With foule reproches, and dildainfull spight  
Her vilely entertaines, and (will or nill)  
Beares her away vpon his courser light:  
Her prayers nought preuaile, his rage is more of might.

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,  
And pittious plaints she filleth his dull cares,  
That stony heart could riven haue in twaine,  
And all the way she wets with flowing teares:

But hee, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.  
Her seruaile beast yet would not leane her so,  
But followes her farre off, ne ought he feares  
To be partaker of her wandring woe:  
More milde in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.



Olig knight, what euer that dost arms profess  
And through long labors hunttest after fame,  
Beware of fraude, beware of sicklenes,  
In choise, & change of thy dear loued Dame,  
Least thou of her belieue too lightly blame,  
And rash misweeing do thy hart remoue:  
For, vnto Knight there is no greater shame,  
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in loue;  
That doth this *Rederosse* knights ensample plainly proue.

Who after that he had faire *Pna* lorne,  
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,  
And false *Dueffa* in her stead had borne,  
Called *Fidels*, and so suppos'd to be:  
Long with her trauail'd, till at last they see  
A goodly building, brauely garnished,  
The house of mighty Prince it seem'd to bee:  
And towards it a broad high way that led,  
All bare through peoples feet, which thither trauail'd.

Great troupes of people trauail'd thitherward  
Both day and night, of each degree and place;  
But few returned, hauing scaped hard,  
With balefull beggrie, or foule disgrace,  
Which euer after in most wretched case,  
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.  
Thither *Dueffa* bade him bend his pace:  
For she is weary of the toilefome way,  
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

A stately Palace built of squared brick,  
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,  
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,  
And golden foile all ouer them displaid,

That purest skie with brightnesse they dismayd:  
High lifted vp were many loftie towres,  
And goodly galleries farre over-laid,  
Full of faire windowes, and delightfull bowres;  
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

It was a goodly heape for to behold,  
And spake the praises of the workmans wit;  
But full great pittie, that so faire a mold  
Did on so weake foundation euer sit:  
For on a sandie hill, that still did sit,  
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,  
That every breath of heauen shaked it:  
And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,  
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

Arrived there, they passed in forth right:  
For still, to all, the gates stood open wide:  
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight  
Call'd *Maluenu*, who entrance none denide:  
Thence to the hall, which was on euery side  
With rich array and costly Arras dight:  
Infinite sorts of people did abide  
There waiting long, to win the wished fight  
Of her, that was the Lady of that Palace bright.

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,  
And to the Prefence mount: whose glorious view  
Their fraile amazed senses did confound:  
In liuing Princes Court none euer knew  
Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew:  
Ne *Persia* selfe, the nurse of pompous pride,  
Like euer saw. And there a noble crew  
Of Lords and Ladies stood on euery side,  
Which with their prefence faire, the place much beautified.



High above all, a cloth of State was spread,  
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,  
On which there sat most braue embellished  
With royall robes and gorgeous array,  
A maiden Queene, that shone as *Titans* ray,  
In glistening gold, and peerlesse precious stone:  
Yet her bright blazing beauty did assay  
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,  
As enying her selfe, that too exceeding shone;

Exceeding shone, like *Phœbus* fairest childe,  
That did presume his fathers fire waine,  
And flaming mouthes of steedes vnwonted wilde,  
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to raine;  
Proude of such glory and advancement vaine,  
While flashing beames doe daze his feeble eyen,  
He leaues the welkin way most beaten plaine,  
And rapit with whirling wheelles, enflames the skyen,  
With fire not made to burne, but fauely for to shine.

So proude shee shined in her Princely state,  
Looking to heaven; for earth shee did disdain,  
And sitting high; for lowly shee did hate:  
Lo, vnderneath her scornfull feete, was layne  
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous traine,  
And in her hand she held a mirror bright,  
Wherein her face shee often viewed faine,  
And in her selfe-love'd semblance tooke delight:  
For shee was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

Of gricfly *Pluto* shee the daughter was,  
And sad *Proserpina* the Queene of hell;  
Yet did shee thinke her peerlesse worth to passe  
That parentage, with pride so did shee swell:  
And thundring *Ioue*, that high in heauen doth dwell,  
And wield the world, shee claimed for her Sire,  
Or if that any else did *Ioue* excell:  
For, to the highest shee did still aspire,  
Or, if ought higher were then that, did it desire.

And proude *Lucifera* men did her call,  
That made her selfe a Queene, and crown'd to be:  
Yet rightfull kingdome shee had none at all,  
Ne heritage of nature's soverainie,  
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie  
Vpon the scepter, which shee now did hold:  
Ne rul'd her Realmes with lawes, but policie,  
And strong aduizement of six wilards old,  
That with their counsels bad, her kingdom did uphold.

Soone as the *Elfin* knight in presence came,  
And false *Duessa*, seeming Lady faire,  
A gentle Hither, *Vanitie* by name,  
Made roome, and passage for them did prepare:  
So goodly brought them to the lowest staire  
Of her high throne: where they, on humblyt knee  
Making obeisance, did the cause declare,  
Why they were come, her royall state to see,  
To proue the wide report of her great Mischiefe.

With lofty eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,  
Shee thanked them in her disdainfull wise,  
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shoue  
Of Princelle worthy, scarce them bad arise.  
Her Lords and Ladies all this while deuise  
Themselues to settlen forth to strangers sight:  
Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise,  
Some pranke their ruffles, and others trimly dight  
Their gay attire: each others greater pride does spight.

Goodly they all that knight doe entertaine,  
Right glad with him to haue increast their crew:  
But to *Duessa* each one himselve did paine  
All kindnesse and faire curtesie to shew:  
For in that Court whilome her well they knew:  
Yet the stout Faerie amongst the midst crowd,  
Thought all their glory vaine in knightly view,  
And that great Princelle too exceeding proude,  
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

Suddaine vpriseth from her stately place  
The royall Dame, and for her coche doth call:  
All hurlen forth, and shee with Princely pale,  
As faire *Aurora* in her purple pail,  
Out of the East the dawning day doth call:  
So forth she comes: her brightnesse broad doth blaze  
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,  
Doe ride each other, vpon her to gaze:  
Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eyes amaze.

So forth shee comes, and to her coche does clime,  
Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,  
That seem'd as felix as *Flora* in her prime,  
And stroue to match, in royall rich array,  
Great *Iuno*s golden chaire, the which they say  
The Gods stand gazing on, when shee does ride  
To *Ioues* high house through heauens brasle-paued way  
Drawne of faire Peacocks, that excell in pride,  
And full of *Argus* eyes their tailes dispredden wide.

But this was drawne of six vnequall beastes,  
On which her six sage Counsellours did ride,  
Taught to obey their bestiall behests,  
With like conditions to their kinds applide:  
Of which the first, that all the rest did guide,  
Was sluggish *Idleness*, the nurse of sin;  
Vpon a slothfull Asse he chose to ride,  
Arraid in habit black, and amis thin,  
Like to an holy Monk, the seruice to begin.

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,  
That much was worne, but therein little red:  
For, of devotion hee had little care,  
Still drown'd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded:  
Scarfe could hee once uphold his heauie hed,  
To looken whether it were night or day.  
May seeme the waine was very euill led,  
When such an one had guiding of the way,  
That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

From

From worldly cares himselve hee did esloine,  
And greatly shunned manly exercise:  
For euery worke hee challenged esloine,  
For contemplation like: yet otherwile,  
His life he led in lawlesse riotise;  
By which he grew to grievous maladie:  
For, in his lustlesse limbs through euill guise  
A shaking feaver rag'd continually:  
Such one was *Idleness*, first of this company.

And by his side rode loathsome *Gluttony*,  
Deformed creature, on a filthy swine,  
His belly was vp-blowne with luxury,  
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his cyne:  
And like a Crane his necke was long and fine,  
With which he swallowed vp excessive feast,  
For want whereof poore people oft did pine:  
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,  
Hee spewed vp his gorge, that all did him detest.

In greene vine leaues he was right fitly clad;  
For, other clothes hee could not weare for heat,  
And on his head an *Ivie* girland had,  
From vnder which fast trickled downe the sweat:  
Still as he rode, hee some-what still did eate,  
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,  
Of which he suct so oft, that on his leat  
His drunken corse hee scarce vpholden can:  
In shape and life, more like a monster, then a man.

Vnfit he was for any worldly thing,  
And eke vnable once to stirre or go,  
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,  
Whose mind in meate and drinke was drowned so:  
That from his friend hee sildom knew his fo:  
Full of diseases was his carcase blew,  
And a dry dropie through his flesh did flow;  
Which by mistliet daily greater grew:  
Such one was *Gluttony*, the second of that crew.

And next to him rode lustfull *Lechery*,  
Vpon a bearded Goat, whose rugged haire,  
And whally eyes (the signe of ialousie)  
Was like the person selfe, whom hee did beare:  
Who rough, and black, and filthy did appeare,  
Vnseemely man to please faire Ladies eye;  
Yet he, of Ladies oft was loued deare,  
When fairer faces were bid standen by:  
O! who does know the bent of womens fantasie?

In a greene gowne hee clothed was full faire,  
Which vnderneath did hide his filthinesse,  
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,  
Full of vaine follies, and new-fanglenesse:  
For, he was false, and fraught with ticklenesse,  
And learned had to loue with secret lookes,  
And well could dounce and sing with ruefullnesse,  
And fortunes-tell, and read in louing bookes,  
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshly hookes.

Inconstant man, that loued all he saw,  
And lusted after all that hee did loue,  
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,  
But ioy'd weake womens hearts to tempt and proue:  
If from their loyall loues he might them moue,  
Which lewdnesse fild him with reprochfull paine  
Of that foule euill, which all men reprove,  
That rots the marrow, and consumes the braine:  
Such one was *Lechery*, the third of all this traine.

And greedy *Auare* by him did ride,  
Vpon a Camell laden all with gold;  
Two iron coffers hung on either side,  
With precious metall, full as they might hold,  
And in his lap an heape of coine hee told,  
For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,  
And voto hell himselve for money sold:  
Accursed vsury was all his trade,  
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballance waide.

His life was nigh vnto deathes dore yplac't,  
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shooes he ware,  
Ne scarce good morrell all his life did taste,  
But both from backe and belly still did spare,  
To fill his bags, and riches to compare;  
Yet chylde ne kinsman liuing had he none  
To leaue them to; but thorough daily care  
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,  
He led a wretched life vnto him selfe vnkowne.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice,  
Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store,  
Whose need had end, but no end couetise,  
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him pore,  
Who had enough, yet withted euermore:  
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand  
A grievous gout tormented him full fore,  
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand:  
Such one was *Auare*, the fourth of this faire band.

And next to him malicious *Enuie* rode,  
Vpon a rauinous Wolfe, and still did chaw  
Betwene his cankered teeth a venomous tode,  
That all the poison ran about his jaw;  
But inwardly hee chawed his owne maw  
At neighbours wealth, that made him cuer sad;  
For death it was, when any good he saw,  
And wept, that cause of weeping none hee had:  
But when hee heard of harme, hee wexed wondrous glad.

All in a kirtle of discolour'd say  
Hee clothed was, ypointed full of eyer;  
And in his bosome secretly their lay  
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile vpties  
In many folds, and mortall sting implies.  
Still as he rode, hee gnash'd his teeth, to see  
Those heapes of gold with griple Couetise,  
And grudged at the great felicitie  
Of proude *Lucifera*, and his owne companie.

B 4

He



<sup>32</sup>  
He hated all good works and vertuous deeds,  
And him no lesse, that any like did vse:  
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,  
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;  
So euer good to bad he doth abuse:  
And eke the verse of famous Poets wit  
He does backbite, and spightfull poyson spues  
From leprous mouth, on all that euer writ:  
Such one vile *Enrie* was, that first in rowe did sit.

<sup>33</sup>  
And him beside rides fierce revenging *Wrath*,  
Vpon a Lion, loth for to be led;  
And in his hand a burning brand he hath,  
The which he brandisheth about his head;  
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,  
And stared sterne on all that him beheld,  
As ashes pale of hew and seeming dead;  
And on his dagger still his hand he held,  
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him sweld.

<sup>34</sup>  
His ruffin raiment all was stained with blood  
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,  
Through vnadvised rashnesse woxen wood;  
For, of his hands he had no gouernment,  
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:  
But, when the furious fit was overpast,  
His cruell facts he often would repent:  
Yet wulfull man he neuer would forecast,  
How many mischiefes should ensue his heedlesse haste.

<sup>35</sup>  
Full many mischiefes follow cruell *Wrath*;  
Abhorred bloudshed, and tumultuous strife,  
Vnmanly murder, and vnchristly feath,  
Batter despayght, with rancours rusty knife,  
And fretting griefe the enemy of life;  
All these, and many euils moe haunt ire,  
The swelling Splene, and Phrenzy raging rife,  
The shaking Palsey, and Saint *Fraunces* fire:  
Such one was *Wrath*, the last of this vngodly tire.

<sup>36</sup>  
And after all, vpon the wagon beame  
Rode *Satan*, with a smarting whip in hand,  
With which he forward lashed the lazies teame,  
So oft as *Sloth* still in the mire did stand.  
Huge routs of people did about them band,  
Showing for ioy, and still before their way  
A foggy mist had couered all the land;  
And vnderneath their feet, all scattered lay  
Dead sculls & bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

<sup>37</sup>  
So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,  
To take the solace of the open aire,  
And in fresh flowing fields themselves to sport;  
Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,  
The foule *Duessa*, next vnto the chaire  
Of proud *Lucifera*, as one of the traine:  
But that good Knight would not so nigh repaire,  
Him selfe estranging from their ioyance vaine,  
Whose fellowship seem'd far vnfit for warlike swaine.

<sup>38</sup>  
So hating folaced themselves a space,  
With pleasure of the breathing fields yfed,  
They backe returned to the Princely Place;  
Whereas an errant Knight in armes yeled,  
And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red,  
Was writ *Sans ioy*, they new arrived find:  
Enflam'd with fury and fierce hardy-head,  
He seem'd in hart to harbour thoughts vnkind,  
And nourish bloudy vengeance in his bitter mind.

<sup>39</sup>  
Who when the shamed shield of blame *Sans ioy*  
He spide with that same Faery champions Page,  
Bewraying him, that did of late destroy  
His eldest brother, burning all with rage  
He to him leapt, and that same envious gage  
Of Victors glory from him snatcht away:  
But th' *Elfin Knight*, which ought that warlike wage,  
Disdaind to lose the meed hee wonne in fray,  
And him re'ncountering fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

<sup>40</sup>  
There-with they gan to hurle greedily,  
Redoubted battaile ready to darraine,  
And clash their shields, and shake their swords on hie,  
That with their sturte they troubled all the traine;  
Till that great *Queene* vpon eternall paine  
Of high displeasure, that enswen might,  
Communded them their furie to refraine,  
And if that either to that shield had right,  
In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

<sup>41</sup>  
Ah dearest Dame (quoth then the Paynim bold)  
Pardon the error of enraged wight,  
Whom great griefe made forget the raines to hold  
Of reasons rule, to see this recreant Knight,  
No knight, but treachour full of false despyght  
And shamefull treason, who through guile hath staind  
The prouest knight that euer field did fight,  
Euen stout *Sans ioy* (O! who can then refraine?)  
Whose shield he bears re'nerst, the more to heap disdain.

<sup>42</sup>  
And, to augment the glorie of his guile,  
His dearest loue the faire *Fidessa* loe  
Is there possessed of the traytour vile,  
Who reapes the harvest sowne by his foe,  
Sowne in bloudy field, and bought with woe:  
That brothers hand shall dearly well requight,  
So be, O *Queene*, you equall fauour shoue.  
Him little answerd th' angry *Elfin knight*;  
He neuer meant with words, but swords, to plead his right.

<sup>43</sup>  
But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledge  
His cause in combat the next day to try:  
So been they parted both, with hearts on edge,  
To be aveng'd each on his enemy.  
That night they passe in ioy and tollity,  
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;  
For Steward was excessive *Gluttony*,  
That of his plenty poured forth to all;  
Which doen, the Chamberlain *Sloth* did to rest them call.

<sup>44</sup>  
Now, when as darksome night had all displaid  
Her coale black curtaine ouer brightest sky,  
The warlike youths on daintie couches laid,  
Did chace away sweet sleep from sluggish eye,  
To muse on meanes of hoped victory.  
But when as *Morpheus* had with leaden mase  
Arrested all that courtly company,  
Vp-rose *Duessa* from her resting place,  
And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace.

<sup>45</sup>  
Whom broad awake she finds, in troublous fit,  
Forecasting how his foe he might annoy,  
And him amoues with speeches seeming fit:  
Ah deare *Sans ioy*, next dearest to *Sans ioy*,  
Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new ioy,  
Ioyous, to see his image in mine eye,  
And griev'd, to think how foe did him destroy,  
That was the flowre of grace and cheualric;  
Lo, his *Fidessa*, to thy secret faith I tie.

<sup>46</sup>  
With gentle words he can her fauore greet,  
And bad lay on the secret of her hart.  
Then sighing soft, I learne that little sweet  
Oit tempred is (quoth she) with muchell smart:  
For, since my brest was launc't with louely dart  
Of deare *Sans ioy*, I neuer ioyed howre,  
But in eternall woes my weaker hart  
Hauie wasted, losing him with all my powre,  
And for his sake haue felt full many an heauie stowre.

<sup>47</sup>  
At last, when perils all I weened past,  
And hop't to reape the crop of all my care,  
Into new woes vnweeting I was cast,  
By this false faytor, who vnworthy ware  
His worthy shield, whom he with guilefull snare  
Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull graue.  
Me silly maid away with him he bare,  
And euer since hath kept in darksome cave,  
For that I would not yeeld, that to *Sans ioy* I gaue.

<sup>48</sup>  
But since faire sunne hath spert that lowering cloud,  
And to my loathed life now shewes some light,  
Vnder your beames I will me safely throwde,  
From dreaded storme of his disdainfull sight:  
To you th' inheritance belongs by right  
Of brothers prate, to you eke longs his loue,  
Let not this loue, let not his restless spirit  
Be vnreueug'd, that calls to you aboue  
From wandring *Stygian* shores, where it doth endlesse moue.

<sup>49</sup>  
Thereto laid he, faire Dame be nought disdaind  
For sorrowes past; their griefe is with them gone:  
Ne yet of present perill be afraid;  
For, needlesse feare did neuer vantage none,  
And helplesse hap it boistereth not to mone.  
Dead is *Sans ioy*, his vitall paines are past,  
Though grieued ghost for vengeance deep doe grone:  
He liues, that shall him pay his duties last,  
And guilty *Elfin* blood shall sacrifice in hast.

<sup>50</sup>  
O! but I feare the fickle freakes (quoth she)  
Of Fortune false, and oddes of armes in field.  
Why Dame (quoth he) what oddes can euer be,  
Where both doe fight alike, to win, or yield?  
Yea, but (quoth she) he beares a charmed shield,  
And eke enchanted armes, that none can pierce,  
Ne none can wound the man that does them wield.  
Charmed or enchanted (answerd he then fierce)  
I no whit reck, ne you the like need to reherse.

<sup>51</sup>  
But faire *Fidessa*, since Fortune's guile,  
Or enemies powre hath now captined you,  
Returne from whence ye came, and rest awhile  
Till morrow next, that I the *Elfe* subdue,  
And with *Sans ioy*'s dead dowry you endue.  
Ay me, that is a double death (she said)  
With proude foes fight my sorrow to renew:  
Where euer yet I be, my secret aide  
Shall followe you. So passing forth, thence him obaide.







Canto V.  
The faithfull knight in equall field  
subdues his faithlesse foe:  
Whom false Dueffa saues, and for  
his cure to hell does goe.

**T**He noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,  
And is with child of glorious great intent,  
Can neuer rest, vntill it forth haue brought  
Th'eternall broode of glory excellent:  
Such restlesse passion did all night torment  
The flaming courage of that Faery Knight,  
Deuising, how that doughty turnament  
With greatest honour he atchieuen might;  
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

At last, the golden Orientall gate  
Of greatest heauen gan to open faire,  
And *Phobus* fresh, as bridegrome to his mate,  
Came dauncing forth, shaking his dewie haire:  
And hurles his glistering beames through gloomy aire.  
Which when the wakefull Elfe percei'd, straightway  
He started vp, and did himselfe prepare,  
In fun-bright armes, and battailous array:  
For with that Pagan proude he combat will that day.

And forth he comes into the common hall,  
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,  
To weet what end to stranger Knights may fall.  
There many Minstrales maken melody,  
To drue away the dull melancholy,  
And many Barres, that to the trembling chord  
Can tune their timely voices cunningly,  
And many Chroniclers, that can record  
Old louses, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,  
In wouen maile all armed warily,  
And sternly looks at him, who not a pin  
Does care for looke of liuing creatures eye.  
They bring them wines of Greece, and *Araby*,  
And dainty spices fetcht from furthest Ind,  
To kindle heate of courage prively:  
And in the wine a solemne oath they bind  
To obserue the sacred lawes of armes that are assign'd.

At last, forth comes that farre renowned Queene,  
With royall pomp and Princely maiestie;  
Shee is ybrought vnto a paled Greene,  
And placed vnder stately Canapee,  
The warlike seates of both those knights to see.  
On th'other side, in all mens open view  
*Dueffa* placed is, and on a tree  
*Sansfoy* his shield is hangd with bloody hew:  
Both those the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

A shrilling trumpet sounded from on hie,  
And vnto battaile bad themselves addresse:  
Their shining shields about their wrists they tie,  
And burning blades about their heads doe blesse,  
The instruments of wrath and heauinesse:  
With greedy force each other doth assaile,  
And strike so fiercely, that they doe impresse  
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred maile:  
The iron walls to ward their blowes are weake and fraile.

The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,  
And heaped blowes like iron hammers great:  
For, after bloud and vengeance he did long.  
The knight was fierce, and full of youthly heat:  
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:  
For, all for praise and honour he did fight.  
Both stricken strike, and beaten both doe beat,  
That from their shields forth fieth fire light,  
And helmets hewen deepe, shew marks of eithers might.

So th'one for wrong, the other striues for right:  
As when a Griffon, seized of his pray,  
A Dragon fierce encountreth in his flight,  
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,  
That would his rightfull ravine rend away:  
With hideous horror both together smight,  
And souce so fore, that they the heuens affray.  
The wise Soothsayer, seeing so sad sight,  
Th'amazed vulgar tells of warres and mortall fight.

So th'one for wrong, the other striues for right,  
And each to deadly shame would drue his foe:  
The cruell Steele so greedily doth bite  
In tender flesh, that streames of bloud downe flowe,  
With which the armes, that erst so bright did showe  
Into a pure vermilion now are dide:  
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did growe,  
Seeing the gored wounds to gape so wide,  
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

At last, the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,  
His suddaine eye, flaming with wrathfull fire,  
Vpon his brothers shield, which hung thereby:  
Therewith redoubled was his raging ire,  
And said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull fire,  
Dooft thou sit wavling by blacke *Stygian* lake,  
Whil' st here thy shield is hangd for victors hire,  
And sluggish german dooft thy forces slake,  
To after-lead his foe, that him may ouertake?

Goe caitiue Elfe, him quickly ouertake,  
And soone redeeme from his long wandring woe:  
Goe guilty ghost, to him my message make,  
That I his shield haue quit from dying foe.  
There-with vpon his crest he strooke him so,  
That twice hee reeled, ready twice to fall:  
End of the doubtfull battell deemed tho  
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call  
The false *Dueffa*, Thine the shield, and I, and all.

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,  
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake,  
And quickning faith, that erst was woxen weake,  
The creeping deadly cold away did shake:  
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,  
Of all atonce he cast aveng'd to be,  
And with so exceeding fure at him strake,  
That forced him to stoope vpon his knee:  
Had he not stooped so, he should haue clouen bee.

And to him said, Goe now proude Miscreant,  
Thy selfe thy message doe to german deare:  
Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:  
Goe, say his foe thy shield with his doth beare.  
There-with his heauie hand he high gan reare,  
Him to haue slaine; when loe, a darksome clowde  
Vpon him fell: he no where doth appeare,  
But vanish is. The Elfe him calls alowde,  
But answer none receiues: the darknes him does throwde.

In haste *Dueffa* from her place arose,  
And to him running said, O prouest knight,  
That euer Lady to her loue did chose,  
Let now abate the terror of your might,  
And quench the flame of furious delphight,  
And bloody vengeance: lo, th'inferrall powres  
Couering your foe with cloude of deadly night,  
Haue borne him hence to *Plutoes* balefull bowres.  
The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, and glory yours.

Not all so satisfide, with greedie eye  
He fought all round about, his thirstie blade  
To bathe in bloud of faithlesse enemy:  
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:  
He stands amazed, how he thence should fade.  
At last the trumpets, Triumph sound on hie,  
And running Heralds humble homage made,  
Greeting him goodly with new victory,  
And to him brought the shield, the cause of comitie.

Where-with he goeth to that soveraigne Queene:  
And falling her before on lowly knee,  
To her makes present of his service teene:  
Which shee accepts, with thanks, and goodly gree,  
Greatly aduancing his gay cheuallree.  
So marcheth home, and by her takes the Knight,  
Whom all the people follow with great glee,  
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on high,  
That all the aire it fills, and flies to heauen bright.

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed:  
Where many skilfull leaches him abide,  
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.  
In wine and oyle they washen his wounds wide,  
And softly can embalme on every side.  
And all the while, most heavenly melody  
About the bed sweet musick did divide,  
Him to beguile of griefe and agony:  
And all the while *Dueffa* wept full bitterly.

As when a wearie traveller that strais  
By muddy shore of broad seuen-mouthed Nile,  
Vnwetting of the perillous wandring waies,  
Doth meet a cruell craftie Crocodile,  
Which in false griefe hiding his harmefull guile,  
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares:  
The foolish man, that pitnes all this while  
His mournfull plight, is swallowd vp vnwares,  
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares.

So wept *Dueffa* vntill eventide,  
That shining lamps in *Ioues* high house were light:  
Then forth she rose, no longer would abide,  
But comes vnto the place, where th'Heathen knight  
In slumbring swoune nigh voyd of vitall spright,  
Lay couer'd with inchaunted cloude all day:  
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,  
To waile his wofull case she would not stay,  
But to the Easterne coast of heauen makes speedy way.

Where grieffly Night, with visage deadly sad,  
That *Phobus* cheerefull face durst neuer view,  
And in a foule black pitchie mantle clad,  
She findes forth coming from her darkesome mew,  
Where she all day did hide her hared hew.  
Before the dore her iron charer stood,  
Already harnessed for iourney new:  
And coleblack steeds yborne of hellish brood,  
That on their rustie bits did champ, as they were wood.

Who



21  
Who when she saw *Duessa* funny bright,  
Adorn'd with gold and jewels shining cleare,  
Shee greatly grew amazed at the sight,  
And th' vnacquainted light began to feare:  
(For neuer did such brightnesse there appeare)  
And would haue back retired to her Cane,  
Vnill the witches speech she gan to heare,  
Saying, yet o thou dreaded Dame, I craue  
Abide, till I haue told the message which I haue.

22  
Shee staid, and fourth *Duessa* gan proceed,  
O thou most ancient Grandmother of all,  
More old then *Ioue*, whom thou at first didst breed,  
Or that great house of Gods caelestiall,  
Which wast begot in *Damogorgons* hall,  
And saw'st the secrets of the world vnmade,  
Why suffrest thou thy Nephewes deare to fall  
With *Elfin* sword, most shamefully betraide?  
Lo, where the stout *Sansfoy* doth sleepe in deadly shade.

23  
And, him before, I saw with bitter eyes  
The bold *Sansfoy* shrinke vnderneath his speare;  
And now the prey of fowles in field he lyes,  
Nor waile of friends, nor laud on groning beare,  
That whilome was to mee too dearely deare.  
O! what of Gods then boots it to be borne,  
If old *Aeneas* sonnes so euill heare?  
Or who shall not great *Nights* drad children scorne,  
When two of three her Nephewes are so foule forlorne?

24  
Vp then, vp dreary Dame, of darknesse Queene,  
Goe gather vp the reliques of thy race,  
Or else goe them avenge, and let be scene  
That dreaded *Night* in brightest day hath place,  
And can the children of faire *Light* deface.  
Her feeling speeches some compassion moued  
In heart, and change in that great mothers face:  
Yet pittie in her heart was neuer proued  
Till then; and euermore she hated, neuer loued.

25  
And said, Deare daughter rightly may I rewe  
The fall of famous children borne of mee,  
And good successes, which their foes ensue:  
But who can turne the streame of destinie,  
Or breake the chaine of strong necessitie,  
Which fast is tide to *Ioues* eternall seate?  
The sonnes of *Day* he fauoureth, I see,  
And by my ruines thinks to make them great:  
To make one great by others losse, is bad excheat.

26  
Yet shall they not escape so freely all;  
For some shall pay the price of others guilt:  
And he the man that made *Sansfoy* to fall,  
Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.  
But what art thou, that tell'st of Nephewes kilt?  
I that doe seeme not I, *Duessa* am,  
(Quoth shee) how euer now in garments gilt,  
And gorgeous gold arraid I to thee came;  
*Duessa* I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame.

27  
Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kist  
The wicked witch, saying: In that faire face,  
The false resemblance of Deceit, I wist,  
Did closely lurke: yet so true-seeming grace  
It carried, that I scarce in darksome place  
Could it discerne, though I the mother be  
Of Falshood, and root of *Duesses* race.  
O welcome child, whom I haue long'd to see,  
And now haue scene vnwares. Lo, now I go with thee.

28  
Then to her iron wagon she betakes,  
And with her beares the foule wel fauour'd witch:  
Through mirksome aire her ready way she makes.  
Her twyfold Teme (of which, two bliske as pitch,  
And two were browne, yet each to each vnlich)  
Did softly swim away, ne euer stampe,  
Vnlesse she chaunc'd their stubborne mouths to twine.  
Then, forming turre, their bridles they would champe,  
And trampling the fine element, would fiercely rampe.

29  
So well they sped, that they be come at length  
Vnto the place whereas the Paynim lay,  
Deuoid of outward sense, and native strength,  
Coverd with charmed cloude from view of day,  
And fight of men, since his late lucklesse fray.  
His cruell wounds with cruddy blood congealed,  
They binden vp so wisely as they may,  
And handle softly, till they can be healed:  
So lay him in her charre, close in night concealed.

30  
And all the while shee stood vpon the ground,  
The wakefull dogs did neuer cease to bay,  
As giuing warning of th' vnwonted sound,  
With which her iron wheelles did them affray,  
And her darke grisly looke them much dismay:  
The messenger of death, the ghastly Owle,  
With drearie shriekes did also her bewray;  
And hungry Wolues continually did howle,  
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so foule.

31  
Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,  
And brought the heauie corse with easie pace  
To yawning gulfe of deepe *Avernus* hole.  
By that same hole, an entrance, darke and base  
With smoake and sulphure hiding all the place,  
Descends to hell: there creature neuer past,  
That backe returned without heauenly grace:  
But dreadfull *Furies*, which their chaines haue braut,  
And damned Sprights sent forth to make ill men agast.

32  
By that same way the direfull dames doe driue  
Their mournfull charre, fill'd with rusty blood,  
And downe to *Plutoes* house are come biliue:  
Which passing through, on euery side them stood  
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,  
Chattering their iron teeth, and staring wide  
With stonie eyes; and all the hellish brood  
Of fiends infernall flockt on euery side,  
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.

33  
They passe the bitter waues of *Acheron*,  
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,  
And come to fiery flood of *Phlegeton*,  
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,  
And with sharpe shrilling shrieks doe bootlesse cry,  
Cursing high *Ioue*, the which them thither sent.  
The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,  
In which, ten thousand sorts of punishment  
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

34  
Before the threshold, dreadfull *Cerberus*  
His three deformed heads did lay along,  
Curled with thousand Adders venomous,  
And lilled forth his bloudie flaming tong:  
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,  
And felly gnarre, vnill daies enemy  
Did him appeale; then downe his taile he hong,  
And suffered them to passen quietly:  
For, shee in hell and heauen had power equally.

35  
There was *Ixion* turned on a wheele,  
For daring tempt the Queene of heauen to sin;  
And *Sisyphus* an huge round stone did reele  
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;  
There thirstie *Tantalus* hung by the chin;  
And *Tityus* fed a vulture on his maw;  
*Typhalus* ioynts were stretched on a gin,  
The *Iews* condemn'd to endlesse toth by law,  
And filne sisters water in leake vessels draw.

36  
They all, beholding worldly wights in place,  
Leaue off their worke, vnmindfull of their smart,  
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,  
Till they be come vnto the furthest part:  
Where was a Caue ywrought by wondrous art,  
Deepe, darke, yneafie, dolefull, comfortlesse,  
In which sad *Aesculapins* farre apart  
Emprison'd was in chaines remedlesse,  
For that *Hippolytus* rent corse hee did redresse.

37  
*Hippolytus* a iolly huntsman was,  
That wont in charre chace the foaming Bore;  
He all his Peeres in beauty did surpass,  
But Ladies loue, as losse of time forbore:  
His wanton stepdame loued him the more,  
But when she law her offred sweets refused,  
Her loue shee turn'd to hate, and him before  
His father fierce, of treason false accused,  
And with her ialous termes, his open eares abused.

38  
Who, all in rage, his Sea-god syre besought  
Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to cast:  
From surging gulfe two monsters straight were brought,  
With dread whereof his chafing steeds agast,  
Both charre swift and huntsman overcast.  
His goodly corps on ragged cliffs yrent,  
Was quite dismembred, and his members chaste  
Scattered on euery mountaine, as he went,  
That of *Hippolytus* was left no monument.

39  
His cruell stepdame seeing what was done,  
Her wicked dayes with wretched knife did end,  
In death avowing th' innocence of her sonne.  
Which hearing his rash Sire, began to rend  
His haire, and hastie tongue, that did offend:  
Tho gathering vp the reliques of his smart  
By *Dianes* meanes, who was *Hippolytes* friend,  
Them brought to *Aesculape*, that by his art  
Did heale them all againe, and ioyned euery part.

40  
Such wondrous science in mans wit to raigne  
When *Ioue* aviz'd, that could the dead reuiue,  
And fates expired could renew againe,  
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,  
But vnto hell did thrust him downe aboue,  
With flasing thunderbolt ywounded fore:  
Where long remaining, he did alwaies striue  
Himselfe with salues to health for to restore,  
And like the heauenly fire, that rag'd euermore.

41  
There auncient *Night* arriving, did alight  
From her high wearie waine, and in her armes  
To *Aesculapins* brought the wounded knight:  
Whom hauing softly disaraid of armes,  
Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,  
Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,  
If either salues, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes  
A fordone wight from dore of death mote raise,  
Hee would at her request prolong her nephewes daies.

42  
Ah Dame (quoth hee) thou tempest mee in vaine,  
To dare the thing which daily yet I rue,  
And the old cause of my continued paine  
With like attempt to like end to reue.  
Is not enough, that thrust from heauen due  
Heere endlesse penance for one fault I pay,  
But that redoubled crime with vengeance new  
Thou biddest mee to eke? Can *Night* defray  
The wrath of thundring *Ioue*, that rules both night & day?

43  
Not so (quoth shee) but sith that heauens king  
From hope of heauen hath thee excluded night,  
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing,  
And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,  
Now in the powre of euerlasting *Night*?  
Goe to then, o thou fure renowned sonne  
Of great *Apollo*, shew thy famous might  
In medicine, that else hath to thee wonne  
Great paines, & greater praise, both neuer to be donne.

44  
Her words prevaild: And then the learned leach  
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,  
And all things else, the which his art did teach:  
Which hauing scene, from thence arole away  
The mother of dread darknesse, and let stay  
*Aeneas* sonne there in the Leaches cure,  
And backe returning tooke her wonted way,  
To runne her timely race, whilst *Phaebus* pure  
In westerne waues his wearie wagon did recure.



45  
The false *Dueffa* leaving noyous Night,  
Returnd to stately Palace of same Pride;  
Where when she came, she found the Faerie knight  
Departed thence, albe his woundez wide,  
Not throughly heald, vnreadie were to ride.  
Good cause he had to hasten thence away;  
For on a day his wary Dwarfie had spide,  
Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers lay  
O. saynt wretched thralls, that wailed night and day.

46  
A rackfull sight, as could be seene with eye;  
Of whom he learned had in secret wile  
The hidden cause of their captiuitie,  
How mortgaging their liues to *Conetise*,  
Through wastefull Pride, and wanton Riotise,  
They were by law of that proude Tyrannesse  
Provoct with *Wrath*, and *Enuies* false turnise,  
Condemned to that Dungeon mercelesse,  
Where they should liue in woe, and die in wretchednesse.

47  
There was that great proude king of *Babylon*,  
That would compell all nations to adore  
And him as onely God to call vpon,  
Till through celestiaall doome throwne out of dore,  
Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore:  
There also was king *Craesus*, that enhaunst  
His heart too high through his great riches stores  
And proude *Antiochus*, the which aduanc't  
His curled hand gaunt God, and on his altars daunc't.

48  
And them long time before, great *Nimrod* was,  
That first the world with sword and fire warraid;  
And after him, old *Ninus* furie did pass  
In princely pomp, of all the world obaid;  
There also was that mightie Monarch laid  
Lowe vnder all, yet aboue all in pride,  
That name of native fire did foule v. braid,  
And would as *Ammons* sonne be magnifide,  
Till scorn'd of God and man a shamefull death he dide.

49  
All these together in one heape were throwne,  
Like carcases of beasts in butchers stall.  
And in another corner wide were strowne  
The antique ruines of the *Romaines* fall:

Great *Romulus* the Grandfire of them all,  
Proude *Tarquin*, and too lordly *Lentulus*,  
Stout *Scipio*, and stubborne *Hanniball*,  
Ambitious *Sylla*, and sterne *Marius*,  
High *Cesar*, great *Pompey*, and fierce *Antonius*.

50  
Amongst these mighty men, were women mixt,  
Proude women, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:  
The bold *Semiramis*, whole sides transfixt  
With sonnes owne blade, her foule reproches spoke;  
Faie *Sthenobaea*, that her selfe did choke  
With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will;  
High minded *Cleopatra*, that with stroke  
Of *Aspes* sting her selfe did stoutly kill:  
And thousands moe the like, that did that dungeon fill.

51  
Besides the endlesse routs of wretched thralls,  
Which thither were assembled day by day,  
From all the world after their wofull falls,  
Through wicked pride, and wasted wealths decay.  
But most of all, which in the Dungeon lay,  
Fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowres,  
Where they in idle pomp, or wanton play,  
Consumed had their goods, and thirkelesse howres,  
And lastly throwne themselves into these heavy stowres.

52  
Whose case when as the carefull Dwarfie had told,  
And made ensample of their mournfull sight  
Vnto his Maister, he no lenger would  
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,  
But early rose, and ere that dawning light  
Discovered had the world to heauen wide,  
He by a priuie Posterne tooke his flight,  
That of no enuious eyes he mote be spide:  
For, doublelesse death enlewd, if any him descride.

53  
Scarce could he footing find in that foule way,  
For many corles, like a great Lay-stall  
Of mured men which therein strowed lay,  
Without remorse, or decent funerall:  
Which all through that great Princesse pride did fall  
And came to shamefull end. And them beside  
Forth riding vnderneath the castell wall,  
A dunghill of dead carcases he spide,  
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of *Pride*.

Canto



## Canto VI.

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace  
faire *Vna* is releast:  
Whom saluage nation does adore,  
and learns her wise beheast.

1  
When a ship, that flies faie vnder saile,  
An hidden rocke escaped hath vnwares,  
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,  
The Mariner yet halfe amazed stares  
At perill past, and yet it dout ne dares  
To ioy at his foole-happy oversight:  
So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares  
The dreadlesse courage of this Elfin knight,  
Hauing escap't so sad ensamples in his sight.

2  
Yet sad hee was that his too hasty speed,  
The faie *Dueffa* had forc't him leaue behind;  
And yet more sad, that *Vna* his deare deed  
Her truth had stand with treason so vnkind;  
Yet crime in her could neuer creature find,  
But for his loue, and for her owne selfe like,  
She wandred had from one to other Ind,  
Him for to seeke, ne euer would forsake,  
Till her vnwares the fierce *Sans loy* did overtake.

3  
Who, after *Archimagoes* foule defeat,  
Led her away into a Forrest wilde,  
And turning wrathfull fire to luttfull heat,  
With beastly fin thought her to haue defilde,  
And made the vallall of his pleasures vild.  
Yet first hee cast by treatie, and by traires,  
Her to periwaie, that stubborne fort to yield:  
For, greater conquest of hard loue he gaires,  
That works it to his will, then he that it constraines.

4  
With fawning words hee courted her awhile,  
And looking louely, and oft sighing sore,  
Her constant hart did tempt with diuers guile:  
But words, and lookes, and sighes she did abhorre,  
As rock of Diamond, stedfast euermore.  
Yet for to feed his fire lustfull eye,  
He snatcht the veile, that hung her face before;  
Then gan her beauty shine, as brightest sky,  
And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chastitie.

5  
So when hee saw his flatt'ring arts to faile,  
And subtle engines bet from batterie,  
With greedy force he gan the fort assaile,  
Whereof hee weend possesed soone to bee,  
And with rich spoile of ransackt chastitie.  
Ah heauens! that doe this hideous act behold,  
And heauenly virgin thus outraged see,  
How can ye vengeance iust so long with-hold,  
And hurle not flaming flames vpon that Paynim bold?

6  
The pittious maiden, carefull, comfortlesse,  
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, & shrieking cryes,  
The last vaine help of womens great distresse,  
And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,  
That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes;  
And *Phabus* flying so most shamefull sight,  
His blushing face in foggy cloud implies,  
And hides for shame. What wit of mortall wight  
Can now deuise to quit a thrall from such a plight?

7  
Eternall providence, exceeding thought,  
Where none appeares can make her selfe a way:  
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,  
From Lyons claws to pluck the griped pray.  
Her shrill out-cryes and shriekes so loud did bray,  
That all the woods and Forrests did resound;  
A troupe of *Faunes* and *Satyres* far away  
Within the wood were dauncing in a round,  
Whiles old *Sylvanus* slept in shady arbour sound:

8  
Who, when they heard that pittious strained voice,  
In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,  
And ran towards the far rebounded noise,  
To weet what wight so loudly did lament.  
Vnto the place they come incontinent:  
Whom when the raging *Sarazin* espide,  
A rude, misshapen, monstrous rablement,  
Whose like he neuer saw, he durst not bide.  
But got his ready speed, and fast away gan ride.



The wilde Wood-gods, arriv'd in the place,  
There find the virgin dolefull desolate,  
With ruffled tyme, and faire blubbed face,  
As her outrageous foe had left her late,  
And trembling yet through feare of former hate;  
All stand amazed at so vncouth sight,  
And giv to pittie her unhappy state,  
All stand astom'd at her beauty bright,  
In their rude eyes unworthy of so wofull plight.

She more amaz'd in double dread doth dwell;  
And every tender part for feare does shake:  
As when a greedy Wolfe through hunger fell  
Ailly Lamb furre from the flock does take,  
Of whom hee means his bloudie feast to make,  
A Lyon spies fast running towards him,  
The innocent prey in haste hee does forsake,  
Which quit from death, yet quakes in every lim  
With change of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim:

Such fearefull fit affaid her trembling hart,  
No word to speake, no joynt to moue she had:  
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,  
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;  
Their frowning forcheads with rough hornes yclad,  
And rustick horrow all aside doe lay,  
And gently preening, shew a semblance glad  
To comfort her, and feare to put away,  
Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obay.

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet commit  
Her single person to their barbarous truth:  
But still through feare and hope amaz'd does sit,  
Late leard what harme to halve trust ensueth:  
They, in compassion of her tender youth,  
And wonder of her beautie souveraine,  
Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth,  
And all prostrate vpon the lowely Plaine,  
Do kisse her feet, & fawne on her with count'nance faire.

Their hearts shee gheseth by their humble guise,  
And yields her to extremitie of time:  
So, from the ground shee fearelesse doth arise,  
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:  
They all, as glad as birds of ioyous Prime,  
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,  
Shouting, and singing all a Shepheards rime,  
And with greene branches strowing all the ground,  
Doe worlup her, as Queene, with Oliue girlond crown'd.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,  
That all the woods with double Echo ring,  
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,  
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring:  
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring;  
Who, with the noise awak'd, commeth out,  
To meet the cause, his weake steps governing,  
And aged limbes on Cypresse staddle stout,  
And with an Irie twine his waste is girt about.

Farre off hee wonders, what them makes so glad,  
Of Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,  
Or Cybels frantick rites haue made them mad;  
They drawing nigh, vnto their God present  
That slowre of faith and beautie excellent.  
The God himselfe, viewing that mirrour rare,  
Stood long amaz'd, and burnt in his intent;  
His owne taire *Diopie* now he thinks not faire,  
And *Pholoe* foule, when her to this he doth compare.

The wood-borne people fall before her flat,  
And worlup her as Goddess of the wood:  
And old *Sylvanus* selfe bethinks not, what  
To thinke of wight so faire, but gazing stood,  
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood:  
Sometimes *Dame Venus* selfe he seemes to see:  
But *Venus* neuer had so tober mood:  
Sometimes *Diana* he her takes to bee,  
But misleth bowe, and shafts, and buskins to her knee.

By view of her hee ginneth to reuiue  
His ancient loue, and dearest *Cyparisse*,  
And calls to mind his pourtraiture aliue,  
How faire he was, and yet not faire to this,  
And how hee slew with glauncing dart amiss  
A gentle Hind, the which the lowely boy  
Did loue as life, about all worldly blis;  
For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after joy,  
But pynd away in anguill and self-will'd annoy.

The woody Nymphes, faire *Hamadryades*,  
Her to behold doe thither runne apace,  
And all the troupe of light-foote *Naiades*  
Flock all about to see her lowely face:  
But when they viewed haue her heavenly grace,  
They enue her in their malicious mind,  
And flie away for feare of foule disgrace:  
But all the *Satyres* scorne their woody kind,  
And henceforth nothing faire, but her on earth they find.

Glad of such luck, the lucklesse lucky maid,  
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,  
And long time with that salvage people staid,  
To gather breath in many miseries.  
During which time, her gentle wit she plies  
To teach them truth, which worlup her in vaine,  
And made her th' Image of Idolatries:  
But when their boodelle zeale she did restraine  
From her owne worlup, they her Assc wold worlup faire.

It fortun'd a noble warlike Knight  
By iust occasion to that forrest came,  
To seeke his kindred, and the lineage right,  
From whence he took his well deserued name:  
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,  
And fild furre lands with glorie of his might,  
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,  
And cuer lov'd to fight for Ladies right,  
But in vaine glorious traves hee little did delight.

A 52

A *Satyres* sonne, yborne in forrest wilde,  
By strange adventure as it did betide,  
And there begotten of a Lady milde,  
Faire *Thyamis*, the daughter of *Labryde*,  
That was in sacred bands of wedlocke tide  
To *Therion*, a loose vnruly swaine;  
Who had more ioy to range the forrest wide,  
And chase the salvage beast with busie paine,  
Then serue his Ladies loue, and waste in pleasures vaine.

The forlorn maid did with lones longing burne,  
And could not lacke her lousers company:  
But to the wood she goes, to serue her turne,  
And seeke her spouse, that from her still does flie,  
And followes other game and venery:  
A *Satyre* chaunc't her wandring for to finde,  
And kindling coales of lust in brutish eye,  
The loyall links of wedlocke did vnbinde,  
And made her person thrall vnto his beastly kinde.

So long in secret cabin there he held  
Her captiue to his sensuall desire,  
Till that with timely fruite her belly sweld,  
And bore a boy vnto that salvage fire:  
Then home he suffred her for to retire,  
For raunsome leauing him the late borne childe:  
VWhom till to ripe yeeres he gan aspire,  
He nourl'd vp in life and manners wilde,  
Emongst wilde beasts & woods, from lawes of men exilde.

For all he taught the tender Imp, was but  
To banish cowardize and bastard feare:  
His trembling hand he would him force to put  
Vpon the Lyon, and the rugged Beare,  
And from the she Beares teats her whelps to teare;  
And eke wilde roring Bulls hee would him make  
To tame, and ride their backs not made to beare;  
And the Robucks in flight to overtake,  
That euery beast for feare of him did flie and quake.

Thereby so fearelesse, and so fell he grew,  
That his owne fire and maister of his guise,  
Did often tremble at his horrid view,  
And oft for dread of hurt would him aduise,  
The angry beasts not rashly to despise,  
Nor too much to provoke; for he would learne  
The Lyon stoupe to him in lowely wise,  
(A lesson hard) and make the Libbard stearne  
Leane roaring, when in rage he for revenge did yearne.

And for to make his powre approued more,  
V Wilde beasts in iron yokes he would compell;  
The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,  
The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell;  
The Antelope, and Wolfe, both fierce and fell;  
And them constrainne in equall teame to draw.  
Such ioy he had, their stubborne harts to quell,  
And studie courage tame with dreadfull awe,  
That his behest they feared, as proud tyrants lawe.

His louing mother came vpon a day  
Vnto the woods, to see her little sonne:  
And chaunc't vnwares to meet him in the way,  
After his sports, and cruell pastime done,  
When after him a *Lyonesse* did runne,  
That roaring all with rage, did loude requere  
Her children deare, whom he away had vronne:  
The Lyon vvhelpe she saw howe hee did beare,  
And lull in rugged armes, withouten childish feare.

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,  
And turning back, gan fast to flie away,  
Vntill with loue revok't from vaine affright,  
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,  
And then to him these womanish words gan say:  
Ah *Satyre*, my darling, and my ioy,  
For loue of mee leane off this dreadfull play:  
To dally thus with death, is no fit toy,  
Goe find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy.

In these, and like delights of bloudy game  
He trained was, till riper yeeres he taught;  
And there abode, whilst any beast of name  
Walkt in that forest, whom he had not taught  
To feare his force: and then his courage haught  
Desir'd of forraine foemen to be knowne,  
And furre abroad for strange adventures sought:  
In which his might was neuer overthrowne,  
But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blowne.

Yet euermore it was his manner faire,  
After long labours and adventures spent,  
Vnto thole native woods for to repaire,  
To see his Sire and offspring ancient.  
And now he thither came for like intent:  
Where he vnwares the fairest *Pena* found,  
Strange Lady, in so strange habillment,  
Teaching the *Satyres*, which her fat around,  
True sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

He wondred at her wisdom heavenly rare,  
VWhose like in womens wit he neuer knew:  
And when her curteous deeds he did compare,  
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rewe,  
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,  
And ioyd to make prooue of her crueltie  
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse, and so true:  
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,  
And leard her discipline of faith and veritie.

But shee, all vow'd vnto the *Redersse* Knight,  
His wandring perill closely did lament,  
Ne in this new acquaintance could delight,  
But her deare heart with anguill did torment,  
And all her wit in secret counsels spent,  
How to escape. At last, in priuie wife  
To *Satyre* shee sheu'd her intent:  
VWho glad to giue such fauour, gan deuise,  
How with that pensine Maid he best might thence arise.

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So, on a day, when Satyrus all were gone  
To doe their seruice to *Syrannus* old,  
The gentle virgin (left behind alone)  
He led away with courage stout and bold.  
Too late it was to Satyrus to be told,  
Or ever hope recover her againe:  
In vaine hee seeks, that hauing cannot hold.  
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,  
That they the woods are past, and come now to the Plaine.

The better part now of the lingring day,  
They trauid had, when as they far espide  
A weary wight forwandering by the way,  
And towards him they gan in haste to ride,  
To weet of newes, that did abroad betide,  
Or tydings of her knight of the *Redcrosse*.  
But hee them spying, gan to turne aside,  
For feare, as seem'd, or for some feigned losse;  
More greedy they of newes, fast towards him do crosse.

A filly man, in simple weedes forworne,  
And could with dust of the long dried way;  
His sandales were with toile some trauell torne,  
And face all rand with scorching sunny ray,  
As he had trauid many a sommers day,  
Through boyling sands of *Araby* and *Ind*;  
And in his hand a *Iacob's* staffe, to stay  
His wearie limbes vpon: and eke behind,  
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

The Knight approaching nigh, of him inquired  
Tydings of warre, and of adventures new;  
But warres, nor new adventures none he herd.  
Then *Vna* gan to aske, if ought he knew,  
Or heard abroad of that her champion true,  
That in his armour bare a crosselet red.  
Aye mee, deare Dame (quoth hee) well may I rue  
To tell the sad fight, which mine eyes haue read:  
These eyes did see that Knight both liuing and eke dead.

That cruel word her tender hart so thrild,  
That fuddaine cold did runne through euery vaine,  
And stony horror all her senses fild  
With dying fit, that downe she fell for paine.  
The knight her lightly reared vp againe,  
And comforted with courteous kind reliefe:  
Then wonne from death, shee bade him tellen plaine  
The further proecesse of her hidden grieffe:  
The lesser paine can beare, who hath endur'd the chiefe.

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I chaunc't this day,  
This fatal day, that shall I neuer rew,  
To see two Knights in trauell on my way  
(A fory fight) arrang'd in battell new,  
Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathfull hew:  
My fearful flesh did tremble at their strife,  
To see their blades so greedily imbrow,  
That drunk with blood, yet thirsted after life: (knife.  
Wherein the *Redcrosse* knight was slaine with *Paynim*

Ah dearest Lord (quoth shee) how might that bee,  
And he the stoutest Knight that euer wonne:  
Ah dearest Dame (quoth he) how might I see  
The thing that might not be, and yet was donne?  
Where is (said *Satyrus*) that *Paynim* sonne,  
That him of life, and vs of ioy hath rest?  
Not farre away (quoth hee) hee hence doth wonne  
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left (elef.  
Washing his bloody wounds, that through the Steele were

There-with the Knight thence marched forth in hast,  
Whiles *Vna* with huge heavinesse oppress,  
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast:  
And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,  
Whereas that *Pagan* proude himselfe did rest,  
In secret shadow by a fountaine side:  
Euen hee it was, that earst would haue suppress  
Faith *Vna*: whom when *Satyrus* espide,  
With foule reprochfull words he boldly him defide.

And said, Arise thou cursed Miscreant,  
That hast with knightlesse guile and trecherous traine,  
Faith knight hood foully shamed, and doost vaunt  
That good Knight of the *Redcrosse* to haue slaine:  
Arise, and with like treason now maintaine  
Thy guilty wrong, or else thee guilty yield.  
The *Sarazin* this hearing, rose amaine,  
And catching vp in haste his three square shield,  
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field.

And drawing nigh him, said, Ah misborne Elfie,  
In euill houre thy foes thee hither sent,  
Anothers wrongs to wreake vpon thy selfe:  
Yet ill thou blamest mee, for hauing blent  
My name with guile and traitorous intent:  
That *Redcrosse* Knight, perdie, I neuer slew:  
But had he beene, where earst his armes were lent,  
Th' enchaunter vaine his error should not rue:  
But thou his error shalt, I hope, now prouen true.

There-with they gan, both furious and fell,  
To thunder blowes, and fiercely to assaile  
Each other bent his enemy to quell,  
That with their force they pearc't both plate and maile,  
And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,  
That it would pittie any liuing eye.  
Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile:  
But floods of blood could not them satisfie:  
Both hungred after death: both chose to win, or die.

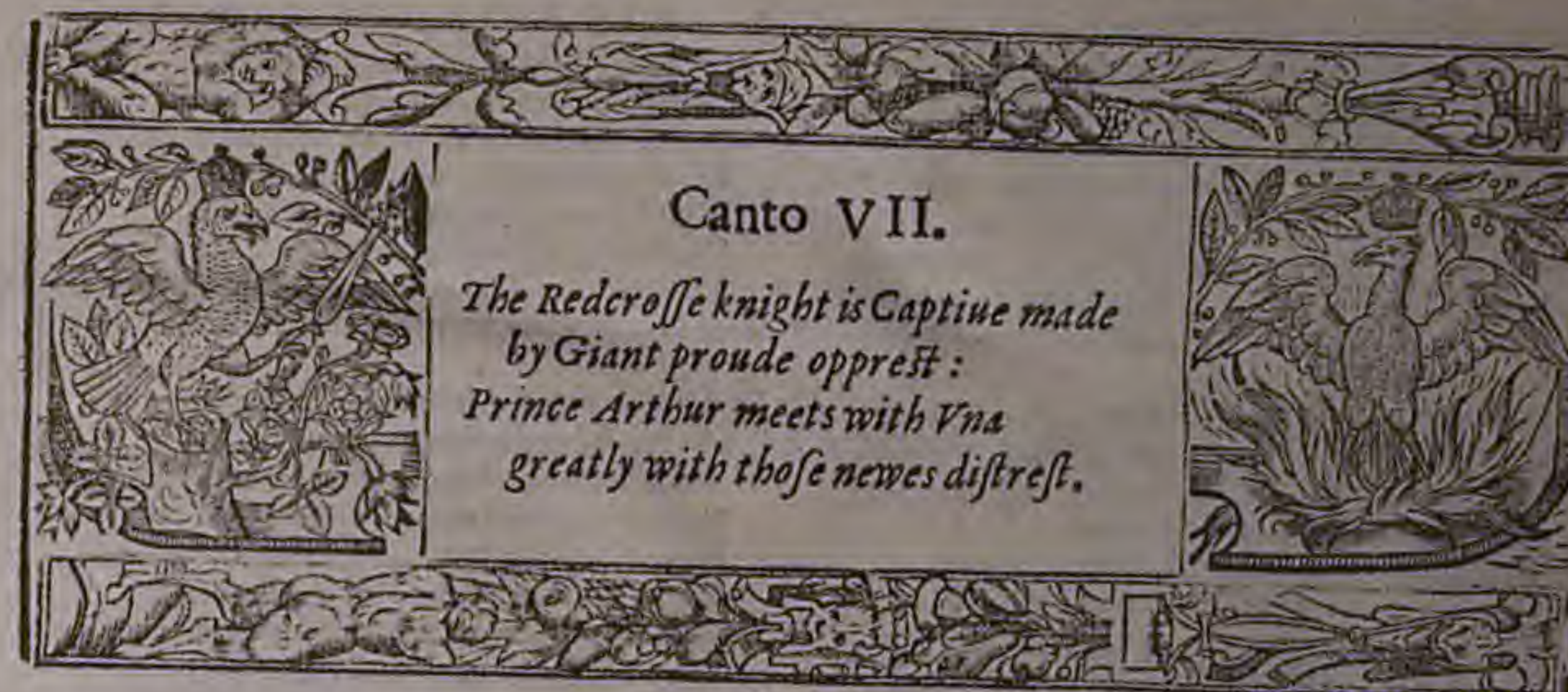
So long they fight, and fell revenge pursue,  
That fuinting each, themselves to breathe let,  
And oft refreshed, battell oft renew:  
As when two Bores with rankling malice met,  
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,  
Till breathlesse both themselves aside retire,  
Where soaining wrath, their cruell tusks they whet,  
And trample th' earth, the whiles they may respire;  
Then back to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

So fiercely, when these Knights had breathed once,  
They gan to fight returne, increasing more  
Their pulstant force, and cruell rage attonce,  
With heaped strokes, more hugely then before,  
That with their dreerie wounds and bloody gore  
They both deformed, scarcely could be knowne.  
By this, sad *Vna* fraught with anguill fore,  
Led with their noise, which through the aire was throwne,  
Arriu'd, where they in earth their fruitlesse blood had towne.

Whom all so soone as that proude *Sarazin*  
Espide, he gan renew the memory  
Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin,  
And left the doubtfull battell hastily,  
To catch her, newly offred to his eye:  
But *Satyrus* with strokes him turning, staid,  
And sternely bade him other busines ply,  
Then hunt the steps of pure vnspotted Maid:  
Where-with he all enrag'd, these bitter speeches said.

O foolish faeries soone, what furie mad  
Hath thee incens'd, to haste thy dolefull fate?  
Were it not better I that Lady had,  
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?  
Most senselesse man he, that himselfe doth hate,  
To loue another. Lo then, for thine aid,  
Heere take thy louers token on thy pate.  
So they two fight; the whiles the royall Maid  
Fled farre away, of that proude *Paynim* fore affraid.

But that false Pilgrim, which that leaues told,  
Beeing indeed old *Archimage*, did stay  
In secret shadow, all this to behold,  
And much reioyced in their bloody fray:  
But when he saw the *Damsell* passe away,  
He left his stond, and her puriewd apace,  
In hope to bring her to her last decay.  
But, for to tell her lamentable case,  
And eke this battell end, will need another place.



Hat man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,  
As to defery the crafty cunning traine,  
By which Deceit doth mask in vizour faire,  
And cast her colours dyed deep in graine,  
To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can faine,  
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,  
The guilelesse man with guile to entertaine?  
Great maistresse of her art was that false Dame,  
The false *Duessa*, cloked with *Fideles* name.

Who, when returning from the dreery *Night*,  
She found not in that perilous house of *Pride*,  
Where she had left the noble *Redcrosse* knight,  
Her hoped pray: she would no lenger bide,  
But forth she went, to seeke him far and wide.  
Ere long she found whereas he wearie fate,  
To rest himselfe, foreby a fountaine side,  
Disarmed all of iron-coated Plate,  
And by his side his feede the grassie forage ate.

Hee feedes vpon the cooling shade, and bayes  
His sweate forehead in the breathing wind,  
Which through the trembling leaues full gently playes,  
Wherein the cheertull birds of sundry kind  
Do chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mind:  
The *Vitch* approaching gan him fairely greet,  
And with reproche of carelesse vnkind  
Vpbrayd, for leauing her in place vnmeet, (sweet  
With foule words tempting faite, fowre gall with home

Vnkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,  
And bathe in pleasure of the ioyous shade,  
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,  
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,  
About the fountaine like a girlond made:  
Whose bubbling waue did euer freshly well,  
Ne euer would through feruent sommer fade:  
The sacred Nymph, which therein went to dwell,  
Was out of *Dianes* fauour, as it then befell.



The cause was this: One day when *Pharbe* faire  
With all her band was following the chase,  
This Nymph, quite ty'd with heate of scorching aire,  
Sat downe to rest in middelt of the race:  
The Goddess, wroth, gan soule her disgrace,  
And bade the waters, which from her did flowe,  
Be such as shee herselfe was then in place.  
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slowe,  
And all that drunk thereof, did faint and feeble growe.

Heereof this gentle Knight vnweeting was,  
And lying downe vpon the lantle graile,  
Drunke of the streame, as cleare as crytall glais:  
Fitsoones his manly forces gan to faile,  
And mighty strong was turn'd to feeble fraile.  
His changed powres at first themselves not felt,  
Till crudd cold his courage gan assaile,  
And cheerefull blood in faintnesse chill did melt,  
Which like a Feaver-fit through all his body welte.

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,  
Pour'd out in loofnesse on the grassie ground,  
Both careless of his health, and of his fame:  
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sound,  
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebound,  
That all the earth for terror seem'd to shake,  
And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe there-with astound,  
Vpstart lightly from his looser make,  
And his vnready weapons gan in hand to take.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,  
Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy  
With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,  
An hideous Giant, horrible and hie,  
That with his talnesse seem'd to threat the skie,  
The ground eke groined vnder him for dread;  
His hanging like saw neuer living eye,  
Ne durst behold: his stature did exceed  
The height of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

The greatest Earth his vncooth mother was,  
And blasting *Aeolus* his boasted sire,  
Who with his breath, which through the world doth  
Her hollow womb did secretly inspire, (pals,  
And fill'd her hidden caues with stormie ire,  
That shee conceiv'd; and trebling the due time,  
In which the wombes of women doe expire,  
Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slime,  
Pust vp with emptie wind, and fill'd with sinfull crime.

So, grown great through arrogant delight  
Of th' high descent, wherof he was yborne,  
And through presumption of his matchlesse might,  
All other powres and knight-hood he did scorne.  
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,  
And left to losse: his stinking steps are staide  
Vpon a fozgy Oake, which he had torne  
Out of his mothers bowels, and it made  
His mortall mace, where-with his foemen he dismayde.

That, when the Knight he spide, he gan aduance  
With huge force and insupportable maine,  
And towards him with dreadfull fury prauce;  
Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine  
Did to him passe, lad battaile to darraine,  
Disarm'd, disgrac'd, and inwardly dismayde,  
And eke so faint in euery ioynt and vaine,  
Through that fraile fountaine, which him feeble made,  
That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

The Giant strooke so mainly mercilesse,  
That could haue overthrowne a stony towre;  
And were not heavenly grace, that him did blesse,  
He had been pouldred all, as thin as flowre:  
But hee was wary of that deadly stowre,  
And lightly leapt from vnderneath the blowe:  
Yet so exceeding was the villaines powre,  
That with the wind it did him overthrowe,  
And all his senses stound, that still he lay full lowe.

As when that diuelish iron Engin wrought  
In deepest Hell, and fram'd by *Furies* skill,  
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,  
And ram'd with bullet round, ordain'd to kill,  
Conceiveth fire, the heavens it doth fill  
With thundring noise, and all the aire doth choke,  
That none can breathe, nor see, nor heare at will,  
Through smouldry cloude of dusky stinking smoke,  
That th'onely breath him daunts, who hath escap't the (stroke.

So daunted when the Giant saw the Knight,  
His heavy hand he heaued vp on hie,  
And him to dust thought to haue battred quite,  
Vntill *Dueffa* loud to him gan cry:  
O great *Oroglio*, greatest vnder sky,  
O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies like,  
Hold for my like, and doe him not to die;  
But, vanquish't, thine eternall bondslave make,  
And mee thy worthy meed vnto thy Leman take.

He harkned, and did stay from further harmes,  
To gaine so goodly guerdon, as shee spake:  
So, willingly she came into his armes,  
Who her as willingly to grace did take,  
And was possessed of his new found make.  
Then vp he tooke the slumberd senselesse corse,  
And ere he could out of his swoune awake,  
Him to his Castle brought with hastie force,  
And in a Dungeon deepe him threw without remorse.

From that day forth *Dueffa* was his deare,  
And highly honour'd in his haughty eye:  
He gaue her gold, and purple pall to weare,  
And triple crowne set on her head full hie,  
And her endow'd with royall maiestie:  
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,  
And peoples hearts with awfull terror tie,  
A monstrous beast ybred in filthy fen  
He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome den.

Such

Such one it was, as that renowned Snake  
Which great *Alcides* in *Stremona* slew,  
Long fostred in the filth of *Lerna* lake,  
Whose many heads out budding euer new,  
Did breed him endlesse labour to subdew:  
But this same Monster much more vgly was;  
For, seauen great heads out of his body grew,  
An Iron breast, and back of scaly brals,  
And all embred in blood, his eyes did shine as glais.

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,  
That to the house of heavenly Gods it raght,  
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,  
The euer-burning lamps from thence it brought,  
And proudly threw to ground, as things of nought:  
And vnderneath his filthy feet did tread  
The sacred things, and holy heasts foretaught.  
Vpon this dreadfull Beast with seauenfold head  
He set the false *Dueffa*, for more awe and dread.

The wofull Dwarf, which saw his maisters fall,  
Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,  
And valiant knight become a caytiue thrall,  
When all was past, tooke vp his forlorne weed,  
His mighty armour, misting most at need;  
His siluer shield, now idle maisterlesse;  
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed,  
The rufull monuments of heauinesse,  
And with them all departs, to tell his great distresse.

He had not trauid long, when on the way  
He wofull Lady (wofull *Fna*) met,  
Fast flying from the Paynims greedy pray,  
Whil'ft *Satyrae* him from puruit did let:  
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,  
And saw the signes that deadly tydings spake,  
Shee fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,  
And liuely breath her sad breast did forsake,  
Yet might her pittious hart be seene to pant and quake.

The messenger of so vnhappy newes,  
Would faine haue dide: dead was his hart within,  
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes:  
At last recouering hart, he does begin  
To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin,  
And euery tender part does tosse and turne:  
So hardly he the flittred life does win,  
Vnto her native prison to retourne:  
Then gins her grieued ghost thus to lament and mourne.

Yee dreary instruments of dolefull sight,  
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,  
Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,  
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mold,  
Sith cruell Fates the carefull threds vnfold,  
The which my life and loue together tide?  
Now let the stony dart of senselesse cold  
Pearce to my hart, and passe through euery side,  
And let eternall night to sad sight fro mee hide.

O lightsome day, the lamp of highest Ioue,  
First made by him, mens wandring waies to guide,  
When darknesse he in deepest dungeon droue,  
Henceforth thy hated face for euer hide,  
And shut vp heauens windowes shining wide:  
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,  
And late repentance, which shall long abide.  
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feede,  
But feeded vp with death, shall haue their deadly meed.

Then downe againe shee fell vnto the ground;  
But hee her quickly reared vp againe:  
Thrice did shee sink adowne in deadly wound,  
And thrice hee her reu'd with busie paine:  
At last, when life recover'd had the raine,  
And over-wrestled his strong enemy,  
With foltring tongue, and trembling euery vaine,  
Tell on (quoth shee) the wofull Tragedie,  
The which these reliques had present vnto mine eye.

Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her spight,  
And thrilling sorrow throwne his vmoost dart:  
Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heavy plight,  
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:  
Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare each part.  
If death it be, it is not the first wound,  
That launced hath my breast with bleeding smart.  
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;  
If lesse then that I feare, more fauour I haue found.

Then gan the Dwarf the whole discourse declare,  
The subtile traines of *Archimago* old;  
The wanton loues of false *Fideffa* faire,  
Bought with the blood of vanquish't Paynim bold:  
The wretched payre transformed to treen mold;  
The house of Pride, and perils round about;  
The combat, which he with *Sansloy* did hold;  
The lucklesse conflict with the Giant stout,  
Wherein captiu'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

Shee heard with patience all vnto the end,  
And stroue to maister sorrowfull assay:  
Which greater grew, the more shee did contend,  
And almost rent her tender hart in tway:  
And loue fresh coales vnto her fire did lay:  
For, greater loue, the greater is the losse.  
Was neuer Lady loued dearer day,  
Then shee did loue the Knight of the *Redecrosse*;  
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

At last, when seruent sorrow flaked was,  
Shee vp arose, resolving him to find  
Alive or dead: and forward forth doth pass,  
All as the Dwarf the way to her assign'd:  
And euermore in constant carefull mind  
Shee fed her wound with fresh renewed bale:  
Long toft with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,  
High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale,  
Shee wandred many a wood, and measur'd many a vale.

At last,



At last, she chaunced by good hap to meet  
A goodly knight, fare marching by the way  
Together with his Squire, arrayed meet:  
His glitter and armour shined farre away,  
Like glancing light of Phoebus brightest ray;  
From top to toe no place appeared bare,  
That deadly dint of Steele endanger may:  
A wart his breast a bauldrick braue he ware, (rare.  
T. A shun'd like twinkling stars, with stones most precious

And in the midst thereof, one precious stone  
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might,  
Shap't like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,  
Like *Hesperus* amongst the lesser lights,  
And strone for to amaze the weaker fights:  
Thereby, his mortall blade full comely hong  
In Iuone sheath, year'd with curious flights;  
Whole hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong  
Of mother pearle, and buckled with a golden tong.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,  
Both glorious brightnes, and great terrour bred;  
For, all the crest a Dragon did enfold  
With greedy pawes, and ouer all did spread  
His golden wings: his dreadfull hideous hed  
Close couched on the beuer, seem'd to throwe  
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fierie red,  
That suddaine terror to faint harts did shoue:  
And scaly taile was stretcht adowne his back full lowe.

Vpon the top of all his lofty crest,  
A bunch of haire discoloured diuersly,  
With sprinkled pearle, and gold full richly drest,  
Did shake, and seem'd to daunce for iollity,  
Like to an Almond tree ymounted hie  
On top of greene *Selinus* all alone,  
With blossoms braue bedecked daintily;  
Whole tender locks do tremble euery one  
At euery litle breath, that vnder heauen is blowne.

His warlike shield all closely couer'd was,  
No might of mortall eye be euer seene;  
Not made of Steele, nor of enduring bras,  
Such earthly metals to one consumed beene:  
But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene  
It framed was, one masse entire mould,  
Hewen out of Adamant rock with engines keene,  
That point of speere it neuer pearcen could,  
Ne dint of durtfull sword diuide the substance would.

The same to wight hee neuer wont disclose,  
But when as monsters huge he would dismay,  
Or daunt vnequall armies of his foes,  
Or when the flying heauens he would affray;  
For, so exceeding shone his glittering ray,  
That *Phoebus* golden face it did attaint,  
As when a cloud his beames doth ouer-lay;  
And silver *Cynthia* waxed pale and faint,  
As when her face is stand with magick arts constraint.

No magick arts heereof had any might,  
Nor bloody words of bold Enchanters call,  
But all that was not such, as seem'd in fight,  
Before that shield did fade, and suddaine fall:  
And when him list the rascal routes appall,  
Men into stones there-with he could transmue,  
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all:  
And, when him list the prouder lookes subdew,  
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

Ne let it seeme, that credence this exceeds:  
For, he that made the same, was knowne right well  
To haue done much more admirable deeds.  
It *Merlin* was, which whilome did excell  
All liuing wightes in might of magick spell:  
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought  
For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell;  
But when he dide, the Faerie Queene it brought  
To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if sought.

A gentle youth, his dearely loued Squire,  
His speare of Heben wood behind him bare,  
Whose harmefull head, thrice heated in the fire,  
Had riven many a breast with pikehead square:  
A goodly person, and could menage faire  
H's stubborn steed with curbed canon bit,  
Who vnder him did trample as the aire,  
And chaust, that any on his backe should sit:  
The iron rowels into frothy some he bit.

When as this Knight nigh to the Lady drew,  
With louely court he gan her entertaine;  
But when he heard her answers loth, he knew  
Some secret sorrow did her heart distaine:  
Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,  
Faerie feeling words he wisely gan display,  
And for her humour fitting purpose faime,  
To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray:  
Wherewith emmow'd, these bleeding words she gan to say

What worlds delight, or ioy of liuing speach  
Can heart, so plung'd in sea of sorrowes deep,  
And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?  
The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,  
And in my heart his iron arrow steep,  
Soone as I thinke vpon my bitter bale:  
Such helpelesse harmes it's better hidden keepe,  
Then rip vp griepe, where it may not auale,  
My last left comfort is, my woes to weep and wale.

Ah Lady deare, quoth then the gentle Knight,  
Well may I weene, your griepe is wondrous great:  
For wondrous great griepe groneth in my spright,  
Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.  
But wofull Lady, let me you intreat,  
For to vnfold the anguish of your hart:  
Mishaps are maistred by aduise discreet,  
And counsell mitigates the greatest smart:  
Found neuer help, who neuer would his hurts impart.

O! but (quoth shee) great griepe will not be told,  
And can more easily be thought, then said.  
Right so (quoth he) but he, that neuer would,  
Could neuer: will to might giues greatest aide.  
But griepe (quoth shee) does greater growe dispaide,  
If then it find not help, and breeds despaire.  
Despaire breeds not (quoth he) where faith is staide.  
No faith to fast (quoth she) but flesh does paire.  
Flesh may empaire (quoth he) but reason can repaire.

His goodly reason, and well guided speach,  
So deep did settle in her grations thought,  
That her perswaded to disclose the breach,  
Which loue and fortune in her hart had wrought,  
And said; Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought  
You to inquire the secrets of my griepe,  
Or that your wisdom will direct my thought,  
Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe:  
Then heare the storie sad, which I shall tell you brieue.

The forlorne Maiden, whom your eyes haue seene  
The laughing stock of Fortunes mockeries,  
Am th' only daughter of a King and Queene,  
Whose Parents deare, whil't equall Desinies  
Did runne about, and their felicities  
The fauourable heauens did not enue,  
Did spread their rule through all the territories  
Which *Physon* and *Euphrates* floweth by,  
And *Gebons* golden waues doe wash continually;

Till that their cruell cursed enemy,  
An huge great Dragon horrible in sight,  
Bred in the loathly lakes of *Tartary*,  
With murderous ravine, and deuouring might  
Their kingdome spoild, and country wasted night:  
Themselues, for feare into his iawes to fall,  
Hee forc't to castle strong to take their flight,  
Where fast embard in mighty brazen wall,  
He has them now foure yeeres besieg'd to make the thrall.

Full many knights adventurous and stout,  
Haue enterpriz'd that Monster to subdew;  
From euery coast that heauen walks about,  
Haue thither come the noble Martiall crew,  
That famous hard achievements still pursue,  
Yet neuer any could that girlond win,  
But all still shrunk, and still he greater grew:  
All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,  
The pittious pray of his fierce cruelty haue bin.

At last, yled with farre reported praise,  
Which flying Fame throughout the world had spread,  
Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did raise,  
That noble order hight of Maidenhead,  
Forth-with to court of *Gloriane* I sped,  
Of *Gloriane*, great Queene of glory bright,  
Whose kingdome fear *Eleopolis* is red,  
There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,  
That Parents deare from Tyrants powre deliuer might.

It was my chance (my chance was faire and good)  
There for to find a fresh vnprooued knight,  
Whose manly hands imbrew'd in guilty bloud  
Had neuer been, ne euer by his might  
Had throwne to ground the vnregarded right:  
Yet of his prowesse prooffe he since hath made  
(I witnesse am) in many a cruell fight:  
The groning ghosts of many one dismaide  
Haue felt the bitter dint of his auenging blade.

And yet the forlorne reliques of his powre,  
His byting sword, and his deuouring speare,  
Which haue endured many a dreadfull stowre,  
Can speake his prowesse, that did carst you heare,  
And well could rule: now he hath left you heere,  
To be the record of his ruefull losse,  
And of my dolefull disauenturous deare:  
O! heauie record of the good *Redcrosse*,  
Where haue you left your Lord, that could so wel you tols:

Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,  
That he my captiue langour should redeeme,  
Till all vnweeting, an Enchaunter had  
His sense abus'd, and made him to misdeeme  
My loyaltie, not such as it did seeme:  
That rather death desire, then such despight,  
Be judge ye heauens, that all things right esteeme,  
How I him lov'd, and loue with all my might,  
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought anght.

Thenceforth, mee desolate he quite forsooke,  
To wander where wilde fortune would me lead,  
And other bywayes he himselfe betooke,  
Where neuer foot of liuing wight did tread,  
That brought not back the balefull body dead:  
In which him chaunced false *Duessa* meet,  
Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,  
Who with her witchcraft and milleeming sweet,  
Inueigled him to followe her desires vnmeet.

At last, by subtil sleights shee him betraid  
Vnto his foe, a Giant huge and tall,  
Who him disarm'd, dislode, dismayd,  
Vnwares surpris'd, and with mighty mall  
The monster mercilesse him made to fall,  
Whose fall did neuer foe before behold:  
And now in darksome dungeon, wretched thrall,  
Remedilesse, for aye he doth him hold:  
This is my cause of griepe, more great then may be told.

Ere shee had ended all, shee gan to faint:  
But hee her comforted and faire bespake,  
Certes, Madame, ye haue great cause of plaint,  
That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.  
But be of cheere, and comfort to you take:  
For, till I haue acquit your captiue Knight,  
Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake.  
His cheerefull words reuiv'd her cheerelesse spright:  
So forth they went, the Dwarfes them guiding euery night.





## Canto VIII.

Faire virgin to redeeme her deare  
brings Arthur to the fight:  
Who slayes that Giant, wounds the beast,  
and strips Dueffa quight.

**A**Y mee! how many perils doe enfold  
The righteous man, to make him daily fall:  
Were not, that heavenly grace doth him uphold,  
And stedfast truth acquire him out of all.  
Her love is firme, her care continuall,  
So oft as hee, through his owne foolish pride,  
Or weaknesse, is to sinfull bands made thrall:  
Else should this Redersse knight in bands haue dide,  
For whose deliuerance she this Prince doth thither guidee.

They sadly trauid thus, vntill they came  
Nigh to a Castle builded strong and hie:  
Then cride the Dwarfes, Lo, yonder is the same,  
In which my Lord my liege doth sucklesse lie,  
Thrall to that Giants hatchull tyrannie:  
Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay,  
The noble knight alighted by and by  
From losse fled, and bade the Lady stay,  
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

So with the Squire, th'admirer of his might,  
He marched forth towards that castle wall:  
Whose gates he found fast shut, ne liuing wight  
To ward the same, nor answer commens call.  
Then tooke that Squire an home of bugle small,  
Which hung adowne his side in twisted gold,  
And tussels gay. Wide wonders over all  
Of that same homes great vertues weren told,  
Which had approued been in vses manifold.

Was neuer wight that heard that shrilling sound,  
But trembling feare did feele in euery vaine:  
Three miles it might be easie heard around,  
And Echoes three answerd it selfe againe:  
No false enchantment, nor deceitfull trauise  
Might once abide the terror of that blast,  
But presently was voide and wholly vaine:  
No gate so strong, no lock so firme and fast,  
But with that piercing noise flew open quite, or brast.

The same before the Giants gate he blew,  
That all the Castle quaked from the ground,  
And euery dore of free-will open flew.  
The Giant selfe dismaied with that sound  
(Where he with his Dueffa dalliance found)  
In haste came rushing forth from inner bowre,  
With staring count'nance sterne, as one astound,  
And staggering steps, to weet what suddaine stowre  
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded

And after him the proude Dueffa came,  
High mounted on her many-headed beast,  
And euery head with sinie tongue did flame,  
And euery head was crowned on his creast,  
And bloudie mouthed with late cruell feast.  
That when the knight beheld, his mighty shield  
Vpon his manly arme he soone addrest,  
And at him fiercely flew, with courage fild,  
And eager greedinesse through euery member thrild.

There-with the Giant buckled him to fight,  
Inflam'd with scornfull wrath and high disdain:  
And lifting vp his dreadfull club on high,  
All arm'd with ragged snubbes and knotie graine,  
Him thought at first encounter to haue slaine.  
But wise and warie was that noble Pere,  
And lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,  
Did fure auoide the violence him nere:  
It bootet nought, to think, such thunderbolts to beare.

Ne shame hee thought to shunne so hideous might:  
The idle stroke, enforcing furious way,  
Missing the marke of his mislymed sight  
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy way,  
So deeply dinted in the driuen clay,  
That three yards deep a furrow vp did throwe:  
The sad earth wounded with so sore assay,  
Did grone full grievous vnderneath the blowe, (showe)  
And trembling with strange feare, did like an earthquake

As when almighty Ioue, in wrathfull mood,  
To wreake the guilt of mortall finnes is bent,  
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,  
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,  
Through riuen clowdes and molten firmament;  
The fierce threeforked engin making way,  
Both lofty towres and highest trees hath rent,  
And all that might his angry passage stay,  
And shooting in the earth, casts vp a mount of clay.

His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,  
He could not rearen vp againe to light,  
But that the Knight him at advantage found,  
And whiles he stroue his combed club to quight  
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright  
He smote off his left arme, which like a block  
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of natie might:  
Large streames of bloud out of the trunked stock  
Forth gushed, like fresh water streames from riuen rock.

Dismaied with so desperate deadly wound,  
And eke impatient of vnwonted paine,  
He loudly bray'd with beastly yelling sound,  
That all the fields rebellowed againe:  
As great a noise, as when in Cymbrian Plaine  
An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,  
Doe for the milkie mothers want complaine,  
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,  
The neighbour woods around with hollow murmuring.

That when his deare Dueffa heard, and saw  
The euill sound that dangerd her estate,  
Vnto his ayde she hastily did draw  
Her dreadfull beast, who swolne with bloud of late,  
Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,  
And threatend all his heads like flaming brands.  
But him the Squire made quickly to retrace,  
Encountering fierce with single sword in hand,  
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

The proude Dueffa full of wrathfull spight,  
And fierce disdain to be affronted so,  
Enforc't her purple beast with all her might  
That stop out of the way to overthrowe,  
Scorning the let of so vnequall foe:  
But nathemore would that couragious swaine  
To her yield passage, gainst his Lord to goe,  
But with outrageous stroakes did him restrain,  
And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

Then tooke the angry Witch her golden cup,  
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;  
Death and despaire did many thereof sup,  
And secret poyson through their inward parts;  
Th'eternall bale of haueine wounded harts;  
Which, after charmes and some enchantments said,  
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts:  
Therewith his sturdie courage soone was quaid,  
And all his senses were with suddaine dread dismaied.

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,  
Who on his neck his bloudie clawes did seize,  
That life nigh crusht out of his panting breast:  
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rise.  
That, when the careful knight gan well auise,  
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,  
And to the beast gan turne his enterprise:  
For, wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,  
To see his loued Squire into such thrallome brought.

And high aduancing his bloud-thirstie blade,  
Strooke one of thole deformed heads so sore,  
That of his puillance proud ensample made;  
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,  
And that misformed shapen nishaped more:  
A sea of bloud gush't from the gaping wound,  
That her gay garments stand with filthy gore,  
And overflowed all the field around;  
That over shooes in bloud he waded on the ground.

Thereat he roared for exceeding paine,  
That to haue heard, great horror would haue bred,  
And scourging th'empire ayre with his long traine,  
Through great impatience of his grieved hed,  
His gorgeous rider from her losse fled  
Would haue cast downe, and trode in durty mire,  
Had not the Giant soone her succoured:  
Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick ire,  
Came hurtling in full fierce, and forc't the knight retire.

The force, which wont in two to be disperst,  
In one alone left hand he now vnites, (erit)  
Which is through rage more strong then both were  
With which his hideous club aloft he dices,  
And at his foe with furious rigour smites,  
That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrowe:  
The stroke vpon his shield so heauie lites,  
That to the ground it doubleth him full lowe,  
What mortall wight could euer beare so monstrous blowe!

And in his fall, his shield that couer'd was,  
Did loose his veile by chance, and open flew:  
The light whereof, that heauens light did pass,  
Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw,  
That eye mote not the same endure to view.  
Which when the Giant spide with staring eye,  
He downe let fall his arme, and lost withdrew  
His weapon huge, that heaued was on hie  
For to haue slaine the man, that on the ground did lye.

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amaz'd  
At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,  
Became starke blind, and all his senses dar'd,  
That downe he tumbled on the durie field,  
And seem'd himselfe as conquered to yield.  
Whom when his maiestie proud perceiu'd to fall,  
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reel'd,  
Vnto the Giant loudly she gan call,  
O helpe Oreglio, helpe, or else we perish all.



21  
At her so pitious cry was much amou'd  
Her Champion stout, and for to ayde his friend,  
Against his wonted angry weapon prou'd;  
But all in vaine: for, he has read his end  
In that bright shield, and all their forces spend  
Themselues in vaine: for, since that glauncing sight,  
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend;  
As, where th'Almighties lightning broad does light,  
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the senses quight.

22  
Whom when the Prince to battell new addrest,  
And threatening high his dreadfull stroke did see,  
His sparkling blade about his head he best,  
And smote off quite his right legge by the knee,  
That downe he tumbled, as an aged tree,  
High growing on the top of rocky clift,  
Whole hartstrings with keene Steele nigh hewen be,  
The mighty trunk halfe rent, with ragged rift  
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

23  
Or as a Castle reared high and round,  
By subtle engins and malicious slight  
Is vndermined from the lowest ground,  
And her foundation fore't, and feeble knight,  
At last, downe falls, and with her heaped height  
Her hastie ruine does more heauie make,  
And yields it selfe vnto the Victors might;  
Such was this Giants fall, that seem'd to shake  
The steadfast globe of earth, as if for feare did quake.

24  
The Knight, then lightly leaping to the pray,  
With mortall Steele him smote againe so sore,  
That headlesse his vnweldy body lay,  
All wallow'd in his owne foule bloody gore,  
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store:  
But soone as breath out of his breast did pass,  
That huge great body which the Giant bore,  
Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mass  
Was nothing left, but like an empty bladder was.

25  
Whole gricuous fall, when false *Daeffa* spide,  
Her golden cup she cast vnto the ground,  
And crown'd Mirre rudely threw aside;  
Such piercing griefe her stubborn hart did wound,  
That she could not endure that dolefull sound,  
But leauing all behind her, fled away:  
The light-foot Squire her quickly turn'd around,  
And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,  
So brought vnto his Lord, as his deserued pray.

26  
The royall Virgin, which belidd from furre,  
In pensue plight, and sad perplexitie,  
The whole atchuenement of this doubtfull warre,  
Came running fast to greet this victorie,  
With sober gladnesse, and mild modestie,  
And with sweet ioyous cheare him thus bespake;  
Faile branch of noblesse, flowre of chieualric,  
That with your worth the world amazed make,  
How shall I quit the paines ye suffer for my sake?

27  
And you fresh bud of vertue springing fast,  
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh vnto death's dore,  
What hath poore Virgin for such perill past,  
Where-with you to reward? Accept therefore  
My simple selfe, and seruice euermore;  
And he that high does sit, and all things see  
With equall eyes, their merites to restore,  
Behold what ye this day haue done for mee,  
And what I cannot quite, requite with vlturee.

28  
But sith the heavens, and your faire handling,  
Haue made you maister of the field this day,  
Your fortune maister eke with gouerning,  
And well begun, end all so well, I pray,  
Ne let that wicked woman scape away;  
For, shee it is that did my Lord bethrall,  
My dearest Lord, and deep in dungeon lay,  
Where he his better daies hath waited all.  
O heare, how pitious he to you for ayde does call.

29  
Forth-with he gaue in charge vnto his Squire,  
That scarlott whore to keepeen carefully;  
Whiles he himselfe with greedy great desire  
Into the Castle entred forcibly,  
Where liuing creature none he did espy.  
Then gan he loudly through the house to call:  
But no man ear'd to answer to his cry.  
Thereraign'd a solemne silence ouer all,  
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seen in bowre or hall.

30  
At last, with creeping crooked pale forth came  
An old old man, with beard as white as snoue,  
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,  
And guide his wearie gate both too and fro;  
For, his eye sight him failed long ygo:  
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,  
The which vnus'd rust did ouer growe:  
Those were the keyes of euery inner dore,  
But he could not them vse, but kept them still in store.

31  
But very vncouth sight was to behold  
How he did fastuon his vntoward pale:  
For, as he forward moov'd his footing old,  
So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled face;  
Vnlike to men, who euer as they trace,  
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.  
This was the ancient keeper of that place,  
And foster-father of the Giant dead;  
His name *Ignaro* did his nature right arad.

32  
His reuerend haire and holy grauitie  
The knight much honour'd, as belcom'd well,  
And gently askt, where all the people bee,  
Which in that stately building wont to dwell.  
Who answerd him full sofe, he could not tell.  
Again he askt, where that same Knight was laid,  
Whom great *Orgoglio* with his puillance fell  
Had made his caynue thrall; again he said,  
He could not tell: ne euer other answer made.

Then

33  
Then asked he, which way hee in might pass:  
He could not tell, againe he answered.  
Therewith the courteous Knight displeas'd was,  
And said, Old fire, it seemes thou hast not red  
How ill it fits with that same silver hed  
In vaine to mock, or mock in vaine to bee:  
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed  
With natures pen, in ages graue degree,  
Areade in grauer wise, what I demaund of thee.

34  
His answer likewise was, he could not tell.  
Whose senselesse speech, and doted ignorance  
When as the noble Prince had marked well,  
He ghest his nature by his countenance,  
And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.  
Then to him stepping, from his arme did reach  
Those keyes, and made himselfe free entrance.  
Each dore he opened without any breach:  
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to impeach.

35  
There all within full rich arrayd he found,  
With royall arras and resplendent gold.  
And did with store of euery thing abound,  
That greatest Princes preience might behold.  
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)  
With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents true,  
Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,  
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to view,  
And sacred ashes ouer it was strowed new.

36  
And there beside of marble stone was built  
An Altar, carv'd with cunning imagery,  
On which true Christians blood was often spilt,  
And holy Martyrs often doen to die,  
With cruell malice and strong tyrannie:  
Whose blessed sprites from vnderneath the stone  
To God for vengeance cride continually,  
And with great griefe were often heard to grone,  
That hardest hart wold bleed, to heare their pitious moene.

37  
Through euery roome he sought, and euery bowre,  
But no where could he find that wofull thrall:  
At last he came vnto an iron dore,  
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all  
Amongst that bunch, to open it withall;  
But in the same a little grate was pight,  
Through which he sent his voice, and loud did call  
With all his powre, to weete if liuing wight  
Were housed there within, whom he enlargen might.

38  
There-with, an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce  
These pitious plaints and dolours did resound;  
O who is that, which brings me happy choice  
Of death, that heere lie dying euery stound,  
Yet liue perforce in balefull darknesse bound?  
For, now three Moones haue changed thrice their hew,  
And haue been thrice hid vnderneath the ground,  
Since I the heauens cheerefull face did view:  
O welcome thou, that doost of death bring tydings true.

39  
Which when that Champion heard, with piercing point  
Of pittie deare his hart was thrilled sore,  
And trembling horror ranne through euery ioynt,  
For ruth of gentle knight so foule forlore:  
Which shaking off, he rent that iron dore,  
With furious force, and indignation fell;  
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,  
But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,  
That breathed euer forth a filthy banefull smell.

40  
But neither darknesse foule, nor filthy bands,  
Nor noyous smell his purpose could with-hold,  
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)  
But that with constant zeale, and courage bold,  
After long paines and labours manifold,  
He found the meanes that Prisoner vp to reare:  
Whose feeble thighes, vnable to vphold  
His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare.  
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreare.

41  
His sad dull eyes deep sunk in hollow pits,  
Could not endure th'vnwonted sunne to view:  
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,  
And emptie sides deceiu'd of their due,  
Could make a stony hart his hap to rue:  
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawn'd bowres  
Were wont to rine Steele plates, & helmets hew,  
Were cleane consum'd, and all his vitall powres  
Decay'd, and all his flesh shrunk vp like withered flowres.

42  
Whom when his Lady saw, to him shee ran  
With hastie ioy: to see him made her glad,  
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,  
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.  
Tho when her well of teares shee wasted had,  
Shee said, Ah dearest Lord! what euill starre  
On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence bad,  
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed are,  
And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth marre?

43  
But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,  
Whose preience I haue lackt too long a day;  
And sic on Fortune mine avowed foe,  
Whose wrathfull wreakes themselves doe now alay,  
And for these wrongs shall treble penance pay  
Of treble good: good growes of euils priefe.  
The cheerelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,  
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe:  
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

44  
Faile Lady, then said that victorious knight,  
The things that gricuous were to doe, or beare,  
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight:  
Best musick breeds delight in loathing care:  
But th'onely good, that growes of puffed feare,  
Is to be wise, and ware of like again.  
This dayes ensample hath this lesson deare  
Deepe written in my heart with iron pen,  
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

D 2.

Hence



<sup>45</sup> Henceforth Sir Knight, take to you wonted strength,  
And master these mishaps with patient might;  
Lo, where your foes lyve stretcht in monstrous length:  
And lo, that wicked woman in your sight,  
The roote of all your care, and wretched plight,  
Now in your powre, to let her live, or die.  
To doe her die (quoth Vna) were despight,  
And shame t'avenge so weake an enemy;  
But spoile her of her scarlet robe, and let her fly.

<sup>46</sup> So, as she bade, that Witch they disarraid,  
And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,  
And ornaments that richly were displaid;  
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.  
Then when they had despoild her tye and Call,  
Such as she was, their eyes might her behold,  
That her misshapen parts did them appall,  
A loushy, wrinkled hag, ill favour'd, old,  
Whose secret filth, good manners biddeth not be told.

<sup>47</sup> Her crusty head was altogether bald,  
And (as in hate of honourable eld)  
Was over-grown with scurfie and filthy scald;  
Her teeth out of her rotten gummies were feld,  
And her fowre breath abominably smeld;  
Her dried dugs, like bladders lacking wind,  
Hung downe, and filthy matter from them weld;  
Her wrinkled skin, as rough as Maple rind,  
So scabby was, that would haue loath'd all womankind.



<sup>1</sup> Goodly golden chaine, where-with yfere  
The vertues linked are in louely wife:  
And noble minds of yore allied were,  
In brave pursuit of cheualrous emprise,  
That none did others safetie despise,  
Nor aide enue to him, in need that stands,  
But friendly each did others praise deuise.  
How to aduance with fauourable hands,  
As this good Prince redeemd the Redcrosse knight from

<sup>48</sup> Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,  
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write:  
But at her rompe she growing had behind  
A Foxes taile, with dung all foully dight;  
And eke her feet most monstrous were in sight;  
For one of them was like an Eagles claw,  
With griping talants armd to greedy fight,  
The other like a Beares vneuen paw:  
More vgly shape yet neuer living creature saw.

<sup>49</sup> Which when the knights beheld, amaz'd they were,  
And wondred at so foule deformed wight.  
Such then (said Vna) as she seemeth here,  
Such is the face of falshood, such the sight  
Of foule *Onessa*, when her borrowed light  
Is layd away, and counterfeits knowne.  
Thus when they had the Witch disrobed quight,  
And all her filthy feature open showne,  
They let her goe at will, and wander wayes vnknowne.

<sup>50</sup> She flying fast from heauens hated face,  
And from the world that her discouer'd wide,  
Fled to the wastfull wilderness apace,  
From liuing eyes her open shame to hide,  
And lurkt in rocks and Canes long vnspide.  
But that faire crew of knights, and Vna faire,  
Did in that Castle afterwards abide,  
To rest themselves, and wearie powres repaire,  
Where store they found of all, that dainty was and rare.

<sup>2</sup> Who when their powres, empaird through labour long,  
With due repast they had recured well,  
And that weake captiue wight now waxed strong,  
Them list no longer there at leysure dwell,  
But forward fare, as their adventures fell:  
But ere they parted, Vna faire besought  
That stranger knight his name and nation tell;  
Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,  
Should die vnknowne, and buried be in thanklesse thought.

<sup>3</sup> Faire virgin (said the Prince) ye me require  
A thing without the compasse of my wit:  
For, both the linage and the certaine Sire  
From which I sprung, from me are hidden yet.  
For, all so soone as life did me admit  
Into this world, and shewed heauens light,  
From mothers pap I taken was vnfit:  
And straight deliuer'd to a Faery knight,  
To be vpbrought in gentle chewes and Martiall might.

<sup>4</sup> Vnto old *Timon* he me brought byliue,  
Old *Timon*, who in youthly yeeres hath been  
In warlike feates th' expertest man aliue,  
And is the wisest now on earth I ween;  
His dwelling is lowe in a valley green,  
Vnder the foote of *Rauran* mossie hore,  
From whence the riuier *Dee* as siluer cleen  
His tumbling billowes rolls with gentle rore:  
There all my dayes he traid me vp in vertuous lore.

<sup>5</sup> Thither the great Magician *Merlin* came,  
As was his vse, oft-times to visit mee:  
For he had charge my discipline to frame,  
And Tutours nouriture to oversee.  
Him oft and oft I askt in priuie,  
Of what loines and what linage I did spring:  
Whose answer bade me still assured be,  
That I was sonne and heire vnto a king,  
As time in her iust terme the truth to light should bring.

<sup>6</sup> Well worthy impe, said then the Lady gent,  
And Pupill fit for such a Tutours hand.  
But what adventure, or what high intent  
Hath brought you hither into Faery land,  
Aread Prince *Arthur*, crowne of Martiall band?  
Full hard it is (quoth hee) to reade aright  
The course of heauenly cause, or vnderstand  
The secret meaning of th' eternall might, (wight.  
That rules mens wayes, and rules the thoughts of liuing

<sup>7</sup> For, whether he through fittall deepe foresight  
Mee hither sent, for cause to me vnghest,  
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night  
Whilome doth rangle in my riven brest,  
With forced fury following his behest,  
Me hither brought by waies yet neuer found,  
You to haue helpt I hold my selfe yet blest.  
Ah courteous knight (quoth shee) what secret wound  
Could cuer find, to grieue the gentlest hart on ground?

<sup>8</sup> Deare Dame (quoth hee) you sleeping sparks awake,  
Which troubled once, into huge flames will growe,  
Ne euer will their feruent fire flake,  
Till liuing moisture into smoake doe flowe,  
And wasted life doe lie in ashes lowe.  
Yet sithence silence lesseneth not my fire  
(But told, it flames; and hidden, it does glowe)  
I will reueale what yelo much desire:  
Ah Loue, lay downe thy bowe, the whiles I may respire.

<sup>9</sup> It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeeres,  
When courage first does creepe in manly chest,  
Then first the coale of kindly heate appeares  
To kindle loue in euery liuing brest:  
But me had warn'd old *Timons* wise behest,  
Those creeping flames by reason to subdue,  
Before their rage grew to so great vnrest,  
As miserable louers vse to rue,  
Which still wax old in woe, whiles woe still waxeth new.

<sup>10</sup> That idle name of loue, and louers life,  
As losse of time, and vertues enemy  
I euer scorn'd, and ioy'd to stirre vp strife,  
In midst of their mournfull Tragedy,  
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,  
And blowe the fire, which them to Ashes brent:  
Their God himselfe, grieu'd at my libertie,  
Shot many a dart at mee with fierce intent,  
But I them warded all with warie gouernment.

<sup>11</sup> But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,  
Ne fleshy breast can armed be so sound,  
But will at last be wonne with battry long,  
Or vnawares at disauantage found;  
Nothing is sure, that growes on earthly ground:  
And who most trustes in arme of fleshy might,  
And boasts, in beauties chaine not to be bound,  
Doth soonest fall in disauentrous fight,  
And yeelds his caitiue neck to victors most despight.

<sup>12</sup> Ensamble make of him your haplesse ioy,  
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see:  
Whole prouder vaunt, that proude avenging boy  
Did soone pluck downe, and curb'd my liberty.  
For, on a day, prickt forth with iollity  
Of looser life, and heate of hardiment,  
Ranging the forest wide on courser free,  
The fields, the floods, the heauens with one consent  
Did seeme to laugh on me, and fauour mine intent.

<sup>13</sup> Fore-wearied with my sports, I did alight  
From lofty steed, and downe to sleepe me laid;  
The verdant graspe my couch did goodly dight,  
And pillow was my helmet faire displaid:  
Whiles euery sense the humour sweet embayd,  
And slumbring soft my hart did steale away,  
Me seemed by my side a royall Maid  
Her dainty limbs full softly downe did lay:  
So faire a creature yet saw neuer sunny day.

<sup>14</sup> Most goodly glee and louely blandishment  
She to me made, and bade me loue her deare;  
For, dearly sure her loue was to me bent,  
As when iust time expired should appeare.  
But, whether dreames delude, or true it were,  
Was neuer hart so ravish'd with delight,  
Ne liuing man like words did euer heare,  
As sice to me deliuer'd all that night:  
And at her parting laid, Shee Queene of Faeries hight.



15  
When I awoke, and found her place devoid,  
And nought but pressed grafs where she had lyes,  
I sorrowed all so much, as earst I ioy'd,  
And washed all her place with watry eyen.  
From that day forth I lov'd that face divine;  
From that day forth I cast in carefull mind,  
To seeke her out with labour and long time,  
And neuer vow to rest, till her I find.  
Nae moneths I seeke in vaine, yet nill that vow vnbind.

16  
Thus as he spake, his visage waxed pale,  
And change of hew great passion did bewray;  
Yet still he strove to cloake his inward bale,  
And hid the smooke that did his fire display,  
Till gentle *Pena* thus to him gan say:  
O happy Queene of Faeries, that hast found  
Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may  
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound:  
True loues are often lowne, but sildom grow on ground.

17  
Thine, O then, said the gentle *Redcrosse* knight,  
Next to that Ladies loue shall be the place,  
Of fairest virgin, full of heavenly light,  
Whole wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,  
Was firmest fixt in mine extreamest case.  
And you my Lord, the Patrone of my life,  
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthy grace:  
For, onely worthy you, through prowesse pricke  
If aung man more worthy be, to be her life.

18  
So, diuersly discoursing of their loues,  
The golden Sunne his glistring head gan shew,  
And had remembrance now the Prince amoues,  
With fresh desire his voyage to pursue:  
Als *Pena* carnd her traualle to renew.  
Then those two Knights, fast friendship for to bind,  
And loue establish each to other true,  
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mind,  
And eke the pledges firme, right hands together ioyned.

19  
Prince *Arthur* gaue a box of Diamond sure,  
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,  
Wherein were clos'd few drops of liquor pure,  
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,  
That any wound could heale incontinent:  
Which to requite, the *Redcrosse* knight him gaue  
A booke, wherein his Saviours testament  
Was writ with golden letters rich and braue;  
A worke of wondrous grace, and able soules to saue.

20  
Thus been they parted, *Arthur* on his way  
To seeke his loue, and th' other for to fight  
With *Pena* foe, that all her realme did prey.  
But she now weighing the decayed plight,  
And shrunken sinewes of her chosen knight,  
Would not a while her forward course pursue,  
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,  
Till her recouer'd had his former hew:  
For, him to be yet weak and weake, well she knew.

21  
So as they traualld, lo, they gan espy  
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,  
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,  
Or other grieufully thing, that him agast.  
Still as he fled, his eye was backward cast,  
As if his feare still followed him behind:  
Als flew his steed, as he his bands had braist,  
And with his winged heeles did tread the wind,  
As hee had been a foale of *Pegasus* his kind.

22  
Nigh as he drew, they might perceiue his head  
To be vnarm'd, and curld vncombed haire  
Vpstarting stiffe, dismayd with vncouth dread;  
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,  
Nor life in limbe: and to increale his feares,  
In foule reproche of knightthoods faire degree,  
About his neck an hempen rope he wears,  
That with his glistring armes does ill agree;  
But he of rope or armes has now no memorie.

23  
The *Redcrosse* knight toward him crossed fast,  
To weet what mister wight was so dismayd:  
There him he finds all senselesse and agast,  
That of him selfe he seemd to be afraid;  
Whom hardly he from flying forward staid,  
Till he these wordes to him deliuer might:  
Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arraid,  
And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight:  
For, neuer knight I saw in such misseeming plight.

24  
He answerd nought at all; but adding new  
Feare to his first amazement, staring wide  
With stony eyes, and hartlesse hollow hew,  
Astonishd stood, as one that had espide  
Infernal furies, with their chaunces vnide.  
Him yet againe, and yet againe bespake  
The gentle knight; who nought to him replide,  
But trembling euery ioynt did inly quake, (shake)  
And foltring tongue at last these wordes seem'd forth to

25  
For Gods deare loue, Sir Knight, do me not stay;  
For loe, he comes, he comes fast after mee.  
Eft looking back, would faine haue runne away;  
But he him forc't to stay, and tellen free  
The secret cause of his perplexitie:  
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speech,  
Could his blood-frozen hart emboldned bee;  
But through his boldnesse rather feare did reach:  
Yet forc't, at last he made through silence suddaine breach.

26  
And am I now in safetie sure (quoth he)  
From him, that would haue forced me to die?  
And is the point of death now turnd fro me,  
That I may tell this haplesse history?  
Feare nought (quoth he) no danger now is nie:  
Then shall I you recount a ruefull case  
(Said he) the which with this vnuckie eye  
I late beheld, and had not greater grace  
Me rest from it, had been partaker of the place.

I late

27  
I lately chaunc't (would I had neuer chaunc't)  
With a faire Knight to keepe compace,  
Sir *Termin* hight, that well himselfe aduanc't  
In all affaires, and was both bold and free,  
But not so happy as mote happy bee:  
Helov'd, as was his lot, a Ladie gent,  
That him againe lov'd in the least degree:  
For, shee was proud, and of too high intent,  
And ioyd to see her louer languish and lament.

28  
From whom returning sad and comfortlesse,  
As on the way together we did fare,  
We met that villaine (God from him me blesse)  
That curst wight, from whom I scap't whylere,  
A man of hell, that calls himselfe *Despaire*:  
Who first vs greets, and after faire areedes  
Of tydings strange, and of adventures rare:  
So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,  
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

29  
Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts  
Emboist with bale, and bitter byting griefe,  
Which loue had launced with his deadly darts,  
With wounding words and termes of foule repriefe,  
He pluckt from vs all hope of due reliefe,  
That earst vs held in loue of lingring life:  
Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe  
Perfwade vs die, to stint all further strife:  
To me he lent this rope, to him a rustie knife.

30  
With which sad instrument of hastie death,  
That woefull louer, loathing longer light,  
A wide way made to let forth liuing breath.  
But I more fearefull, or more luckie wight,  
Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,  
Fled fast away, halfe dead with dying feare:  
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir Knight,  
Whose like infirmities like chaunce may beare:  
But God you neuer let his charmed speeches heare.

31  
How may a man (said he) with idle speech  
Be wonne, to spoile the Castle of his health?  
I wote (quoth he) whom triall late did teach,  
That like would not for all this worldes wealth:  
His subtil tongue, like dropping honny, mealt'h  
Into the hart, and searcheth euery vaine,  
That ere one be aware, by secret stealth  
His powre is rest, and weaknesse doth remaine.  
O! neuer Sir desire to try his guilefull traine.

32  
Certes (said he) hence shall I neuer rest,  
Till I that treachours art haue heard and tride:  
And you Sir Knight, whose name mote I request,  
Of grace doe me vnto his cabin guide.  
I that hight *Treuisan* (quoth he) will ride  
(Against my liking) back, to doe you grace:  
But not for gold nor glee will I abide  
By you, when ye arrive in that same place:  
For leuer had I die, then see his deadly face.

33  
Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight  
His dwelling has, lowe in an hollow Cae,  
Farre vnderneath a craggy cliff ypright,  
Dark, dolefull, drearie, like a greeky Graue,  
That still for carrion carcases doth craue:  
On top whereof aye dwelt the gasty Owle,  
Shrieking his balefull note, which euer draue  
Farre from that haunt all other chearfull fowle:  
And all about it wandring ghosts did waile and howle.

34  
And all about, old stocks and stubs of trees,  
Whereon nor fruit, nor leafe was euer scene,  
Did hang vpon the ragged rockie knees;  
On which had many wretches hanged beene,  
Whose carcases were scattered on the Greene,  
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,  
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,  
Would faine haue fled, ne durst approchen neare:  
But th' other forc't him stay, and comforted in feare.

35  
That darksome Cae they enter, where they find  
That curst man, lowe sitting on the ground,  
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind;  
His grieffe locks, long grown, and vnbound,  
Disordred hung about his shoulders round,  
And hid his face: through which his hollow eyne  
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound:  
His raw-bone cheeks, through penurie and pine,  
Were shrunke into his iawes, as he did neuer dine.

36  
His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,  
With thornes together pind and patched was,  
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;  
And him beside there lay vpon the grafs  
A drearie corse, whose life away did pass,  
All wallowd in his owne yet luke-warme blood,  
That from his wound yet welled fresh alas;  
In which a rustie knife fast fixed stood,  
And made an open passage for the gulshing flood.

37  
Which pittious spectacle, approving true  
The woefull tale that *Treuisan* had told,  
When as the gentle *Redcrosse* knight did view,  
With fire zeale he burnt in courage bold,  
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold,  
And to the villaine said, Thou damned wight,  
The author of this fact, we heere behold,  
What iustice can but iudge against thee right, (sight)  
With thine owne blood to pricke his blood, heere shed in

38  
What frantick fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught  
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to giue?  
What iustice euer other iudgement taught,  
But he should die, who merits not to lue?  
None else to death this man despayring driue,  
But his owne guiltie mind deseruing death.  
Is then vnust to each his due to giue?  
Or let him die, that loatheth liuing breath?  
Or let him die at ease, that liueth heere vneath?

D 4.

Who



39  
Who travels by the weary wandering way,  
To come unto his wished home in haste,  
And meets a flood, that doth his passage stay,  
Is not great grace to help him over past,  
Or free his feet, that in the mire sticke fast?  
Most envious man, that grieues at neighbours good,  
And fond, that ioyeth in the woe thou hast,  
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood  
Vpon the banke, yet wilt thy selfe not passe the flood?

40  
Hee there does now enioy eternall rest  
And happy ease, which thou doost want and craue,  
And further from it daily wanderest:  
What if some little paine the passage haue,  
That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter waue?  
Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,  
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet graue?  
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,  
Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

41  
The Knight much wondred at his suddaine wit,  
And said, The terme of life is limited,  
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it;  
The souldier may not moue from watchfull sted,  
Nor leaue his stand, vnill his Captaine bed.  
Who life did limit by almighty doome  
(Quoth hee) knowes best the termes established;  
And hee, that points the Centonell his roome,  
Doth liense him depart at sound of morning droom.

42  
Is not his deed, what euer thing is donne,  
In heauen and earth? did not hee all create  
To die againe? all ends that was begunne.  
Their times in his eternall booke of fate  
Are written sure, and haue their certaine date.  
Who then can strue with strong necessitie,  
That holds the world in his still changing state,  
Or shun the death ordaind by destinie?  
When houre of death is come, let none aske whence, nor

43  
The longer life, I wore the greater sin,  
The greater sin, the greater punishment:  
All those great battels, which thou boasts to win,  
Through strife, and bloodshed, and auengement,  
Now prайд, heereafter deare thou shalt repent:  
For, life must life, and blood must blood repay.  
Is not enough thy euill life forespent?  
For hee, that once hath missed the right way,  
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

44  
Then doe no further goe, no further stray,  
But heere lie downe, and to thy rest betake,  
Th ill to prevent, that life enleuen may.  
For, what hath life, that may it leue I make,  
And giues not rather cause it to forsake?  
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,  
Paine, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake;  
And euer fickle fortune rageth rise,  
All which, and thousands moe, do make a loathsome life.

45  
Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,  
If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state:  
For, neuer knight that dared warlike deed,  
More lucklesse disauentures did amate:  
Witnesse the dungeon deepe, wherein of late  
Thy life shut vp, for death to oft did call:  
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,  
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,  
Into the which heereafter thou maiest happen fall.

46  
Why then doost thou, O man of sin, desire  
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?  
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire  
High heaped vp with huge iniquitie,  
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?  
Is not enough, that to this Ladie milde  
Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjurie,  
And sold thy selfe to seruie *Duesse* a vilde,  
With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defilde?

47  
Is not he iust, that all this doth behold  
From highest heauen, and beares an equall eye?  
Shall he thy sinnes vp in his knowledge fold,  
And guiltie be of thine impietie?  
Is not his Law, Let euer sinner die:  
Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,  
Is it not better to doe willingly,  
Then linger, till the glasse be all out runne?  
Death is the end of woes: die soone, O *Faeries* sonne.

48  
The knight was much enmoued with his speach,  
That as a sword point through his hart did pearce,  
And in his conscience made a secret breach,  
Well knowing true all, that hee did reherse,  
And to his fresh remembrance did reuerse  
The vgly view of his deformed crimes,  
That all his manly powres it did disperse,  
As hee were charmed with inchaunted rimes,  
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

49  
In which amazement, when the Miscreant  
Perceiued him to wauer weake and fraile,  
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience dant,  
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile:  
To drue him to despaire, and quite to quail,  
He shew'd him painted in a table plaine,  
The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,  
And thousand fiends that doe them endlesse paine  
With fire and brimstone, which for euer shall remaine.

50  
The sight wherof so thoroughly him dismayd,  
That nought but death before his eyes he saw,  
And euer burning wrath before him laid,  
By righteous sentence of th' Almighties law:  
Then gan the villaine him to ouercraw,  
And brought vnto him swords, ropes, poyson, fire,  
And all that might him to perdition draw:  
And bade him chuse, what death he would desire:  
For death was due to him, that had prouokt Gods ire.

But

51  
But when as none of them he saw him take,  
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,  
And gaue it him in hand: his hand did quake,  
And tremble like a leafe of Alpin greene,  
And troubled blood through his pale face was seene  
To come and goe; with tydings from the hart,  
As it a running messenger had beene.  
At last, resolvd to worke his finall smart,  
He lifted vp his hand, that backe againe did start.

52  
Which when as *Vna* saw, through euery vaine  
The cruddled cold ran to her well of life,  
As in a swoone: but soone reliev'd againe,  
Out of his hand he snatcht the cursed knife,  
And threw it to the ground, enraged rise,  
And to him said, Fie, fie, faint harted knight,  
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?  
Is this the battell, which thou vaunt'st to fight  
With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

53  
Come, come away, fraile, silly, fleshy wight,  
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart;  
Ne deuillish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.  
In heauenly mercies hast thou not a part?  
Why should'st thou then despaire, that chosen art?  
Where iustice growes, there growes eke greater grace,  
The which doth quench the brand of hellish smart,  
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface:  
Arise, Sir Knight, arise, and leaue this cursed place.

54  
So vp he rose, and thence amounted streight,  
Which when the Carle beheld, and saw his guest  
Would safe depart, for all his subtil sleight,  
He chose an halter from among the rest,  
And with it hung himselfe, vnbid, vnblest.  
But death he could not worke himselfe thereby:  
For thousand times he so himselfe had dreit,  
Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die,  
Till he should die his last, that is eternally.



1  
What man is he, that boasts of fleshy might,  
And vaine assurance of mortality,  
Which all so soone, as it doth come to fight  
Against spirituall foes, yeelds by and by,  
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?  
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,  
That thorough grace hath gained victory.  
If any strength we haue, it is to ill,  
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

2  
By that which lately hapned, *Vna* saw,  
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint:  
And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,  
Through long imprisonment, and hard constraint,  
Which he endured in his later restraint,  
That yet he was vnfit for bloudie fight:  
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,  
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,  
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

3  
There was an ancient house not farre away,  
Renownd throughout the world for sacred lore,  
And pure vnspotted life: so well they say  
It govern'd was, and guided enermore  
Through wisdom of a Matrone graue and hore:  
Whose onely ioy was to relieue the needs  
Of wretched soules, and help the helpelesse pore:  
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,  
And all the day in dooing good and godly deedes.

4  
Dame *Calia* men did her call, as thought  
From heauen to come, or thither to arise,  
The mother of three daughters well ybrought  
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:  
The eldest two most sober, chaste, and wise,  
*Fidelia* and *Speranza* virgins were,  
Though spous'd, yet wanting wedlockes solemnize:  
But faire *Charissa* to a louely feere  
Was linked, and by him had many pledges deere.

Arrived



Amused there, the dore they find fast lockt;  
For it was warily watched night and day,  
For feare of many foes: but when they knockt,  
The Porter opened vnto them straight way:  
He was an aged Sire, all hory gray,  
With lookes full lowely cast, and gate full flowe,  
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,  
Hight *Humble*. They passe in stouping lowe:  
For straight and narrow was the way, which he did shewe.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin:  
But entred in, a spacious court they see,  
Both plaine, and pleasant to be walked in,  
Where them does meete a Franklin faire and free,  
And entertaines with comely courteous glee,  
His name was *Zele*, that him right well became;  
For, in his speeches and behauiour hee  
Did labour liuely to expresse the fame,  
And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

There fairely them receiues a gentle Squire,  
Of milde demeanure, and rare courtesie,  
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire,  
In word and deed that shew'd great modestie,  
And knew his good to all of each degree,  
Hight *Reuerence*. Hee them with speeches meet  
Does faire entreat; no courting niceties,  
But simple true, and eke vnfaigned sweet,  
As might become a Squire so great persons to greet.

And afterwards them to his Dame he leades,  
That aged Dame, the Lady of the place:  
Who all this while was busie at her beades:  
Which doen, she vp arose with seemly grace,  
And toward them full matronely did passe.  
Where, when that fairest *Fna* she beheld,  
Whom well she knew to spring from heauenly race,  
Her hart with ioy vnwonted inly sweld,  
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

And her embracing said, O happy earth,  
Whereon thy innocent feet doe euer tread,  
Most vertuous virgin, borne of heauenly birth,  
That to redeeme thy woefull Parents head,  
From Tyrants rage, and euer-dying dread,  
Hast wandred through the world now long a day;  
Yet ceaselest nor thy wearie soles to lead:  
What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?  
Or doest thy feeble feet vnweeing hither stray?

Strange thing it is an errant Knight to see  
Heere in this place, or any other wight,  
That hither turnes his steps. So fewe there bee  
That chuse the narrow path, or seeke the right:  
All keepe the broad high way, and take delight  
With many rather for to goe astray,  
And be partakers of their euill plight,  
Then with a fewe to walke the tightest way:  
O foolish men! why haste ye to your owne decay?

Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbs to rest,  
O matrone sage (quoth she) I hither came,  
And this good Knight his way with me addrest,  
Led with thy praises and broad-blazed fame,  
That vp to heauen is blowne. The ancient Dame,  
Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,  
And entertaind them both, as best became,  
VVith all the court-fies that she could deuise,  
Ne wanted ought, to shew her bountious or wise.

Thus as they gan of sundry things deuise,  
Lo, two most goodly virgins came in place,  
Ylinked arme in arme in louely wise,  
VVith countenance demure, and modest grace,  
They numbred euen steps, and equall pace:  
Of which the eldest, that *Fidelia* hight,  
Like sunny beames threw from her Crystall face,  
That could haue daz'd the rash beholders sight,  
And round about her head did shine like heauens light.

Shee was arraid all in lilly white,  
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,  
VVith wine and water fild vp to the hight,  
In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,  
That horreur made to all that did behold;  
But she no whit did change her constant mood:  
And in her other hand she fast did hold  
A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood,  
Wherein darke things were writ, hard to be vnderstood.

Her younger Sister, that *Speranza* hight,  
VVas clad in blewe, that her becomed well;  
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,  
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell;  
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell:  
Vpon her arme a silver anchor lay,  
VVhereon she leaned euer, as befell:  
And euer vp to heauen, as she did pray,  
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swayed other way.

They seeing *Fna*, towards her gan wend,  
VWho them encounters with like courtesie:  
Many kind speeches they between them spend,  
And greatly ioy each other well to see:  
Then to the Knight with shamefast modestie  
They turne themselues, at *Fnaes* meeke request,  
And him salute with well becomming glee:  
VWho faire them quites, as him becomed best,  
And goodly can discourse of many a noble gest.

Then *Fna* thus; But she your sister deare,  
The deare *Charissa*, where is she become?  
Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?  
Ah no, said they, but forth she may not come:  
For she of late is lightned of her wombe,  
And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,  
That her to see should be but troublefome,  
Indeed (quoth she) that should be troublefome,  
But thank be God, and her encrease so euer more.

Then

Then said the aged *Calia*, Deare Dame,  
And you good Sir, I wote that of your toyle,  
And labours long, through which ye hither came,  
Ye both forwearied be: therefore a while,  
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.  
Then called shee a Groome, that forth him led  
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile  
Of puilliant armes, and laid in easie bed:  
His name was meeke *Obedience* rightfully ared.

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,  
And bodies were refreshd with due repast,  
Faure *Fna* gan *Fidelia* faire request  
To haue her Knight into her Schoole-house plac't,  
That of her heauenly learning he might taste,  
And heare the wisdom of her words diuine.  
She granted, and that Knight so much agrac't,  
That she him taught celestiall discipline,  
And opened his dull eyes, that light more in them shine.

And that her sacred Booke, with bloud ywrit,  
That none could read, except she did them teach,  
She vnto him disclosed euery whit,  
And heauenly documents thereout did preach,  
That weaker wit of man could neuer reach,  
Of God, of grace, of iustice, of free will,  
That wonder was to heare her goodly speech:  
For, shee was able with her words to kill,  
And raise againe to life the hart, that she did thrill.

And, when she list poure out her larger spright,  
She would commaund the hastie Sunne to stay,  
Or backward turne his course from heauens hight;  
Some-times great hostes of men she could dismay:  
Dry-shod to passe, she parts the floods in tway;  
And eke huge Mountaines from their natie seat  
She would commaund, themselues to beare away,  
And throwe in raging sea with roaring threat.  
Almighty God her gaue such powre, & puillance great.

The faithfull knight now grew in little space,  
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,  
To such perfection of all heauenly grace,  
That wretched world he gan for to abhorre,  
And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,  
Gree'd with remembrance of his wicked waies,  
And prick't with anguish of his sinnes so sore,  
That he desir'd to end his wretched daies:  
So much the dart of finfull guilt the soule dismaies.

But wise *Speranza* gaue him comfort sweet,  
And taught him how to take assured hold  
Vpon her silver Anchor, as was meet;  
Else had his sinnes so great and manifold,  
Made him forget all that *Fidelia* told.  
In this distressed doubtfull agonie,  
When him his dearest *Fna* did behold,  
Diddauning life, desiring leaue to die,  
She found her selfe assaild with great perplexitie.

And came to *Calia* to declare her smart:  
Who, well acquainted with that commune plight,  
Which finfull horror works in wounded hart,  
Her wisely comforted all that the might,  
With goodly counsell and aduisement right:  
And straightway sent with carefull diligence  
To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight  
In that discafe of grieued conscience,  
And well could cure the same: His name was *Patience*.

Who, coming to that soule-diseased knight,  
Could hardly him intreat to tell his griefe:  
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heauie spright,  
Well searcht, chisloones he gan apply reliefe  
Of salues and med'cines, which had passing priefe,  
And thereto added words of wondrous might:  
By which to ease he him recured brieft,  
And much asswag'd the passion of his plight,  
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

But yet the cause and roote of all his ill,  
Inward corruption, and infected sin,  
Nor purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,  
And festring sore did rangle yet within,  
Close creeping twixt the marrow and the skin.  
Which to extirpe, he laid him priuily  
Downe in a darksome lowely place farre in,  
Whereas he meant his corrosiues to apply,  
And with strict diet tame his stubborn malady.

In ashes and sackcloth he did array  
His dainty corse, proud humours to abate,  
And dieted with fasting euery day,  
The swelling of his wounds to mitigate,  
And made him pray both early and eke late:  
And euer as superfluous Besh did rot,  
Amendment ready still at hand did wait,  
To pluck it out with pincers fire hot,  
That soone in him was left no one corrupted iot.

And bitter *Penance*, with an iron whip,  
Was wont him once to disple euery day:  
And sharpe *Remorse* his hart did prick and nip,  
That drops of blood thence like a well did play:  
And sad *Repentance* vsed to embay,  
His body in salt water smarting sore,  
The filthy blots of sinne to wash away.  
So in short space they did to health restore  
The man that would not liue, but carst lay at deaths dore.

In which, his torment often was so great,  
That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,  
And rend his flesh, and his owne sinewes eat.  
His owne deare *Fna* hearing euer more  
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore  
Her guiltlesse garments, and her golden haire,  
For pity of his paine and anguish sore:  
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare:  
For well she wist, his crime could eke be neuer cleare.

Whom



Whom thus recover'd by wife *Patience*,  
And true *Repentance*, they to *Fine* brought:  
Who ioyous of his cured conscience,  
Him dearly kist, and fauere eke belought  
Himselfe to cherish, and consuming thought  
To put away out of his carefull brest.  
By this, *Charissa*, late in child-bed brought,  
Was wosen strong, and left her fruitfull nest:  
To her, *Fine* brought this vnacquainted guest.

Shee was a woman in her freshest age,  
Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,  
With goodly grace and comely personage,  
That was on earth not easie to compare:  
Full of great loue, but *Cupid*'s wanton snare  
As hell she hated, chaste in work and will;  
Her neck and breasts were euer open bare,  
That eye thereof her babes might suck their fill;  
The rest was all in yellow robes arrayed still.

A multitude of babes about her hong,  
Playing their sports, that ioyd her to behold,  
Whom still shee fed, whiles they were weake and young,  
But thrust them forth still, as they waxed old:  
And on her head shee wore a tyre of gold,  
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous faire,  
Whose passing price vncath was to be told:  
And by her side there sat a gentle paire  
Of Turtle doves, these sitting in an Ivorie chaire.

The Knight and *Fine* cutting, faire her greet,  
And bid her ioy of that her happy brood;  
Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,  
And entertaines with friendly chearefull mood.  
Then *Fine* her besought to be so good,  
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,  
Now after all his torment well withstood,  
In that sad house of *Penance*, where his spright  
Had past the paines of hell, and long enduring night.

She was right ioyous of her iust request,  
And taking by the hand that *Facies* sonne,  
Gan him instruct in euery good behest,  
Of loue, and righteousness, and well to donne,  
And wrath and hatred warily to shunne,  
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,  
And many soules in dolours had fordonne:  
In which, when him she well instructed hath,  
From thence to heauen she teacheth him the ready path.

Wherin his weaker wandring steps to guide,  
An ancient Matrone she to her does call,  
Whose sober looks her wisdom well descride:  
Her name was *Mery*, well knowne ouer all,  
To be both gracious, and eke liberall:  
To whom the carefull charge of him she gaue,  
To lead aright, that he should neuer fall  
In all his waies through this wide worlds waue,  
That *Mery* in the end his righteous soule might saue.

The godly Matrone by the hand him beares  
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,  
Scatter'd with bushy thornes, and ragged breares,  
Which still before him she remoov'd away,  
That nothing might his ready passage stay:  
And euer when his feet encombr'd were,  
Or gan to shrink, or from the right to stray,  
She held him fast, and firmly did vpbear,  
As carefull Nurse her child from falling oft does reare.

Escoones vnto an holy Hospitall,  
That was fore by the way, shee did him bring,  
In which seauen Bead-men, that had vowed all  
Their life to seruice of high heauens King,  
Did spend their dayes in dooing godly thing:  
Their gates to all were open euermore,  
That by the wearie way were trauiailing,  
And one late waiting euer them before,  
To call in commers-by, that need were and pore.

The first of them that eldest was, and best,  
Of all the house had charge and gouernement,  
As Guardian and Steward of the rest:  
His office was to giue entertainment  
And lodging, vnto all that came, and went:  
Not vnto such, as could him feast againe,  
And double quite for that he on them spent,  
But such as want of harbour did constraene:  
Those for Gods sake his durie was to entertaine.

The second was an Almoner of the place:  
His office was, the hungry for to feed,  
And thrifty giue to drinke, a worke of grace:  
He feard not once himselfe to be in need,  
Ne car'd to hoord for those, whom he did breed:  
The grace of God he laid vp still in store,  
Which as a stocke he left vnto his seed:  
He had enough, what need him care for more?  
And had he lesse, yet some he would giue to the pore.

The third had of their Wardrobe custodie,  
In which were not rich tires, nor garments gay,  
The plumes of pride, and wings of vanitie,  
But clothes meet to keepe keene cold away,  
And naked nature seemely to array:  
With which, bare wretched wights he daily clad,  
The images of God in earthly clay:  
And if that no spare clothes to giue he had,  
His owne coate he would cut, and it distribute glad.

The fourth appointed by his office was,  
Poore prisoners to relieue with gracious ayd,  
And captiues to redeeme with price of bras,  
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had staid:  
And though they faultie were, yet well he waid,  
That God to vs forgiveth euery howre  
Much more then that why they in bands were layd,  
And he that harrow'd hell with heauie stowre,  
The faultie soules from thence brought to his heauenlie

The fift had charge, sick persons to attend,  
And comfort thole in point of death which lay:  
For, them most needeth comfort in the end,  
When sin, and hell, and death doe most dismay  
The feeble soule departing hence away.  
All is but lost, that liuing we bestowe,  
If not well ended at our dying day.  
O man! haue mind of that last bitter throwe:  
For, as the tree does fall, so lyes it euer lowe.

The sixt had charge of them now beeing dead,  
In seemely sort their corpes to engrave,  
And deck with dainty flowres their bridall bed,  
That to their heauenly Spouse both sweet and braue  
They might appeare, when he their soules shall saue.  
The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,  
Whose face he made all beasts to feare, and gaue  
All in his hand, euen dead we honour should.  
Ah dearest God me grant, I dead be not defould.

The seauenth, now after death and buriall done,  
Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead  
And widowes ayde, least they should be vndone:  
In face of iudgement he their right would plead,  
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread  
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee  
Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread:  
And when they stood in most needfull need,  
He did supply their want, and gaue them euer free.

There when the Elfin Knight arriv'd was,  
The first and chiefe of the seauen, whose care  
Was guests to welcome, towards him did pass:  
Where, seeing *Mery*, that his steps vp bare,  
And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare  
He humbly louted in mecke lowliness,  
And seemly welcome for her did prepare:  
For, of their Order shee was Paronesse,  
Albe *Charissa* were their chiefe Foundresse.

There she awhile him staies, himselfe to rest,  
That to the rest more able he might be:  
During which time, in euery good behest,  
And godly worke of Almes and charitee,  
She him instructed with great industrie:  
Shortly therein so perfect he became,  
That from the first vnto the last degree,  
His mortall life he learned had to frame  
In holie righteousness, without rebuke or blame.

Thence forward, by that painefull way they pass,  
Forth to an hill that was both steepe and hie:  
On top whereof a sacred Chappell was,  
And eke a little Hermitage thereby,  
Wherein an aged holy man did lie,  
That day and night said his deuotion,  
Ne other worldly business did apply:  
His name was heauenly *Contemplation*:  
Of God and goodnesse was his meditation.

Great grace that old man to him giuen had:  
For God he often saw from heauens height,  
All were his earthly eyen both blunt and bad,  
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,  
Yet wondrous quick and perceant was his sight,  
As Eagles eye, that can behold the sunne:  
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,  
That his fraile thighes might wearie and fordonne  
Gan faile; but by her help the top at last he wonne.

There they doe find that godly aged Sire,  
With snowy locks adowne his shoulders shed,  
As hoarie frost with spangles doth attire  
The mossy branches of an Oake halfe dead.  
Each bone might through his body well be red,  
And euery sinew seene through his long fast:  
For, nought he car'd his carcase long vnfed;  
His mind was full of spirituall repast,  
And pyn'd his flesh, to keepe his body lowe and chaste.

Who, when these two approaching he espide,  
At their first presence grew agrieued fore,  
That forc't him lay his heauenly thoughts aside:  
And had he not that Dame respected more,  
Whom highly he did reuerence and adore,  
He would not once haue moued for the Knight.  
They him saluted standing farre afore:  
Who well them greeting, humbly did requite,  
And asked to what end they clomb that tedious height.

What end (quoth she) should cause vs take such paine,  
But that same end, which euery liuing wight  
Should make his marke, high heauen to attaine?  
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right  
To that most glorious house, that glisteth bright  
With burning starres, and euer-liuing fire,  
Whereof the keyes are to thy hand beight  
By wife *Fidelia*? shee doth thee requite,  
To shew it to this Knight, according his desire.

Thrice happy man, said then the father graue,  
Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,  
And shewes the way, his sinfull soule to saue:  
Who better can the way to heauen arade,  
Then thou thy selfe, that was both borne and bred  
In heauenly throne, where thousand Angels shine?  
Thou doost the prayers of the righteous feed  
Present before the Maiesie diuine,  
And his avenging wrath to clemencie incline.

Yet fith thou bidst, thy pleasure shall be donne.  
Then come thou man of earth, and see the way  
That neuer yet was seene of Faeries sonne,  
That neuer leads the trauailer astray:  
But, after labours long, and sad delay,  
Brings them to ioyous rest and endlesse blis.  
But, first, thou must a season fast and pray,  
Till from her bands the spright affoiled is,  
And haue her strength recurd from fraile infirmities.



That done, he leads him to the highest Mount;  
Such one, as that same mighty man of God,  
That blood-red hillowes like a walled front  
On either side disparted with his rod,  
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,  
Dwelt forme daies vpon: where, writ in stone  
With bloody letters by the hand of God,  
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone  
He did receiue, whiles flaming fire about him shone.

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,  
Adorned with fruitfull Oliues all around,  
Is, as it were for endlesse memory  
Of that deare Lord, who oft thereon was found,  
For euer with a flowing girlond crown'd:  
Or like that pleasant Mount, that is for ay  
Through famous Poes verse each where renown'd,  
On which the thrice three learned Ladies play  
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a louely lay.

From thence, farr off he vnto him did shew  
A little path, that was both steep and long,  
Which to a goodly Citie led his view;  
Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong  
Of pearle and precious stone, that earthly tong  
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;  
Too high a ditty for my simple song:  
The Citie of the great King hight it well,  
Whereto eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see  
The blessed Angels to and fro descend  
From highest heauen, in glad some companie,  
And with great ioy into that Citie wend,  
As commonly as friend does with his friend.  
Whereto he wondred much, and gan enquire,  
What stately building durst so high extend  
Her lofty towres vnto the starry Sphere,  
And what vnkowne nation there empeopled were.

Faire Knight (quoth he) Hierusalem that is,  
The new Hierusalem, that God has built,  
For those to dwell-in that are chosen his,  
His chosen people, purg'd from sinfull guilt,  
With pitious blood, which cruelly was spilt  
On cursed tree, of that vnspotted Lam,  
That for the finnes of all the world was kilt:  
Now are they Saints all in that Citie sam,  
More deare vnto their God, then younglings to their dam.

Till now, said then the Knight, I weened well,  
That great Cleopatra, where I haue been,  
In which that fairest Faerie Queene doth dwell  
The fairest Citie was, that might be scene;  
And that bright towre all built of crytall cleene,  
Parthenon, seem'd the brightest thing that was:  
But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene;  
For, this great Citie, that does farr surpass, (glasse)  
And this bright Angels towre, quite dims that towre of

Most true, then said the holy aged man;  
Yet is Cleopatra, for earthly fame,  
The fairest peece, that eye beholden can:  
And well beleeues all Knights of noble name,  
That couet in th'immortall booke of fame  
To be eternized, that fame to haunt,  
And doen their seruice to that foueraigne Dame,  
That glorie does to them for guerdon graunt:  
For, there is heauenly borne, and heauen may iustly vaunt.

And thou faire imp, sprung out from English race,  
How euer now accounted Elfin sonne,  
Well worthy dost thy seruice for her grace,  
To ayde a virgin desolate foredoonne.  
But, when thou famous victorie hast wonne,  
And high amongst all Knights hast hung thy shield,  
Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shonne,  
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:  
For, blood can nought but sin, & warres but sorowes yield.

Then seeke this path, that I to thee preface,  
Which after all to heauen shall thee send;  
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage  
To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,  
Where is for thee ordain'd a blessed end:  
For, thou amongst those Saints, whom thou doost see,  
Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations friend  
And Patrone: thou Saint George shalt called bee,  
Saint George of mery England, the signe of victory.

Vnworthy wretch (quoth he) of so great grace,  
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?  
These that haue it attained, were in like case  
(Quoth he) as wretched, and liu'd in like paine.  
But deeds of armes must I at last be faine,  
And Ladies loue to leaue, so dearely bought?  
What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine  
(Said he) and battailes none are to be fought?  
As for loose loues are vaine, and vanish into nought.

O! let me not (quoth he) returne againe  
Back to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse are;  
But let me heere for aye in peace remaine,  
Or straight way on that last long voyage fare,  
That nothing may my present hope empare.  
That may not be (said he) ne maist thou yet  
Forgoe that royall maides bequeathed care,  
Who did her cause into thy hand commit,  
Till from her curld foe thou haue her freely quit.

Then shall I soone (quoth he) so God me grace,  
Abet that virgins cause disconsolate,  
And shortly back returne vnto this place,  
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.  
But now aread, old father, why of late  
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,  
Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?  
That word shall I (said he) avouchen good,  
Sith to thee is vnkowne the cradle of thy brood.

For

For well I wote, thou springst from ancient race  
Of Saxon Kings, that haue with mighty hand  
And many bloody battailes fought in place,  
High rear'd their royall throne in Britane land,  
And vanquish't them, vnable to withstand:  
From thence a Faery thee vnweeting reft,  
There as thou sleptst in tender swadling band,  
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left.  
Such, men do Changelings call, so chang'd by Faeries theft.

Thence shee thee brought into this Faerie lond,  
And in an heaped furrow did thee hide;  
Where, thee a Ploughman all vnweeting fond,  
As he his toilsome teame that way did guide,  
And brought thee vp in ploughmans state to bide,  
Whereof George he thee gaue to name;  
Till prick't with courage, and thy forces pride,  
To Faery Court thou cam'st to seek for fame,  
And proue thy puissant armes, as seemes thee best became.

O holy Sire (quoth he) how shall I quight  
The many fauours I with thee haue found,  
That hast my name and nation red aright,  
And taught the way that does to heauen bound?  
This said, adowne he looked to the ground,  
To haue return'd, but dazed were his eyne  
Through passing brightnesse, which did quite confound  
His feeble sense, and too exceeding shine.  
So darke are earthly things compar'd to things diuine.

At last, when as himselfe he gan to find,  
To Vna back he cast him to retire;  
Who him awaited still with pensive mind.  
Great thanks and goodly meed, to that good fire,  
He thence departing gaue for his paines hire.  
So came to Vna, who him ioy'd to see,  
And after little rest, gan him desire,  
Of her adventure mindfull for to bee.  
So leaue they take of Culla, and her daughters three.

## Canto XI.

The knight with that old Dragon fights  
two daies incessantly:  
The third, him overthrowes, & gaines  
most glorious victory.

High time now gan it wax for Vna faire,  
To thinke of those her captiue Parents deare,  
And their forwaisted kingdom to repaire:  
Whereto when as they now approached neare,  
With harty words her Knight she gan to cheare,  
And in her modest manner thus bespake:  
Deare knight, as deare as euer Knight was deare,  
That all these sorowes suffer for my sake,  
High heauen behold the tedious toyle ye for me take.

Now are we come vnto my natie foyle,  
And to the place where all our perils dwell;  
Heere haunts that fiend, and does his daily spoyle,  
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,  
And euer ready for your foeman fell.  
The sparke of noble courage now awake,  
And strue your excellent selfe to excell;  
That shall ye euermore renowned make  
About all knights on earth, that battaile vndertake.

And pointing forth, lo, yonder is (said she)  
The brazen towre, in which my parents deare  
For dread of that huge fiend imprison'd be,  
Whom I from far, see on the walls appeare,  
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greedily cheare:  
And on the top of all, I doe espy  
The watchman waiting, rydings glad to heare,  
That (O my parents) might I happily  
Vnto you bring, to ease you of your misery.

With that, they heard a roaring hideous sound,  
That all the ayre with terrour filled wide,  
And seem'd vnto shake the stedfast ground.  
Essoones that dreadfull Dragon they espyde,  
Where stretcht he lay vpon the sunny side  
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill.  
But all so soone, as he from farr descride  
Those glistering armes, that heauen with light did fill,  
He rous'd himselfe full blithe, and hastned them vntill.

E 2.

Then



Then bade the Knight this Lady yede aloofe,  
And to an hall her selfe with-drawe aside,  
From whence she might behold that battailes proofe,  
And eke be safe from danger far defende:  
She him obeyd, and turned a little wide.  
Now, O thou sacred Muse, most learned Dame,  
Faithfull Image of Phoebe, and his aged bride,  
The Nurse of time, and everlasting fume,  
That warlike hands ennoblest with immortall name:

O gently come into my feeble brest,  
Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,  
Where-with the Martiall troups thou dost infect,  
And harts of great Heroes dost enrage,  
That nought their kindled courage may assuage:  
Soone as thy dreadfull trumpe begins to found,  
The God of warre with his fierce equipage  
Thou dost awake, sleepe neuer he so found,  
And feared Nations dooſt with horrour sterne astound.

Faire Goddesse lay that furious fit aside,  
Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,  
And Briton fields with Sarazin blood bedide,  
Twixt that great Faery Queene and Paynim King,  
That with their horrour heauen and earth did ring,  
A worke of labour long, and endlesse praise:  
But now awhile let downe that haughty string,  
And to my tunes thy second tenor raise,  
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

By this, the dreadfull Beast drew nigh to hand,  
Halfe flying, and halfe footing in his haste,  
That with his largesse measured much land,  
And made wide shadowe vnder his huge waste:  
As mountaine doth the valley ouercast,  
Approching nigh, he reared high afore  
His body monitrous, horrible, and vast,  
Which (to increase his wondrous greatnesse more)  
Was swolne with wrath, and poyson, and with bloody gore.

And ouer, all with brazen scales was arm'd,  
Like plated coate of Steele, so couched neare,  
That nought mote pearce, ne might his corse be harm'd  
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare:  
Which as an Eagle, seeing prey appeare,  
His very plumes doth rouse, full rudely dight,  
So shaked he, that horrour was to heare:  
For, as the clashing of an Armour bright,  
Such noyse his roused scales did send vnto the Knight.

His flaggy wings when forth he did display,  
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wind  
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:  
And eke the pennons that did his pincons bind,  
Were like maine-yards, with flying canvas lin'd;  
With which, when as him list the ayre to beat,  
And there by force vnwanted passage find,  
The cloudes before him fled for terrour great,  
And all the heauens stood still amazed with his threat.

His huge long taile, wound vp in hundred folds,  
Does overspred his long brals-scaly back:  
V whose wreathed boughts when euer he vnolds,  
And thick entangled knots adowne does slack;  
Bespotted all with shields of red and black,  
It sweepeth all the Land behind him farre,  
And of three furlongs does but little lack;  
And at the point two stings in-fixed are,  
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest Steele exceeden farre.

But stings and sharpest Steele did far exceed  
The sharpnesse of his cruell rending clawes;  
Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,  
What euer thing does touch his rauinous pawes,  
Or what within his reach he euer draws.  
But, his most hideous head, my tongue to tell  
Does tremble: for, his deepe deuouring iawes  
Wide gaped, like the grisly mouth of hell,  
Through which into his darke abyſſe all raiue fell.

And that more wondrous was, in either iawe  
Three ranks of iron teeth enanged were,  
In which, yet trickling blood and goblets rawe  
Of late deuoured bodies did appeare,  
That sight thereof bred cold congealed feare:  
Which to increase, and all attonce to kill,  
A cloude of smothering smoake and sulphur feare  
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,  
That all the ayre about with smoake and stench did fill.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,  
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled liuing fire:  
As two broad Beacons, set in open fields,  
Send forth their flames farre off to euery Shire,  
And warning giue, that enemies conspire,  
With fire and sword the region to invade:  
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous ire:  
But farre within, as in a hollowe glade,  
Those glaring lamps were set, that made a dreadfull shade.

So dreadfully he towards him did pass,  
Forcisting vp aloft his speckled brest,  
And often bounding on the bruſed grasse,  
As for great ioyance of his new-come guest.  
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,  
As chauffed Bore his bristles doth vpreare,  
And shooke his scales to battell ready drest:  
That made the Rederoffe Knight nigh quake for feare,  
As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

The Knight gan fairely couch his steady speare,  
And fiercely ranne at him with rigorous might:  
The pointed Steele arming rudely there,  
His harder hide would neither pearce nor bight,  
But glauncing by forth passed forward right:  
Yet sore amoued with so puissant push,  
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,  
And him so rudely passing by, did brush  
With his long taile, that horse & man to ground did ruffe.

Both

Much was the man encombred with his hold,  
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,  
Ne wist yet how his talants to vnfold:  
Nor harder was from Cerberus greedie iaw  
To pluck a bone, then from his cruell claw  
To reane by strength the griped gage away:  
Thrice he assaid it from his foot to draw,  
And thrice in vaine to draw it did assay,  
It booted nought to thinke, to robbe him of his pray.

Tho when he saw no power might preuaile,  
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,  
Where-with he fiercely did his foe assaile,  
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,  
That glauncing fire out of the iron plaid:  
As sparkles from the andvile vse to fly,  
When heauie hammers on the wedge are swaid;  
There-with at last he forc't him to vntie  
One of his grasping feet, him to defend thereby.

The other foot fast fixed on his shield,  
When as no strength nor strokes more him constrainde  
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,  
He smote therat with all his might and maine,  
That nought so wondrous puillance might sustaine:  
Vpon the ioynt the lucky Steele did light,  
And made such way, that hew'd it quite in twaine:  
The paw yet mislaid not his minisht might,  
But hung still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

For griefe thereof, and diuclish despight,  
From his infernall founnace forth he threw  
Huge flames, that dimmed all the heauens light,  
Enrold in dusky smoake and brimstone blew:  
As burning Aetna from his boyling stew  
Doth belch out flames, and rocks in peeces broke,  
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,  
Enwrapt in coleblack clouds and filthy smoke,  
That all the Land with stench, & heauen with horror choke.

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,  
So sore him noyd, that forc't him to retire  
A little backward for his best defence,  
To save his body from the scorching fire,  
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.  
It chaunc't (eternall God that chaunce did guide)  
As he recoyled backward, in the mire  
His nigh forweard feeble feet did slide,  
And downe he fell, with dread of shame fore terrifide.

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,  
Loaden with fruit and apples rosie red,  
As they in pure Vermilion had been dide,  
Whereof great vertues ouer all were red:  
For, happy life to all which thereon fed,  
And life eke euclasting did befall:  
Great God it planted in that blessed sted  
With his almighty hand, and did it call  
The Tree of Life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

In all the world like was not to be found,  
Sane in that soile, where all good things did growe,  
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull ground,  
As incorrupted Nature did them sowe,  
Till that dread Dragon all did overthrowe,  
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,  
Whereof whoſo did eat, chisennes did knowe  
Both good and ill: O mournfull memory!  
That tree through one mans fault hath done vs all to die.

From that first tree forth flow'd, as from a Well,  
A trickling streame of Balme, most lousening  
And daintie deare, which on the ground still fell,  
And ouerflowed all the fertill Plaine,  
As it had deawed been with timely raine:  
Life and long health that gracious oyntment gaue,  
And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe  
The senselesse corse appointed for the Graue.  
Into that fume he fell: which did from death him saue.

For nigh thereto the euer damned beast  
Durst not approche, for he was deadly made,  
And all that life preserued, did detest:  
Yet he it oft aduentur'd to invade.  
By this, the drouping day-light gan to fade,  
And yeeld his roome to sad succeeding night,  
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade  
The face of earth, and waies of liuing wight,  
And high her burning torch set vp in heauen bright.

When gentle Phoebe saw the second fall,  
Of her deare knight, who weary of long fight,  
And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,  
But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight,  
Besmeard with precious Balme, whole vertuous might  
Did heale his wounds, and scorching heate alay,  
Againe shee stricken was with sore almight,  
And for his safetie gan deuoutly pray:  
And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.

The ioyous day gan early to appeare,  
And faire Aurora from her dewy bed  
Of aged Tithone gan her selfe to reare,  
With rosie cheekes, for shame as blushing red:  
Her golden locks for haste were loosely shed  
About her eares, when Phoebe her did mark  
Climbe to her charet, all with flowers spred:  
From heauen high to chase the chearelesse dark,  
With merry note her loud salutes the mounting Lark.

Then freshly vp arose the doughty knight,  
All healed of his hurts and woundez wide,  
And did himselfe to battell ready dight,  
Whose early foe awaiting him beside  
To haue deuour'd, so soone as day he spide,  
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,  
As if late fight had nought him damnsifide,  
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare:  
Nathlesse, with wonted rage he him advanced neare.

E 4

And



53  
And in his first encounter, gaping wide,  
Hee thought to tounce him to haue swallowd quight,  
An I rust vpon him with outrageous pride:  
Who him r'encountering fierce, as hauke in flight,  
Perforce rebuffed back. The weapon bright,  
Taking advantage of his open iaw,  
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,  
That deepe empearc' his darksome hollow maw,  
And back retr'y'd, his life blood forth withall did drawe.

54  
So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,  
That vanisht into smoake and cloudes swift:  
So downe he fell, that th'earth him vnderneath  
Did groane, as feeble so great load to lift;

So downe he fell, as an huge rockie clift,  
Whose false foundation waues haue washt away,  
With dreadfull payse is from the maine land rift,  
And rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay:  
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

55  
The Knight him selfe euen trembled at his fall,  
So huge and horrible a masse it seem'd;  
And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,  
Durst not approche for dread, which she misdeem'd:  
But yet at last, when as the direfull seend  
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright,  
She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end:  
Then God she prayd, and thanks her faithfull knight,  
That had atchieu'd so great a conquest by his might.



1  
Behold, I see the Hauen nigh at hand,  
To which I meane my wearie course to bend:  
Vere the maine shete, & beare vp with the land,  
The which afore is fau'rely to be kend,  
And seemeth safe from stormes, that may offend:  
There this faire Virgin wearie of her way  
Must landed be, now at her iourneyes end:  
There eke my feeble Barke a while may stay,  
Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

2  
Scarcely had Phobus in the glooming East  
Yet harness'd his fire-footed teeme,  
Ne reard about the earth his flaming crest,  
When the last deadly smoake aloft did steeme,  
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme,  
Vnto the watchman on the Castle wall:  
Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,  
And to his Lord and Lady loud gan call,  
To tell how he had seene the Dragons fatal fall.

3  
Vp rose with halbie ioy, and feeble speed  
That aged Sire, the Lord of all that land,  
And looked forth, to weare if true indeed  
Thole tydings were, as he did vnderstand:

Which when as true by tryall he our found,  
He bade to open wide his brazen gate,  
Which long time had been shut, and out of hond  
Proclaimed ioy and peace through all his State:  
For dead now was their foe, which them forraied late.

4  
Then gan triumphant Trumpets sound on hie,  
That sent to heauen the echoed report  
Of their new ioy, and happy victory  
Gainst him, that had them long oppress with tort,  
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.  
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,  
To him assembled with one full consort,  
Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,  
From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

5  
Forth came that ancient Lord and aged Queene,  
Arraid in antique robes downe to the ground,  
And sad habiliments right well besene:  
A noble crew about them waited round  
Of sage and sober Peeres, all grauely gown'd;  
Whom farre before did march a goodly band  
Of tall young men, all able armes to sound,  
But now they Laurell branches bore in hand:  
Glad signe of victorie and peace in all their land.

Vnto

17  
Both horse and man vp lightly rose againe,  
And fresh encounter towards him addrest:  
But th'idle stroke yet back recoild in vaine,  
And found no place his deadly point to rest.  
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,  
To be avenged of so great despight;  
For, neuer felt his imperceable brest  
So wondrous force from hand of liuing wight:  
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puilliant knight.

18  
Then with his waing wings displayed wide,  
Himselfe vp high he lifted from the ground,  
And with strong flight did forcibly diuide  
The yielding aere, which nigh too feeble found  
Her flitting parts, and element vnfound,  
To beare so great a weight: he cutting way  
With his broad sailes, about him soared round:  
At last, lowe stooping with vnweldie sway,  
Snatcht vp both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

19  
Long he them bore aboue the subiect Plaine,  
So fure as Ewghen bowe a shaft may send,  
Till strugling strong did him at last constraene,  
To let them downe before his flightes end:  
As hagar'd Hauke, presuming to contend  
With hardie fowle, about his able might,  
His weare pounces all in vaine doth spend,  
To trusse the prey too heauie for his flight; (fight)  
Which coming downe to ground, does free it selfe by

20  
Hee so diseized of his grypping grolle,  
The Knight his thrillant speare againe assaid  
In his brals-plated body to embolse,  
And three mens strength vnto the stroke he laid:  
Where with the stiffe beame quaked, as affraid,  
And glancing from his tealy neck, did glide  
Close under his left wing, then broad displaid.  
The pearcing Steele there wrought a wound full wide,  
That with the vncooth smart the Monster loudly cride.

21  
Hee cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,  
When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck does threat,  
The rolling billowes beat the ragged shore,  
As they the earth would shoulder from her seate,  
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat  
His neighbour element in his revenge:  
Then gin the blustering brethren bold, that eat,  
To moue the world from off his stedfast henge,  
And boystrous battell make, each other to avenge.

22  
The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,  
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,  
And quite asunder broke. Forth flowed fresh  
A gushing riuer of black goarie blood,  
That drowned all the land whereon he stood:  
The streame thereof would driue a water-mill.  
Treble augmented was his furious mood  
With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,  
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nosethrill.

23  
His hideous taile then hurled he about,  
And there-with all enwrapt the nimble thyer  
Of his froth-fomic steed, whose courage stout  
Striuing to loose the knot, that fast him tyer,  
Himselfe in straighter bands too rash implies,  
That to the ground he is perforce constraind  
To throwe his rider: who can quickly rise  
From off the earth, with dusty blood distaind:  
For, that reprochefull fall right foully he disdaind:

24  
And fiercely tooke his trenchant blade in hand,  
With which he strooke so furious and so fell,  
That nothing seemd the puilliance could withstand:  
Vpon his crest the hardned iron fell,  
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,  
That deeper dint therein it would not make:  
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,  
That from thenceforth he found the like to take,  
But when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.

25  
The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguill'd,  
And smote againe with more outrageous might:  
But backe againe the sparkling Steele recoild,  
And left not any marke where it did light:  
As if in Adamant rock it had been pight.  
The beast impatient of his smarting wound,  
And of so fierce and forcible despight,  
Thought with his wings to flye aboue the ground:  
But his late wounded wing vnseruicable found.

26  
Then full of griefe and anguish vehement,  
Hee loudly brayd, that like was neuer heard,  
And from his wide deuouring oven sent  
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard,  
Him all amaz'd, and almost made affraid:  
The scorching flame sore singed all his face,  
And through his armour all his body feard,  
That he could not en-ture so cruell case,  
But thought his armes to leaue, and helmet to vnlace.

27  
Not that great Champion of the antique world,  
Whom famous Poets verie so much doth daunt,  
And hath for twelue huge labours high extold,  
So many furies and sharp fits did haunt,  
When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt  
With Centaures blood, and bloudie verses charm'd,  
As did this knight twelue thousand dolours daunt,  
Whom fire Steele now burnt, that erst him arm'd,  
That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all him harm'd.

28  
Faint, weary, sore, emboyled, griued, brent  
With heate, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, & inward fire  
That neuer man such mischiefes did torment:  
Death better were, death did he oft desire:  
But death will neuer come when needs require.  
Whom so dismaid when that his foe beheld,  
He cast to suffer him no more respire,  
But gan his sturdie sterne about to weld,  
And him so strongly strooke, that to the ground him feld.

E 3.



It fortun'd (as fure it then befell)  
Behind his back (vnweeting) where he stood,  
Of ancient time there was a springing Well,  
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,  
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.  
Whylome, before that curld Dragon got  
That happy Land, and all with innocent blood  
Defil'd those sacred waues, it rightely hot  
The Well of Life: he yet his vertues had forgot.

For, vnto life the dead it could restore,  
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;  
Those that with sicknesse were infected fore,  
It could recure, and aged long decay  
Renew, as it were borne that very day.  
Both *Silo* this, and *Jordan* did excell,  
And th' *English Bath*, and eke the *german Span*,  
Ne can *Cephise*, nor *Hebrus* match this Well:  
Into the fume, the knight (back overthrowen) fell.

Now gan the golden *Pharos* for to steepe  
His fierie face in billowes of the Weir,  
And his faint steeds watred in Ocean deep,  
Whiles from their iournall labours they did rest,  
When that infernall Monster, hauing keft  
His weary foe into that liuing Well,  
Can high aduance his broad discoloured brest  
Abooue his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,  
And clapt his iron wings, as Victor he did dwell.

Which when his penitue Ladie saw from farre,  
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,  
As weening that the sad end of the warre,  
And gan to highest God entirely pray;  
That feared chance from her to turne away;  
With folded hands and knees full lowely bent  
All night she watcht, ne once adowne would lay  
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreiment,  
But t'aying still did wake, and waking did lament.

The morrow next gan early to appeare,  
That *Titan* rose to runne his daily race;  
But early ere the morrow next gan reare  
Out of the sea faire *Titan* dewy face,  
Vp rose the gentle virgin from her place,  
And looked all about, if thee might spy  
Her loued knight to moue his manly pace:  
For, shee had great doubt of his safety,  
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

At last she saw, where he vntilted brane  
Out of the Well, where on he drenched lay;  
As Eagle fresh out of the Ocean waue,  
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,  
And deckt himselfe with feathers youthly gay:  
Like *Eyas* hankt vp mounts vnto the skies,  
His newly budded pinions to assay,  
And maruailes at himselfe, still as he flies:  
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

Whom, when the damned need so fresh did spy,  
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,  
And doubted, whether his late enemy  
It were, or other new supplied knight.  
He, now to proue his late renewed might,  
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning bl.  
Vpon his crested scalpe so fore did smite,  
That to the skull a yawning wound it made:  
The deadly dint his dulled senses all dismayd.

I wote not, whether the reuenging Steele  
Were hardned with that holy water dew  
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,  
Or his baptized hands now greater grew;  
Or other secret vertue did enleue;  
Else, neuer could the force of fleshy arme,  
Ne molten metall in his bloud embrew:  
For, till that stound could neuer wight him harme,  
By subtiltie, nor sight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

The cruell wound enrag'd him so fore,  
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;  
As hundred ramping Lyons seem'd to rore,  
Whom rauinous hunger did thereto constraîne:  
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,  
And there-with scourge the buxome ayre so fore,  
That to his force to yeelden it was faine:  
Ne ought his sturdie strokes might stand afore,  
That high trees ouerthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

The same aduancing high about his head,  
With sharp intended sting so rude him smot,  
That to the earth him droue, as stricken dead;  
Ne liuing wight would haue him life behot:  
The mortall sting his angry needie shot  
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seald,  
Where fast it stuck, ne would there out be got:  
The griefe thereof him wondrous fore diseald,  
Ne might his rankling paine with patience be appeald.

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,  
Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,  
From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,  
And stroue to loose the farr infixed string:  
Which when in vaine he tride with struggling,  
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heft,  
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty sting  
Of his huge taile he quite in sunder cleft,  
Five ioynts thereof he hew'd, and but the stump him left.

Hart cannot think, what outrage, and what cries,  
With foule enfolded smoake and flashing fire,  
The hell-bred beast threw forth vnto the skyes,  
That all was couered with darknesse dire:  
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged ire,  
He cast at once him to auenge for all,  
And gathering vp himselfe out of the mire,  
With his vncuen wings did fiercely fall  
Vpon his lumme-bright shield, and grip't it fast withall.

Much

Vnto that doughty Conquerour they came,  
And him before, themselues prostrating lowe,  
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,  
And at his feet their Laurell boughes did throwe.  
Soone after them, all dauncing on a rowe  
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,  
As fresh as flowres in meadow greene doe growe,  
When morning deaw vpon their leaues doth light:  
And in their hands sweet Tymbrels all vpheld on hight.

And them before, the fry of children young  
Their wanton sports and childish mirth did play,  
And to the Maidens founding Tymbrels sung  
In well attuned notes, a ioyous lay,  
And made delightfull musick all the way,  
Vntill they came where that faire virgin stood:  
As faire *Diana* in fresh summers day  
Beholds her Nymphes, enrag'd in shady wood,  
Some wreitle, some doe run, some bathe in crystall flood:

So she beheld those maidens meriment  
With cheerefull view; who, when to her they came,  
Themselues to ground with gracious humbleesse bent,  
And her ador'd by honourable name,  
Lifting to heauen her euermourning fame:  
Then on her head they set a girland greene,  
And crowned her with twixt earnest and twixt game;  
Who, in her selfe-resemblance well becene,  
Did seeme such as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

And after, all the rascall many ran,  
Heaped together in rude rablement,  
To see the face of that victorious man:  
Whom all admured, as from heauen sent,  
And gaz'd vpon with gaping wonderment.  
But, when they came where that dead Dragon lay,  
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,  
The sight with idle feare did them dismay,  
Ne durst approche him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

Some feard, and fled; some feard and well it faind;  
One that would wiser seeme then all the rest,  
Warn'd him not touch; for, yet perhaps remaind  
Some lingring life within his hollowe brest,  
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest  
Of many Dragonets, his fruitfull seed:  
Another said, that in his eyes did rest  
Yet sparkling fire, and bade thereof take heed;  
Another said, he saw him moue his eyes indeed.

One mother, when as her foole-hardy child  
Did come too neere, and with his talants play,  
Halfe dead through feare, her little babe reuild,  
And to her gossip gan in counsell lay:  
How can I tell, but that his talants may  
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?  
So, diuerfly themselues in vaine they fray:  
Whiles some more bold, to measure him high stand,  
To proue how many acres he did spread of land.

Thus flocked all the folke him round about,  
The whiles that hoarie King, with all his traine,  
Beeing arriued, where that Champion stout  
After his foes defeasance did remaine,  
Him goodly greets, and faire does entertaine,  
With princely gifts of Ivoire and Gold,  
And thousand thanks him yeelds for all his paine.  
Then, when his daughter deare he does behold,  
Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

And after, to his Palace he them brings,  
With Shaumes, and Trumpets, and with Clarions sweet;  
And all the way the ioyous people sings,  
And with their garments strowes the paved street:  
Whence mounting vp, they find purveyance meet  
Of all that royall Princes Court became,  
And all the floore was vnderneath their feet  
Befred with costly scarlot of great name,  
On which they lowely sit, and sitting purpose frame.

What needs me tell their feast and goodly guise,  
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?  
What needs of dainty dishes to deuise,  
Of comely seruices, or courtly traine?  
My narrow leaues cannot in them containe  
The large discourse of royall Princes state.  
Yet was their manner then but bare and plaine:  
For, th' antique world excelle and pride did hate;  
Such proude luxurious pompe is swollen vp but late.

Then, when with meats and drinks of euery kind  
Their feruent appetites they quenched had,  
That ancient Lord gan fit occasion find,  
Of strange adventures, and of perils sad,  
Which in his trauaile him befallen had,  
For to demaund of his renowned guest:  
Who then with vt'rance grane, and count'nance sad,  
From point to point, as is before exprest,  
Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

Great pleasures mixt with pittifull regard,  
That godly King and Queene did passionate,  
Whiles they his pittifull adventures heard,  
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,  
And often blame the too importune fate,  
That heapt on him so many wrathfull wreares:  
For, neuer gentle Knight, as he of late,  
So tossed was in Fortunes cruell freakes;  
And all the while fast reares bedew'd the hearers cheeks.

Then said the royall Peere in sober wise:  
Deare sonne, great been the euils, which ye bore  
From first to last, in your late enterprise,  
That I no'te, whether praise, or pittie more:  
For, neuer liuing man (I weene) so fore  
In sea of deadly dangers was distrest:  
But sith now safe ye leifed haue the shore,  
And well arriued are, (high God be blest)  
Let vs deuise of ease, and euermourning rest.

At



18  
Ah, dearest Lord, said then that doughty Knight,  
Of ease or rest I may not yet denie;  
For, by the faith which I to armes haue plight,  
I bounden am, straight after this emprise  
(As that your daughter can ye well aduise)  
Back to returne to that great Faery Queene,  
And her to serue fixe yeeres in warlike wise,  
Gainst that proude Paynim king that works her teene:  
Therefore I ought craue pardon, till I there haue beene.

19  
Vnhappy felles that hard necessitie  
(Quoth he) the troubler of my happy peace,  
And vowed foe of my felicitie;  
Ne I against the same can iustly preace:  
But sith that band ye cannot now release,  
Nor doen vndoe; (for vowe may not be vaine)  
Soone as the terme of those six yeeres shall cease,  
Ye then shall hither back returne againe,  
The marriage to accomplish vow'd betwixt you twaine.

20  
Which, for my part, I couet to performe,  
In fort as through the world I did proclame,  
That who so kild that Monster (most deforme)  
And him in hardy battaile overcame,  
Should haue mine onely daughter to his Dame,  
And of my kingdome heire apparant bee:  
Therefore, sith now to thee pertaines the same,  
By due desert of noble cheualree,  
Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo, I yield to thee.

21  
Then forth he called that his daughter faire,  
The fairest *Faerie* his onely daughter deare,  
His onely daughter, and his onely heire;  
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,  
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare  
Out of the East, with flaming locks bedight,  
To tell the dawning day is dawning neare,  
And to the world does bring long wished light;  
So faire and fresh that Lady shew'd her selfe in sight.

22  
So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;  
For, she had laid her mournfull stole aside,  
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,  
Where-with her heavenly beauty she did hide,  
Whiles on her wearie iourney she did ride;  
And on her now a garment she did weare,  
All lilly white, withouten spot, or pride,  
That seem'd like filke and silver wouen neare;  
But neither filke nor silver therein did appeare.

23  
The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,  
And glorious light of her sunshiny face  
To tell, were as to strike against the streame.  
My rugged rimmes are all too rude and base,  
Her heavenly lineaments for to encase.  
No wonder: for, her owne deare loued knight,  
All were she daily with himselfe in place,  
Did wonder much at her celestiall light:  
Of had he seene her faire, but neuer so faire dight.

24  
So fairely dight, when she in presence came,  
She to her Sire made humble reverence,  
And bowed lowe, that her right well became,  
And added grace vnto her excellence:  
Who with great wisdom, and graue eloquence,  
Thus gan to say. But ere he thus had said,  
With flying speed, and seeming great pretence,  
Came running in, much like a man dismayd,  
A Messenger with Letters, which his message said.

25  
All in the open hall amazed stood  
At suddainenesse of that vnwarie sight,  
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood.  
But he for nought would stay his passage right,  
Till fast before the King he did alight,  
Where falling flat, great humblest he did make,  
And kist the ground, whereon his foote was pight;  
Then to his hands that writ he did betake,  
Which he disclosing, read thus, as the paper spake.

26  
To thee, most mightie King of *Eden* faire,  
Her greeting sends in these sad lines adrest,  
The wofull daughter, and forsaken heire  
Of that great Emperour of all the West;  
And bids thee be aduised for the best,  
Ere thou thy daughter linke in holy band  
Of wedlocke, to that new vnknown guest:  
For, he already plighted his right hand  
Vnto another Loue, and to another Land.

27  
To me, sad maid, or rather widow sad,  
He was affianced long time before,  
And sacred pledges he both gaue, and had,  
False errant knight, infamous, and forswore:  
Witnesse the burning Altars, which he swore,  
And guiltie heauens of his bold perurie;  
Which though he hath polluted oft and yore,  
Yet I to them for iudgement iust doe fly,  
And them comure t'auenge this shamefull iniury.

28  
Therefore, sith mine he is, or free or bond,  
Or false or true, or liuing or else dead,  
With-hold, O soveraigne Prince, your hasty hond  
From knitting league with him, I you arcad;  
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,  
Through weaknesse of my widowhed, or woe:  
For, truth is strong, his rightfull cause to plead,  
And shall find friends, if need requireth so:  
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend, nor foe,

29  
When he these bitter byting words had red,  
The tydings strange did him abashed make,  
That still he late long time astonish'd  
As in great muse, new word to creature spake.  
At last, his solemne silence thus he brake,  
With doubtfull eyes fast fix'd on his guest;  
Redoubt'd knight, that for mine onely sake  
Thy life and honour late aduenturest,  
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be exprest.

What

30  
What meane these bloody vowes, and idle threats;  
Throwne out from womanish impatient mind?  
What heauens? what altars? what enraged heates  
Here heaped vp with tearmes of loue vnkind,  
My conscience cleare with guiltie bands would bind?  
High God be witnesse, that I guiltlesse am.  
But, if your selfe, Sir Knight, ye faultie find,  
Or wrapped be in loues of former Dame,  
With crime doe not it couer, but disclose the same.

31  
To whom the *Redersse* knight this answer sent,  
My Lord, my King, be nought hereat dismayd,  
Till well ye wote by graue intendment,  
What woman, and wherefore doth me vpbraide  
Vith breach of loue, and loyaltie betrayd.  
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward  
I lately trauaild, that vnwares I straid  
Out of my way, through perils strange and hard;  
That day should faile me, ere I had them all declar'd.

32  
There did I find, or rather I was found  
Of this false woman, that *Fidessa* hight,  
*Fidessa* hight the falsest Dame on ground,  
Most false *Duessa*, royall richly dight,  
That easie was to inueigle weaker sight:  
Who, by her wicked arts, and wilie skill,  
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,  
Vnwares me wrought vnto her wicked will,  
And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill.

33  
Then stepped forth the goodly royall Maid,  
And on the ground her selfe prostrating lowe,  
With sober countenance thus to him said:  
O pardon me, my soveraigne Lord, to shewe  
The secret treasons, which of late I knowe  
To haue been wrought by that false Sorceresse.  
She onely shee it is, that earst did throwe  
This gentle knight into so great distresse,  
That death him did await in daily wretchednesse.

34  
And now it seemes, that she suborned hath  
This craftie messenger with letters vaine,  
To worke new woe and improvidd scath,  
By breaking of the band betwixt vs twaine;  
Wherein she vied hath the practick paine  
Of this false footman, cloakt with simplenesse:  
Whom if ye please for to discover plaine,  
Ye shall him *Archimago* find, I ghesse,  
The falsest man aliue, who tries shall find no lesse.

35  
The King was greatly moued at her speech,  
And all with sadaine indignation fraught,  
Bade on that messenger rude hands to reach.  
Eftsoones the Gard, which on his State did wait,  
Attach't that traitor false, and bound him strait:  
Who, seeming sorely chauff'd at his band,  
As chained Beare, whom cruell dogs doe bait,  
With idle force did faine them to withstand,  
And often semblance made to scape out of their hand.

36  
But they him laid full lowe in dungeon deepe,  
And bound him hand and foot with iron chaines.  
And with continuall watch did warily keepe:  
Who then would thinke, that by his subtilie trames  
He could escape foule death or deadly paines?  
Thus when that Princes wrath was pacified,  
He gan renew the late forbidden banes,  
And to the Knight his Daughter deare he tyde,  
With sacred rites and vowes for euer to abide.

37  
His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,  
That none but death for euer can diuide;  
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fit,  
The bounding fire did kinde and prouide,  
And holy water thereon sprinkled wide:  
At which, a bulhy Teade a groomme did light,  
And sacred lampe in secret chamber hide,  
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,  
For feare of euill fates, but burnen euer bright.

38  
Then gan they sprinkle all the posts with wine,  
And made great feast, to solemnize that day;  
They all perfume with Frankencense diuine,  
And precious odours fetcht from farre away.  
That all the house did swear with great array:  
And all the while sweet Musick did apply  
Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,  
To driue away the dull Melancholy;  
The whiles one lung a song of loue and iollity.

39  
During the which, there was an heauenly noise  
Heard sound through all the Palace pleasantly,  
Like as it had been many an Angels voice,  
Singing before th'eternall Maestie,  
In their trinall triplicities on hie:  
Yet with no creature, whence that heauenly sweet  
Proceeded: yet each one felt secretly  
Himselfe thereby rest of his senses meet,  
And raiuish'd with rare impression in his sprite.

40  
Great ioy was made that day of young and old,  
And solemne feast proclaimed throughout the Land,  
That their exceeding mirth may not be told:  
Suffice it, here by signes to vnderstand  
The vsuall ioyes at knitting of loues band.  
Thise happy man the Knight himselfe did hold,  
Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand;  
And euer, when his eye did her behold,  
Her hart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

41  
Her ioyous presence and sweet company  
In full contenthe there did long enioy,  
Ne wicked envie, nor vile ialousie  
His deare delights were able to annoy:  
Yet swimming in that sea of blisfull ioy,  
He nought forgot, how he whilome had sworne,  
In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,  
Vnto his Faery Queene back to returne:  
The which he shortly did, and *Faerie* left to mourne.

Now



Now strike your sailes yeeiolly Mariners:  
For we be come vnto a quiet rode,  
Where we must land some of our passengers,  
And hight this wearie vessell of her lode.

Heere she awhile may make her safe aboade,  
Till she repaired haue her tackles spent,  
And wants supplide. And then againe abroad  
On the long voyage whereto she is bent:  
Well may shee speed, and fairely finish her intent.

*The end of the first Booke.*



THE



THE  
SECOND BOOKE  
OF THE FAERIE  
QVEENE:

CONTAINING  
THE LEGENDE OF SIR GUYON.

OR  
*Of Temperaunce.*

**R**ight well I wote, most mighty Soueraigne,  
That all this famous antique history,  
Of some, th'abundance of an idle braine  
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,  
Rather then matter of iust memory:  
Sith none that breatheth liuing aire, does knowe,  
Where is that happy Land of Faery,  
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where showe,  
But vouch antiquities, which no body can knowe.

But let that man with better sense aduise,  
That of the world least part to vs is read:  
And daily how through hardy enterprife,  
Many great Regions are discovered,  
Which to late age were neuer mentioned.  
Who euer heard of th'Indian *Pernu*?  
Or who in venturous vessell measured  
The *Amazons* huge riuer now found true?  
Or fruitfullest *Virginia* who did euer view?

Yet all these were, when no man did them knowe:  
Yet haue from wisest ages hidden beene:  
And later times things more vnknowne shall showe.  
Why then should wiselike man so much misweene

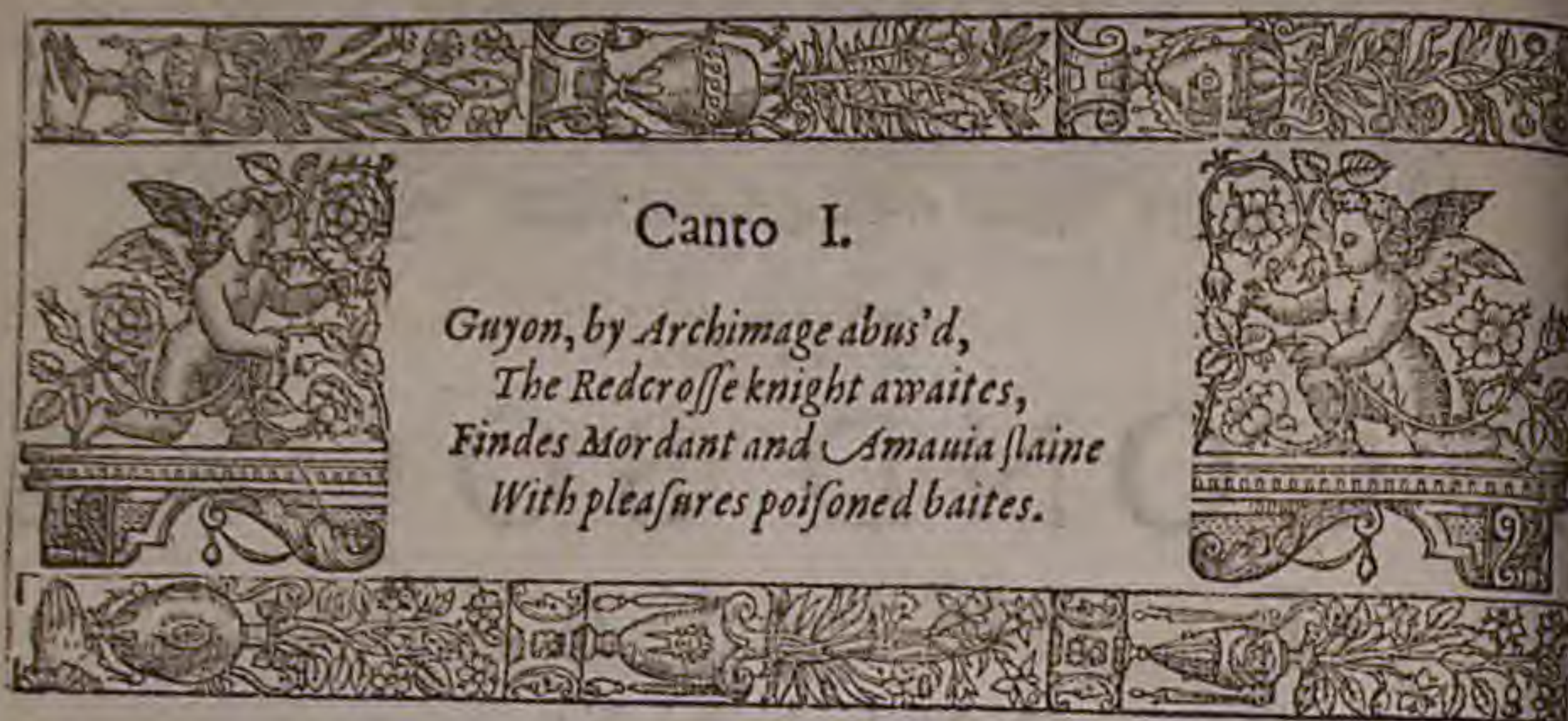
That nothing is, but that which he hath seene?  
What if within the Moones faire shining spheare,  
What if in euery other starre vnseene  
Of other worlds he happily should heare?  
He wonder would much more: yet luck to some appeare.

Of Faery lond yet if he more inquire,  
By certaine signes heere set in sundry place  
He may it find: ne let him then admire,  
But yield his sense to be too blunt and base,  
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace,  
And thou, o fairest Princeesse vnder sky,  
In this faire Mirror must behold thy face,  
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,  
And in this antique Image thy great auncestry.

The which, o pardon me thus to enfold  
In couert veile, and wrap in shadowes light,  
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,  
Which else could not endure those beames bright,  
But would be dazled with exceeding light.  
O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient care  
The braue adventures of this Faery Knight,  
The good Sir *Guyon*, graciously to heare,  
In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth appeare.

Cant.





**T**hat cunning Archite of cankred guile,  
Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,  
For falsed Letters and suborned wile,  
Soone as the Redcrosse knight he vnderstands,  
To beene departed out of Edenlands,  
To serue againe his foueraigne Elfin Queene,  
His artes he moues, and out of caytiue hands  
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes vnscene:  
His shackles empty left, himselfe escaped cleene.

And forth he fares, full of malicious mind,  
To worken mischief and auenging woe,  
Where euer he that godly knight may find,  
His onely hart sore, and his onely foe,  
Sith *Pana* now he algaates must forgoe,  
Whom his victorious hands did carst restore  
To naties crowne and kingdome late ygoe:  
Where she enioyes sure peace for euermore,  
As weather-beaten ship arriv'd on happy shore.

Him therefore now the object of his spight  
And deadly feude he makes: him to offend  
By forged treason, or by open fight  
He seeks, of all his drift the aymed end:  
Thereto his subtle engins he does bend,  
His practick wit, and his faire filed tong,  
With thousand other sleights: for, well he kend,  
His credit now in doubtfull ballance hong:  
For hardly could he hurt, who was already stong.

Still as he went, he craftie stales did lay,  
With cunning traines him to entrap vnwares,  
And priuie spials plac't in all his way,  
To weet what course he takes, and how he fares:  
To ketch him at advantage in his snares.  
By triall of his former harmes and cares,  
But now so wise and warie was the knight,  
That he descried, and shunned still his sight:  
The fish, that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.

Nath'lesse, th'Enchaunter would not spare his paine,  
In hope to win occasion to his will;  
Which when he long awaited had in vaine,  
He chang'd his mind from one to other ill:  
For, to all good he enemy was still.  
Vpon the way him fortun'd to meet  
(Faure marching vnderneath a shady hill)  
A goodly knight, all arm'd in harnesse meet,  
That from his head no place appeared to his feet.

His carriage was full comely and vpriht,  
His countenance demure and temperate;  
But yet so sterne and terrible in sight,  
That cheard his friends, and did his foes amate:  
He was an Elfin borne of noble state,  
And mickle worship in his native land:  
Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,  
And knighthood tooke of good Sir *Huon* hand,  
When with king *Oberon* he came to Faerie Land.

Him als accompanid vpon the way  
A comely Palmer, clad in black attire,  
Of ripest yeres, and haire all hoarie gray,  
That with a staffe his feeble steps did fire,  
Least his long way his aged limbes should tire:  
And, if by lookes one may the mind aread,  
He seem'd to be a sage and sober fire,  
And euer with slowe pace the knight did lead,  
Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to tread.

Such when as *Archimage* them did view,  
He weened well to worke some vnouth wile:  
Eftsoones vnswisting his deccitfull clew,  
He gan to weaue a web of wicked guile,  
And with faire countenance and flattering stile  
To them approaching, thus the Knight bespake:  
Faure sonne of *Marr*, that seeke with warlike spoile,  
And great archieumens, great your selfe to make,  
Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake.

He staid his steed for humble misers sake,  
And bade tell on the tenor of his plaint;  
Who, feigning then in euery limbe to quake,  
Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faint,  
With pittious mone his peacing speech gan paint:  
Deare Lady, how shall I declare thy case,  
Whom late I left in langorous constraint!  
Would God thy selfe now present were in place,  
To tell this ruefull tale; thy sight could win thee grace.

Or rather would, & would it so had chaunc't,  
That you, most noble Sir, had present beene,  
When that lewd ribauld (with vile lust aduanc't)  
Laid first his filthy hands on virgin cleene,  
To spoile her daintie corse so faire and sheene,  
As on the earth (great mother of vs all)  
With liuing eye more faire was neuer scene,  
Of chastitie and honour virginall:  
Witnesse ye heauens, whom she in vaine to helpe did call.

How may it be (said then the knight halfe wroth)  
That knight should knight-hood euer so haue shent?  
None but that saw (quoth he) would weene for troth,  
How shamefully that Maid he did torment.  
Her looser golden locks he rudely rent,  
And drew her on the ground, and his sharp sword,  
Against her snowy breast he fiercely bent,  
And threatned death with many a bloody word;  
Tongue hates to tell the rest, that eye to see abhor'd.

There-with, amoued from his sober mood,  
And liues he yet (said he) that wrought this act,  
And doen the heauens affoord him vitall food?  
He liues (quoth he) and boasteth of the fact,  
Ne yet hath any Knight his courage crackt.  
Where may that treachour then (said he) be found,  
Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?  
That shall I shew (said he) as sure, as hound  
The striken Deare doth challenge by the bleeding wound.

He staid not lenger talke, but with fierce ire,  
And zealous haste, away is quickly gone  
To seeke that Knight, where him that crafty Squire  
Suppos'd to be. They doe arrive anone,  
Where late a gentle Lady all alone,  
With garments rent, and haire discheueled,  
Wringing her hands, and making pittious mone;  
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,  
And her faire face, with teares was foully blubbered.

The Knight, approaching nigh, thus to her said,  
Faure Ladie, through foule sorrow ill bedight,  
Great pity is to see you thus dismayd,  
And marre the blossome of your beauty bright:  
For thy, appeale your griefe and heauy plight,  
And tell the cause of your conceiued paine.  
For, if he liue that hath you doen despight,  
He shall you doe due recompence againe,  
Or else his wrong with greater puissance maintaine.

Which when shee heard, as in despayntfull wile,  
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,  
And offred hope of comfort did despise:  
Her golden locks most cruelly she rent,  
And scratcht her face with gastly dremments,  
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be scene,  
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,  
Either for grieuous shame, or for great teene,  
As if her hart with sorrow had transfixed beene;

Till her that Squire bespake, Madame, my liefse,  
For Gods deare lous be not so wiltull bent,  
But doe vouchsafe now to receiue reliefe,  
The which good fortune doth to you present.  
For, what boots it to weepe and to wayment  
When ill is chaunc't, but doth the ill increafe,  
And the weake mind with double woe torment?  
When shee her Squire heard speake, she gan appeale  
Her voluntarie paine, and feeble some secret ease.

Eftsoone she said, Ah gentle trustie Squire,  
What comfort can I wofull wretch conceale,  
Or why should euer I henceforth desire  
To see faire heauens face, and life not leaue,  
Sith that false Traytor did my honour reue?  
False Traytour certes (said the Faerie knight)  
I read the man, that euer would deceaue  
A gentle Ladie, or her wrong through might:  
Death were too little paine for such a foule despight.

But now, faure Lady, comfort to you make,  
And read who hath ye wrought this shamefull plight:  
That short reuenge the man may ouertake,  
Where so he be, and soone vpon him light.  
Certes (said she) I wote not how he light;  
But vnder him a gray steed did he wield,  
Whose sides with dappled circles weren dight;  
Vpriht he rode, and in his siluer shield  
He bore a bloody Crosse, that quarter'd all the field.

Now by my head (said *Guyon*) much I muse  
How that same Knight should doe so foule amiss,  
Or euer gentle Damzell so abuse:  
For, may I boldly say, hee surely is  
A right good Knight, and true of word ywis:  
I present was, and can it witnesse well,  
When armes he swore, and straight did enterpris  
Th'adventure of the *Errant damozell*,  
In which he hath great glorie wonne, as I heare tell.

Nath'lesse, he shortly shall againe be tryde,  
And fairely quite him of th'imputed blame:  
Else be ye sure, he dearely shall abide,  
Or make you good amendment for the same:  
All wrongs haue mends, but no amends of shame.  
Now therefore Ladie, rise out of your paine,  
And see the saluing of your blotted name.  
Full loath shee seem'd thereto, but yet did faue:  
For, she was inly glad her purpose so to gaue.



21  
Her purpose was not such, as she did feine,  
Ne yet her person such, as it was seene;  
But vnder simple shewe, and semblant plaine  
Lurkt false *Duessa*, secretly vnseene,  
As a chaste virgin that had wronged beene:  
So had false *Archimage* her disguis'd,  
To cloake her guile with sorrow and sad teene;  
And eke himselfe had craftily deuiz'd  
To be her Squire, and doe her seruice well aguis'd.

22  
Her, late forlorne and naked, he had found,  
Where the did wander in waste Wildernesse,  
Lurking in Rocks and Caues farre vnder ground,  
And with Greene mosse cōu'ring her nakednesse,  
To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse;  
Sith her Prince *Arthur* of proud ornaments  
And borrow'd beauty spoyld. Her nathelasse  
Th'enchanted finding fit for his intents,  
Did thus reuert, and deckt with due habiliments.

23  
For, all he did, was to deceiue good Knights,  
And drawe them from pursuit of praise and fame,  
To slug in sloth and sensuall delights,  
And end their daies with irrenewed shame.  
And now exceeding grieft him overcame  
To see the *Redersse* thus aduanced hie;  
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,  
Against his praise to stirre vp enmitie  
Of such, as vertues like more vnto him allie.

24  
So now he *Guyon* guides an vnouth way,  
Through woods & mountaines, till they came at last  
Into a pleasant dale, that lowely lay  
Betwixt two hills, whose high heads overlac't,  
The valley did with coole shade overcast;  
Through midst thereof a little riuer rold,  
By which there fate a knight with helme vnac't,  
Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,  
After his trauile long, and labours manifold.

25  
Loe, yonder hee (*cryde Archimage* aloud)  
That wrought the shamefull fact, which I did shew;  
And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,  
To flee the vengeance for his outrage dew;  
But vaine: for, ye shall dearely doe him rewe,  
So God yee speed, and send you good successe;  
Which we farre off will here abide to view.  
So they him left, inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,  
That straight against that knight his speare he did addresse.

26  
Who, seeing him from farre so fierce to prick,  
His warlike armes about him gan embrace,  
And in the rest his ready speare did stick;  
Tho when as still he saw him towards pale,  
He gan r'encounter him in equall race.  
They beene ymet, both ready to affray,  
When suddainly that warrior gan abate  
His threatned speare, as if some new mishap  
Had him betidde, or hidden danger did entrap;

27  
And cryde, Mercie Sir Knight, and mercy Lord,  
For mine offence and heedlesse hardiment,  
That had almost committed crime abhord,  
And with reprochfull shame mine honour shent,  
Whiles curld Steele against that badge I bent,  
The sacred badge of my Redeemers death,  
Which on your shield is set for ornament:  
But his fierce foe his steed could stay vneath,  
Who (prickt with courage keene) did cruell battell breack.

28  
But, when he heard him speake, straight way he knew  
His error, and (himselfe inclining) said;  
Ah! deare Sir *Guyon*, well becommeth you;  
But me behoueth rather to vprayd,  
Whose hastie hand so farre from reason straid,  
That almost it did haynous violence  
On that faire Image of that heavenly Maid,  
That decks and armes your shield with faire defence:  
Your court'sie takes on you anothers due offence.

29  
So beent they both attone, and doen vpreare  
Their beuers bright, each other for to greet;  
Goodly comportance each to other beare,  
And entertaine themselves with court'sies meet.  
Then said the *Redersse* Knight, Now mote I weete,  
Sir *Guyon*, why with so fierce saliance,  
And fell intent ye did at earst me meet;  
For, sith I know your goodly gouernance,  
Great cause (I weene) you guided, or some vnouth chaunce.

30  
Certes (said he) well mote I shame to tell  
The fond enchealon that me hither led.  
A false infamous faitour late befell  
Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,  
And plained of grievous outrage, which hered  
A Knight had wrought against a Ladie gent:  
Which to avenge, he to this place me led,  
Where you he made the marke of his intent,  
And now is fled; foule shame him follow, where hee went.

31  
So can he turne his earnest vnto game,  
Through goodly handling and wise temperaunce.  
By this, his aged guide in presence came;  
Who, soone as on that knight his eye did glaunce,  
Eftsoones of him had perfect cognizaunce,  
Sith him in Faerie Court he late auiz'd;  
And said, Faire sonne, God giue you happy chaunce,  
And that deare Crosse vpon your shield deuiz'd,  
Where-with about all knights ye goodly seeme aguiz'd.

32  
Ioy may you haue, and euermore fame,  
Of late most hard atchieuement by you donne,  
For which enrolled is your glorious name  
In heavenly Registers about the Sunne,  
Where you a Saint, with Saints your seat haue wonne;  
But, wretched we, where ye haue left your marke,  
Must now anew begin, like race to runne,  
God guide thee, *Guyon*, well to end thy warke,  
And to the wished haven bring thy wearie barke.

Palmer,

33  
Palmer, (him answered the *Redersse* Knight)  
His be the praise, that this atchieuement wrought,  
Who made my hand the organ of his might:  
More then good-will to me attribute nought:  
For, all I did, I did but as I ought.  
But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next ensues,  
Well mote yee thee, as well can with your thought.  
That home ye may report these happy newes;  
For, well yee worthy beene for worth and gentle thewes.

34  
So, courteous conge both did giue and take,  
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.  
Then *Guyon* forward gan his voyage make,  
With his black Palmer, that him guided still.  
Still he him guided ouer dale and hill,  
And with his steadie staffe did point his way:  
His race with reason, and with words his will,  
From foule intemperance he oft did stay,  
And suffred not in wrath his hastie steps to stray.

35  
In this faire wise they traueild long yfere,  
Through many hard assaies, which did betide:  
Of which he honour still away did beare,  
And spred his glory through all Countries wide.  
At last, as chaunc'd them by a Forest side  
To passe (for succour from the scorching ray)  
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride  
With piercing shriekes, and many a dolefull lay;  
Which to attend, awhile their forward steps they stay.

36  
But, if that careless heauens (quoth she) despise  
The doome of iust reuenge, and take delight  
To see sad pageants of mens miseries,  
As bound by them to liue in lifes despight;  
Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.  
Come then, come soone, come sweetest death to mee.  
And take away this long lent loathed light:  
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweet the medicines bee,  
That long captiued soules from wearie thraldome free.

37  
But thou, sweet Babe, whom frowning froward fate  
Hath made sad witnesse of thy fathers fall,  
Sith heauen thee deignes to hold in lining state,  
Long maist thou liue, and better thrue withall,  
Then to thy lucklesse Parents did befall:  
Liue thou, and to thy mother dead attest,  
That cleare she dide from blemish criminall;  
Thy little hands embrewd in bleeding brest,  
Loe, I for pledges leaue. So giue me leaue to rest.

38  
With that, a deadly shriek she forth did throwe,  
That through the wood reechoed againe:  
And after, gaue a groane so deepe and lowe,  
That seem'd her tender hart was rent in twaine,  
Or thrild with point of thorough-pearing paine;  
As gentle Hind, whose sides with cruell Steele  
Through launced, forth her bleeding life does raine,  
Whiles the sad pang approaching she does feelee,  
Brayes out her latest breath, and vp her eyes doth feelee.

39  
Which when that warrior heard, dismounting straight  
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,  
And soone arriued, where that sad puertrait  
Of death and labour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick,  
In whose white alabaster breast did stick  
A cruell knife, that made a grieftly wound,  
From which forth gusht a streame of gore-bloud thick,  
That all her goodly garments stained around,  
And into a deepe luguine dide the grassie ground.

40  
Pittifull spectacle of deadly smart,  
Beside a bubbling fontaine lowe she lay,  
Which she increased with her bleeding hart,  
And the cleane waues with purple gold did ray;  
Als in her lap a little babe did play  
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;  
For, in her streaming bloud he did embay  
His little hands, and tender ioynts embrew;  
Pittifull spectacle, as euer eye did view.

41  
Besides them both, vpon the soiled grass  
The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,  
Whose armour all with bloud besprinkled was;  
His ruddie lips did smile, and rosiere red  
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yet beeing ded:  
Seem'd to haue beene a goodly perfonage,  
Now in his freshest flowre of lustyhed,  
Fit to inflame faire Lady with loues rage,  
But that fierce fate did crop the blossome of his age.

42  
Whom, when the good Sir *Guyon* did behold,  
His hart gan wax as starke as Marble stone,  
And his fresh bloud did frieze with fearefull cold,  
That all his senses seem'd bereft attone:  
At last, his mightie ghost gan deepe to grone,  
As Lyon grudging in his great diluine,  
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone;  
Till ruth and fraile affection did constrain  
His courage stout to stoupe, and shew his inward paine.

43  
Out of her gored wound the cruell Steele  
He lightly snatcht, and did the floud-gate stop  
With his faire garment: then gan softly feelee  
Her feeble pulse, to proue if any drop  
Of liuing bloud yet in her veines did hop;  
Which when he felt to moue, he hoped faire  
To call back life to her forsaken shop;  
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,  
That at the last she gan to breathe out lining aire.

44  
Which he perceiving, greatly gan reioyce,  
And goodly counsell (that for wounded hart  
Is meetest medicine) tempred with sweet voice;  
Ay me! deare Lady, which the Image art  
Of ruefull pittie, and impatient smart,  
What direfull chance, arm'd with reuenging fate,  
Or curld hand hath plaid this cruell part,  
Thus foule to hasten your vntimely date?  
Speake, O deare Lady speake: help neuer comes too late.

F 3.

There-



There with her dim eye-his the vp gan reare,  
On which the dreary death did sit, as sad  
As lump of lead, and made darke cloudes appeare:  
But when as him (all in bright armour clad)  
Before her standing shee elpied had,  
As one out of a deadly dreame affright,  
She weakely started, yet she nothing drad:  
Straight downe againe her selfe in great despight,  
Shee gouching threw to ground, as hating life and light.

The gentle knight, her soone with carefull paine  
Vplated light, and softly did vphold:  
Thrice he her reard, and thrice shee funke againe,  
Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,  
And to her said: Yet if the stony cold  
Hane not all seized on your frozen hart,  
Let one word fall that may your griefe vnfold,  
And tell the secret of your mortall smart:  
He oft findes present help, who does his griefe impart.

Then casting vp a deadly looke, full lowe  
Shee sigh't, from bottom of her wounded brest,  
And after, many bitter throbs did throwe,  
With lips full pale, and soltring tongue oppress,  
These words shee breathed forth from riuen chest:  
Leaue, ah leaue off, what euer wight thou bee,  
To let a wretched wretch from her due rest,  
And trouble dying soules tranquillitee.  
Take not away now got, which none would giue to mee.

Ah! furre be it (said he) Deare dame fro mee,  
To hinder soule from her desired rest,  
Or hold sad life in long captiuitie:  
For, all I seeke, is but to haue redrest  
The bitter pangs, that doth your hart infect.  
Tell then (O Lady) tell what fatall priefe  
Hath with so huge misfortune you oppress?  
That I may cast to compasse your reliefe,  
Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your griefe.

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hie,  
As heauen accusing guiltie of her death,  
And with dry drops congealed in her eye,  
In these sad words shee spent her vtmost breath:  
Heare then (O man) the sorrowes that vneath  
My tongue can tell, so furre all sense they passe:  
Lo, this dead corpe, that lyes here vnderneath,  
The gentlest knight, that euer on greene grasse  
Gay steed with spurs did prick, the good Sir Mordant was:

Was (ay the while, that he is not so now!)  
My Lord, my loue; my deare Lord, my deare loue,  
So long as heauen iust with equall brow  
Vouchsafed to behold vs from above,  
One day when him high courage did emmoue,  
(As wont ye knights to seeke adventures wild)  
Hee pricked forth, his puilliant force to proue,  
Met when he left enwombed of this child,  
This lucklesse child, whom thus yee see with blood defil'd.

Him fortun'd (hard fortune ye may ghesse)  
To come where vile *Acrasia* does wonne,  
*Acrasia*, a false Enchaunteresse,  
That many errant knights hath foule fordonne:  
Within a wandring Island, that doth ronne  
And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is;  
Faile Sir, if euer there ye trauell, shonne  
The curled land where many wend amiss,  
And knowe it by the name: it hight the *Bowre of blisse*.

Her blisse is all in pleasure and delight,  
Where with shee makes her louers drunken mad;  
And then, with words and weeds of wondrous might,  
On them shee works her will to vles bad:  
My lifest Lord shee thus beguiled had;  
For, he was fleshy: (all fleshy doth frailetie breed.)  
Whom, when I heard to been so ill betrad,  
(Weake wretch) I wrapt my selfe in Palmers weed,  
And cast to seek him forth through danger & great dread.

Now had faire *Cynthia* by euen tournes  
Full measured three quarters of her yeare,  
And thrice threetimes had fill'd her crooked hornes,  
When as my wombe her burdein would forbear,  
And bade me call *Lucina* to me neare.  
*Lucina* came: a man-child forth I brought:  
The woods, the Nymphes, my bowres, my Midwife  
Hard help at need: So deare thee babe I bought,  
Yet nought too deare I deem'd, while so my dear I sought.

Him so I sought, and so at last I found,  
Where him that Witch had thrall'd to her will,  
In chaines of lust and lewd desires ybound,  
And so transformed from his former skill,  
That me he knew not, neither his owne ill;  
Till through wise handling and faire gouernance,  
I him recured to a better will,  
Purged from drugs of foule intemperance:  
Then meanes I gan deuise for his deliuerance.

Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiu'd,  
How that my Lord from her I would retriue,  
With cup thus charm'd, him parting shee deceiu'd:  
Sad verse, giue death to him that death does giue,  
And losse of loue, to her that loues to liue,  
So soone as *Bacchus* with the *Nymphes* does linke:  
So parted we, and on our iourney drue,  
Till comming to this Well, he stoupt to drinke:  
The charme fullild, dead suddenly he downe did sinke.

Which, when I wretch. Not one word more shee said,  
But breaking off the end for want of breath,  
And slyding soft, as downe to sleepe he laid,  
And ended all her woe in quiet death.  
That seeing good Sir *Guyon*, could vneath  
From teares abstaine: for griefe his hart did grate,  
And from to beanie sight his head did wreath,  
Accusing Fortune, and too cruell fate,  
Which plunged had faire Lady in so wretched state.

Then turning to the Palmer, said, Old fire,  
Behold the Image of mortalitie,  
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshy tire,  
When raging passion with fierce tyrannie  
Robs reason of her due regalitie,  
And makes it seruauant to her basest part:  
The strong, it weakens with infirmite,  
And with bold furie armes the weakest hart:  
The strong, through pleasure soonest falls, the weake  
(through smart.

But temperance (said he) with golden squire  
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,  
Neither to melt in pleasures hot desire,  
Nor fry in hartlesse griefe and dolefull teene.  
Thrice happy man, who fares them both atweene:  
But, sith this wretched woman overcome  
Of anguish, rather then of crime hath beene,  
Relieve her cause to her eternall doome;  
And in the meane, vouchsafe her honorable toombe.

Palmer (quoth he) death is an euill doome  
To good and bad, the common Inne of rest;  
But, after death, the tryall is to come,  
When best shall be to them that liued best:

But, both alike, when death hath both suppress,  
Religious reuerence doth buriall teene,  
Which who so wants, wants so much of his rest:  
For, all to great shame after death I weene,  
As selfe to dyen bad, vnburied bad to beene.

So, both agree their bodies to engraue:  
The great earths wombe they open to the sky,  
And with sad Cypresse seemely it embrace:  
Then couering with a clod their closed eye,  
They lay therein those corpes tenderly,  
And bid them sleepe in euerlasting peace.  
But, ere they did their vtmost obsequy,  
Sir *Guyon*, more affection to increade,  
Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should euer release.

The dead Knights sword out of his sheath he drew,  
With which he cut a lock of all their haire,  
Which medling with their blood and earth, he threw  
Into the Graue, and gan deuoutly sweare;  
Such and such euill God on *Guyon* reare,  
And worse and worse young Orphane be thy paine,  
If I, or thou, due vengeance doe forbear,  
Till guiltie blood her guerdon doe obtaine:  
So, shedding many teares, they clos'd the earth againe.

## Canto II.

Babes bloody hands may not be clens'd,  
the face of golden Meane.  
Her sisters two Extremities:  
strive her to banish cleane.

Hus when Sir *Guyon* with his faithfull guide  
Had with due rites and dolorous lament  
The end of their sad Tragedie yptide,  
The litle babe vp in his armes he bent:  
Who with sweet pleasure & bold blandish-  
G smile on them, that rather ought to weep, (ment  
As carelesse of his woe, or innocent  
Of that was doen, that ruth emperced deep  
In that Knights hart, & words with bitter teares did steep.

Ah! lucklesse babe, borne vnder cruell star,  
And in dead Parents balefull ashes bred,  
Full litle weenest thou, what sorrowes are  
Left thee for portion of thy luckelied,

Poore Orphane, in the wide world scattered,  
As budding branch rent from the native tree,  
And throwen forth, till it be withered:  
Such is the state of men: thus enter wee  
Into this life with woe, and end with miseriee.

Then soft himselfe inclining on his knee  
Downe to that Well, did in the water weene  
(So loue does loath disdaine full nicetee)  
His guiltie hands from bloudie gore to cleene.  
He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they beene  
(For all his washing) cleaner. Still he stroue,  
Yet still the litle hands were bloudie seene:  
The which him into great amazement droue,  
And into diuers doubt his wauering wonder cloue.



He wist not whether blot of foule offence  
Might not be purg'd with water nor with bath;  
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,  
Imprinted had that token of his wrath;  
To shew how fore-bloud-guiltinesse he hat'h;  
Or that the charme and venom, which they drunk,  
These bloud with secret filth infected hath,  
Being diffused through the senselesse trunk,  
That through the great contagion direfull deadly stunk.

Whom thus at gaze, the Palmer gan to bord  
With goodly reason, and thus faire bespake;  
Ye been right hard amated, gracious Lord,  
And of your ignorance great maruell make,  
Whiles cause not well conceiued ye mistake.  
But knowe, that secret vertues are infus'd  
In euery Fountaine, and in euery Lake,  
Which who hath skill them rightly to haue chus'd,  
To prooue of passing wonders hath full often vs'd.

Of those, some were so from their founte indewd  
By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap  
Their Well-heads spring, and are with moisture dewd;  
Which feedes each liuing plant with liquid sap,  
And fillles with flowres faire *Floraes* painted lap:  
But other some, by gift of liuer grace,  
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,  
Had vertue pourd into their waters base,  
And thence-forth were renown'd, & sought from place to

Such is this Well, wrought by occasion strange,  
Which to her Nymph befell. Vpon a day,  
As shee the woods with bowe and shafts did range,  
The hartlesse Hind and Robucke to dismay,  
*Dan Faunus* chaunc't to meet her by the way,  
And kindling fire at her faire burning eye,  
Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,  
And chased her, that fast from him did fly:  
As Hind from her, so she fled from her enemy.

At last, when failing breath began to faint,  
And law no means to scape, of shame affraid,  
Shee fate her downe to weepe for sore constraint,  
And to *Diana* calling loud for aide,  
Her deare besought, to let her die a maid.  
The Goddess heerd, and suddaine where shee fate,  
Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismayd  
With fionie feare of that rude rustick mate,  
Transform'd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

Lo, now shee is that stone, from those two heads  
(As from two weeping eyes) fresh streames doe flowe,  
Yet cold through feare, and old conceiued dreads;  
And yet the stone her semblance seemes to shewe,  
Shap'd like a maid, that such ye may her knowe;  
And yet her vertues in her water bide:  
For, it is chaste and pure, as purest snowe,  
Ne lets her waves with any filth be didde,  
Nor euer (like her selfe) vntainted hath beene tide.

From thence it comes, that this babes bloody hand  
May not be cleand with water of this Well:  
Ne certes Sir strue you it to withstand,  
But let them still be bloody, as befell,  
That they his mothers innocence may tell,  
As she bequeath'd in her last testament:  
That as a sacred Symbole it may dwell  
In her sonnes flesh, to minde reuengement,  
And be for all chaste Dames an endlesse monument.

Hee harkned to his reason, and the child  
Vptaking, to the Palmer gaue to beare;  
But his sad fathers armes with bloud defild,  
An heauie load him selfe did lightly reare,  
And turning to that place, in which whyleare  
He left his lofty steed with golden fell,  
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not there.  
By other accident that earst befell,  
He is conuaid; but how, or where, here fits not tell.

Which when Sir *Guyon* saw, all were he wroth,  
Yet algates more he lost him selfe appeale,  
And fairely fire on foote, how euer loth;  
His double burden did him fore diseale.  
So long they trauiell'd with little ease,  
Till that at last they to a Castle came,  
Built on a rock adioyning to the seas;  
It was an auncient worke of antique fame,  
And wondrous strong by nature, and by skilfull frame.

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,  
The children of one fire by mothers three;  
Who dying whylome did diuide this Fort  
To them by equall shares in equall fee:  
But strifefull mind, and diuers qualitee  
Drew them in parts, and each made others foe:  
Still did they strue, and daily disagree;  
The eldest did against the youngest goe,  
And both against the middest meant to worke woe.

Where, when the Knight arriu'd, he was right well  
Receit'd, as knight of so much worth became,  
Of second sister, who did far excell  
The other two; *Medina* was her name,  
A sober sad, and comely courteous Dame;  
Who rich arrayd, and yet in modest guise,  
In goodly garments, that her well became,  
Faire marching forth in honourable wize,  
Him at the threshold met, and well did enterprize.

She led him vp into a goodly bowre,  
And comely courted with meet modestie;  
Ne in her speech, ne in her hauiour,  
Was lightnesse seene, or looser vanitie,  
But gracious womanhood, and grauitie,  
About the reason of her youthly yeares:  
Her golden locks she roundly did vptie  
In brayded tramels, that no looser heares  
Did out of order stray about her dainty eares.

Whilft

Whilft she her selfe thus busily did frame,  
Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,  
Newes heereof to her other sisters came,  
Who all this while were at their wanton rest,  
Accounting each her friend with lauish feast:  
They were two knights of peerlesse puissaunce,  
And famous fure abroad for warlike gest,  
Which to these Ladies loue did countenance,  
And to his Mistresse each him selfe stroue to aduance.

He that made loue vnto the eldest Dame,  
Was hight Sir *Huddibras*, an hardy man;  
Yet not so good of deeds, as great of name,  
Which he by many rash adventures wan,  
Since errant armes to few he first began;  
More huge in strength, then wise in workes he was;  
And reason with foole-hardize over-ran;  
Sierne melancholy did his courage pass,  
And was (for terrour more) all arm'd in shining brasis.

But he that lov'd the youngest, was *Sans-loy*,  
He that faire *Fauna* late foule outraged,  
The most vnruely and the boldest boy  
That euer warlike weapons menaged,  
And to all lawlesse lust encouraged,  
Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might:  
Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged  
By tortious wrong, or whom beuau'd of right.  
He now this Ladies champion chose for loue to fight.

These two gay knights, vow'd to so diuers louses,  
Each other does envie with deadly hate,  
And daily warre against his foeman moues,  
In hope to win more fauour with his mate,  
And th'others pleasing seruite to abate,  
To magnifie his owne. But when they heard,  
How in that place strange knight arriued late,  
Both knights and Ladies forth right angry far'd,  
And fiercely vnto battell sterne themselves prepar'd.

But ere they could proceed vnto the place  
Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,  
And cruell combat ioyn'd in middle space:  
With horrible assault, and furie fell,  
They heapt huge stroakes, the scorned life to quell,  
That all on vprere from her settled seat,  
The house was rais'd, and all that in did dwell;  
Seem'd that loud thunder with amazement great,  
Did rend the ratling skies with flames of fouldring heat.

The noyse thereof calth forth that stranger Knight,  
To weet what dreadfull thing was there in hond;  
Where, when as two braue knights in bloody fight  
With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,  
His sunbroad shield about his wrest he bond,  
And shyning blade vn sheath'd, with which he ran  
Vnto that stead, their strife to vnderstand;  
And, at his first arriuall, them began  
With goodly means to pacifie, well as he can.

But they him spying, both with greedy force  
Attonce vpon him ran, and him weter  
With stroakes of mortall Steele without remorse,  
And on his shield like iron sledges bet;  
As when a Beare and Tigre, being met  
In cruell fight on lybicke Ocean wide,  
Espy a traualer with feet surbet,  
Whom they in equall prey hope to diuide,  
They stint their strife, and him assaile on euery side.

But he, not like a wearie traualer,  
Their sharp assault right boldly did rebat,  
And suffred not their blowes to bite him nere,  
But with redoubled buffes them back did put:  
Whose grieued mindes, which choler did englut,  
Against themselves turning their wrathfull spiglit,  
Gan with new rage their shields to hew and cut;  
But still when *Guyon* came to part their fight,  
With heauie load on him they freshly gan to smight.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,  
Whom raging winds threatening to make the pray  
Of the rough rocks, do diuersly diseale,  
Meets two contrary billowes by the way,  
That her on either side do fore assay,  
And boast to swallow her in greedy Graue;  
Shee, scorning both their spights, does make wide way,  
And with her breast breaking the fomy wate,  
Does ride on both their backs, and faire her selfe doth saue:

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth  
Betwene them both, by conduct of his blade.  
Wondrous great prowesse and herboick worth  
He shew'd that day, and rare ensample made.  
When two so mighty warriors he dismayd:  
Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and payes,  
Now forc't to yield, now forcing to invade,  
Before, behind, and round about him layes:  
So double was his paines, so double be his praise.

Strange sort of fight, three valiant knights to see  
Three combats ioyn'd in one, and to darraigne  
A triple warre with triple enmittee,  
All for their Ladies froward loue to gaine,  
Which gotten was but hane. So loue does raine  
In stoutest mindes, and maketh monstrous warre;  
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,  
And yet his peace is but continuall iarre:  
O miserable men, that to him subiect are!

While thus they mingled were in furious armes,  
The faire *Medina* with her tresses torne,  
And naked breast (in pittie of their harmes)  
Emongst them ran, and falling them before,  
Besought them by the wombe which them had borne,  
And by the louses, which were to them most deare,  
And by the knighthood, which they fure had sworne,  
Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,  
And to her iust conditions of faire peace to heare.

But



28  
But her two other sisters, standing by,  
Her loud gauld, and both their Champion bad  
Pursue the end of their strong enmity,  
As euer of their loues they would be glad,  
Yet she, with pittie words and counsell sad,  
Sill stroue their stubborn rages to reuoke;  
That, at the last, suppressing fury mad,  
They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,  
And harken to the sober speeches which she spoke.

29  
Ah! pusillant Lords, what cursed euill Spright,  
Or fell *Erinyes*, in your noble harts  
Her hellish brood hath kindled with despight,  
And furd you vp to worke your wilfull smarts?  
Is this the ioy of armes? be these the parts  
Of glorious knight-hood, after blood to thrust,  
And not regard due right and iust defarts?  
Vaine is the vaunt, and victory vniust,  
That more to mighty hands, then rightfull cause doth trust.

30  
And, were there rightfull cause of difference,  
Yet were not better, faire it to accord,  
Then with bloud-guillines to heape offence,  
And mortall vengeance ioyne to crime abhord?  
O! fly from wrath: fly, O my liefest Lord,  
Sad be the sights, and bitter fruites of warre,  
And thousand Furies wait on wrathfull sword;  
Ne ought the praise of prowesse more doth marre,  
Then fouler reuenging rage, and base contentious iarre.

31  
But louely concord, and most sacred peace,  
Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds;  
Weake she makes strong, & strong thing does increase,  
Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds:  
Braue be her warres, and honourable deeds,  
By which she triumphs ouer ire and pride,  
And winnes an Olue girlond for her meeds:  
Be therefore, O my deare Lords, pacifide,  
And this misseeming discord meekly lay aside.

32  
Her gracious words their rancour did appall,  
And sunke so deepe into their boyling brefts,  
That downe they let their cruell weapons fall,  
And lowely did abate their loftie crefts  
To her faire preience, and discrete behests.  
Then she began a treatie to procure,  
And fishlish termes betwixt both their requests,  
That as a lawe for euer should endure:  
Which to obserue, in word of knights they did assure.

33  
Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,  
After their wearie sweat and bloody toile,  
She them besought, during their quiet treague,  
Into her lodging to repaire awhile,  
To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.  
They soone consent: so forth with her they fyre,  
Where they are well recei'd, and made to spoile  
Themselves of soiled armes, and to prepare  
Their minds to pleasure, and their mouthes to dainty fare.

34  
And those two froward sisters (their faire loues)  
Came with them eke (all were they wondrous loth)  
And fained cheare, as for the time behoues;  
But could not colour yet so well the troth,  
But that their natures bad appeared in both:  
For, both did at their second sister grutch,  
And inly grieue, as doth an hidden moth  
The inner garment fret, not th'utter touch;  
One thought their chear too little, th'other thought too

35  
*Elissa* (so the eldest hight) did deeme  
Such entertainment base, ne ought would ear,  
Ne ought would speake, but euermore did seeme  
As discontent for want of mirth or meare;  
No solace could her Paramour intreat  
Her once to shoue, ne court, nor dalliance:  
But with bent lowering browes, as she would threat,  
She scould, and frownd with froward countenance,  
Vnworthy of faire Ladies comely gouernance.

36  
But young *Perissa* was of other mind,  
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,  
And quite contrary to her sisters kind;  
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,  
But poured out in pleasure and delight:  
In wine and meats she flow'd about the bank,  
And in excess exceeded her owne might;  
In sumptuous fare she ioy'd her selfe to prank;  
But of her loue too lauish (little haue she thank.)

37  
First, by her side did sit the bold *Sans luy*,  
Fit mate for such a mincing minceon,  
Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding ioy;  
Might not be found a franker franion,  
Of her lewd parts to make companion;  
But *Huddibras*, more like a Malecontent,  
Did see and grieue at his bold fashion;  
Hardly could he endure his hardiment,  
Yet still he sat, and inly did himselfe torment.

38  
Betwixt them both, the faire *Medina late*,  
With sober grace, and goodly cariage:  
With equall measure she did moderate  
The strong extremities of their outrage;  
That forward paire she euer would allwage,  
When they would strue due reason to exceed;  
But that same froward twaine would accourage,  
And of her plenty adde vnto their need:  
So kept she them in order, and herselfe in heed.

39  
Thus fairely shee tempered her feast,  
And pleasd them all with meet satietie:  
At last, when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,  
She *Guyon* deare besought of curtesie,  
To tell from whence he came through ieopardie,  
And whither now on new adventure bound.  
Who, with bold grace, and comely grauity,  
Drawing to him the eyes of all around,  
From lofty siege began these words aloud to found.

40  
This thy demaund, O Lady, doth reuiue  
Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,  
Great and most glorious virgin Queene aliue,  
That with her soueraigne powre, and scepter sheene,  
All Faerie Lond does peaceable susteine.  
In widest Ocean she her throne does reare,  
That ouer all the earth it may be seene:  
As morning sunne her beames dispredden cleare:  
And in her face, faire peace and mercy doth appeare.

41  
In her, the riches of all heavenly grace  
In chiefe degree are heaped vp on hie:  
And all, that else this worlds enclosure base  
Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,  
Adornes the person of her Maiestie:  
That men beholding so great excellence,  
And rare perfection in mortalitie,  
Doe her adore with sacred reuerence,  
As th'Idole of her Makers great magnificence.

42  
To her, I homage and my seruice owe,  
In number of the noblest knights on ground,  
Mongst whom, on me she deigned to bestowe  
Order of *Maydenhead*, the most renownd,  
That may this day in all the world be found:  
An yearely solemne feast she wonts to make  
The day that first doth lead the yeare around;  
To which all Knights of worth and courage bold  
Resort, to heare of strange adventures to be told.

43  
There this old Palmer shewed himselfe that day,  
And to that mighty Princeesse did complaine  
Of grieuous mischiefes, which a wicked Fay  
Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,

Whereof he crav'd redresse. My Soueraigne,  
Whole glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes  
Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,  
Eftsoones deuis'd redresse for such annoyes:  
Mee (all vnfit for so great purpose) she employes.

44  
Now hath faire *Phæbe* with her silver face  
Thrice seene the shadowes of the weathier world,  
Sith last I left that honourable place,  
In which her royall preience is intold:  
Ne euer shall I rest in house nor hold,  
Till I that false *Acrasie* haue wonne:  
Of whose foule deeds (too hideous to be told)  
I witnesse am, and this their wretched tonne,  
Whole wofull Parents she hath wickedly tordonne.

45  
Tell on, faire Sir, said she, that dolefull tale,  
From which sad ruth does seeme you to refraine,  
That we may pittie such vnhappy bale,  
And learne from pleasures poylon to abstaine:  
Ill, by ensample, good doth often gaine.  
Then forward he his purpose gan purview,  
And told the storie of the mortall paine,  
Which *Mordant* and *Amavia* did rewe:  
As with lamenting eyes himselfe did lately view.

46  
Night was farre spent, and now in Ocean deepe  
*Orion*, flying fast from hissing Snake,  
His flaming head did hasten for to sleepe,  
When of his pittious tale he ead did make:  
Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake;  
Those guests beguiled, did beguile their eyes  
Of kindly sleepe, that did them ouertake.  
At last, when they had markt the changed skyes,  
They wist their houre was spent; then each to rest him hies.

## Canto III.

Vaine Braggadocchio, getting Guyons  
horse, is made the scorn  
Of knight hood true, and is of faire  
Belphæbe foule forlorne.

47  
Soone as the morrowe faire with purple beames  
Dispersit the shadowes of the mistie night,  
And *Titan* playing on the Easterne streames,  
Gan cleare the dewy aire with springing light,

Sir *Guyon*, mindfull of his vow yplight,  
Vprose from drowsie couch, and him addrest  
Vnto the iourney which he had beought:  
His pusillart armes about his noble breast,  
And many-folded shield he bound about his wrist.

Then



Then, taking *Conger* of that virgin pure,  
The bloody-handed babe into her crutch  
Did earnestly commit, and her conuere,  
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,  
And all that gentle nouriſure enſu'th:  
And, that ſo loone as ripeſt yeares he taught,  
He might for memory of that daies ruth,  
Be called *Reddymare*, and thereby taught,  
To avenge his Parents death, on them that had it wrought.

So forth he ſar'd, as now beſell, on foot,  
Sith his good ſteed is lately from him gone:  
Patience perforce; helpleſſe what may it boot  
To ſtand for anger, or for griefe to mone?  
His Palmer now ſhall ſoot no more alone:  
So fortune wrought, as vnder greene woods ſide  
He lately heard that dying Lady grone,  
He left his ſteed without, and ſpeare beſide,  
And ruſhed in on foote, to ayde her ere ſhe dide.

The whiles, a loſell wandring by the way,  
One that to bounty neuer caſt his mind,  
Ne thought of honour euer did aſſay  
His baſer beſt, but in his keſtrel kind  
A pleaſing veine of glory vaine did find,  
To which his flowing tongue, and troublous ſpright  
Gaue him great ayde, and made him more inclin'd:  
He, that braue ſteed there finding ready dight,  
Purloyn'd both ſteed and ſpeare, and ran away full light.

Now gan his hart all ſwell in iollitie,  
And of himſelfe great hope and helpe conceiu'd,  
That puff'd vp with ſmoake of vanitie,  
And with ſelfe-loued perſonage deceiu'd,  
He gan to hope, of men to be receiu'd  
For ſuch, as he him thought, or faime would bee:  
But, for in court gay portance he perceiu'd,  
And gallant ſhew to be in greateſt gree,  
Eſtimated to Court he caſt' auaunce his firſt degree.

And by the way he chaunced to eſpy  
One ſitting idle on a ſunny banke,  
To whom aunting in great brauery,  
As Peacock, that his painted plumes doth pranke,  
He ſmote his courſer in the trembling flank,  
And to him threatned his hart-thrilling ſpeare:  
The ſturdy man, ſeeing him ride ſo rank,  
And ſyme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,  
And crying Mercy loud, his pittious hands gan reare.

Thereat the Scarrow wexed wondrous proud,  
Through fortune of his firſt adventure faire,  
And with big thundring voyce reu'd him loud:  
Vile Caynue, vaſſall of dread and deſpaire,  
Vnworthy of the common breathed aire,  
Why luſt thou, dead dog, a longer day,  
And dooſt not vnto death thy ſelfe prepare?  
Die, or thy ſelfe my captiue yield for ay:  
Great fauour I thee grant, for anſwere thus to ſtay.

Hold, o deare Lord, hold your dead-dooing hand,  
Then loud he cride, I am your humble thrall.  
Ah wretch (quoth he) thy deſtinies withſtand  
My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.  
I giue thee life: therefore proſtrated fall  
And kiſſe my ſtirup: that thy homage bee.  
The Miſer throwe himſelfe as an Offall,  
Straight at his foote in baſe humilitie,  
And cleaped him his Liege, to hold of him in Fee.

So, happy peace they made and faire accord:  
Eſtimated this liege-man gan to wex more bold,  
And when he felt the folly of his Lord,  
In his owne kind he gan himſelfe vnfold:  
For, he was wylie witted, and growne old  
In cunning ſleights and praſtick knauery.  
From that day forth he caſt for to vphold  
His idle humour with fine flattery,  
And blowe the bellows to his ſwelling vanitie.

*Trompart*, ſit man for *Braggadocchio*,  
To ſerue at Court in view of vaunting eye:  
Vaine-glorious man, when fluttering wind does blow  
In his light wings, is liſted vp to ſky:  
The ſcorne of knight-hood and true cheualrie,  
To thinke without deſert of gentle deed,  
And noble worth, to be aduanced lie:  
Such prayſe is ſhame; but honour, vertues meed,  
Doth beare the faireſt flowre in honourable ſeed.

So, forth they paſſe (a well comforted paire)  
Till that at length with *Archimage* they meet:  
Who ſeeing one that ſhone in armour faire,  
On goodly courſer, thundring with his feet,  
Eſtimated ſuppoſed him a perſon meet,  
Of his revenge to make the inſtrument:  
For, ſince the *Redcroſſe* knight he earſt did weat,  
To been with *Guyon* knit in one conſent,  
The ill, which earſt to him, he now to *Guyon* meant.

And coming cloſe to *Trompart*, gan inqueere  
Of him, what mighty warriour that mote bee,  
That rode in golden ſell with ſingle ſpeare,  
But wanted ſword to wreake his enmittee.  
He is a great adventurer (ſaid hee)  
That hath his ſword through hard aſſay forgone,  
And now hath vow'd, till he avenged bee  
Of that deſpight, neuer to weare none:  
That ſpeare is him enough to doen a thouſand grone.

Th' enchaunter greatly ioyed in the vaunt,  
And weened well ere long his will to win,  
And both his foe with equall foyle to daunt.  
Tho, to him louting lowly, did begin  
To plaine of wrongs, which had committed bin  
By *Guyon*, and by that falſe *Redcroſſe* knight:  
Which two, through treaſon and deceitfull gin,  
Had ſlaine Sir *Mordant*, and his Lady bright:  
That mote him honour win, to wreake ſo foule deſpight.

There-with all ſuddainely he ſeem'd enraged,  
And threatned death with dreadfull countenance,  
As if their liues had in his hand been gaged;  
And with ſtiſſe force ſhaking his mortall lance,  
To let him weat his doughtie valiaunce,  
Thus ſaid: Old man, great ſure ſhall be thy meed,  
If where thoſe knights for feare of dew vengeance  
Doe lurke, thou certainly to me aſſeed,  
That I may wreake on them their hainous hatefull deed.

Certes, my Lord (ſaid he) that ſhall I ſoone,  
And giue you eke good help to their decay:  
But more I wiſely you aduiſe to doon:  
Giue no ods to your foes, but doe purſue  
Your ſelfe of ſword before that bloody day:  
For, they be two the prowefſt knights on ground,  
And oft approu'd in many hard aſſay:  
And eke of ſureſt ſteele, that may be found,  
Do arme your ſelfe againſt that day, them to confound.

Dotard (ſaid he) let be thy deepe aduiſe:  
Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,  
And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wiſe:  
Elſe neuer ſhould thy iudgement be ſo fraile,  
To meaſure manhood by the ſword or maile.  
Is not enough foure quarters of a man,  
Withouten ſword or ſhield, an hoſt to quail?  
Thou little woteſt, what this right hand can:  
Speake they, which haue beheld the battailes which it wan.

The man was much abaſhed at his boaiſt:  
Yet well he wiſt, that whoſo would contend  
With either of thoſe Knights on euen coaſt,  
Should need of all his armes, him to defend:  
Yet feared leaſt his boldneſſe ſhould offend,  
When *Braggadocchio* ſaid, Once I did ſweare,  
When with one ſword ſeuene knights I brought to end,  
Thence-forth in battaile neuer ſword to beare,  
But it were that, which nobleſt knight on earth doth weare.

Perdie, Sir Knight, ſaid then th' enchaunter bliue,  
That ſhall I ſhortly purchaſe to your hond:  
For, now the beſt and nobleſt knight aliue  
Prince *Arthur* is, that vponnes in Faerie lond:  
He hath a ſword that flames like burning brood.  
The ſame (by my aduiſe) I vndertake  
Shall by to morrow by thy ſide be fond.  
At which bold word that boaiſter gan to quake,  
And wonderd in his mind, what mote that monſter make.

He ſtaid not for more bidding, but away  
Was ſuddaine vaniſhed out of his ſight:  
The Northerne wind his wings did broad diſplay  
At his commaund, and reared him vp light  
From off the earth to take his aerie flight.  
They lookt about, but no where could eſpy  
Traſt of his foote: then dead through great affright  
They both nigh were, and each bad other flie:  
Both ſied at once, ne euer backe returned eye:

Till that they come vnto a *Forest greene*,  
In which they throwd themſelues from cauſeleſſe feares:  
Yet feare them followes ſtill, where ſo they beere.  
Each trembling leaſe, and whiſtling wind they heare,  
As gaſtly bug their haire on end does reare:  
Yet both doe ſtrive their fearefullneſſe to faime.  
At laſt, they heard a horne, that ſhrilled cleare  
Throughout the wood, that echoed againe,  
And made the *forest ring*, as it would rine in twaine.

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely ruſh:  
With noiſe whereof he from his loſſy ſieed  
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a buſh,  
To hide his coward head from dying dread.  
But *Trompart* ſtoutly ſtaid to taken heed  
Of what might hap. Eftſoone there ſtepped forth  
A goodly Lady, clad in hunters weed,  
That ſeem'd to be a woman of great worth,  
And by her ſtately portance, borne of heavenly birth.

Her face ſo faire as fleſh it ſeemed not,  
But heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,  
Cleare as the ſkie, withouten blame or blot,  
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;  
And in her cheeks the vermillion red did ſhew  
Likeroſes in a bed of lillies ſhed,  
The which ambroſiall odours from them threw,  
And gazers ſenſe with double pleaſure fed,  
Able to heale the ſicke, and to reuiue the ded.

In her faire eyes two liuing lamps did flame,  
Kindled about at th' heavenly makers light,  
And darted fine beames out of the ſame,  
So paſſing pearceant, and ſo wondrous bright,  
That quite bereau'd the raſh beholders ſight:  
In them the blinded god his luſtfull fire  
To kindle oft aſſayd, but had no might;  
For, with drad Muſicke, and awfull fire,  
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched baſe deſire.

Her Ivorie forehead, full of bountie braue,  
Like a broad table did it ſelfe diſpred,  
For Loue his loſſie triumphs to engraued,  
And wrote the battels of his great godhed:  
All good and honour might therein be red:  
For there their dwelling was. And when ſhee ſpoke,  
Sweet words, like dropping honny ſhe did ſhed,  
And twixt the pearles and rubins ſoftly brake  
A ſilver ſound, that heavenly muſicke ſeem'd to make.

Vpon her eye-lids many Graces ſate,  
Vnder the ſhadow of her euen browes,  
Working belgards, and amorous reſtrate,  
And every one her with a grace endowes:  
And every one with meekeneſſe to her bowes.  
So glorious mirrour of celeftiall grace,  
And ſoueraigne monument of mortall vowes,  
How ſhall fraile pen deſcriue her heavenly face,  
For feare through want of ſkill her beautie to diſgrace?



26  
So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire  
She seem'd, when she presented was to sight,  
And was yelad (for heat of scorching aire)  
All in a silken Camus, lilly white,  
Durtled upon with many a folded plight,  
Which all about besprinkled was throughout,  
With golden argulets, that glistered bright,  
Like twinkling starres, and all the skirt about  
Was hemd with golden fringe

27  
Belowe her ham her weede did some-what traine,  
And her streight legs most brauely were embayld  
In gilden buskins of costly Cordwaine,  
All bard with golden bendes, which were entaild  
With curious anticks, and full faire aumaid:  
Before, they fastned were vnder her knee  
In a rich Jewell, and therein entraid  
The end of all their knots, that none might see,  
How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee.

28  
Like two faire Marble pillours they were scene,  
Which doe the temple of the Gods support,  
Whom all the people decke with girlands Greene,  
And honour in their festiuall resort:  
Those same with stately grace, and princely port  
She taught to tread, when she her selfe would grace:  
But with the woody Nymphes when she did play,  
Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,  
She could then nimble moue, and after flie apace.

29  
And in her hand a sharp bore-speare she held,  
And at her backe a bowe and quier gay,  
Stufft with Steele-headed darts, where-with she queld  
The laluage beasts in her vicious play,  
Knit with a golden bauldrick, which forelay  
Athwart her snowy breast, and did diuide  
Her dainty paps: which like young fruit in May  
Now little gan to swell, and beeing tide,  
Through her thin weed their places onely signified.

30  
Her yellowe locks crisped, like golden wire,  
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,  
And when the wind amongst them did inspire,  
They wayed like a penon wide dispreed,  
And lowe behinde her backe were scattered:  
And whether art it were, or heedlesse hap,  
As through the flowing Forrest rashi she fled,  
In her rude haire sweet flowres themselves did lap,  
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossoms did enwrap.

31  
Such as Diana by the sandy shore  
Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene,  
Where all the Nymphes haue her vnwares forlore,  
Wand'reth alone with bowe and arrowes keene,  
To seeke her game: Or as that famous Queene  
Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,  
The day that first of Priame she was seene,  
Did shew her selfe in great triumphant ioy,  
To succour the weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

32  
Such when as hartlesse Trompart her did view,  
He was dismayed in his coward mind,  
And doubted, whether he himselfe should shew,  
Or fly away, or bide alone behind:  
Both feare and hope he in her face did find,  
When she at last him spying, thus bespake:  
Haile Groomer; didst not thou see a bleeding Hind,  
Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrowe strake?  
If thou didst, tell mee, that I may her overtake.

33  
Where-with reuiu'd, this answer forth he threw:  
O Goddesse (for such I thee take to bee)  
For, neither doth thy face terrestiall shew,  
Nor voyce sound mortall: I avow to thee,  
Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,  
Sith earst into this Forrest wild I came.  
But mote thy goodlyhed forgieue it mee,  
To weet which of the Gods I shall thee name,  
That vnto thee due worship I may rightly frame.

34  
To whom she thus; but ere her words enfewed,  
Vnto the bush her eye did suddaine glaunce,  
In which vaine Braggadocchio was mewed,  
And saw it stirre: she left her pearcing launce,  
And towards gan a deadly shaft aduance,  
In mind to marke the beast. At which sad stowre,  
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,  
Out-crying, what euer heauenly powre,  
Or earthly wight thou be, with-hold this deadly howre.

35  
O stay thy hand: for yonder is no game  
For thy fierce arrowes, them to exercise;  
Lut lo, my Lord, my liege, whose warlike name,  
Is farre renown'd through many bold emprise:  
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies.  
She staid: with that, he crauld out of his nest,  
Forth creeping on his caitiue hands and thies,  
And standing stoutly vp, his loftie crest  
Did fiercely shake, and rowze, as comming late from rest.

36  
As fearefull fowle, that long in secret Caue  
For dread of soaring hauke her selfe hath hid,  
Not caring how, her silly life to saue,  
She her gay painted plumes disorderid,  
Seeing at last her selfe from danger rid,  
Peepes forth, and soone renewes her native pride:  
She gins her feathers foule disfigured  
Proudly to prune, and set on euery side,  
So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide.

37  
So when her goodly visage he beheld,  
He gan himselfe to vaunt: but when he viewed  
Those deadly tooles, which in her hand she held,  
Soone into other fits he was transmewed,  
Till shee to him her gracious speech renewed:  
All haile, Sir knight, and well may thee befall,  
As all the like, which honour haue purfewed  
Through deeds of armes and prowesse Martiall;  
All vertue merits praise: but such the most of all.

38  
To whom he thus; O fairest vnder skie,  
True be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,  
That warlike feates doost highest glorifie.  
Therein haue I spent all my youthly daies,  
And many battailes fought, and many fraies  
Throughout the world, wherefo they might bee found,  
Endeuouring my dreaded name to raise  
About the Moone, that fame may it refound  
In her eternall trompe, with laurell girland croud.

39  
But, what art thou (O Lady) which doost range  
In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,  
And doost not it for ioyous Court exchange,  
Amongst thine equall Peeres, where happy blis  
And all delight does raigne, much more then this?  
There thou maist loue, and dearly loued bee,  
And swim in pleasure, which thou heere doost miss;  
There maist thou best be scene, and best maist see:  
The wood is fit for beasts; the Court is fit for thee.

40  
Whofo in pompe of proud estate (quoth shee)  
Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blis,  
Does waste his daies in darke obscuritee,  
And in obliuion euer buried is:  
Where ease abounds, y'e eath to doe amiss;  
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind  
Behaues with cares, cannot so easie miss.  
Abroad in armes, at home in studious kind  
Who seekes with painefull toile, shall honour soonest find.

41  
In woods, in waues, in warres she wons to dwell,  
And will be found with perill and with paine;  
Ne can the man that moulds in idle Cell,  
Vnto her happy mansion attaine:  
Before her gate high God did Sweat ordaine,  
And wakefull Watches euer to abide:  
But easie is the way, and passage plaine  
To Pleasures palace; it may soone be spide,  
And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

42  
In Princes Court, The rest she would haue said,  
But that the foolish man (sild with delight  
Of her sweet words, that all his sense dismaid,  
And with her wondrous beauty rauisht quight)

Gan burne in filthy lust, and leaping light,  
Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.  
With that, she swaruing back, her Luclin bright  
Against him bent, and fiercely did menace:  
So, turned her about, and fled away apace.

43  
Which when the Peasant saw, amaz'd hee stood,  
And griued at her sight; yet durst he not  
Pursue her steps, through wild vnknown wood:  
Besides, he feard her wrath, and threatned thot  
Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgot:  
Ne car'd he greatly for her preience vaine:  
But turning, said to Trompart, What foule blot  
Is this to knights, that Lady should againe  
Depart to woods vntoucht, and leaue to proud disclaime?

44  
Perdie (said Trompart) let her passe at will,  
Least by her preience danger mote befall.  
For, who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)  
But that she is some powre celestiall?  
For, whiles she spake, her great words did appall  
My feeble courage, and my hart oppresse,  
That yet I quake and tremble ouer all.  
And I (said Braggadocchio) thought no lesse,  
When first I heard her horne sound with such gaudielesse.

45  
For, from my mothers wombe this grace I haue  
Me giuen by eternall destinie,  
That earthly thing may not my courage braue  
Dismay with feare, or cause one foot to flie,  
But either hellish fiends, or powres on hie:  
Which was the cause, when earst that horne I heard,  
Weening it had beene thunder in the sky,  
I hid my selfe from it, as one affraid:  
But when I other knew, my selfe I boldly reard.

46  
But now, for feare of worse that may betide,  
Let vs soone hence depart. They soone agree:  
So to his steed he got, and gan to ride  
As one vnfit therefore, that all might see  
He had not trained been in cheualree.  
Which well that valiant courser did discernes:  
For, he despis'd to tread in dew degree,  
But chaufft and fow'd, with courage fierce and sterne,  
And to be eas'd of that base burden still did yerne.







**I**N braue pursuit of honourable deed,  
There is I knowe not what great difference  
Betwene the vulgar and the noble seed,  
Which vnto things of valorous pretence  
Seemes to be borne by nature influence;  
As, seates of armes, and loue to entertaine:  
But chiefly skill to ride, seemes a science  
Proper to gentle blood; some others faime  
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

But he (the rightfull owner of that steed)  
Who well could menage and subdue his pride,  
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,  
With that black Palmer, his most trustie guide;  
Who suffred not his wandring feet to slide.  
But when strong passion, or weake selflineffe  
Would from the right way seeke to draw him wide,  
He would through temperance and stedfastnesse,  
Teach him the weak to strengthen, & the strong suppress.

It fortune forth firing on his way,  
He saw from farr, or seemed for to see  
Some troublous vpror or contentious fray,  
Whereto he drew in haste it to agree.  
A mad man, or that fained mad to bee,  
Drew by the haire along vpon the ground,  
A handsome stripling with great crueltie,  
Whom fore he bet, and gor'd with many a wound,  
That cheeks with teares, & sides with blood did all abound.

And him behind, a wicked Hag did stalk,  
In ragged robes, and filthy disarray,  
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,  
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay;  
Her locks, that loathly were and hoarie gray,  
Grew all asere, and loosely hung vnfold,  
But all behind was bald, and worne away,  
That none thereof could ever taken hold,  
And eke her face all fauour'd, full of wrinkles old.

And euer as shee went, her tongue did walke  
In foule reproche, and tearmes of vile despight,  
Prouoking him by her outrageous talke,  
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight.  
Sometimes shee raught him stones, where-with to smite,  
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,  
Withouten which shee could not goe vpight;  
Ne any euill meanes shee did forbeare,  
That might him moue to wrath, and indignation reare.

The noble Guyon mou'd with great remorse,  
Approching, first the Hag did thrust away;  
And after, adding more impetuous force,  
His mightie hands did on the mad man lay,  
And pluckt him backe who, all on fire straight way,  
Against him turning all his fell intent,  
With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,  
And smot, and bit, and kicke, and scratcht, and rent,  
And did he wist not what in his auengement.

And sure he was a man of mickle might,  
Had he had gouernance, it well to guide:  
But when the frantick fit inflam'd his spright,  
His force was vaine, and strooke more often wide,  
Then at the aymed marke, which he had eyde:  
And oft himselfe he chaunc't to hurt vnwares,  
Whilst reason blent through passion, nought descride,  
But as a blindfold Bull at randon fares, (nought care)  
And where he hits, nought knowes, and whom hee hurts.

His rude assault and rugged handeling,  
Strange seemed to the Knight, that aye with foe  
In faire defence and goodly menaging  
Of armes was wont to fight: yet nathelesse  
Was he abashed now not fighting so:  
But more enserued through his currissh play,  
Him sternely gryp't, and haling to and fro,  
To overthrowe him strongly did assay,  
But overthrowe himselfe vnwares, and lower lay.

And beeing downe the villaine fore did beate,  
And bruze with clownish fists his manly face:  
And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat,  
Still cald vpon to kill him in the place.  
With whole reproche and odious menace  
The Knight emboying in his haughty hart,  
Knit all his forces, and gan soone vnbrace  
His grasping hold: so lightly did vpstart,  
And drew his deadly weapon, to maintaine his part.

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,  
Not so, & Guyon, neuer thinke that so  
That Monster can be maistred or destroyd:  
He is no, ah, he is not such a foe,  
As Steele can wound, or strength can overthrowe.  
That same is Furor, cursed cruell wight,  
That vnto knighthood works much shame and woe:  
And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight  
Occasion, the root of all wrath and despight.

With her, who so will raging Furor tame,  
Must first begin, and well her amenge:  
First her restraine from her reprochfull blame,  
And euill meanes, with which shee doth enrage  
Her frantick sonne, and kindles his courage:  
Then when shee is withdrawen, or strong withstood,  
It's eath his idle furie to assuage,  
And calme the tempest of his passion wood:  
The banks are ouerflowen, when stopped is the flood.

There-with Sir Guyon left his first emprise,  
And turning to that woman, fast her hent  
By the hoare locks, that hung before her eyes,  
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould shee stent  
Her bitter rayling and foule reuilement,  
But still prouok't her sonne to wreake her wrong:  
But nathelesse hee did her still torment,  
And catching hold of her vngracious tongue,  
Thereon an iron locke did fasten firme and strong.

Then when as vse of speech was from her rest,  
With her two crooked hands shee signes did make,  
And beckned him, the last help shee had left:  
But he, that last left help away did take,  
And both her hands fast bound vnto a stake,  
That shee no'te stirre. Then gan her sonne to flie  
Full fast away, and did her quite forsake:  
But Guyon after him in haste did hie,  
And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitie.

In his strong armes hee stiffely him embrac't,  
Who him gainestruing, nought at all preuaild:  
For, all his powre was viterly defac't,  
And furious fits at earst quite weren quaild:  
Oft hee'enforc't, and oft his forces fauld,  
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour slack.  
Then him to ground hee cast, and rudely hailld,  
And both his hands fast bound behind his back,  
And both his feet in fetters to an iron rack.

With hundred iron chaines hee did him bind,  
And hundred knots that did him fore constrain:  
Yet his great iron teeth hee still did grind,  
And grimly gnash, threatening reuenge in vaine:  
His burning eyes, whom bloudie strakes did staine,  
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of fire,  
And more for ranke despight, then for great paine,  
Shak't his long locks, colour'd like copper-wire,  
And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

Thus when as Guyon, Furor had captiu'd,  
Turning about, hee saw that wretched Squire,  
Whom that mad man of life nigh late depriv'd,  
Lying on ground, all soyl'd with blood and mire:  
Whom, when as hee perceiued to respire,  
Hee gan to comfort, and his wounds to dresse.  
Beeing at last recur'd, hee gan inquire,  
What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,  
And made that caitiue thrall, the thrall of wretchednesse.

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,  
Faie Sir, quoth he, what man can shun the hap,  
That hidden lyes vnwares him to surprize?  
Misfortune waites advantage to entrap  
The man most warie, in her whelming lap.  
So me weake wretch, of many weakeit one,  
Vnweeting, and vnware of such mishap,  
Shee brought to mischiefe through occasion,  
Where this same wicked villaine did me light vpon.

It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the source  
Of all my sorrow, and of these sad teares,  
With whom from tender dugs of common nourse,  
At once I was vpbrought; and eft when yeeres  
More ripe vs reason lent to chuse our Peeres,  
Our selues in league of vowed loue we knit:  
In which we long time, without ialous feares,  
Our faultie thoughts continewd, as was fit;  
And for my part (I vow) dissembled not a whit.

It was my fortune common to that age,  
To loue a Ladie faie of great degree,  
The which was borne of noble parentage,  
And set in highest seat of dignitee,  
Yet seem'd no lesse to loue, then lov'd to bee:  
Long I her seru'd, and found her faithfull still,  
Ne euer thing could cause vs disagree:  
Loue that two harts makes one, makes eke one will:  
Each stroue to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

My friend, hight Philemon, I did partake  
Of all my loue and all my priuie;  
Who greatly ioyous seemed for my sake,  
And gracious to that Ladie, as to mee,  
Ne euer wight that mote so welcome bee,  
As hee to her, withouten blot or blame,  
Ne euer thing, that shee could thinke or see,  
But vnto him shee would impart the same:  
O wretched man! that would abuse so gentle Dame.



At last, such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,  
That I that Lady to my spouse had wonne;  
Accord of friends, consent of parents sought,  
Affiance made, my happinesse begonne,  
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,  
Which marriage make; that day too farre did seeme:  
Most ioyous man, on whom the shining Sunne  
Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,  
And that my falser friend did no lesse ioyous deeme.

But ere that wished day his beame disclosed,  
He, either envying my toward good,  
Or of himselfe to treason ill disposed,  
One day vnto me came in friendly mood,  
And told (for secret) how he vnderstood,  
That Lady whom I had to me affind,  
Had both distaind her honourable blood,  
And eke the faith, which she to me did bind;  
And therefore wilt me stay, till I more truth should find.

The gnawing anguish and sharpe ialousie,  
Which his sad speech infixed in my brest,  
Rankled so sore, and festerd inwardly,  
That my engreued mind could find no rest,  
Till that the truth thereof I did outwrest,  
And him besought by that same sacred band  
Betwixt vs both, to counsell me the best.  
He then with solemne oath and plight hand  
Assur'd, ere long the truth to let me vnderstand.

Ere long, with like againe he boorded mee,  
Saying, he now had boulded all the floure,  
And that it was a groome of base degree,  
Which of my loue was partner Paramour:  
Who vied in a darkesome inner bowre  
Her oft to meet: which better to approue,  
He promised to bring me at that howre,  
When I should see that would me neerer moue,  
And drue me to with-draw my blind abused loue.

This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his guile,  
Did court the handmaid of my Lady deare,  
Who glad t'embosome his affection vile,  
Did all she might, more pleasing to appeare.  
One day to worke her to his will more neare,  
He woo'd her thus: *Pryene* (so shee hight)  
What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,  
Thus lowly to abuse thy beauty bright,  
That it should not deface all others lesser light?

But if she had her least help to thee lent,  
T'adorn thy forme according thy desert,  
Then blazing pride thou wouldest soone haue blent,  
And staind thy praises with thy least good part:  
Ne should faire *Claribell* with all her art  
(Though she thy Lady be) approche thee neare:  
For prooffe thereof, this evening, as thou art,  
Shew thy selfe in her most gorgeous gaire,  
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

The Maiden, proud through praise, & mad through loue,  
Him harkned to, and soone her selfe arraid,  
The whiles to me the treachour did remoue  
His craftie engin, and as he had said,  
Me leading, in a secret corner laid,  
The sad spectator of my Tragedie:  
Where left, he went, and his owne false part plaid,  
Disguised like that groome of base degree,  
Whom he had feind th'abuser of my loue to bee.

Essoones he came vnto th'appointed place,  
And with him brought *Pryene*, rich arrayd,  
In *Claribell*'s clothes. Her proper face  
I not discerned in that darksome shade,  
But weend it was my loue, with whom he plaid.  
Ah God! what horrour and tormenting grieve,  
My hart, my hands, mine eyes, and all allaid!  
Me liefte were ten thousand deathes priefe,  
Then wound of ialous wome, & shame of such reproofe.

I home returning, fraught with foule despight,  
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,  
Soone as my loathed loue appeared in sight,  
With wrathfull hand I flew her innocent;  
That after soone I dearly did lament:  
For, when the cause of that outrageous deed  
Demaunded, I made plaine and euident,  
Her faultie Handmaid, which that bale did breed,  
Confest, how *Philemon* her wrought to change her weed.

Which when I heard, with horrible affright  
And hellish fury all enrag'd, I fought  
Vpon my selfe that vengeable despight  
To punish: yet it better first I thought,  
To wreake my wrath on him, that first it wrought.  
To *Philemon*, false faytour *Philemon*,  
I cast to pay that I so dearly bought:  
Of deadly drugs I gaue him drinke anon,  
And washt away his guilt with guiltie potion.

Thus heaping crime on crime, and grieve on grieve,  
To losse of loue adioyning losse of friend,  
I meant to purge both, with a third mischief,  
And in my woes beginner it to end:  
That was *Pryene*: shee did first offend,  
She last should smart: with which cruell intent,  
When I at her my murderous blade did bend,  
She fled away with gastly dreriment,  
And I pursewing my fell purpose, after went.

Fear gaue her wings, and rage enforc't my flight;  
Through Woods and Plains, so long I did her chase,  
Till this mad man (whom your victorious might  
Hath now fast bound) me met in middle space:  
As I her, so he me pursu'd apace,  
And shortly overtook: I, breathing ire,  
Sore chauff'd at my stay in such a case,  
And with my heate, kindled his cruell fire;  
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inspire.

*Betwixt*

Betwixt them both, they haue me doen to die,  
Through wounds, and strokes, & stubborne handling,  
That death were better then such agony,  
As grieve and furie vnto me did bring;  
Of which in me yet sticks the mortall sting,  
That during life will neuer be appeald.  
When he thus ended had his sorrowing,  
Said *Guyon*, Squire, sore haue ye bene diseald:  
But all your hurts may soone through temperance be cauld.

Then gan the Palmer thus, Most wretched man,  
That to afflictions does the bridle lend;  
In their beginning they are weake and wan,  
But soone through suffrance growe to fearefull end;  
While they are weake, betimes with them contend:  
For, when they once to perfect strength doe growe,  
Strong warres they make, and cruell battay bend  
Guntt fort of Reason, it to overthrow:  
Wrath, ialousie, grieve, loue, this Squire haue laid thus lowe.

Wrath, ialousie, grieve, loue, doe thus expell:  
Wrath is a fire, and ialousie a weede,  
Greefe is a flood, and loue a monster fell;  
The fire of sparks, the weed of little seede,  
The flood of drops, the Monster filth did breed:  
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth doe thus delay:  
The sparks soone quench, the springing seed outweed,  
The drops dry vp, and filth wipe cleane away:  
So shall wrath, ialousie, grieve, loue, die and decay.

Unlucky Squire (said *Guyon*) sith thou hast  
Falne into mischief through intemperance,  
Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,  
And guide thy waies with warie gouernance,  
Least worse betide thee by some later chance.  
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin.  
*Phedon* I hight (quoth he) and doe aduance  
Mine aunceltry from famous *Coradin*,  
Who first to raise our house to honour did begin.

Thus as he spake, lo, farre away they spide  
A varlet running towards hastily,  
Whose flying feet so fast their way applide,  
That round about a cloud of dust did flie,  
Which mingled all with sweat, did dim his eye.  
He soone approached, panting, breathlesse, hot,  
And all so soyld, that none could him descry:  
His countenance was bold, and bashed not  
For *Guyon*'s looks, but (cornefull cyglance at him shot).

Behind his backe he bore a brazen shield,  
On which was drawn faune, in colours fit,  
A flaming fire in midst of bloudie field,  
And round about the wreath this word was writ,  
*Burnt I doe burne*. Right well beseeemed it,  
To be the shield of some redoubted knight:  
And in his hand two darts exceeding flit,  
And deadly sharpe he held, whose heads were dight  
In poyson and in bloud of malice and despight.

When hee in presence came, to *Guyon* first  
He boldly spake, Sir knight, if knight thou bee,  
Abandon this forestalled place at first,  
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,  
Or bide the chance at thine owne icoperdie.  
The Knight at his great boldnesse wonderd,  
And though he scorn'd his idle vantie,  
Yet mildly him to purpose answered:  
For, not to growe of nought hee coniectured.

Varlet, this place most due to me I deeme,  
Yielded by him that held it forcibly. (seemie  
But, whence should come that harme, which thou doost  
To threat to him, that minds his chance t'aby?  
Perdy (said he) here comes, and is hard by  
A knight of wondrous powre, and great assay,  
That neuer yet encountred enemy,  
But did him deadly daunt, or foule dismay:  
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay.

How hight he then (said *Guyon*) and from whence?  
*Pyrrhacles* is his name, renowned farre  
For his bold seates and hardy confidence,  
Full oft approu'd in many a cruell warre,  
The brother of *Cymochles*, both which are  
The sonnes of old *Atrates* and *Despight*:  
*Atrates*, sonne of *Phlegeton* and *Terre*:  
But *Phlegeton* is sonne of *Herebus* and *Night*:  
But *Herebus* sonne of *Aeternitie* is hight.

So from immortall race hee does proceed,  
That mortall hands may not withstand his might,  
Drad for his derring doe, and bloudy deed:  
For, all in bloud and spoile is his delight.  
His am I *Atin*, his in wrong and right,  
That matter make for him to worke vpon,  
And stirre him vp to strife and cruell fight.  
Fly therefore, fle this fearefull steed anon,  
Least thy foole-hardize worke thy sad confusion.

His be that care, whom most it doth concerne  
(Said he): but whither with such hastie flight  
Art thou now bound? for, well mote I discern  
Great cause, that carries thee so swift and light.  
My Lord (quoth he) me sent, and straight behight  
To seeke *Occasion*, wherefoe she bee:  
For, he is all disposed to bloudy fight,  
And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltie;  
Hard is his hap, that first falls in his icopardie.

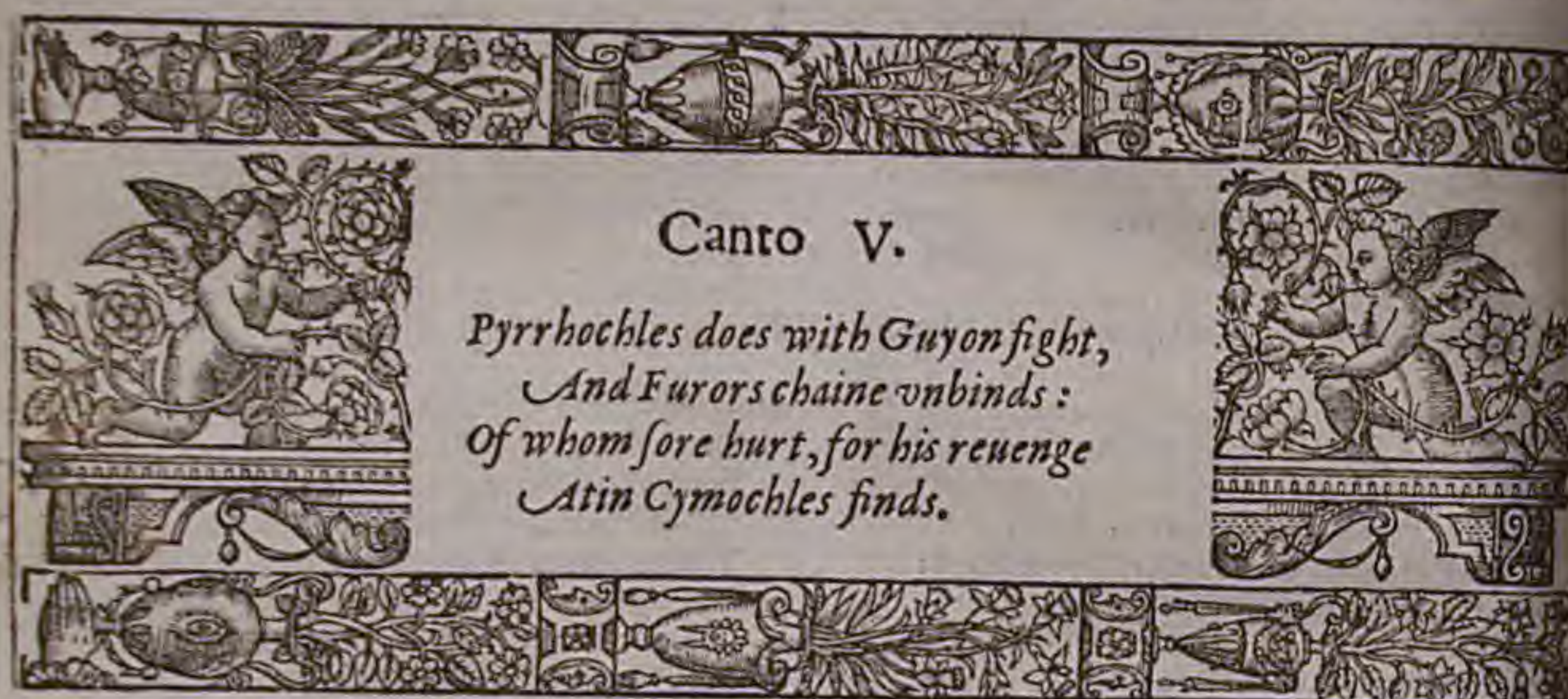
Mad man (said then the Palmer) that does seeke  
*Occasion* to wrath, and cause of strife;  
She comes vnought: and thunned, followes eke.  
Happy, who can abstaine, when *Rancour* rise  
Kindles Reuenge, and threats his rustie knife:  
Woe neuer wants, where euer cause is caught,  
And rash *Occasion* makes vnquert life.  
Then lo, where bound she sits, whom thou hast sought,  
(Said *Guyon*) let that message to thy Lord be brought.

G 4.

That



That, when the varlet heard and saw, straight way  
He wexed wondrous wroth, and said, Vile knight,  
That knights & knighthood doost with shame vpray,  
And shew it th'ensample of thy childish might,  
With filly weake old woman thus to fight;  
Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou got,  
And stoutly prov'd thy puissance here in fight;  
That shall *Pyrrhobles* well requite, I wot,  
And with thy bloud abolish so reprochfull blot.



**V** Ho-euer doth to temperaunce apply  
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,  
Trust me, shall find no greater enemy,  
Then stubborne perturbation, to the same;  
To which right well the wise doe giue that name,  
For, it the goodly peace of stayed mindes  
Does overthrowe, and troublous warre proclame:  
His owne woes authour, who so bound it findes,  
As did *Pyrrhobles*, and it wilfully vnbindes.

After that varlets flight, it was not long,  
Ere on the Plaine fast pricking *Guyon* spide  
One in bright armes embattaild full strong,  
That as the Sunny beames doe glaunce and glide  
Vpon the trembling waue, so shined bright,  
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,  
That seem'd him to enflame on euery side:  
His speed was bloody red, and fomed ire,  
When with the maistring spur he did him roughly stire.

Approching nigh, he neuer stayd to greet,  
Ne chaster words, proud courage to prouoke,  
But prickt so fierce, that vnderneath his feet  
The mouldring dust did round about him smoke,  
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke:  
And fairly couching his Steele-headed speare,  
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke:  
It bootet nought *Sir Guyon* comming neare  
To shunke, such hideous puissance on foot to beare.

With that, one of his thrillant darts he threw,  
Headed with ire and vengeable despight;  
The quiuering Steele his aynd end well knew,  
And to his breast it selfe intended right:  
But he was warie, and ere it empight  
In the meane marke, aduanc't his shield atwene;  
On which it seizing, no way enter might,  
But backe rebounding, left the fork-head keene;  
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be seene.

But lightly shunned it, and passing by  
With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,  
That the sharpe Steele arriuing forcibly  
On his broad shield, bit not, but glauncing fell  
On his horse neck before the quilted sell,  
And from the head the body sundred quight:  
So him dismounted lowe, he did compell  
On foot with him to matchen equall fight;  
The trunked beast fast bleeding, did him fouly dight.

Sore bruized with the fall, he slowe vprose,  
And all enraged, thus him loudly shent;  
Disceall knight, whose coward courage chose  
To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,  
And shund the marke, at which it should be ment,  
Thereby thine armes seeme strong, but manhood fricke  
So hast thou oft with guile thine honour blent;  
But little may such guile thee now auale,  
If wonted force and fortune doe not much me faile.

With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke  
At him so fiercely, that the vpper marge  
Of his feuenfolded shield away it tooke,  
And glauncing on his helmet, made a large  
And open gash therein: were not his targe,  
That broke the violence of his intent,  
The weary soule from thence it would discharge:  
Nathelless, so fore a buffet to him it lent,  
That made him reele, and to his breast his beuer bent.

Exceeding

Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blowe,  
And much asham'd, that stroake of liuing arme  
Should him dismay, and make him stoupe so lowe,  
Though otherwise it did him little harme:  
Tho hurling high his iron braced arme,  
He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,  
That all his left side it did quite disarme:  
Yet there the Steele staid not, but inly bare  
Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red flood-gate.

Deadly dismayd, with horror of that dint,  
*Pyrrhobles* was, and grieved eke entire;  
Yet nathemore did it his furefint,  
But added flame vnto his former fire,  
That wel-nigh molt his hart in raging ire:  
Ne thenceforth his approued skill, to ward,  
Or strike, or hurlen round in warlike gyre,  
Rememberd he, ne car'd for his sauegard,  
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell Tigre far'd.

He hewd, and lastit, and soynd, and thundred blowes,  
And euery way did seeke into his life:  
Ne plate, ne male could ward so mighty throwes,  
But yielded passage to his cruell knife.  
But *Guyon*, in the heate of all his strife,  
Was warie wise, and closely did await  
Avantage, whil't his foe did rage most rife:  
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strooke him strait,  
And falsed oft his blowes, till lude him with such bait.

Like as a Lion, whose imperiall powre  
A proud rebellious Vnicorne defies,  
T'auoyd the rash assault and wrathfull stowre  
Of his fierce foe, him to a tree applies,  
And when him running in full course he spies,  
He slips aside; the whiler that furious beaſt  
His precious horne, sought of his enemies,  
Strikes in the stock, ne thence can be releast,  
But to the mighty Victor yields a bountious feast:

With such faire sight him *Guyon* often faild,  
Till at the last, all breathlesse, wearie, faint  
Him spying, with fresh onfet he assaild,  
And kindling new his courage (seeming quaint)  
Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint  
He made him stoupe perforce vnto his knee,  
And doe vnwilling worship to the Saint,  
That on his shield departed he did see;  
Such homage til that instant neuer learned hee.

Whom *Guyon* seeing stoupe, pursuwed fast  
The preient offer off faire victory,  
And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,  
Where-with he smote his haughty crest so hie,  
That straight on ground made him full lowe to lie;  
Then on his breast his victour foot he thrust:  
With that he cride, Mercy, doe me not die,  
Ne deeme thy force by Fortunes doome vnjust,  
That hath (mangre her spight) thus lowe me laid in dust.

Eftsoones his cruell hand *Sir Guyon* staid,  
Tempring the passion with aduise ment slowe,  
And maistring might on enemy dismayd:  
For, th'equall dye of warre he well did knowe;  
Then to him said, Lie, and allegiance owe  
To him that giues thee life and liberty:  
And henceforth, by this daies ensample trowe,  
That haste wroth, and heedlesse hazardry,  
Doe breede repentance late, and lasting infamy.

So, vp he let him rise: who with grim looke  
And count'naunce steme vplanding, gan to grind  
His grated teeth for great disdain, and shooke  
His landie locks, long hanging downe behind,  
Knotted in bloud and dust, for griefe of mind,  
That he in ods of armes was conquered:  
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,  
That him so noble Knight had maistrerd,  
Whose bounty more then might, yet both he wondered.

Which *Guyon* marking said, Be nought agricu'd,  
*Sir Knight*, that thus ye now subdued are:  
Was neuer man, who most conquests archieu'd  
But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,  
Yet shortly gaine, that losse exceeded faire:  
Losse is no shame, nor to be lesse then foe:  
But to be lesse, then himselfe, doth marre  
Both loofers lot, and victors praiseloso.  
Vaine others overthrowes, whose selfe doth overthrowe.

Fly, *Pyrrhobles*, fie the dreadfull warre,  
That in thy selfe thy lesser parts doe moue:  
Outragious anger, and woe-working iarte,  
Direfull impaience, and hart-murdring loue;  
Those, those thy foes; those warriors farre remoue,  
Which thee to endlesse bale captiued lead.  
But sith in might thou didst my mercy proue,  
Of curtesie to me the cause aread,  
That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread.

Dreadlesse, said he, that shall I soone declare:  
It was complaind, that thou hadst done great tort  
Vnto an aged woman, poore and bare,  
And thralld her in chaines with strong effort,  
Void of all succour and needfull comfort:  
That ill befeemes thee, such as I thee see,  
To worke such shame. Therefore I thee exhort  
To change thy will, and let *Occasion* free,  
And to her captiue soune yield his first libertee.

Therewith *Sir Guyon* smil'd: And is that all  
Said he, that thee so fore displeased hath?  
Great mercy liue, for to enlarge a thrall,  
Whose freedome shall thee turne to greatest scath.  
Nathelless, now quench thy hot emboyling wrath:  
Loe, there they be; to thee I yield them free.  
Therewith wondrous glad, out of the path  
Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,  
And gan to breake the bands of their captiuee.

Soone



19  
Soone as *Occasion* felt her selfe vntide,  
Before her sonne could well assoiled bee,  
She to her selfe returned, and straight descide  
Both *Guyon* and *Pyrrhobles*: th' one (said she)  
Because he wonne; the other, because hee  
Was wonne: so matter did she make of nought,  
To stirre vp strife, and doe them disagree:  
But soone as *Furor* was enlarg'd, she sought  
To kindle his quencht fire, and thousand causes wroughe.

20  
It was not long, ere she inflam'd him so,  
That he would algates with *Pyrrhobles* fight,  
And his redeemer challeng'd for his foe,  
Because he had not well maintaynd his right,  
But yielded had to that same stranger knight:  
Now gan *Pyrrhobles* wax as wood as hee,  
And him affronted with impatient might:  
So both together fierce engasped bee,  
Whiles *Guyon* standing by, their vncouth strife does see.

21  
Him all that while *Occasion* did prouoke  
Against *Pyrrhobles*, and new matter fram'd  
Vpon the old, him stirring to be wroke  
Of his late wrongs, in which she oft him blam'd  
For suffering such abuse, as knighthood sham'd,  
And him disabled quite. But he was wise,  
Ne would with vaine occasion be inflam'd;  
Yet others she more vrgent did deuise:  
Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

22  
Their fell contention still increased more,  
And more thereby increased *Furor*'s might,  
That he his foe has hurt, and wounded sore,  
And him in bloud and durt deformed quight.  
His mother eke (more to augment his spright)  
Now brought to him a flaming fier brond,  
Which she in *Seygian* lake (ay burning bright)  
Had kindled: that she gaue into his hond,  
That arm'd with fire, more hardly he mote him withstond.

23  
Th' gan the villaine wax so fierce and strong,  
That nothing might sustaine his furious force;  
He cast him downe to ground, and all along  
Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,  
And fouly battered his comely corse,  
That *Guyon* much disdeign'd so loathly sight.  
At last, he was compeld to cry perforce,  
Helpe (O *Sir Guyon*) help most noble knight,  
To rid a wretched man from hands of hellish wight.

24  
The knight was greatly moued at his plaint,  
And gan him dight to succour his distresse,  
Till that the *Palmer*, by his graue restraint,  
Him staid from yielding pitifull redresse:  
And said, Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth repress,  
Ne let thy stout hart melt in pitty vaine:  
He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,  
And his foe fetterd would release againe,  
Deserues to taste his follies fruit, repented paine.

25  
*Guyon* obaid; So him away he drew  
From needlesse trouble of renewing fight  
Already fought, his voyage to pursue.  
But rash *Pyrrhobles* varlet, *Atin* hight,  
When late he saw his Lord in heauie plight,  
Vnder *Sir Guyon*'s puissaunt stroke to fall,  
Him deeming dead, as then he seem'd in sight,  
Fled fast away, to tell his funerall  
Vnto his brother, whom *Cymochles* men did call.

26  
He was a man of rare redoubted might,  
Famous throughout the world for warlike praise,  
And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight:  
Full many doughty knights he in his daies  
Had doen to death, subdewd in equall frayes;  
VWhole carcases, for terrour of his name,  
Offowles and beasts he made the pittious prayes,  
And hung their conquered armes for more defame  
On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.

27  
His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,  
The vile *Acrassa*, that with vaine delights,  
And idle pleasures in her *Bowre of Blisse*,  
Does charme her louers, and the feeble sprights  
Can call out of the bodies of fraile wights:  
Whom then she does transforme to monstrous hewes,  
And horribly misshapes with vgly sights,  
Captiv'd eternally in iron mewes;  
And darksome dens, where *Titan* his face neuer shewes.

28  
There *Atin* found *Cymochles* sojourning,  
To serue his *Lemans* loue: for he, by kind,  
Was giuen all to lust and loose liuing,  
When euer his fierce hands he free mote find:  
And now he has pourd out his idle mind  
In daintie delices, and lawsh ioyes,  
Hauing his warlike weapons cast behind,  
And floues in pleasures, and vaine pleasing toyes,  
Mingled amongst loose Ladies and lasciuious boyes.

29  
And ouer him, Art struiuing to compaire  
With Nature, did an *Arbour* greene disspred,  
Framed of wanton *Ivie*, flowing faire,  
Through which the fragrant *Eglantine* did spred  
His prickling armes, entrayld with roses red,  
Which dainty odours round about them threw,  
And all within with flowres was garnished,  
That when mild *Zephyrus* amongst them blew,  
Did breathe out bountious smells, & painted colours shew.

30  
And fast beside, there trickled softly downe  
A gentle streame, whose murmuring waue did play  
Amongst the pumy stones, and made a fowne,  
To lull him soft asleepe, that by it lay:  
The wearie *Trauciler*, wandring that way,  
Thereto did often quench his thirstie heat,  
And then by it his wearie limbes display,  
Whiles creeping slumber made him to forget  
His former paine, and wip't away his toylsome sweat.

And

31  
And on the other side a pleasant Groue  
Was shot vp high, full of the stately tree,  
That dedicated is *Olympick Ioue*,  
And to his sonne *Alcides*, when as hee  
Gain'd in *Nemea* goodly victorie:  
Thereto the merry birds, of euery sort,  
Chaunted aloud their chearefull harmonie:  
And made amongst themselues a sweet consort,  
That quickned the dull spright with muscull comfort.

32  
There he him found all carelesly displaid,  
In secret shadowe from the sunny ray,  
On a sweet bed of *Lillies* softly laid,  
Amongst a flock of *Damzels* fresh and gay,  
That round about him dissolute did play  
Their wanton follies, and light meriment;  
Euery of which did loosely display  
Her vpper parts of meet habiliments,  
And shewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

33  
And euery of them stroue, with most delights,  
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew:  
Some fram'd faire lookes, glancing like euening lights;  
Others, sweet words, dropping like honny dew:  
Some, bathed kisses, and did lost embrew  
The sugred liquor through his melting lips:  
One boasts her beauty, and does yeeld to view  
Her dainty limbes about her tender hips:  
Another, her out-boasts, and all for tryall strips.

34  
Hee, like an *Adder*, lurking in the weeds,  
His wandring thought in deepe desire does sleepe,  
And his fraile eye with spoile of beauteie feedes:  
Sometimes, he falsly faunes himselfe to sleepe,  
Whiles through their lids his wanton eyes doe peepe,  
To steale a snatch of amorous conceit,  
Whereby close fire into his hart does creepe:  
So, them deceiues, deceiv'd in his deceit,  
Made drunke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

35  
*Atin* arriving there, when him he spide,  
Thus in still waues of deepe delight to wade,  
Fiercely approaching, to him loudly cride,  
*Cymochles*, oh no, but *Cymochles* shade,  
In which that manly person late did fade,  
What is become of great *Acrates* sonne?  
Or where hath he hung vp his mortall blade,  
That hath so many haughty conquests wonne?  
Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

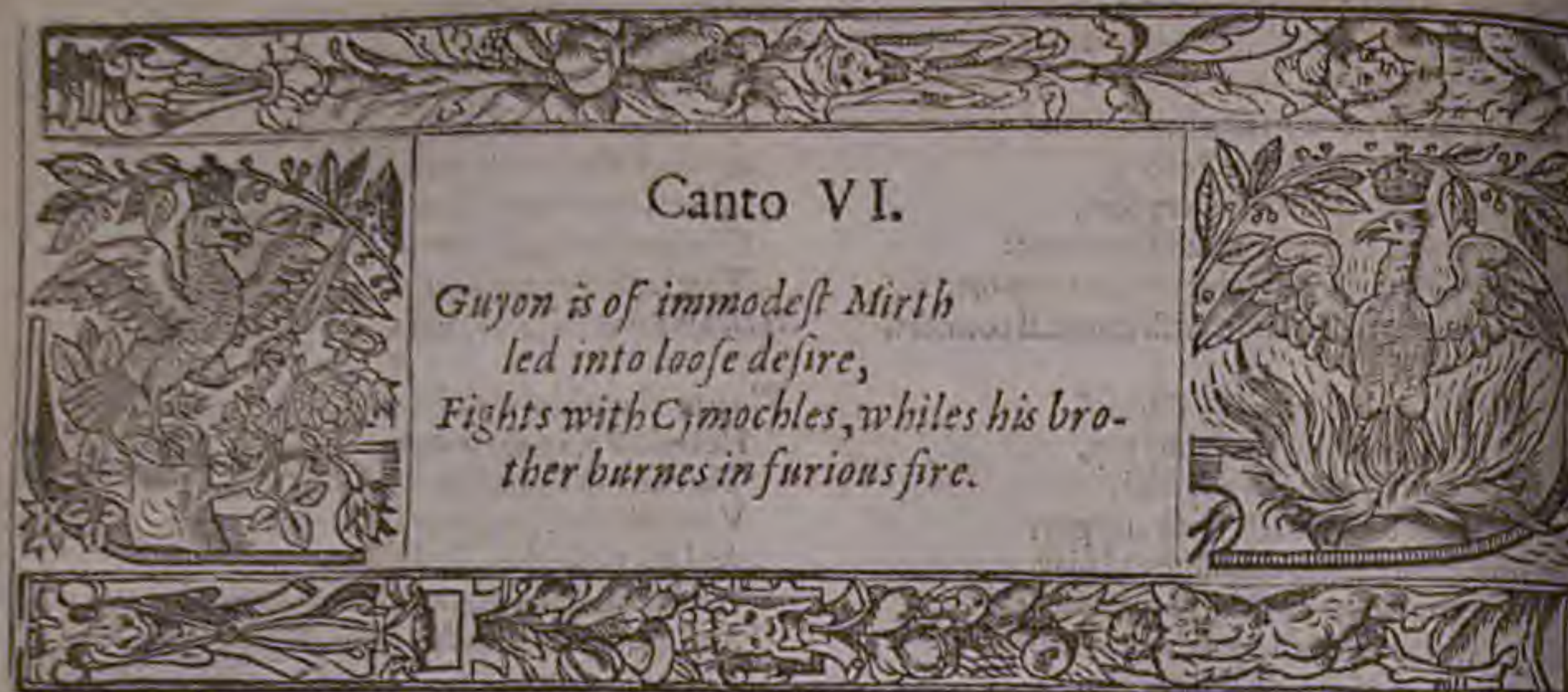
36  
Then prickling him with his sharpe-pointed durt,  
He said; Vp, vp, thou womanish weake knight,  
That here in Ladies lap entomb'd art,  
Vnmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,  
And weetelesse eke of lately wrought despight,  
Whiles *Sid Pyrrhobles* lyes on senselesse ground,  
And groneth out his vtmost grudging spright,  
Through many a stroake, & many a streaming wound,  
Calling thy helpe in vaine, that heerein ioyes art drown'd.

37  
Suddainly out of his delightfull dreame  
The man awoke, and would haue questiond more;  
But he would not endure that wolfull theame  
For to dilate at large, but vrged fore  
With pearcing words, and pitifull implore,  
Him hastie to arise. As one affright  
With hellish fiends, or *Furies* mad vprore,  
He then vprose, inflam'd with fell despight,  
And called for his armes; for he would algates fight.

38  
They been ybrought; he quickly does him dight,  
And lightly mounted, passeth on his way:  
Ne Ladies loues, ne sweet entreaties might  
Appease his heate, or haltie passage stay:  
For, he has vow'd to be an aveng'd that day  
(That day it selfe him seemed all too long):  
On him, that did *Pyrrhobles* deare dismay:  
So, proudly pricketh on his courser strong,  
And *Atin* aye him pricks with spurs of shame and wrong.







## Canto VI.

*Guyon is of immodest Mirth  
led into loose desire,  
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his bro-  
ther burnes in furious fire.*

**A** Harder lesson, to learne Continence  
In ioyous pleasure, then in grievous paine:  
For, sweetnes doth allure the weaker sense  
So strongly, that vncethes it can reframe  
From that, which feeble nature couets faine;  
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies,  
And foes of life, the better can reframe;  
Yet vertue vaunts in both their victories,  
And Guyon in them all shewes goodly maiesties.

Whom bold Cymochles traouling to find,  
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him  
The wrath, which *Atin* kindled in his mind,  
Came to a riuer, by whose vnmist brim  
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim  
Along the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,  
A little Gondelay, bedecked trim  
With boughes and arbours wouen cunningly,  
That like a little forest seemed outwardly.

And therein sat a Lady fresh and faire,  
Making sweet solace to herselfe alone;  
Sometimes she sung, as loud as Larke in aire,  
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath was gone,  
Yet was there not with her else any one,  
That might to her moue cause of merriment:  
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none  
She could deuise, and thousand waies invent  
To feed her foolish humour, and vaine iolliment.

Which when farre off Cymochles heard, and saw,  
He loudly cald to such as were aboard,  
The little barke vnto the shore to draw,  
And him to ferry ouer that deepe ford:  
The merry Martines vnto his word  
Soone harkned, and her painted boar straight way  
Turnd to the shore, where that faine warlike Lord  
She receiued, but *Atin* by no way  
Shee would admit, albe the Knight her much did pray.

Estfoones her shallow ship away did slide,  
More swift then Swallow sheres the liquid skie,  
Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,  
Or winged canuas with the wind to sie;  
Onely she turn'd a pin, and by and by  
It cut away vpon the yeelding waue,  
Ne cared shee her course for to applie:  
For, it was taught the way, which she would haue,  
And both from rocks and flats it selfe could wisely saue.

And all the way, the wanton Damzell found  
New mirth, her passenger to entertaine:  
For, she in pleasant purpose did abound,  
And greatly ioyed merry tales to faine,  
Of which a store-houle did with her remaine:  
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became;  
For, all her words shee drown'd with laughter vaine,  
And wanted grace in vttering of the same,  
That turned all her pleasure to a scoffing game.

And other whiles vaine toyces shee would deuise,  
As her fantastick wit did most delight:  
Sometimes her head she fondly would agnise  
With gaudie girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight  
About her neck, or rings of rushes plight;  
Sometimes to doe him laugh, shee would assay  
To laugh at shaking of the leaues light,  
Or to behold the water worke, and play  
About her little frigot, therein making way.

Her light behaviour, and loose dalliance  
Gane wondrous great contentment to the Knight,  
That of his way he had no souenaunce,  
Nor care of vow'd reuenge, and cruell fight,  
But to weake wench did yeeld his Martiall might.  
So easie was to quench his flamed mind  
With one sweet drop of sensuall delight:  
So easie is, to appease the stormie wind  
Of malice in the calme of pleasant womankind.

Diuerse

Diuerse discourses in their way they spent,  
Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned,  
Both what she was, and what that vlsage ment,  
Which in her cor she daily practised.  
Vaine man, sayd she, that would't be reckoned  
A stranger in thy home, and ignorant  
Of Phedria (for to my name is red)  
Of Phedria, thine owne fellow seruant;  
For, thou to serue *Acraffa* thy selfe doost vaunt.

In this wide Inland sea, that hight by name  
The Ylle lake, my wandring ship I rowe,  
That knowes her Port, and thither sailes by ayme,  
Ne care, ne feare I; how the wind doe blowe,  
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slowe:  
Both slowe and swift alike doe serue my tourne,  
Ne swelling Neptune, ne loud thundring Ioue  
Can change my cheare, or make me euer mourne:  
My little boat can safely passe this perilous bourne.

Whiles thus shee talked, and whiles thus shee toyd,  
They were furthest past the passage which he spake,  
And come vnto an Island waste and voyd,  
That floated in the midst of that great lake,  
There her small Gondelay her Port did make,  
And that gay payre issuing on the shore  
Disburnd her. Their way they forward take  
Into the Land that lay them faire before,  
Whose pleasure shee him shew'd, and plentiful great store.

It was a chosen plot of fertile land,  
Emongst wide waues fit like a little nest,  
As if it had by Nature cunning hand,  
Beene choicely picked out from all the rest,  
And layd forth for ensample of the best:  
No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on ground,  
No arboret with painted blossoms drest,  
And smelling sweet, but there it might be found  
To bud out fayre, and her sweet smells throwe all around.

No tree, whose branches did not brauely spring;  
No branch, whereon a fine bird did not sit:  
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing;  
No song but did containe a louely dit:  
Trees, branches, birds, and songs were framed fit  
For to allure frayle mind to carlesse ease.  
Carelesse the man soone wox, and his weake wit  
Was overcome of thing, that did him please;  
So pleased, did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

Thus when shee had his eyes and senses fed  
With false delights, and filld with pleasures vaine,  
Into a shady dale shee lost him led,  
And layd him downe vpon a grassie Plaine:  
And her sweet selfe, without dread or disdaine  
Shee set beside, laying his head disarm'd  
In her loose lap, it softly to sustaine,  
Where soone he slumbered, fearing not be harm'd,  
The whiles with a loud lay shee thus him sweetly charm'd.

Behold, O man, that toyle-some paines doost take,  
The flowres, the fields, and all that pleasant growes,  
How they themselves doe thine ensample make,  
Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth throwes  
Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,  
They spring, they bud, they blossom fresh & faire,  
And deck the world with their rich pompous shewes;  
Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,  
Yet no man to them can his careful paines compare.

The Lilly, Lady of the flowing field,  
The Flowre-de-luce, her louely Paramoure,  
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labours yield,  
And soone leaue off this toyle some wearie stoure:  
Lo, lo, how braue shee decks her bountious bourne,  
VVith silken curtains and gold couerlets,  
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure,  
Yet neither spinnes nor cardes, ne cares nor frets,  
But to her mother Nature all her care shee lets.

Why then doost thou, O man, that of them all  
Art Lord, and eke of nature Soueraigne,  
Willfully make thy selfe a wretched thrall,  
And waste thy ioyous houres in needlesse paine,  
Seeking for danger and adventures vaine?  
What bootes it all to haue, and nothing vse?  
Who shall him rew, that swimming in the maine,  
Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?  
Refuse such fruitlesse toyle, and present pleasures chuse.

By this, shee had him lulled fast asleepe,  
That of no worldly thing he care did take:  
Then shee with liquors strong his eyes did sleepe,  
That nothing should him hastily awake:  
So shee him left, and did herselfe betake  
Vnto her boat againe, with which shee cleft  
The stothfull waues of that great grieuall lake:  
Soone shee that Island furthest behind her left,  
And now is come to that same place, where first shee weft.

By this time, was the worthy Guyon brought  
Vnto the other side of that wide strond,  
VVhere shee was rowing, and for passage sought:  
Him needed not long call, shee soone to hand  
Her ferry brought, where him shee byding fond,  
With his sad guide; himselfe shee tooke aboard,  
But the Black Palmer suffred still to stord,  
Ne would for price, or prayers once afford,  
To ferry that old man ouer the petious foord.

Guyon was loath to leaue his guide behind,  
Yet beeing entred, might not back retire;  
For, the flit barke, obeying to her mind,  
Forth launched quickly, as shee did desire,  
Ne gane him leaue to bid that aged Sire  
Adieu, but nimble ran her wonted course  
Through the dull billowes thick as troubled mire,  
Whom neither wind out of their seat could force,  
Nor timely tides did driue out of their sluggish source.

H.

And



21  
And by the way, as was her wonted guise,  
Her meny fit she freshly gan to reare,  
And did of ioy and iollitie deuise,  
Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare:  
The Knight was courteous, and did not forbear  
Her honest mirth and pleasure to partake;  
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,  
And passe the bounds of modest merimake,  
Her dalliance he despis'd, and follies did forsake.

22  
Yet she still followed her former stile,  
And sayd and did all that mote him delight,  
Till they arrived in that pleasant Ile,  
Where sleeping late she left her other knight.  
But, when as Guyon of that land had sight,  
He wist himselfe amiss, and angry sayd;  
Ah Dame, perdy ye haue not doen me right,  
Thus to mislead me, whiles I you obeyd:  
Me little needed from my right way to haue strayd.

23  
Fayre Sir, quoth she, be not displeas'd at all:  
Who fares on sea, may not commaund his way,  
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:  
The sea is wide, and easie for to stray;  
The wind vnstable, and doth neuer stay.  
But heere awhile ye may in safetie rest,  
Till season serue new passage to assay;  
Better safe Port, then be in seas distrest.  
There-with she laughd, and did her earnest end in iest.

24  
But he, halfe discontent, mote nathelittle  
Himselfe appeale, and issued forth on shore:  
The ioyes whereof, and happy fruitfulness,  
Such as he saw she gan him lay before,  
And all though pleasant, yet she made much more:  
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,  
The trees did bud, and earely blossoms bore,  
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,  
And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

25  
And shee, more sweet then any bird on bough,  
Would oftentimes amongst them beare a part,  
And strue to passe (as shee could well enough)  
Their natue musick by her skilfull art:  
So did shee all, that might his constant hart  
With-draw from thought of warlike enterprise,  
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,  
Where noyle of armes, or view of Martiall guise  
Might not reuue desire of knightly exercise.

26  
But hee was wise, and wary of her will,  
And euer held his hand vpon his hart:  
Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,  
As to despise so courteous seeming part,  
That gentle Lady did to him impart:  
But fayrely rempring, fond desire subdewd,  
And euer her desired to depart.  
She list not heare, but her disports pursu'd,  
And euer bade him stay, till time the tide renewd.

27  
And now by this, *Cymochles* howre was spent,  
That he awoke out of his idle dreame,  
And shaking off his drowfie dreciment,  
Gan him ariue, how ill did him befeeme,  
In slothfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,  
And quench the brond of his conceiued ire.  
Tho vp he started, stird with shame extreme,  
Ne stayed for his Damsell to inquire,  
But marched to the strond, there passage to require.

28  
And in the way, he with Sir *Guyon* met,  
Accompanyd with *Phedria* the faire:  
Effsoones he gan to rage, and inly fret,  
Crying, Let be that Lady debonaire,  
Thou recreant knight, and loone thy selfe prepaire  
To battaile, if thou meane her loue to gaine:  
Lo, lo already, how the fowles in aire  
Doe flock, awayting shortly to obtaine  
Thy carcasle for their prey, the guerdon of thy paine.

29  
And there-withall he fiercely at him flew,  
And with important outrage him assayld:  
Who, soone prepar'd to field, his sword forth drew,  
And him with equall value countervayld:  
Their mighty stroakes their habereons dismayld,  
And naked made each others manly spalles;  
The mortall steele despiteously entayld  
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the iron waller,  
That a large purple streamer adowne their giambour flatter.

30  
*Cymochles*, that had neuer met before  
So puissant foe, with envious depight  
His proud presumed force increased more,  
Disdeigning to be held so long in fight;  
Sir *Guyon* grudging not so much his might,  
As those vnknightly raylings, which he spoke,  
With wrathfull fire his courage kindled bright,  
Thereof deuising shortly to be wroke,  
And doubling all his powres, redoubled euery stroke.

31  
Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,  
And both attonce their huge blowes downe did cast:  
*Cymochles* sword on *Guyon* shield yelaunc't,  
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away;  
But *Guyon* angry blade so fierce did play  
On th'others helmet, which as *Titan* shone,  
That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,  
And bared all his head vnto the bone;  
Where-with astonisht, still he stood as senselesse stone.

32  
Still as he stood, faire *Phedria*, that beheld  
That deadly danger, soone atweene them ran;  
And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,  
Crying with pittious voyce, and count'nance wan:  
Ah, weal-away! most noble Lords, how can  
Your cruell eyes endure so pittious sight,  
To shed your liues on ground? wo worth the man,  
That first did teach the cursed steele to bight  
In his owne flesh, and make way to the liuing spight.

33  
If euer loue of Ladie did empierce  
Your yron breastes, or pittie could finde place,  
Withhold your bloudie hands from battell fierce,  
And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace  
Both yeeld, to stay your deadly strife a space.  
They stayd a while: and forth she gan proceed:  
Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,  
That art the author of this hainous deed,  
And cause of death betwene two doughtie knights doe.

34  
But if for me ye fight, or me will serue,  
Not this rude kind of battell, nor these armes  
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to serue,  
And dolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes:  
Such cruell game my scarmoges disformes:  
Another warre, and other weapons I  
Doe loue, where loue does giue his sweet alarmes,  
Without bloudshed, and where the enemy  
Does yeeld vnto his foe a pleasant victorie.

35  
Debatefull strife, and cruell enmitie  
The famous name of knighthood slowly shendi:  
But louely peace, and gentle amitie,  
And in Amours the passing houres to spend,  
The mightie Martiall hands doe most commend:  
Of loue they euer greater glorie bore,  
Then of their armes: *Mars* is *Cupidoes* friend,  
And is for *Venus* loues renowned more  
Then all his wars and spoyle, the which he did of yore.

36  
Therewith she sweetly smyl'd. They, though full bent  
To proue extremities of bloudie fight,  
Yet at her speech their rages gan relent,  
And calmed the sea of their tempestuous spight:  
Such powre haue pleasing words: such is the might  
Of courteous clemencie in gentle hart.  
Now after all was ceast, the Faerie knight  
Befought that Damzell suffer him depart,  
And yeeld him readie passage to that other part.

37  
She no lesse glad, then he desirous was  
Of his departure thence; for of her ioy  
And vaine delight she saw he light did pass,  
A foe of folly and immodest toy,  
Still solemne sad, or still disdainefull coy:  
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,  
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,  
Troubled with terror and vnquiet iarre,  
That she well pleased was thence to amoue him farre.

38  
Tho, him she brought aboard, and her swift bote  
Forthwith directed to that further strand:  
The which on the dull waues did lightly float,  
And soone arrived on the shallow land,  
Where glad some *Guyon* sailed forth to land,  
And to that Damzell thanks gaue for reward.  
Vpon that shore he spied *Atin* stand,  
There by his maister left, when late he fur'd  
In *Phedria* fleet barke ouer that perious shard.

39  
Well could he him remember, fish of late  
He with *Pyrrhacles* sharpe debatement made:  
Streight gan he him reuile, and bitter rate,  
As shepheards curre, that in darke euening shade  
Hath tracted forth some saluage beastes trade:  
Vile Miscreant (said he) whither dost thou flie  
The shame and death, which will thee soone invade?  
What coward hand shall doe thee next to die,  
That art thus squally fled from famous enemy?

40  
With that, he stiffely shooke his steel-head dart:  
But sober *Guyon*, hearing him so rale,  
Though somewhat moued in his mightie hart,  
Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,  
And passed fairely forth. He turning taile,  
Backe to the strond retrayd, and there full stayd,  
Awaiting passage, which him late did faile:  
The whiles *Cymochles* with that wanton mayd  
The hasty heat of his angry reuenge delayd.

41  
Whiles there the varlet stood, he saw from faire  
An armed knight, that towards him fast ran:  
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre  
His forlorn steed from him the victour wan:  
Hee seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan,  
And all his armour sprinkled was with bloud,  
And soyled with durtie gore, that no man can  
Differne the hew thereof. He neuer stood,  
But bent his hasty coursetowards the idle flood.

42  
The varlet saw, when to the flood he came,  
How without stop or stay he fiercely lept:  
And deepe himselfe beducked in the same,  
That in the lake his losie crest was steeped:  
Ne of his lastetie seemed care he kept;  
But with his raging armes hee rudely flastred,  
The waues about, and all his armour swept,  
That all the bloud and filth away was washt,  
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dastred.

43  
*Atin* drew nigh, to weet what it mote bee:  
For much he wondred at that vnouth sight;  
Whom should hee, but his owne deare Lord, there see?  
His owne deare Lord *Pyrrhacles*, in sad plight,  
Readie to drowne himselfe for fell depight.  
Harrow now out, and weal-away, he cryde,  
What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,  
To see my Lord so deadly damnyfide?  
*Pyrrhacles*, O *Pyrrhacles*, what is thee betyde?

44  
I burne, I burne, I burne, then loud he cryde,  
O how I burne with implacable fire!  
Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming fyre  
Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of mire,  
Nothing but death can doe me to respire.  
Ah be it (said he) from *Pyrrhacles* faire  
After pursewing death once to require,  
Or thinke, that ought those puissant hands may marre:  
Death is for wretches borne vnder vnhappie starre.



Perdie, then it is fit for me (said he)  
That am, I weene, most wretched man aliue:  
Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,  
And dying daily, daily yet reuiue:  
O *Atia*, helpe to me last death to giue.  
The varlet at his plaint was grieu'd so fore,  
That his deepe wounded hart in two did riuie,  
And his owne health remembering now no more,  
Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

46  
Into the lake he leapt, his Lord to ayd,  
(So loue the dread of daunger doth despise)  
And of him catching hold, him strongly stayd  
From drowning. But more happie he, then wise  
Of that seas nature did him not auise.  
The waues thereof so slowe and sluggish were,  
Engroft with mud, which did them foule agrie,  
That euerie weightie thing they did vpbear,  
Ne ought more euer stike downe to the bottome there.

47  
Whales thus they struggled in that idle waue,  
And stroue in vaine, the one himselfe to drowne,  
The other both from drowning for to saue:  
Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,  
Whose hoarie locks great grauitie did crowne,  
Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,  
By fortune came, led with the troublous fowne:  
Where drenched deepe he found in that dull ford  
The carefull seruant, striding with his raging Lord.

48  
Him *Atia* spying, knewe right well of yore,  
And loudly cald, Helpe helpe, O *Archimage*;  
To saue my Lord, in wretched plight forlore;  
Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsaile sage.

Weake hands, but counsell is most strong in age.  
Him when the old man saw, he wondred fore,  
To see *Pyrrhachies* there so rudely rage:  
Yet fithens helpe, he saw, he needed more  
Then pitie, he in haste approached to the shore.

49  
And cald; *Pyrrhachies*, what is this, I see?  
What hellish Furie hath at carst thee hente?  
Furious euer I thee knew to bee,  
Yet neuer in this strange astonishment.  
These flames, these flames (he cryde) do me torment.  
What flames (quoth he) when I thee present see,  
In danger rather to be drent, then brent?  
Harrow, the flames, which me consume (said hee)  
Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowels bee.

50  
That cursed man, that cruell feend of hell,  
*Furor*, oh *Furor*, hath me thus bedight:  
His deadly wounds within my liuer swell,  
And his hot fire burnes in mine entrails bright.  
Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,  
Sith late with him I batteil vain would bolte;  
That now I weene *Ioues* dreaded thunder light  
Does scorch not halfe so fore, nor damned ghoste  
In flaming *Phlegeton* does not so felly roste.

51  
Which when as *Archimage* heard, his griefe  
He knew right well, and him at once disarmd:  
Then searcht his secret wounds, and made a priefe  
Of euerie place, that was with bruising harmd,  
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd.  
Which done, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,  
And euermore with mightie spels them charmd,  
That in short space he has them qualifyde,  
And him restor'd to health, that would haue algates dyde.

## Canto VII.

*Guyon findes Mammon in a delue,  
Sunning his treasure bore:  
Is by him tempted, & led downe  
To see his secret store.*

52  
S Pilot well expert in perillous waue,  
That to a stedfast flate his course hath bent,  
When foggy mists, or cloudie tempests haue  
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,

And couer'd heauen with hideous dreriment,  
Vpon his card and compass firmes his eye,  
The maisters of his long experiment,  
And to them does the steady helme apply,  
Bidding his winged vessell fauely forward fly:

So *Guyon* hauing lost his trustie guide,  
Late left beyond that *Ydle lake*, proceedes  
Yet on his way, of none accompanie;  
And euermore himselfe with comfort feedes,  
Of his owne vertues, and prayse-worthy deedes.  
So long he yode, yet no adventure found,  
Which Fame of her shrill trumpet worthy reedes:  
For, still he trauald through wide wastefull ground,  
That nought but desert wildernesse shew'd all around.

3  
At last, he came vnto a gloomie glade,  
Couer'd with boughes & shrubs from heauens light,  
Vwhere-as he sitting found, in secret shade,  
An vncouth, salvage, and vnciuill wight,  
Of griesly hew, and foule ill fauour'd sight:  
His face with sinooke was tand, and eyes were beard,  
His head and beard with sote were ill bedight,  
His coale-black hands did seeme to haue been seard  
In Smithes fire-spetting forge, & nailes like clawes appeard.

4  
His iron coate all overgrowne with rust,  
Was vnderneath enuolop'd with gold,  
Whose glistering gloss darkned with filthy dust,  
Well it appeared to haue been of old  
A worke of rich entaile, and curious mold,  
VVouen with anticks and wild Imagery:  
And in his lap a mass of coyne he told,  
And turned vpsidowne, to feed his eye  
And couetous desire with his huge thealury.

5  
And round about him lay on euery side  
Great heapes of gold that neuer could be spent:  
Of which, some were rude ower, not punside  
Of *Mulcibers* deuouring element:  
Some others were new driuen, and distent  
Into great Ingoes, and to wedges square;  
Some in round plates withouten monument:  
But most were stamp'd, and in their metall bare  
The antique shapes of Kings, and Kears strange & rare.

6  
Soone as he *Guyon* saw, in great affright  
And haste he rose, for to remoue aside  
Those pretious hils from strangers envious sight,  
And downe them poured through an hole full wide,  
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.  
But *Guyon* lightly to him leaping, stayd  
His hand, that trembled, as one terrifide:  
And, though himselfe were at the sight dismayd,  
Yet him perforce restrain'd, and to him doubtfull said.

7  
What art thou man (if man at all thou art)  
That heere in desert hast thine habitaunce,  
And these rich heapes of wealth doost hide apart  
From the worlds eye, and from her right vsaunce?  
Thereat, with staring eyes fixed afaunce,  
In great disdaine, hee answerd; Hardy Elfe,  
That darrest view my direfull countenance,  
I read thee rash, and heedlesse of thy selfe,  
To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious pellic.

8  
God of the world and worldlings I me call,  
Great *Mammon*, greatest god belowe the sky,  
That of my plentie poure out vnto all,  
And vnto none my graces doe enuie:  
Riches, renowne, and principallitie,  
Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,  
For which men swink and sweat incessantly,  
Fro me doe flowe into an ample flood,  
And in the hollow earth haue their eternall brood.

9  
Wherefore if me thou deigne to serue and sew,  
At thy commaund loe all these mountaines bee:  
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy view,  
All these may not suffice, there shall to thee  
Tenne times so much be numbred franke and free.  
*Mammon*, said hee, thy godheads vaunt is vaine,  
And idle offers of thy golden fee:  
To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine,  
Proffer thy gifts, and fitter seruants entertaine.

10  
Me ill befits, that in der-doing armes,  
And honours suit my vowed dayes doe spend,  
Vnto thy bountious baytes, and pleasing charmes,  
With which weake men thou witchest, to attend:  
Regard of worldly muck doth foully blend  
And lowe abase the high heroick spight,  
That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend;  
Faile shields, gay steeds, bright armes bee my delight:  
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight.

11  
Vaine-glorious Elfe, said he, doost not thou wret,  
That money can thy wants at will supply?  
Shields, steeds, and armes, and all things for thee meet  
It can puruay in twinkling of an eye;  
And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.  
Do not I Kings create, & throwe the crowne  
Sometimes to him, that lowe in dust doth ly?  
And him that raignd, into his roome thrust downe,  
And whom I lust, doe heape with glory and renowne?

12  
All otherwise, said he, I riches read,  
And deeme them roote of all disquietesse:  
First got with guile, and then preter'd with dread,  
And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,  
Leauing behind them griefe and heauinesse.  
Infinite mischiefs of them doe arise:  
Strife, and debate, bloudshed, and bitternesse,  
Outragious wrong, and hellish couetise,  
That noble hart (as great dishonour) doth despise.

13  
Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine;  
But realmes and rulers thou doost both confound,  
And loyall truth to treason doost incline:  
Wimess the guiltlesse bloud pour'd oft on ground,  
The crowned often slaine, the slayer crown'd,  
The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,  
And purple robe gored with many a wound:  
Castles surpriz'd, great Cities sackt and brent:  
So mak'st thou kings, & gainest wrongfull gouernment.



14  
Long were to tell the troublous stormes, that tosse  
The priate state, and make the life vnswete:  
Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,  
And in fraile wood on *Adrian* gulfe doth fleet,  
Doth not (I weene) so many euils meet.  
Then *Mammon* waxing wroth, And why then, said,  
Are mortall men so fond and vndiscreet,  
So euill thing to seeke vnto their ayd,  
And hauing not complaine, and hauing it vpbraid?

15  
Indeed, quoth he, through foule intemperance,  
Fraile men are oft captiu'd to couetise:  
But would they thinke, with how small allowance  
Vntroubled Nature doth her selfe suffice,  
Such superfluities they would despise,  
Which with sad cares empeach our nature ioyes:  
At the Well head the purest streames arise:  
But mucky filth his branching armes annoyes,  
And with vncomele weeds the gentle waue accloyes.

16  
The antique world, in his first flowring youth,  
Found no defect in his Creators grace;  
But with glad thanks, and vnreproued truth,  
The gifts of foueraigne bountie did embrace:  
Like Angels life was then mens happy case;  
But later ages pride (like come-fed feed)  
Abus'd her plenty, and fat wolne encrease  
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed  
The measure of her meane, and naturall first need.

17  
Then gan a curst hand the quiet wombe  
Of his great Grandmother with Steele to wound,  
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe,  
With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he found  
Fountaines of gold and silver to abound,  
Of which the matter of his huge desire  
And pompous pride estoones he did compound;  
Then avarice gan through his veines inspire  
His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire.

18  
Sonne, said he then, let be thy bitter scorne,  
And leaue the rudenesse of that antique age  
To them, that liu'd therein in state forlorne;  
Thou that doost liue in later times, must wage  
Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage.  
If then thee list my offred grace to vte,  
Take what thou please of all this surpluse;  
If thou list not, leaue haue thou to refuse:  
But thing refused, doe not afterward accuse.

19  
Me list not, said the Elfin knight, receaue  
Thing offred, till I knowe it well be got:  
Ne wote I, but thou didst these goods bereaue  
From rightfull owner by vnrighteous lot,  
Or that bloud-guiltinesse or guile them blot.  
Perdy, quoth he, yet neuer eye did view  
Netongue did tell, ne hand these handled not,  
But safe I haue them kept in secret mew,  
From heauens sight, and powre of all which them pursue.

20  
What secret place, quoth he, can safely hold  
So huge a mass, and hide from heauens eye?  
Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold  
Thou canst preferue from wrong and robbery?  
Come thou, quoth he, and see. So, by and by  
Through that thick covert he him led, and found  
A darkelome way, which no man could descry,  
That deepe descended through the hollow ground,  
And was with dread and horrore compassed around.

21  
At length they came into a larger space,  
That stretcht it selfe into an ample Plaine,  
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,  
That straight did lead to *Plutoes* grieu'd raigne:  
By that wayes side, there late infernall Paine,  
And fast beside him late tumultuous strife:  
The one, in hand an iron whip did straine;  
The other brandish'd a bloody knife,  
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten.

22  
On th' other side, in one consort there late  
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,  
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate:  
But gnawing searousse, out of their sight  
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,  
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,  
And found no place, where safe he shroud him might,  
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknesse lye,  
And Shame his vgly face did hide from liuing eye.

23  
And over them sad Horrore with grim hew,  
Did alwaies sore, beating his iron wings;  
And after him, Owles and Night-ravens flew,  
The hatefull messengers of heauie things,  
Of death and dolour telling sad tydings;  
Whiles sad *Celeus*, sitting on a clift,  
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,  
That hart of flint asunder could haue rift:  
Which hauing ended, after him the flyeth swift.

24  
All these before the gates of *Pluto* lay,  
By whom they passing, spake vnto them nought.  
But th' Elfin knight with wonder all the way  
Did feede his eyes, and fild his inner thought.  
At last, him to a little dore he brought,  
That to the gate of Hell, which gap'd wide,  
Was next adioyning, ne them parted ought:  
Betwixt them both was but a little stride,  
That did the house of Riches from hell-mouth divide.

25  
Before the dore late selfe-consuming Care,  
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,  
For feare least Force or Fraud should vnaware  
Breake in, and spoyle the treasure there in gard:  
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither ward  
Approche, albe his drowse den were next:  
For, next to death is Sleepe to be compar'd:  
Therefore his house is vnto his annex;  
Here Sleep, there Riches, & Hel-gate them both benigne.

26  
So soone as *Mammon* there arriu'd, the dore  
To him did open, and affoorded way;  
Him followed eke Sir *Guyon* euermore,  
Ne darknesse him, ne dinger might dismay.  
Soone as he entred was, the dore straight way  
Did shut, and from behind it forth there lept  
An vgly fiend, more foule then dismall day,  
The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,  
And euer as he went, due watch vpon him kept.

27  
Well hoped he, ere long that hardie guest,  
If euer couetous hand, or lustfull eye,  
Or lips he layd on thing, that lik't him best,  
Or euer sleepe his eye-strings did vntie,  
Should be his prey. And therefore still on hie  
He ouer him did hold his cruell clawes,  
Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him die,  
And rend in peeces with his rauinous pawes,  
If euer he transgressit the fatal *Stygian* lawes.

28  
That houses forme within was rude and strong,  
Like an huge Caue, hewne out of rocky chert,  
From whole rough vault the ragged breaches hong,  
Emboist with mally gold of glorious gift,  
And with rich metall loaded euery rift.  
That heauy ruine they did seeme to threat;  
And over them *Arachne* high did lift  
Her cunning web, and spred her subtil net,  
Enwrapped in foule smoak & cloudes more black then Iet.

29  
Both rooffe, and floore, and wals were all of gold,  
But overgrowne with dust and old decay,  
And hid in darknesse, that none could behold  
The hew thereof: for, view of chearefull day  
Did neuer in that house it selfe display,  
But a faint shadow of vncertaine light;  
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away:  
Or as the Moone cloathed with cloudy night,  
Does shew to him, that walkes in feare and sad affright.

30  
In all that roome was nothing to be seene,  
But huge great iron chests and coffers strong,  
All bard with double bends, that none could weene  
Them to efforce by violence or wrong;  
On euery side they placed were along,  
But all the ground with sculls was scattered,  
And dead mens bones, which round about were flong,  
Whose liues (it seemed) whilome there were shed,  
And their vile carcases now left vnburied.

31  
They forward passe, ne *Guyon* yet spake word,  
Till that they came vnto an iron dore,  
Which to them opened of it owne accord,  
And shew'd of riches such exceeding store,  
As eye of man did neuer see before;  
Ne euer could within one place be found,  
Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,  
Could gathered be through all the world around,  
And that about were added to that vnder ground.

32  
The charge thereof vnto a couetous Spright  
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,  
And warily awaited day and night,  
From other couetous fiends it to defend,  
Who it to rob and ranlack did intend.  
Then *Mammon*, turning to that warriour, said,  
Loe, heere the worldes blis: loe, heere the end,  
To which all men doe ayme, rich to be made:  
Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

33  
Certes, said he, I nill thine offred grace,  
Ne to be made so happy do intend:  
Another blis before mine eyes I place,  
Another happinesse, another end.  
To them, that list, these base regards I lend:  
But I in armes, and in archievements braue,  
Doe rather choose my fitting houres to spend,  
And to be Lord of those, that riches haue,  
Then them to haue my selfe, and be their seruile slaue.

34  
Therewith the fiend his gnashing teeth did grate,  
And griu'd, so long to lacke his greedy prey;  
For, well he weened, that so glorious bayt  
Would tempt his guest, to take thereof assay:  
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,  
More light then Culver in the Faulcons fist.  
(Eternall God thee saue from such decay.)  
But when-as *Mammon* saw his purpose mist,  
Him to entrap vnwares another way he wist.

35  
Thence, forward he him led, and shortly brought  
Vnto another roome, whose dore forthright  
To him did open, as it had been taught:  
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,  
And hundred fornaces all burning bright;  
By euery fornace many fiends did bide,  
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,  
And euery fiend his busie paines applide,  
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tride.

36  
One with great bellows gathered filling aire,  
And with forc't wind the fuell did inflame;  
Another did the dying brands repaire  
With iron tongs, and sprinkled oft the same  
With liquid waues, fierce *Vulcans* rage to tame,  
Who maistring them, renewd his former heat:  
Some scum'd the drosse that from the rictall came;  
Some stir'd the molten owre with ladles great;  
And euery one did swink, and euery one did sweat.

37  
But when as earthly wight they present saw,  
Glifring in armes and battalious array,  
From their hot worke they did themselves withdraw  
To wonder at the sight: for, till that day,  
They neuer creature saw, that came that way.  
Their staring eyes sparkling with feruent fire,  
And vgly shapes did nigh the man dismay,  
That weren not for shame, he would retire,  
Till that him thus bespake their foueraigne Lord and fire.



38  
Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,  
That living eye before did neuer see:  
The thing that thou didst craue so earnestly  
(To weet, whence all the wealth late shewd by mee,  
Proceeded) lo, now is revealed to thee.  
Heere is the fountaine of the worldes good:  
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched be,  
Avisé thee well, and change thy wilfull mood,  
Least thou perhaps heereafter wilt, and be withstood.

39  
Sufficeit then, thou Money-God, quoth hee,  
That all thine idle offers I refuse.  
All that I need I have; what needeth mee  
To covet more then I have cause to see?  
With such raine shewes thy worldlings vile abuse:  
But give me leave to followe mine emprise.  
Mammon was much displeased, yet no'te he chuse  
But beare the rigour of his bold mepise,  
And thence him forward led, him further to entise.

40  
He brought him through a darksome narrow strait,  
To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold:  
The gate was open, but therein did wait  
A sturdy villaine, striding stiffly and bold,  
As if the highest God desir'd he would;  
In his right hand an iron club he held,  
But he himselfe was all of golden mould,  
Yet had both life and sense, and well could wield  
That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

41  
Disdaine he called was, and did disdaine  
To be so cald, and who so did him call:  
Sterne was to looke, and full of stomack vaine,  
His portance terrible, and stature tall,  
Far passing th'height of men terrestiall;  
Like an huge Giant of the *Titan* race,  
That made him scorne all creatures great and small,  
And with his pride all others powre deface:  
More fit amongst black fiends, then men to have his place.

42  
Soone as those glitterand armes he did espy,  
That with their brightnesse made that darknesse light,  
His harmefull club he gan to hurle hie,  
And threaten battell to the Faerie knight:  
Who likewise gan himselfe to battaile dight,  
Till Mammon did his hastie hand with-hold,  
And counsel'd him abstaine from perillous fight:  
For, nothing might abash the villaine bold,  
Ne mortall Steele emperce his miscreated mold.

43  
So, having him with reason pacified,  
And the fierce Carle commaunding to forbear,  
He brought him in. The roome was large and wide,  
As it some Gyeld or solemne Temple were:  
Many great golden pillours did vpbear  
The massy roofe, and riches huge sustaine:  
And every pillour decked was full deare  
With crownes and Diadems, & titles vaine,  
Which mortall Princes wore, whiles they on earth did

44  
A rout of people there assembled were,  
Of every sort and nation vnder sky,  
Which with great vpror preaced to draw neare  
To th' upper part, where was advanced hie  
A stately sieg of soueraigne maiestie:  
And thereon late a woman gorgeous gay,  
And richly clad in robes of royaltie,  
That never earthly Prince in such array  
His glory did enhance, and pompous pride display.

45  
Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,  
That her broad beauties beame great brightnesse thre:  
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:  
Yet was not that same her owne native hew,  
But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,  
Thereby more louers vnto her to call:  
Nath'lesse, most heavenly faire in deed and view  
She by creation was, till she did fall:  
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crime

46  
There, as in glistering glory she did sit,  
She held a great gold chaine ylinked well,  
Whose vpper end to highest heauen was knit,  
And lower part did reach to lowest hell;  
And all that preace did round about her swell,  
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby  
To climbe aloft, and others to excell:  
That was *Ambition*, rash desire to stie,  
And every linke thereof a step of dignitie.

47  
Some thought to raise themselves to high degree;  
By riches and vnrighteous reward,  
Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree;  
Others through friends, others for base regard:  
And all, by wrong wayes, for themselves prepar'd  
Those that were vp themselves, kept others lowe,  
Those that were lowe themselves, held others hard:  
Ne suffred them to rise or greater growe,  
But every one did striue his fellow downe to throwe.

48  
Which, when as Guyon saw, he gan enquire,  
What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,  
And what she was that did so high aspire.  
Him Mammon answered; That goodly one,  
Whom all that folke with such contention  
Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is:  
Honour and dignitie from her alone,  
Deriued are, and all this worldes blifs  
For which ye men doe striue: few get, but many misse.

49  
And faire *Philotimé* shee rightly hight,  
The fairest wight that womneth vnder sky,  
But that this darksome neather world her light  
Doth dim with horror and deformitie,  
VVorthy of heauen and high felicitie,  
From whence the gods haue her for envie thrust:  
But sith thou hast found fauour in mine eye,  
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,  
That she may thee aduance for works and merites iust.

50  
Gramercy Mammon, said the gentle knight,  
For so great grace and offred high citate;  
But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,  
Vnworthy match for such immortal mate  
My selfe well wote, and mine vnequall fate;  
And were I not, yet is my trouthe yplight,  
And loue auowd to other Lady late,  
That to remoue the same I haue no might:  
To chaungeloue causelesse, is reproche to warlike knight.

51  
Mammon enmoued was with inward wrath;  
Yet forcing it to faune, him forth thence led  
Through grieved shadowes by a beaten path,  
Into a garden goodly garnished  
With herbes and fruits, whose kinds mote not be red:  
Not such, as earth out of her fruitfull wombe  
Throwes forth to men, sweet and well favoured,  
But direfull deadly blacke both leafe and bloom,  
Fit to adorne the dead, and decke the dreary toombe.

52  
There mournfull *Cypresse* grew in greatest store,  
And trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* sad,  
Dead sleeping *Poppie*, and blacke *Hellebore*,  
Cold *Colequintida*, and *Tetra* mad,  
Mortall *Sammits*, and *Cicuta* bad,  
Which with th' vniust *Atheniens* made to dy  
Wife *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glid  
Poured out his life, and last *Philosophy*  
To the faire *Critias* his dearest Belanue.

53  
The Garden of *Proserpina* this hight:  
And in the midst thereof a siluer seat,  
With a thicke Arbour goodly ouerdight,  
In which she often vs'd from open heat  
Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.  
Next thereunto did growe a goodly tree,  
With braunches broad dispreed, and body great,  
Clothed with leaues, that none the wood mote see  
And laden all with fruit as thicke as it might bee.

54  
Their fruit were golden apples glistering bright,  
That goodly was their glorie to behold,  
On earth like neuer grew, ne lining wight  
Like euer saw, but they from hence were sold:  
For those, which *Hercules* with conquest bold  
Got from great *Atlas* daughters, hence began,  
And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold:  
And those with which th' *Eubzan* young man wan,  
Swift *Atalanta*, when through craft he her out-ran.

55  
Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,  
With which *Acontius* got his louer trew,  
Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit:  
Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,  
The which amongst the gods fullle *Aré* threw;  
For which th' *Idaan* Ladies disagreed,  
Till partiall *Paris* dempt it *Fenus* dew,  
And had (of her) faire *Helen* for his meed,  
That many noble *Greekes* and *Troians* made to bleed.

56  
The warlike *Elfe* much wondred at this tree,  
So faire and great, that shadowed all the ground,  
And his broad braunches, laden with rich seed,  
Did stretch themselves without the ymost bound:  
Of this great garden, compass't with a mound,  
Which ouer-hanging, they themselves did sleepe,  
In a blacke flood which flow'd about it round:  
That is the river of *Corymbus* deepe,  
In which full many soules do chafelike waile and weepe.

57  
Which to behold, he clomb vp to the banke,  
And looking downe, saw many damned wights,  
In those sad waues; which direfull deadly stanke,  
Plonged continually of cruell Sprights,  
That with their pittious cryes, and yelling straight,  
They made the further shore resounden wide:  
Emongst the rest of those same ruefull sights,  
One cursed creature he by chaunce espide,  
That drenched lay full deepe, vnder the Garden side.

58  
Deepe was he drenched to the vpmost chin,  
Yet gaped still, as coueting to drinke  
Of the cold liquor, which he waded in,  
And stretching forth his hand, did often thinke  
To reach the fruit, which grew vpon the brinke:  
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth  
Did flie abacke, and made him vainely swinke:  
The whiles he steru'd with hunger and with drouth  
He daily dyde, yet neuer throughly dyen couth.

59  
The knight, him seeing labour so in vaine,  
Ask't who he was, and what he meant thereby:  
Who, groning deepe, thus answered him againe:  
Most cursed of all creatures vnder skye,  
Lo, *Tantalus*, I here tormented lye:  
Of whom high *Ioue* wont whylome feasted bee,  
Lo here I now for want of food doe dye:  
But if that thou be such, as I thee see,  
Of grace I pray thee, giue to eate and drinke to mee.

60  
Nay, nay, thou greedie *Tantalus* (quoth he)  
Abide the fortune of thy present fate:  
And vnto all that liue in high degree,  
Ensample be of mind intemperate,  
To teach them how to vse their present state.  
Then gan the cursed wretch aloud to cry,  
Accusing highest *Ioue* and gods ingrate,  
And eke blaspheming heauen bitterly,  
As author of vniustice, there to let him dye.

61  
Hee lookt a little further, and espyde  
Another wretch, whose carcasse deepe was dremt  
Within the riuer, which the same did hyde:  
But both his hands, most filthie feculent,  
About the water were on high extant,  
And faynd to wash themselves incessantly:  
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,  
But rather fowler seemed to the eye:  
So lost his labour vaine and idle industrie.



62  
The knight him calling, asked who he was,  
Who lifting vp his head, him answered thus:  
I Pilate am, the falsest iudge, alas,  
And most vnjust, that by vnrighteous  
And wicked doome, to Jewes despitous  
Delivered vp the Lord of life to die,  
And did acquite a murderer felonous;  
The whiles my hands I washt in puritie,  
The whiles my soule was soyled with foule iniquitie.

63  
Infinite moe, tormented in like paine  
He there beheld, too long here to be told:  
Ne Mammon would there let him long remaine,  
For terrour of the tortures manifold,  
In which the damned soules he did behold,  
But roughly him bespake, Thou fearefull foole,  
Why takest not of that same fruit of gold,  
Ne sittest downe on that same siluer stoule,  
To rest thy wearie person, in the shadow coole?

64  
All which he did, to doe him deadly fall  
In frailie intemperance through sinfull bayt:  
To which if he inclined had at all,  
That dreadfull feend, which did behind him wayt,

Would him haue rent in thousand peeces straye:  
But he was warie wise in all his way,  
And well perceiued his deceiptfull sleight,  
Ne suffered lust his safetie to betray:  
So goodly did beguile the Guyler of the pray.

65  
And now he has so long remained there,  
That vitall powres gan weke both weake and wan,  
For want of food, and sleepe, which two vpbeare,  
Like mightie pillours, this fraile life of man,  
That none without the same endure can.  
For, now three dayes of men were full outwrought,  
Since he this hardy enterprize began:  
For thy great Mammon fairely he besought,  
Into the world to guide him backe, as he him brought.

66  
The God, though loth, yet was constrained to obey:  
For longer time, then that, no liuing wight,  
Belowe the earth, might suffred be to stay:  
So backe againe, him brought to liuing light.  
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright  
Gan sucke this vitall aire into his brest,  
As ouercome with too exceeding might,  
The life did flit away out of her nest,  
And all his senses were with deadly fit oppress.



1  
And is there care in heauen? and is there loue  
In heauenly spirits to these creatures base,  
That may compassion of their euils moue?  
There is: else much more wretched were the case  
Of men, then beasts. But O the exceeding grace  
Of highest God! that loues his creatures so,  
And all his workes with mercie doth embrace,  
That blessed Angels, he sends to and fro,  
To serue to wicked man, to serue his wicked foe.

2  
How oft do they, their siluer bowers leaue,  
To come to succour vs, that succour want?  
How oft do they, with golden pincons, cleaue  
The sitting skyes, like flying Parfauant,

Against foule feends to aide vs militant?  
They for vs fight, they watch and dewly ward,  
And their bright Squadrons round about vs plant,  
And all for loue, and nothing for reward:  
O why should heauenly God to men haue such regard?

3  
During the while that Guyon did abide  
In Mammons house, the Palmer, whom whyle  
That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,  
By further search had passage found elsewhere:  
And being on his way, approached neare,  
Where Guyon lay in traunce, when suddenly  
He heard a voice, that called loud and cleare,  
Come hither, hither, & come hastily:  
That all the fields resounded with the ruckfull cry,

4  
The Palmer lent his care vnto the noyse,  
To weet who called so importunely:  
Againe, he heard a more efforded voyce,  
That bade him come in haste. He by and by  
His feeble feet directed to the cry:  
Which to that shady delue him brought at last,  
Where Mammon earst did sunne his treasury:  
There the good Guyon he found slumbering fast  
In senselesse dreames; which sight at first him fore agast.

5  
Beside his head there sat a faire young man,  
Of wondrous beautie, and of freshest yeares,  
V whose tender bud to blossome new began,  
And flourish faire about his equall peares;  
His snowy front curled with golden haies,  
Like Phobus face adorn'd with sunny rayes,  
Diuinely shone, and two sharp winged sheares,  
Decked with diuerse plumes, like painted Iayes,  
Were fixed at his backe, to cut his ayerie wayes.

6  
Like as Cupido on Idean hill,  
V when hauing laid his cruell bowe away,  
And mortall arrowes, where-with he doth fill  
The world with murderous spoyles and bloudie pray,  
With his faire mother he him digns to play,  
And with his goodly sisters, Graces three;  
The Goddesses pleased with his wanton play,  
Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguil'd to bee,  
The whiles the other Ladies mind their merry glee.

7  
Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was  
Through feare and wonder, that he nought could say,  
Till him the child bespake, Long lackt, alas,  
Hath been thy faithfull ayde in hard assay,  
Whiles deadly fit thy pupill doth dismay:  
Behold this heauy sight, thou reuerend Sire,  
But dread of death and dolour doe away:  
For, life ere long shall to her home reure,  
And hee that breathlesse seemes, shall courage bold respire.

8  
The charge which God doth vnto me arret,  
Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;  
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forget  
The care thereof (my selfe) vnto the end,  
But euermore him succour, and defend  
Against his foe and mine: watch thou I pray;  
For, euill is at hand him to offend.  
So hauing said, effoones he gan display  
His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

9  
The Palmer seeing his left empty place,  
And his slowe eyes beguiled of their sight,  
Woxe sore affraid, and standing still a space,  
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escap't by sight:  
At last, him turning to his charge behight,  
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try:  
V where finding life not yet dislodged quight,  
He much reioyc'd, and cou'd it tenderly,  
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

10  
At last, he spyde whereward he did pale  
Two Paynim knights, all arm'd as bright as sky,  
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,  
And farre before a light-foot Page did fly,  
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie;  
Those were the two sonnes of Acrates old,  
Who meeting earst with Archimago fly,  
Foreby that idle strand, of him were told,  
That he, which earst them combatted, was Guyon bold.

11  
Which to avenge on him they dearly vow'd;  
Where-euer that on ground they mote him find;  
False Archimago prouokt their courage proud,  
And strife-full Atin in their stubborne mind  
Coales of contention and hot vengeance kind.  
Now been they come whereas the Palmer late,  
Keeping that slumberd corte to him assignd;  
Well knew they both his person, fish of late  
With him in bloudy armes they rashly did debate.

12  
Whom when Pyrrhobles saw, inflam'd with rage,  
That fire he foule bespake, Thou dotard vile,  
That with thy brutelless shendst thy comely age,  
Abandone soone, I read, the caitiue spoile  
Of that same outcast carcasse, that erewhile  
Made it selfe famous through false trechery,  
And crown'd his coward crest with knightly stile;  
Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,  
To proue hee lined ill, that did thus foully dye.

13  
To whom the Palmer feareless answered;  
Certes, Sir Knight, ye been too much to blame;  
Thus for to blot the honour of the dead,  
And with foule cowardize his carcasse shame,  
Whose liuing hands immortaliz'd his name.  
Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,  
And enuy base, to barke at sleeping fame:  
Was neuer wight, that treason of him tolde;  
Your selfe his prowels prov'd & found him fierce & bold.

14  
Then sayd Cymochles; Palmer thou dost dote,  
Ne canst of prowesse, ne of knighthood deeme,  
Sane as thou seest or hear'st: But, well I wote,  
That of his puillance tryall made extreme;  
Yet gold all is not, that doth golden seeme,  
Ne all good knights, that shake well speare and shield:  
The worth of all men by their end esteeme,  
And then due praise, or due reproche them yield;  
Bad therefore I him deem, that thus lies dead on field.

15  
Good or bad (gan his brother fierce reply)  
What doe I recke, sith that he dyde entire?  
Or what doth his bad death now lussie  
The greedy hunger of reuenging ire,  
Sith wrathfull hand wrought nother owne desire?  
Yet sith no way is left to wreake my spight,  
I will him reane of armes, the victors hire,  
And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;  
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?



16  
Faure Sir, said then the Palmer suppliant,  
For knighthoods loue doe not so foule a deed,  
Ne blame your honour with so shamefull vaunt  
Of vile revenge. To spoyle the dead of weed  
Is sacrilege, and doth all finnes exceed;  
But leane these reliques of his living might,  
To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-black steed.  
What herce or steed (said he) should he haue dight,  
But be entomb'd in the rauens or the kight?

17  
With that, rude hand vpon his shield he laid,  
And th' other brother gan his helme vnlace,  
Both fiercely bent to haue him disarraid;  
Till that they spyde, where towards them did pafe  
An armed knight, of bold and bountious grace,  
Whose Squire bore after him an heben launce,  
And couerd shield. VVell kend him so fure space  
Th' enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,  
When vnder him he law his Lybian steed to prauince;

18  
And to those brethren said, Rise, rise by liue,  
And vnto battaile doe your selues addresse;  
For, yonder comes the prowest knight aliue,  
Prince Arthur, flowre of grace and nobilesse,  
That hath to Paynim knights wrought great distresse,  
And thousand Sarzins foully donne to dye.  
That word so deepe did in their harts impreffe,  
That both cistwoones vpstarte furiously,  
And gan themselves prepare to battell greedily.

19  
But fierce Pyrrhobles, lacking his owne sword,  
Thewant thereof now greatly gan to plaine,  
And Archimage belought him that afford,  
Which he had brought for Braggadochio vaine.  
So would I, sayd th' enchaunter, glad and faine  
Become to you his sword, you to defend,  
Or ought that else your honour might maintaine,  
But that this weapons powre I well haue kend,  
To be contrary to the worke which yee intend.

20  
For, that same knights owne sword this is of yore,  
Which Merlin made by his almighty art  
For that his nourling, when he knighthood swore,  
There-with to doen his foes eternall smart.  
The metall first he mixt with Medewart,  
That no enchauntment from his dint might saue;  
Then it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,  
And seauen times dipped in the bitter waue  
Of hellish Styx, which hidden vertue to it gaue.

21  
The vertue is, that neither Steele nor stone,  
The stroake thereof from entrance may defend;  
Ne euer may be vied by his fone,  
Ne forc't his rightfull owner to offend,  
Ne euer will it breake, ne euer bend.  
Wherefore Mordure it rightfully is hight.  
In vaine therefore, Pyrrhobles, should I lend  
The same to thee, against his Lord to fight.  
For, sure it would deceiue thy labour, and thy might.

22  
Foolish old man, sayd then the Pagan wroth,  
That weendst words or charmes may force withstand;  
Soone shalt thou see, and then belieue for troth,  
That I can carue with this enchaunted brond  
His Lords owne flesh. There-with out of his hond  
That vertuous Steele he rudely snatcht away,  
And Guyons sheld about his wrist he bond;  
So, ready dight fierce battaile to assay,  
And match his brother proud in battailous array.

23  
By this, that stranger knight in presence came,  
And goodly salued them; who nought againe  
Him answered, as courtesie became;  
But with sterne lookes, and stomachous disdain;  
Gaue signes of grudge and discontentment vaine.  
Then, turning to the Palmer, hee gan spy  
Where, at his feet, with sorrowfull demaine  
And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,  
In whose dead face he read great magnanimity.

24  
Said he then to the Palmer, Reuerend fyre,  
What great misfortune hath betid this knight?  
Or did his life her fatal date expyre,  
Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?  
How-euer, sure I rewe his pittious plight.  
Not one, nor other, sayd the Palmer graue,  
Hath him befallne, but clowdes of deadly night  
Awhile his heauy cylids couer'd haue,  
And all his senses drowned in deepe senselesse waue.

25  
Which, those same foes that doen awaite hereby,  
Making advantage, to revenge their spight,  
VVould him disarme, and threaten shamefully;  
(Vnworthy vface of redoubted knight.)  
But you, fayre Sir, whose honourable sight  
Doth promise hope of help, and timely grace,  
Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,  
And by your powre protect his feeble case.  
First prayle of knight-hood is, foule outrage to deface.

26  
Palmer, sayd he, no knight so rude (I weene)  
As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost:  
Ne was there euer noble courage leene,  
That in advantage would his puissance boast:  
Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.  
May be, that better reason will asswage  
The rash revengers heat. VVords well dispoist  
Haue secret powre, to appease inflamed rage:  
If not, leaue vnto me thy knights last patronage.

27  
Tho, turning to those brethren, thus bespoke;  
Yee warlike payre, whose valorous great might,  
It seemes, iust wrongs to vengeance doth prouoke,  
To wreake your wrath on this dead-seeming knight,  
Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,  
And settle patience in so furious heat?  
Not to debate the challenge of your right,  
But for this carcase pardon I entreat,  
Whom fortune hath already layd in lowest seat.

28  
To whom Cymochles said; For what art thou,  
That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong  
The vengeance prest? Or who shall let me now  
On this vile body from to wreake my wrong,  
And make his carcase as the outcast dong?  
Why should not that dead carrion satisfie  
The guilt, which if he liued had thus long,  
His life for due reuenge should deare abide?  
The trespasser still doth lue, albe the person die.

29  
Indeed, then said the Prince, the euill donne  
Dies not, when breath the body first doth leaue;  
But from the grandfire to the Nephewes sonne,  
And all his seed the curse doth often cleaue,  
Till vengeance vterly the guilt bereaue:  
So straightly God doth iudge. But gentle knight,  
That doth against the dead his hand vpreare,  
His honour itaines with rancour and despight,  
And great disparagement makes to his former might.

30  
Pyrrhobles gan reply the second time,  
And to him said, Now felon sure I read,  
How that thou art partaker of his crime:  
Therefore by Termagant thou shalt be dead.  
With that, his hand (more sad then lump of lead)  
Vplifting high, he weened with Mordure,  
His owne good sword Mordure, to cleaue his head.  
The faithfull Steele such treason no'uld endure,  
But swaruing from the marke, his Lords life did assure.

31  
Yet was the force so furious and so fell,  
That horse and man it made to reele aside:  
Nath'lesse the Prince would not forsake his sell  
(For, well of yore he learned had to ride)  
But full of anger fiercely to him cride:  
Falle traytour, miscreant, thou broken haft  
The law of armes, to strike foe vndeide:  
But thou thy treasons fruit (I hope) shalt taste  
Right lowre, and feele the law, the which thou hast defac't.

32  
With that, his balefull speare he fiercely bent  
Against the Pagans breast, and there-with thought  
His cursed life out of her lodge haue rent:  
But ere the point arrived where it ought,  
That seauen-fold shield, which he from Guyon brought  
He cast-betweene, to ward the bitter bound:  
Through all those folds the steel-head passage wrought,  
And through his shoulder pearc't; wherewith to ground  
He grouching fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

33  
Which when his brother saw, fraught with great griefe  
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,  
And foully liud, By Malsuine, cursed thiefe,  
That direfull stroake thou dearely shalt aby.  
Then hurling vp his harmefull blade on hie,  
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,  
That from his saddle forced him to fly:  
Else mote it needs downe to his manly brest  
Haue cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dispossest.

34  
Now was the Prince in dangerous distresse,  
Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight;  
His single speare could doe him small redresse,  
Against two foes of so exceeding might,  
The least of which was match for any knight.  
And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,  
Had reard himselfe againe to cruell fight,  
Three times more furious, and more puissant,  
Vnmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignorant.

35  
So, both artonce him charge on either side,  
With hideous stroakes, and importable powre,  
That forced him his ground to trauerse wide,  
And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre.  
For, on his shield, as thicke as stormie showre  
Their stroakes did raine: yet did he neuer qualle,  
Ne backward shrinke; but as a stedfast towre,  
Whom foe with double batty doth assaile,  
Them on her bulwarke beares, & bids them nought auail.

36  
So stoutly he withstood their strong assay,  
Till that at last, when he advantage spide,  
His poynant speare he thrust with puissant sway  
At proud Cymochles, whiles his shield was wide,  
That through his thigh the mortall Steele did gride:  
He, swaruing with the force, within his flesh  
Did breake the launce, and let the head abide:  
Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,  
That vnderneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

37  
Horribly then he gan to rage, and raile,  
Curling his gods, and himselfe damning deepe:  
Als when his brother saw the red blood traile  
Adowne so fast, and all his armour sleepe,  
For very feltnesse loud he gan to weepe,  
And said, Caytiue, curse on thy cruell hond,  
That twice hath sped; yet shall it not thee keepe  
From the third brunt of this my fatal brond:  
Lo, where the dreadfull Death behind thy back doth stond.

38  
With that hee strooke, and th' other strooke withall,  
That nothing seem'd mote beare so monstrous might:  
The one vpon his couer'd shield did fall,  
And glauncing downe, would not his owner bite:  
But th' other did vpon his troncheon limate;  
Which hewing quite asunder, further way  
It made, and on his hacqueton did lide,  
The which diuiding with importune sway,  
It sezd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

39  
Wide was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,  
Red as the Rose, thence gushed grievously;  
That when the Paynim spide the streaming blood,  
Gaue him great hart, and hope of victorie.  
On th' other side, in huge perplexitie,  
The Prince now stood, hauing his weapon broken:  
Nought could he hurt, but still at ward did lide:  
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke  
Cymochles twice, that twice him forc't his foote reuoke.



Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,  
Sir Guyons sword he lightly to him raught,  
And said: Faire sonne, great God thy right hand blesse,  
To vse that sword so wisely as it aught.  
Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage fraught,  
When as againe he armed felt his bond:  
Then like a Lion, which hath long time sought  
His robbed whelpes, and at the last them found  
Emongst the Shepheard swaines, the wexeth wood & yond:

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes  
On either side, that neither maile could hold,  
Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:  
Now to Pyrrhobles many strokes he told:  
Eftsoo Cymochles twice so many fold:  
Then backe againe turning his busie hond,  
Them both at once compeld with courage bold,  
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond:  
And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not both

As salvage Bull, whom two fierce mastiues bayt,  
VVhen rancour doth with rage him once engore,  
Forgets with warie ward them to await,  
But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,  
Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the flore,  
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,  
That all the forest quakes to heare him rore:  
So rag'd Prince Arthur twixt his foemen twaine,  
That neither could his mighty puissance sustaine.

But euer at Pyrrhobles when he smit  
(Who Guyons shield cast euer him before,  
Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtraict was writ)  
His hart relented, and the stroke forbore,  
And his deare hart the picture gan adore:  
VVhich of the Paynim saw'd from deadly stowre.  
But him hence-forth the same can saue no more;  
For, now arrived is his fatall howre,  
That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

For, when Cymochles saw the foule reproche,  
Which them appeached; prickt with guilty shame,  
And inward griefe, he fiercely gan approche,  
Resolv'd to put-away that loathly blame,  
Or die with honour and desert of fame:  
And on the hauberk strooke the Prince so sore,  
That quite disparted all the linked frame,  
And pierced to the skin, but bit no more,  
Yet made him twice to reele, that neuer moou'd afore.

Wherewith reuierc't with wrath and sharp regret,  
Hee strooke so hugely with his borrow'd blade,  
That it empearc't the Pagans burganet,  
And cleaving the hard Steele, did deepe invade  
Into his head, and cruell passage made (ground,  
Quite through his braine. Hee tumbling downe on  
Breath'd out his ghost; which to th' infernall shade  
Fast flying, there eternall torment found,  
For all the times, where-with his lowd life did abound.

Which when his german saw, the stony feare  
Ran to his hart, and all his sense dismayd,  
Ne thenceforth life ne courage did appeare:  
But, as a man whom hellish fiends haue frayd,  
Long trembling still he stood: at last thus said:  
Traytour what hast thou doen? how euer may  
Thy curst hand so cruelly haue swayd  
Against that knight: Harrow and weal-away!  
After so wicked deed why liv'st thou lenger day!

VVith that all desperate, as loathing light,  
And with revenge desiring soone to die,  
Assembling all his force and utmost might,  
With his owne sword he fierce at him did fly,  
And strooke, and foynd, and last outrageously,  
Withouten reason or regard. Well knew  
The Prince, with patience and sufferance fly  
So hastie heat soone cooled to subdue:  
Tho, when this breathlesse woe, that battaile gan renew.

As when a windie tempest bloweth hie,  
That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,  
The cloudes (as things afraid) before him fly:  
But all so soone as his outrageous powre  
Is layd, they fiercely then begin to shoure,  
And as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,  
Now all at once their malice forth doe poure:  
So did Prince Arthur beare himselfe in fight,  
And suffred rash Pyrrhobles waste his idle might.

At last, when as the Sarazin perceiu'd,  
How that strange sword refus'd to serue his need,  
But when he strooke most strong, the dint deceiu'd,  
He flong it from him, and devoyd of deede,  
Vpon him lightly leaping without heed,  
Twixt his two mighty armes engrap'd fast,  
Thinking to overthrowe, and downe him tread:  
But him in strength and skill the Prince surpast,  
And through his nimble sleight did vnder him downecast.

Nought booted it the Paynim then to striue;  
For, as a Bittur in the Eagles claw,  
That may no hope by flight to scape aliuie,  
Still waites for death with dread and trembling awe:  
So he, now subiect to the Victors law,  
Did not once moue, nor vpward cast his eye,  
For vile disdaine and rancour, which did gnaw  
His hart in twaine with sad melancholy,  
As one that loathed life, and yet despis'd to die.

But full of Princely bountie and great mind,  
The Conquerour nought cared him to slay,  
But casting wrongs and all reuenge behind,  
More glory thought to giue life, then decay,  
And said, Paynim, this is thy dismall day:  
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreance,  
And my true liegeman yield thy selfe for ay,  
Life will I graunt thee for thy valiance,  
And all thy wrongs will wipe out of my foueniance.

For want of weapons: they shall soone be had.  
So gan he to discourse the whole debate,  
Which that strange knight for him sustained had,  
And those two Sarazins confounded late,  
Whole carcasses on ground were horribly prostrate.

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens true,  
His hart with great affection was embayd,  
And to the Prince with bowing reuerence due,  
As to the Patrone of his life, thus said:  
My Lord, my liege, by whose most gracious ayd  
I liue this day, and see my foes subdued,  
What may suffice, to be for meede repaid  
Of so great graces, as ye haue me shewd,  
But to be euer bound.

To whom the Infant thus: Faire Sir, what need  
Good turnes be counted, as a seruile bond,  
To bind their dooers to receiue their meed?  
Are not all Knights by oath bound, to withstand  
Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond?  
Suffice, that I haue done my due in place.  
So, goodly purpose they together found,  
Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace:  
The whiles false Archimage and Asin fled apace.



## Canto IX.

The house of Temperance, in which  
doth sober Alma dwell,  
Besieg'd of many foes, whom stranger  
knights to fight compell.

¶ All Gods works, which do this world adorn,  
There is no one more faire and excellent,  
Then is mans body both for powre & form,  
Whiles it is kept in sober gouernment:  
But none then it more foule and indecent,  
Distempred through misrule and passions base:  
It growes a Monster, and incontinent  
Doth lose his dignitie and natie grace.  
Behold (who list) both one and other in this place.

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,  
The Briton Prince recover'd his stolne sword,  
And Guyon his lost shield, they both yfere  
Forth passed on their way in faire accord,

Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord:  
Sir Knight, mote I of you this curt'sie read,  
To weet why on your shield (so goodly scord)  
Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?  
Full liuely is the semblant, though the substance dead.

Faire Sir, said he, if in that picture dead  
Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew,  
What mote ye weene, if the true liuely-head  
Of that most glorious visage ye did view?  
But if the beaute of her mind ye knew,  
That is, her bountie, and imperiall powre,  
Thousand times fairer then her mortall hew,  
O how great wonder would your thoughts deuour,  
And infinite desire into your spirit poure.



4  
Shee is the mighty Queene of *Faerie*,  
Whose faire retreat in my shield doe beare;  
She is the flowre of grace and chastitie,  
Throughout the world renowned faire and neare,  
My liege, my liege, my Soueraigne, my deare,  
Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,  
And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;  
Faerie reach her mercies, and her praises farre,  
As well in state of peace, as puissance in warre.

5  
Thrice happy man, said then the *Briton* knight,  
Whom gracious lot, and thy great valiaunce  
Hath made a souldier of that Princesse bright,  
Which with her bounty and glad countenance  
Doth blesse her seruants, and them high aduance.  
How may strange knight hope euer to aspire,  
By faithfull seruice, and meet amenaunce  
Vnto such blisse? sufficient were that hire  
For losse of thousand liues, to die at her desire.

6  
Said *Guyon*, Noble Lord, what meed so great,  
Or grace of earthly Prince so loueable,  
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat  
Ye well may hope, and easily attaine?  
But were your will, her sold to entertaine,  
And numbred be amongst knights of *Maydenhead*,  
Great guerdon (well I wote) should you remaine,  
And in her fauour high be reckoned,  
As *Arthegall*, and *Sophy* now beene honoured.

7  
Certes, then said the Prince, I God avow,  
That since I armes and knighthood first did plight,  
My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,  
To serue that Queene with all my powre and might.  
Now hath the Sunne with his lamp-burning light,  
Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,  
Since of that Goddesse I haue fought the fight,  
Yet no where can her find: such happinelle  
Heauen doth to me enuy, and fortune fauourlesse.

8  
Fortune (the foe of famous cheuilaunce)  
Sildome (said *Guyon*) yields to vertue ayde,  
But in her way throwes mischief and mischaunce,  
Whereby her course is stopp'd, and passage staid.  
But you, faire Sir, be not here-with dismayd,  
But constant keepe the way in which ye stand;  
Which were it not, that I am else delaid  
With hard adventure, which I haue in hand,  
Labour would to guide you through all *Faerie* land.

9  
Gramercie Sir, said he; but mote I wote,  
What strange adventure doe ye nowe pursue?  
Perhaps my succour, or aduizement meet,  
Mote stead you much your purpose to subdue.  
Then gan Sir *Guyon* all the story shew  
Of false *Acrasia*, and her wicked wiles,  
Which to avenge, the Palmer him forth drew  
From *Faerie* court. So talked they, the whiles  
They wasted had much way, and measured many miles.

10  
And now faire *Phaebus* gan decline in haste  
His wearie wagon to the Westerne vale,  
When-as they spide a goodly Castle, plac't  
Foreby a riuer in a pleasant dale:  
Which choosung for that euening's hospitale,  
They thither marcht: but when they came in sight,  
And from their sweaty courfers did auale,  
They found the gates fast barred long ere night,  
And euery loup fast lockt, as fearing foes desight.

11  
Which when they saw, they weened foule reproche  
Was to them doen, their entrance to forstall,  
Till that the Squire gan nigher to approche;  
And wind his horse vnder the castle wall,  
That with the noise it shooke, as it would fall:  
Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire  
The watch, and loud vnto the knights did call,  
To weet what they so rudely did require.  
Who gently answered, They entrance did desire.

12  
Fly fly, good knights, said he, fly fast away  
If that your liues ye loue, as meet ye should;  
Fly fast, and leue your felues from neere decay,  
Here may ye not haue entrance, though we would:  
We would and would againe, if that we could;  
But thousand enemies about vs raue,  
And with long siege vs in this castle hould:  
Seauen yeares this wize they vs besieged haue,  
And many good knights slaine, that haue vs fought to saue.

13  
Thus as he spake, loe, with outrageous cry  
A thousand villaines round about them swarm'd  
Out of the rocks and caues adioyning nie,  
Vile castue wretches, ragged, rude, deform'd,  
All threatening death, all in strange manner arm'd,  
Some with vnweldy clubs, some with long speares,  
Some rustie knives, some stauies in fier warm'd.  
Sterne was their looke, like wild amazed Steares,  
Staring with hollow eyes, and stiffe vpstanding heares.

14  
Fiercelly at first those knights they did assaile,  
And droue them to recoile: but when againe  
They gaue fresh charge, their forces gan to faile,  
Vnable their encounter to sustaine;  
For, with such puissance and impetuous maine  
Those Champions broke on them, that forc't them fly,  
Like scattered Sheepe, when as the Shepheards swaine  
A Lyon and a Tigre doth espy,  
With greedy pale forth rushing from the forest nie.

15  
Awhile they fled, but soone returned againe  
VWith greater fury then before was found;  
And euermore their cruell Capitaine  
Sought with his rascall routs to enclose them round,  
And (ouer-runne) to tread them to the ground.  
But soone the Knights with their bright-burning blades  
Broke their rude troups, and orders did confound,  
Hewing and slashing at their idle shades;  
For, though they bodies seeme, yet substance from them

16  
As when a swarme of Gnats at euentide  
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,  
Their murmuring small trumpets founden wide,  
Whiles in the ayre their clustring armie flies,  
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;  
Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast,  
For their sharpe wounds, and noyous iniuries,  
Till the fierce Northerne wind with blustering blast  
Doth blowe them quite away, and in the Ocean cast.

17  
Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,  
Vnto the Castle gate they come againe,  
And entrance crav'd, which was denied erst.  
Now, when report of that their perilous paine,  
And combrous conflict which they did sustaine,  
Came to the Ladies eare which there did dwell,  
She forth illud with a goodly traine  
Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,  
And entertained them right fairly, as befell.

18  
*Alma* she called was, a virgin bright;  
That had not yet felt *Cupid's* wanton rage,  
Yet was she woo'd of many a gentle Knight,  
And many a Lord of noble parentage,  
That fought with her to linke in marriage:  
For, she was faire, as faire more euer bee,  
And in the flowre now of her freshest age;  
Yet full of grace and goodly modestie,  
That euen heauen reioyced her sweet face to see.

19  
In robe of lilly white she was arrayd,  
That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught,  
The traine whereof loofe far behind her strayd,  
Branched with gold and pearle, most richly wrought,  
And borne of two faire Damfels, which were taught  
That seruice well. Her yellow golden haire  
Was trimly wouen, and in tresses wrought,  
Ne other tyre she on her head did weare,  
But crowned with a garland of sweet *Rosiers*.

20  
Goodly she entertaind those noble knights,  
And brought them vp into her castle hall;  
Where, gentle court and gracious delight  
She to them made, with mildnesse virginall,  
Shewing herselfe both wise and liberall:  
There when they rested had a season dew,  
They her belought of fauour speciall,  
Of that faire Castle to afford them view;  
She graunted, and them leading forth, the same did shew.

21  
First, she them led vp to the Castle wall,  
That was so high, as foe might not it clime,  
And all so faire, and sensible withall,  
Not built of brick, ne yet of stone and lime,  
But of thing like to that *Egyptian* slime,  
Whereof King *Nine* whilome built *Babel* towre:  
But o great pittie, that no lenger time  
So goodly workmanship should not endure:  
Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

22  
The frame thereof seem'd partly circular,  
And part triangular: o worke diuine!  
Those two the first and last proportions are,  
The one imperfect, mortall, feminine;  
Th'other immortal, perfect, masculine;  
And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,  
Proportioned equally by seuen and nine;  
Nine was the circle set in heauens place,  
All which compacted, made a goodly *Dyapase*.

23  
Therein two gates were placed seemely well:  
The one before, by which all in did passe,  
Did th'other far in workmanship excell;  
For, not of wood, nor of enduring brasle,  
But of more worthy substance fram'd it was;  
Doubly disparted, it did lock and close,  
That when it locked, none might thorough passe,  
And when it opened, no man might it close,  
Still open to their friends, and closed to their foes.

24  
Of hewen stone the porch was fairely wrought,  
Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,  
Then Iet or Marble farre from Ireland brought;  
Over the which was cast a wandring Vine,  
Enchaced with a wanton lily twine.  
And over it a faire Portcullis hung,  
Which to the gate directly did incline,  
With comely compasse, and compacture strong,  
Neither vnseemely short, nor yet exceeding long.

25  
Within the Barbican a Porter sat,  
Day and night dulle keeping watch and ward,  
Nor wight, nor word mote passe out of the gate,  
But in good order, and with due regard;  
Vtters of secrets he from thence debar'd,  
Babblers of folly, and blazers of crime.  
His larum-bell might loud and wide be heard  
When cause requir'd, but neuer out of time;  
Rarely and late it rung, at euening and at prime.

26  
And round about the porch on euery side  
Twice sixtene warders sat, all armed bright  
In glistering Steele, and strongly fortifide:  
Tall yeomen seem'd they, and of great might,  
And were enrag'd ready still for fight.  
By them as *Alma* passed with her guests,  
They did obeysaunce, as becomed right,  
And then againe returned to their rests:  
The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gests.

27  
Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,  
Wherein were many tables faire dispred,  
And ready dight with drapets feastiuall,  
Against the viands should be ministr'd.  
At th'upper end there sat, yclad in red  
Downe to the ground, a comely personage,  
That in his hand a whiterod menaged:  
He Steward was, hight *Dier*: ripe of age,  
And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.



28  
And through the Hall there walked to and fro  
A iolly yecoman, Marshall of the fame,  
Whose name was *Appetite*; he did bestowe  
Both guests and meat, when euer in they came,  
And knew them how to order without blame,  
As him the Steward bade. They both attone  
Did dutie to their Lady, as became:  
Who passing by, forth led her guestes anone  
Into the kitchen roome, ne spar'd for nicenesse none.

29  
It was a vault ybuilt for great dispencc,  
With many raunges reard along the wall;  
And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence,  
The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all  
There placed was a caudron wide and tall,  
Vpon a mighty furnace, burning hot,  
More hot, then *Aetn'* or flaming *Mongiball*:  
For, day and night it brent, ne ceased not,  
So long as any thing it in the caudron got.

30  
But to delay the heat, leaft by mischaunce  
It might breake out, and set the whole on fire,  
There added was by goodly ordinance,  
An huge great paire of bellows, which did fire  
Continually, and cooling breath inspire.  
About the caudron many Cookes accoyld,  
With hookes and ladles, as need did require;  
The whiles the viands in the vessell boyld  
They did about their businesse sweate, and sorely toyld.

31  
The maister Cooke was cald *Concoction*,  
A carefull man, and full of comely guise:  
The kitchen Clerke, that light *Digestion*,  
Did order all the eates in seemely wise,  
And set them forth, as well he could deuise.  
The rest had severall offices assign'd:  
Some to remove the scum as it did rise;  
Others to beare the same away did mind;  
And others it to vse according to his kind.

32  
But all the liquour, which was foule and waste,  
Not good nor seruiceable else for ought,  
They in another great round vessell plac't,  
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought:  
And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,  
By secret wayes that none might see,  
Was close conuaid, and to the back-gate brought,  
That cleped was *Port Esquiline*, whereby  
It was avoided quite, and throwne out priuily.

33  
Which goodly order, and great workmans skill  
When as those Knights beheld, with rare delight  
And gazing wonder they their minds did fill:  
For, neuer had they seene so strange a sight.  
Thence backe againe faire *Alma* led them right,  
And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,  
That was with royall Arras richly dight,  
In which was nothing pourtrahed, nor wrought,  
Not wrought, nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought.

34  
And in the midst thereof vpon the floure,  
A louely beuy of faire Ladies fate,  
Courtied of many a iolly Paramoure,  
The which them did in modest wise amate,  
And each one sought his Lady to aggrate:  
And eke amongst them little *Cupid* plaid  
His wanton sports, beeing returned late  
From his fierce waitres, and hauing from him layd  
His cruell bowe, where-with he thousands hath dismayd.

35  
Diuerse delights they found themselves to please;  
Some sung in sweet consort, some laught for ioy,  
Some plaid with strawes, some idlesate at ease;  
But other some could not abide to toy,  
All pleasure was to them griefe and annoy:  
This frownd, that faund, the third for shame did blase,  
Another seemed envious, or coy,  
Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush:  
But at these strangers presence euery one did hush.

36  
Soone as the gracious *Alma* came in place,  
They all attonce out of their seates arose,  
And to her homage made, with humble grace:  
Whom, when the Knights beheld, they gan dispose  
Themselves to court, and each a Damsell chose:  
The Prince (by chance) did on a Lady light,  
That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,  
But some-what sad, and solemne eke in sight,  
As if some pensiué thought constraind her gentle spright.

37  
In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold  
Was fretted all about, she was arrayd;  
And in her hand a Poplar branch did hold:  
To whom the Prince in courteous manner said:  
Gentle Madame, why been ye thus dismayd,  
And your faire beautie doe with sadness spill?  
Lues any, that you hath thus ill apaid?  
Or doen you loue, or doen you lacke your will?  
What-euer be the cause, it sure becomes you ill.

38  
Fair Sir, said she (halfe in disdainfull wise)  
How is it that this word in me ye blame,  
And in your selfe doe not the same aduise?  
Him ill becomes, anothers fault to name,  
That may vnwares be blotted with the same:  
Pensiué I yeld I am, and sad in mind,  
Through great desire of glory and of fame:  
Ne pught (I weene) are ye therein behind,  
That haue twelue months sought one, yet no where can be found.

39  
The Prince was inly moued at her speech,  
Well weeting true, what she had rashly told;  
Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hide the breach,  
Which change of colour did perforce vnfold,  
Now seeming flaming hot, now stony cold.  
Tho, turning soft aside, he did inquire,  
What wight she was, that Poplar branch did hold:  
It answered was, her name was *Praise-desire*,  
That by well dooing sought to honour to aspire.

40  
The whiles, the *Faerie* knight did entertaine  
Another Damsell of that gentle crew,  
That was right faire, and modest of demaine,  
But that too oft she chang'd her native hew:  
Strange was her tirc, and all her garment blew,  
Close round about her tuckt with many a plight:  
Vpon her fist, the bird which shunneth wight,  
And keepe in coverts close from liuing wight,  
Did sit, as yet affamed, how rude *Pan* did her dight.

41  
So long as *Guyon* with her communed,  
Vnto the ground she cast her modest eye,  
And euer and anone with rosie red  
The bashfull bloud her snowy cheekes did die,  
That her became, as polist Ivory,  
Which cunning Craftsmans hand hath overlaid  
With faire Vermilion or pure lastery.  
Great wonder had the knight to see the maid  
So strangely passioned, and to her gently said,

42  
Fair Damsell, seemeth by your troubled cheare,  
That either me too bold yee weene, this wise  
You to molest, or other ill to feare  
That in the secret of your hart closely lies,  
From whence it doth, as cloud from sea arise.  
If it be I, of pardon I you pray:  
But if ought else that I more not devise,  
I will (if please you it discure) allay  
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

43  
She answered nought, but more abasht for shame,  
Held downe her head, the whiles her louely face  
The flashing bloud with blushing did inflame,  
And the strong passion mard her modest grace,  
That *Guyon* meruaild at her vncouth case:  
Till *Alma* him bespake, Why wonder yee  
Fair Sir at that, which ye so much embrace?  
She is the fountaine of your modestie:  
You shamefast are, but *Shamefastnesse* it selfe is free.

44  
Thereat the Elfe did blush in priuiee,  
And turnd his face away; but she the same  
Dissembled faire, and faine to ouerlee.  
Thus they awhile with court and goodly game,  
Themselves did solace each one with his Dame,  
Till that great Ladie thence away them fought,  
To view her Castles other wondrous frame.  
Vp to a stately Turret she them brought,  
Ascending by ten steps of Alabaster wrought.

45  
That Turrets frame most admirable was,  
Like highest heauen compassed around,  
And lifted high above this earthly mass,  
Which it suruiew'd, as hills doen lower ground;  
But not on ground mote like to this be found,  
Not that which antique *Cadmus* whulome built  
In *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound:  
Nor that proud towre of *Troy*, though richly gilt,  
From which young *Hector's* bloud by cruell *Greeks* was spilt.

46  
The rooffe hereof was arched ouer head,  
And deckt with flowers and herbes daintily;  
Two goodly Beacons, set in watches stead,  
Therein gaue light, and flam'd continually:  
For, they of liuing fire most subtilly  
Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,  
Couer'd with lids deuiz'd of substance fly,  
That readily they shut and open might.  
O, who can tell the prayles of that makers might!

47  
Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell  
This parts great workmanship, and wondrous powre,  
That all this other worlds worke doth excell,  
And likest is vnto that heauenly towre,  
That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.  
Therein were diuerse roomes, and diuerse stages,  
But three the chiefest, and of greatest powre,  
In which there dwelt three honourable sages,  
The wisest men (I weene) that liued in their ages.

48  
Not he, whom *Greece* (the Nurse of all good Arts)  
By *Phabus* doome, the wisest thought aliue,  
Might be compar'd to these by many parts:  
Nor that sage *Pyltan* fire, which did burne  
Three ages, such as mortall men continue,  
By whole aduise old *Prisms* citty fell,  
With these in praise of policies mote strue.  
These three in these three roomes did sundry dwell,  
And counselld faire *Alma*, how to gouerne well.

49  
The first of them could things to come fore-see:  
The next, could of things present best aduise:  
The third, things past could keepe in memorie:  
So that no time, nor reason could arise,  
But that the same could one of these comprize.  
For thy, the first did in the fore-part sit,  
That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize:  
He had a sharpe fore-sight, and working wit,  
That neuer idle was, ne once could rest a whit.

50  
His chamber was dispaigned all within,  
With sundry colours, in the which were writ  
Infinite shapcs of things disperd thin:  
Some such as in the world were neuer yet,  
Ne can deuised be of mortall wit:  
Some daily scene, and known by their names,  
Such as in idle fantasies doe sit:  
Infernal Hags, *Centawres*, *scolds*, *Hippodames*,  
Apes, Lyons, Eagles, Owles, fooles, louers, children,  
(Dames.)

51  
And all the chamber filled was with flies,  
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound,  
That they encombred all mens eares and eyes,  
Like many swarms of Bees assembled round,  
After their hives with honny doe abound:  
All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,  
Deuices, dreames, opinions vnfound,  
Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophecies:  
And all that fained is, as leafings, tales, and lies.



52  
Emongst them all late he which wonned there,  
That hight *Phantastes* by his nature trew;  
A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appere,  
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,  
That him full of melancholy did shew;  
Bent hollow beetle brows, sharp staring eyes,  
That mad or foolish seem'd: one by his view  
More deepe him borne with ill disposed skyes,  
When oblique *Saturne* late in th'house of agonies.

53  
Whom *Alma* having shewed to her guesstes,  
Thence brought them to the second roome, whose wals  
Were painted faire with memorable gesses  
Of famous Wisards, and with picturals  
Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,  
Of common wealthes, of states, of policie,  
Of lawes, of iudgements, and of decretals;  
All Artes, all Science, all Philosophy,  
And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

54  
Of those that roome was full: and them among  
There late a man of ripe and perfect age,  
Who did them meditate all his life long,  
That through continuall practise and vltage,  
He now was growne right wise, and wondrous sage.  
Great pleasure had those stranger Knights, to see  
His goodly reason, and graue personage,  
That his disciples both desir'd to bee;  
But *Alma* thence them led to th'hindmost roome of three.

55  
That chamber seemed ruinous and old,  
And therefore was remoued farre behind,  
Yet were the wals, that did the same vphold,  
Right firme and strong, though somewhat they declin'd;  
And therein late an old old man, halfe blind,  
And all decrepit in his feeble corse,  
Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,  
And recompenc'd him with a better scorce:  
Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled force.

56  
This man of infinite remembrance was,  
And things foregone through many ages held,  
Which he recorded still as they did passe,  
Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,

As all things else, the which this world doth weld,  
But laid them vp in his immortal scrine,  
Where they for euer incorrupted dweld;  
The wares he well remembred of king *Nine*,  
Of old *Assaracus*, and *Inachus* diuine.

57  
The yeares of *Neslor* nothing were to his,  
Ne yet *Mathusalem*, though longest lyu'd;  
For, he remembred both their infancies:  
Ne wonder then, if that he were depriv'd  
Of native strength now, that he them surui'd.  
His chamber all was hangd about with rolles,  
And old records from auncient times deriu'd,  
Some made in booke, some in long parchment scrolls,  
That were all worme-eaten, and full of canker holes.

58  
Amidst them all he in a chaire was set,  
Tossing and turning them withouten end;  
But for he was vnable them to fet,  
A little boy did on him still attend  
To reach, when euer he for ought did fend;  
And oft when things were lost, or laid amiss,  
That boy them sought, and vnto him did lend.  
Therefore he *Ananias* cleped is,  
And that old man *Eumenes*, by their proprietis.

59  
The Knights, there entring, did him reuerence dew,  
And wondred at his endlesse exercise.  
Then as they gan his Librarie to view,  
And antique Registers for to auise,  
There chaunced to the Princes hand to rise  
An auncient booke, hight *Briton monuments*,  
That of this lands first conquest did deuise,  
And old diuision into Regiments,  
Till it reduced was to one mans governments.

60  
Sir *Guyon* chaunc't eke on another booke,  
That hight *Antiquitie of Faerie lond*.  
In which when as he greedily did looke;  
Th'off-spring of *Elves* and *Faries* there he fond,  
As it deliuer'd was from hond to hond:  
Whereat they burning both with feruent fire  
Their countries auncestry to vnderstand,  
Crav'd leaue of *Alma*, and that aged fire,  
To read those booke; who gladly graunted their desire.

Canto



1  
Ho now shall giue vnto me words and sound,  
Equall vnto this haughtie enterprise?  
Or who shall lend me wings, with which from  
My lowly verse may loftily arise, (ground  
And lift it selfe vnto the highest skies?  
More ample spirit then hitherto was wound,  
Heere needes me, whiles the famous auncestries  
Of my most dreaded Soueraigne I recount,  
By which all earthly Princes shie doth farre surmount.

2  
Ne vnder Sunne, that shines so wide and faire,  
Whence all that liues, does borrow life and light,  
Lines ought, that to her linage may compaire,  
Which though from earth it be deuind right,  
Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to heauens light,  
And all the world with wonder ouerspred:  
A labour huge, exceeding farre my might:  
How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,  
Conceiue such soueraigne glory, and great bountied?

3  
Argument worthy of *Mæonian* quill,  
Or rather worthy of great *Phæbus* rote,  
VWhereon the ruines of great *Ossa* hill,  
And triumphes of *Phlegrean* Ioue he wrote,  
That all the Gods admir'd his losie note.  
But if some reliquie of that heauenly lay  
His learned daughters would to me report,  
To decke my song withall, I would assay,  
Thy name, ô soueraigne Queene, to blazon farre away.

4  
Thy name, ô soueraigne Queene, thy realme and race,  
From this renowned Prince deriu'd arre,  
Who mightily vpheld that royall mace,  
Which now thou bearest, to thee descended farre  
From mighty Kings, and Conquerours in warre,  
Thy Fathers and great Grand-fathers of old,  
Whose noble deeds about the Northerne starre  
Immortall fame for euer hath enrold:  
As in that old mans booke they were in order told.

5  
The land, which warlike Britons now possesse;  
And therein haue their mightie Empire rayd;  
In antique times was salvage wilderness,  
Vnpeopled, vntam'd, vnprov'd, vnprayd;  
Ne was it Island then, ne was it payd  
Amid the Ocean waues, ne was it sought  
Of Marchants farre, for profits therein prayd,  
But was all desolate, and of some thought  
By sea to haue been from the Celtick main-land brought.

6  
Ne did it then deserue a name to haue,  
Till that the venturous Mariner that way  
Learning his ship from those white rocks to saue,  
VWhich all along the Southerne sea-coast lay,  
Threatning vnheede wreck and rash decay,  
For safeties sake that fame his sea-marke made,  
And nam'd it *Albion*. But later day  
Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,  
Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.

7  
But farre in land a salvage nation dwelt,  
Of hideous Giants, and halfe beasty men,  
That neuer tasted grace, nor goodnesse felt,  
But like wild beasts lurking in loathsome den,  
And flying fast as Roebuck through the fen,  
All naked without shame, or care of cold,  
By hunting and by spoiling liued then;  
Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,  
That sonnes of men amaz'd their sternesse to behold.

8  
But whence they sprang, or how they were begot,  
Vneath is to assure; vneath to weene  
That monstrous error which doth some asort,  
That *Dioclesians* filtie daughters theene  
Into this land by chaunce haue driuen beene,  
Where, companioning with fiends and filthy Sprights,  
Through vaine illusion of their lust vndeene,  
They brought forth Giants and such dreadful wights,  
As farre exceeded men in their innumerable might.

They



They held this Land, and with their filthinesse  
Polluted this same gentle soyle long time:  
That their owne mother loath'd their beastlinesse,  
And gan abhorre her broods vnkindly crime;  
All were they borne of her owne nature slime;  
Vntill that *Brutus* anciently deu'd  
From royall stock of old *Assarac* line,  
Driven by fittall error, heere arriu'd,  
And them of their vniust possession depriu'd.

But ere he had established his throne,  
And spred his Empire to the vntost shore,  
He fought great battailes with his saluage fone;  
In which he them defeated euermore,  
And many Giants left on groning flore;  
That well can witnesse yet vnto this day  
The westerne Hogh, besprinkled with the gore  
Of mighty *Goemot*, whom in stout fray  
*Corineus* conquered, and cruelly did slay.

And eke that ample Pit, yet farr renown'd,  
For the large leape, which *Debon* did compell  
*Coulin* to make, beeing eight lugs of ground;  
Into the which returning back, he fell:  
But those three monstrous stones doe most excell,  
Which that huge sonne of hideous *Albion*,  
Whose father, *Hercules* in Fraunce did quell,  
Great *Godmer* threw, in fierce contention,  
At bold *Canutus*; but of him was slaine anon.

In meed of these great conquests by them got,  
*Corineus* had the Prouince vntost west,  
To him assigned for his worthy lot,  
Which of his name and memorable gest  
He called *Cornewaile*, yet so called best:  
And *Debons* shaire was, that is *Denonshire*:  
But *Canute* had his portion from the rest,  
The which he call'd *Canutium*, for his hire;  
Now *Cantium*, which Kent we commonly inquire.

Thus *Brute* this Realme vnto his rule subdewd,  
And reigned long in great felicitie,  
Lov'd of his friends, and of his foes eschewd,  
He left three sonnes (his famous progeny)  
Borne of faire *Inogene* of *Italy*:  
Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,  
And *Loecine* left chiefe Lord of *Britany*.  
At last, ripe age bad him surrender late  
His life, and long good fortune, vnto finall fate.

*Loecine* was left the soueraigne Lord of all;  
But *Albanact* had all the Northrene part,  
Which of himselfe *Albanus* he did call;  
And *Camber* did possesse the Westerne quart,  
Which *Seuerne* now from *Logra* doth depart:  
And each his portion peaceably enioyd,  
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,  
That once their quiet government annoyd,  
But each his paines to others profit still employd.

Vntill a Nation strange, with visage swart,  
And courage fierce, that all men did affray,  
Which through the world then swarmd in euery part,  
And overflow'd all countries farr away,  
Like *Noyes* great floud, with their importune sway,  
This Land invaded with like violence,  
And did themselues through all the North display:  
Vntill that *Loecine* for his Realmes defence,  
Did head against them make, and strong munificence.

Hee them encountred (a confused rout)  
Foreby the Riuer, that whilome was hight  
The ancient *Abur*, where with courage stout  
He them defeated in victorious fight,  
And chac't so fiercely after fearefull fight,  
That forc't their Chieftaine, for his safeties sake  
(Their Chieftaine *Humber* named was aright)  
Vnto the mightie streame him to betake,  
Where he an end of battell, and of life did make.

The King returned proud of victorie,  
And inolent wox through vnwonted ease,  
That shortly he forgot the iopardie,  
Which in his land he lately did appease,  
And fell to vaine voluptuous discafe:  
He lov'd faire *Ladie Esfrild*, lewdly lov'd,  
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,  
That quite his hart from *Guendolene* remov'd,  
From *Guendolene* his wife, though alwaies faithful prov'd.

The noble daughter of *Corineus*,  
Would not endure to be so vile disdaind;  
But gathering force, and courage valorous,  
Encountred him in battaile well ordaind,  
In which him vanquish't she to fly constraind:  
But she so fast pursu'd, that him she tooke,  
And threw in bands, where he till death remaind;  
Als his faire *Leman*, flying through a brooke,  
She overhent, nought moued with her pittious looke.

But both her selfe, and eke her daughter deare,  
Begotten by her kingly *Paramoure*,  
The faire *Sabrina* almost dead with feare,  
She there attached, farr from all succoure;  
The one she slew in that impatient stoure:  
But the sad virgin innocent of all,  
Adowne the rolling riuer she did poure,  
Which of her name now *Seuerne* men do call:  
Such was the end that to disloyall loue did fall.

Then for her sonne, which she to *Loecine* bore  
(*Madan* was young, vnmeet the rule of sway)  
In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,  
Till riper yeeres he raught, and stronger stay:  
During which time, her powre she did display  
Through all this Realme (the glory of her sex)  
And first taught men a woman to obey:  
But when her sonne to mans estate did wax,  
Shee it surrendred, ne herselfe would lenger wax.

Tho *Madan* rais'd, vnworthy of his race:  
For, with all shame that sacred throne he filld:  
Next, *Memprisse*, as vnworthy of that place,  
In which beeing comforted with *Manild*,  
For thirst of single kingdome him he killd.  
But *Ebrance* salued both their infamies  
With noble deedes, and warreyd on *Brunchild*:  
In *Henault*, where yet of his victories  
True monuments remaine, which yet that land enuies.

An happy man in his first dayes he was,  
And happy father of faire progeny:  
For, all so many weekes as the yeere has,  
So many children he did multiply;  
Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply  
Their minds to praise, and chealrous desire:  
Those germans did subdew all Germany,  
Of whom it hight; but in the end their Sire,  
With foule repulle, from Fraunce was forced to retire.

Which blot, his sonne succeeding in his seat,  
The second *Brute* (the second both in name  
And eke in semblance of his puissance great)  
Right well recur'd, and did away that blame  
With recompence of euerslasting fame.  
Hee with his victour sword first opened  
The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlome Dame,  
And taught her first how to be conquered:  
Since which, with sundry spoiles she hath been ransacked.

Let *Scalds* tell, and let tell *Hania*,  
And let the marsh of *Espham* brutes tell,  
What colour were their waters that same day,  
And all the moore twixt *Elversham* and *Dell*,  
With blood of *Henalois*, which therein fell.  
How oft that day did sad *Brunchild* see  
The Greene shield dyde in dolorous vermill:  
That not *Scuth* quird it mote seeme to bee;  
But rather y *Scuth* gogh, signe of sad crueltee.

His sonne king *Leill*, by fathers labour long,  
Enioyd an heritage of lasting peace,  
And built *Cairleill*, and built *Cairleon* strong.  
Next, *Huddibras* his realme did not cease,  
But taught the land from wearie warres to cease.  
Whose footsteps *Bladud* following, in arts  
Excell'd at *Athens* all the learned peace,  
From whence he brought them to these salvage parts,  
And with sweet science mollifide their stubborne harts.

Ensamble of his wondrous faculty,  
Behold the boyling Bathes at *Cairbadon*,  
Which seeth with secret fire eternally,  
And in their entrailes, full of quick Brimston,  
Nourish the flames, which they are warm'd vpon,  
That to her people wealth they forth doe well,  
And health to euery forraigne nation:  
Yet he at last, contending to excell  
The reach of men, through slight into fond mischief fell.

Next him, king *Leyr* in happy peace long reigned,  
But had no illuc male him to succeed,  
But three faire daughters, which were well vprained,  
In all that seemed fit for kingly seed:  
Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed  
To haue diuided. Tho, when feeble age  
Nigh to his vntost date he saw proceed,  
Hee cald his daughters; and with speeches sage  
Inquir'd, which of them most did loue her parentage.

The eldest, *Gonorill*, gan to protest,  
That she much more then her owne life him lov'd:  
And *Regan* greater loue to him protest,  
Then all the world, when euer it were proou'd:  
But *Cordeill* said she lov'd him, as behoov'd:  
Whose simple answer, wanting colours faire  
To paint reforth, him to displeasance moou'd,  
That in his crowne he counted her no heire,  
But twixt the other twaine his kingdome whole did shaire.

So, wedded th'one to *Maglaw* king of Scots,  
And th'other to the king of *Cambria*,  
And twixt them shaird his realme by equall lots:  
But without dowre the wise *Cordeill*  
Was sent to *Aganip* of *Celtica*.  
Their aged Syre, thus cald of his crowne,  
A private life led in *Albanie*,  
With *Gonorill*, long had in great renowne,  
That nought him grieved to been frō rule depos'd downe.

But true it is, that when the oyle is spent,  
The light goes out, and wike is throwne away:  
So, when he had resign'd his regiment,  
His daughter gan despise his drouping day,  
And wearie wox of his continuall stay.  
Tho to his daughter *Rigan* he repair'd,  
Vho him at first well vied euery way:  
But when of his departure she despair'd,  
Her bounty she abared, and his cheare empair'd.

The wretched man gan then auise too late,  
That loue is not, where most it is profest:  
Too truly tryde in his extreamest state:  
At last, resolv'd likewise to proue the rest,  
He to *Cordeill* himselfe addrest,  
Who with entree affection him receau'd,  
As for her Syre and king he seemed best:  
And after all, an army strong the leau'd,  
To war on those, which him had of his realme bereau'd.

So to his crowne she him restor'd againe,  
In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,  
And after will'd it should to her remaine:  
Who peaceably the same long time did weld:  
And all mens harts in dew obedience held:  
Till that her sisters children, woken stroge,  
Through proud ambition against her rebeld,  
And ouercommen kept in prison long,  
Till wearie of that wretched life, her selfe she hang.

Then



33  
Then gan the bloudie brethren both to raigne:  
But herce *Cundah* gan shortly to envie  
His brother *Morgan*, prickt with proud disdain  
To haue a Peere in part of soueraintie,  
And kindling coales of cruell enmitie,  
Rais'd warre, and him in battaile overthrew:  
Whence as he to those wooddie hils did fle,  
Which hight of him *Glamorgan*, there him flew:  
Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall knew.

34  
His sonne *Rywall* his dead roome did supply,  
In whole sad time bloud did from heauen raine:  
Next, great *Gurgus*, then faire *Cecily*  
In constant peace their kingdomes did containe:  
After whom, *Lago*, and *Kimmarke* did raigne,  
And *Gorbogud*, till fure in yeeres he grew:  
When his ambitious sonnes vnto them twaine,  
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew:  
Stout *Ferrex* and sterne *Porrex* him in prison threw.

35  
But o! the greedy thirst of royall crowne,  
That knowes no kindred, nor regards no right,  
Stird *Porrex* vp to put his brother downe:  
Who, vnto him assembling fortaine might,  
Made warre on him, and fell himselfe in fight:  
Whose death r'auenge, his mother mercurie  
(Most mercurie of women, *Hyden* hight)  
Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,  
And with most cruell hand him murdered pitielesse.

36  
Here ended *Brutus* sacred progenie,  
Which had seauen hundred yeeres this scepter borne,  
With high renoume, and great felicitie.  
The noble branch from th' antique stock was torne  
Through discord, and the royall throne forlorne:  
Thenceforth this Realme was into factions rent,  
Whil' each of *Brutus* boasted to be borne,  
That in the end was left no monument  
Of *Brutus*, nor of Britons glory auncient.

37  
Then vp arose a man of matchlesse might,  
And wondrous wit to menage high affaires,  
Who stird with pittie of the distressed plight  
Of this sad Realme, cut into sundry shaires  
By such, as claimed themselves *Brutes* rightfull heires,  
Gathered the Princes of the people loose,  
To taken counsell of their common cares:  
Who, with his wisdom won, him straight did choose  
Their King, and swore him fealty to win or loose.

38  
Then made he head against his enemies,  
And *Ymmer* flew, or *Legris* miscreate:  
Then *Ruddoc* and proud *Stater*, both allies,  
This of *Albanie* newly nominate,  
And that of *Cambry* king confirmed late,  
He overthrew through his owne valiaunce;  
Whose countries he reduc't to quiet state,  
And shortly brought to ciuill gouernance,  
Now one, which earst were many made through variance.

39  
Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say  
Were vnto him reuel'd in vision,  
By which he freed the Trauailers high way,  
The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,  
Restraining stealth, and strong extortion:  
The gracious *Numa* of great *Britannie*:  
For, till his dayes, the chiefe dominion  
By strength was wielded without policie:  
Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignitie.

40  
*Donwallo* dide (for, what may liue for ay?)  
And left two sonnes, of peerelesse prowesse both:  
That sacked *Rome* too dearly did assay,  
The recompence of their perured oth,  
And ransacked *Greece* well tryde, when they were wroth:  
Besides subiected *France*, and *Germany*,  
Which yet their prayes speake, all be they loth,  
And inly tremble at the memory  
Of *Brennus* and *Bellinus*, Kings of *Britannie*.

41  
Next them, did *Gurgus*, great *Bellinus* sonne,  
In rule succeed, and eke in fathers praise:  
He Easterland subdew'd, and *Danmark* wonne,  
And of them both did foy and tribute raise,  
The which was due in his dead fathers dayes:  
He also gaue to fugitives of *Spayne*  
(Whom he at sea found wandring from their wayes,  
A seate in *Ireland* safely to remaine,  
Which they should hold of him, as subiect to *Eritaine*).

42  
After him raigned *Guthiline* his heyre  
(The iustest man and truest in his dayes)  
Who had to wife Dame *Mertia* the fayre,  
A woman worthy of immortall prayre,  
Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,  
And whole some Statutes to her husband brought:  
Her many deem'd to haue bene of the *Fayes*,  
As was *Agerie*, that *Numa* taught:  
Those yet of her be *Mertian* lawes both nam'd & thought.

43  
Her sonnes *Sifillus* after her did raigne,  
And then *Kimarus*, and then *Danius*:  
Next whom *Morindus* did the crowne sustaine:  
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous,  
And cruell rancour dimm'd his valorous  
And mighty deeds, should matched haue the best:  
As well in that same field victorious  
Against the fortune *Morands* he exprest:  
Yet liues his memory, though carcasle sleepe in rest.

44  
Fiue sonnes he left begotten of one wife,  
All which successiue by turnes did raigne:  
First, *Gorboman*, a man of vertuous life:  
Next, *Archigald*, who for his proud disdain,  
Deposed was from Princedom soueraine,  
And pittious *Elidure* put in his sted:  
Who shortly it to him restor'd againe,  
Till by his death he it recoured:  
But *Peridure* and *Figut* him dethronized.

45  
In wretched prison long he did remaine,  
Till they outraigned had their vmoost date,  
And then therein releized was againe,  
And ruled long with honorable state,  
Till he surrendred realme and life to fate.  
Then all the sonnes of these fiue brethren raignd  
By due successe, and all their Nephewes late,  
Euen thrise eleuen descents the crowne retaynd,  
Till aged *Hely* by dew heritage it gaynd.

46  
He had two sonnes, whose eldest called *Lud*  
Left of his life most famous memory,  
And endlesse monuments of his great good:  
The run'd wals he did reedifie  
Of *Troynouant*, gainst force of enemy,  
And built that gate, which of his name is hight,  
By which he lyes entombed solemnly.  
He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,  
*Androgeus* and *Tenantius*, pictures of his might.

47  
Whilst they were young, *Cassibalan* their Eme  
Was by the people chosen in their sted,  
Who on him tooke the royall Diademe,  
And goodly well long time it gouerned,  
Till the proude *Romanes* him disquieted,  
And warlike *Cesar*, tempted with the name  
Of this sweet Island, neuer conquered,  
And enuying the Britons blazed fame,  
(O hideous hunger of dominion!) hither came.

48  
Yet twise they were repulsd backe againe,  
And twise r'enforc'd, backe to their ships to fly,  
The whiles with bloud they all the shore did staine.  
And the gray *Ocean* into purple dy:  
Ne had they footing found at last perdie,  
Had not *Androgeus*, false to native soyle,  
And enuius of Vncles soueraintie,  
Betraid his countrey vnto forreine spoile:  
Nought elle, but treason, from the first this land did foile.

49  
So by him *Cesar* got the victory,  
Through great bloushed, and many a sad assay,  
In which himselfe was charged heauily  
Of hardy *Nennius*, whom he yet did slay,  
But lost his sword, yet to be scene this day.  
Thenceforth this land was tributarie made  
T'ambitious *Rome*, and did their rule obey,  
Till *Arthur* all that reckoning did defray:  
Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly swayd.

50  
Next him *Tenantius* raignd, then *Kimbeline*,  
What time th' eternall Lord in fleshy flume  
Enwomb'd was, from wretched *Adams* line  
To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime:  
O ioyous memory of happy time,  
That heavenly grace so plentifully displaid!  
O too high dittie for my simple rime!  
Soone after this, the *Romanes* him warrayd:  
For that their tribute he refus'd to let be payd.

51  
Good *Claudius*, that next was Emperour,  
An army brought, and with him battell fought,  
In which the king was by a Treachetour  
Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:  
Yet ceased not the bloudie fight for ought:  
For *Arurage* his brothers place supplide,  
In armes, and eke in crowne; and by that draught  
Did driue the *Romanes* to the weaker side,  
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacified.

52  
Was neuer king more highly magnifide,  
Nor drad of *Romanes*, then was *Aurage*:  
For which the Emperour to him allide  
His daughter *Genuiss* in marriage:  
Yet shortly he renoune't the vassallage  
Of *Rome* againe, who hither hast'ly sent  
*Vespassian*, that with great spoyle and rage  
Forwasted all, till *Genuiss* a gent  
Perswaded him to cease, and her Lord to relent.

53  
He dyde: and him succed'd *Marinus*,  
Who ioy'd his dayes with great tranquillity:  
Then *Coyll*, and after him good *Lucius*,  
That first receiued Christianitie,  
The sacred pledge of Christs Euangely:  
Yet true it is, that long before that daie  
Hither came *Ioseph* of *Arimathy*,  
Who brought with him the holy grayle (they say)  
And preacht the truth; but since it greatly did decay.

54  
This good king shortly without illewe dide,  
Whereof great trouble in the kingdom grew,  
That did her selfe in sundry parts diuide,  
And with her powre her owne selfe ouerthrew,  
Whil' *Romanes* daily did the weake subdew:  
Which seeing stout *Eunduca*, vp arose,  
And taking armes, the Britons to her drew:  
With whom she marched straight against her foes,  
And them vnuares besides the *Seuerne* did enclose.

55  
There she with them a cruell battell tride,  
Not with so good successe, as she deserv'd:  
By reason that the Captaines, on her side,  
Corrupted by *Paulinus*, from her sever'd:  
Yet such, as were through former flight prefer'd,  
Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,  
And with fresh courage on the victour seru'd:  
But being all defeated late a few,  
Rather then fly, or be captiu'd, her selfe she flew.

56  
O famous monument of womens praise,  
Matchable eicher to *Semiramis*,  
Whom antique history so high doth raise,  
Or to *Hyssphil* or to *Thomiris*:  
Her Host two hundred thousand numbred is,  
Who, whiles good fortune fauoured her might,  
Triumphed oft against her enimis:  
And yet though overcome in hapless fight,  
She triumphed on death, in enemies despight.



57  
Her reliques *Fulgens* having gathered,  
Fought with *Severus* and him overthrew;  
Yet in the chace was slaine of them, that fled;  
So made them victours, whom he did subdew.  
Then gan *Caraculus* tyrannize anew,  
And gaunt the *Romanes* bent their proper powre,  
But him *Allectus* treacherously slew,  
And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure:  
Nath'lesse the time enioyed but short happy howre:

58  
For *Asclepiades* him overcame,  
And left inglorious on the vanquish't Playne,  
Without or robe, or rag, to hide his shame.  
Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne;  
But shortly was by *Coyll* in battell slaine:  
Who after long debate, since *Lucius* time,  
Was of the *Britons* first crownd Soueraigne:  
Then gan this Realme renew her passed prime:  
He of his name *Coylchester* built of stone and lime.

59  
Which when the *Romanes* heard, they hither sent  
*Constantinus*, a man of mickle might,  
With whom king *Coyll* made an agreement,  
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,  
Fairst *Helena*, the fairest living wight:  
Who in all godly thewes, and goodly praise  
Did far excell, but was most famous hight  
For skill in Musicke of all in her dayes,  
Aswell in curious instruments, as cunning layes.

60  
Of whom he did great *Constantine* beget,  
Who afterward was Emperour of *Rome*;  
To which whiles absent he his mind did set,  
*Octavius* here leapt into his roome,  
And it vsurped by vnrighteous doome:  
But he his title iustified by might,  
Slaying *Traberus*, and hauing overcome  
The *Romane* legion in dreadfull sight:  
So settled he his kingdom, and confirm'd his right.

61  
But wanting issue male, his daughter deare  
He gaue in wedlocke to *Maximian*,  
And him with her made of his kingdom heyre,  
Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,  
Till murdered by the friends of *Gratian*;  
Then gan the *Hunnes* and *Picts* invade this land,  
During the raigne of *Maximian*;  
Who dying left none heire them to withstand,  
But that they ouerran all parts with easie hand.

62  
The weary *Britons*, whose war-hable youth  
Was by *Maximian* lately led away,  
With wretched miseries, and woelull ruth,  
Were to those *Pagans* made an open pray,  
And dayly spectacle of sad decay:  
Whom *Romane* warres, which now foure hundred  
And more had wasted, could no wherdismay;  
Till by consent of *Commons* and of *Peares*,  
They crownd the second *Constantine* with ioyous teares:

63  
Who hauing oft in battell vanquished  
Those spoylefull *Picts*, and swarming *Easterlings*,  
Long time in peace his Realme established,  
Yet oft annoyd with lundry bordragings  
Of neighbour *Scots*, and forrein *Scatterlings*,  
With which the world did in those dayes abound;  
Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings  
From sea to sea he heapt a mightie mound,  
Which from *Alcluid* to *Pannwell* did that border bound.

64  
Three sonnes he dying left, all vnder age;  
By meanes whereof, their vncke *Fortigere*  
Vsurpt the crowne, during their pupillage;  
Which th' *Infants* tutors gathering to feare,  
Them closely into *Armorick* did beare:  
For dread of whom, and for those *Picts* annoyces,  
He sent to *Germanie*, strange aide to reare,  
From whence effoonces arrived here three hoyes  
Of *Saxons*, whom he for his safetie employes.

65  
Two brethren were their Capitaines, which hight  
*Hengist* and *Horsus*, well approov'd in warre,  
And both of them men of renowned might:  
Who making vantage of their euill iarre,  
And of those forreiners, which came from farre,  
Grew great, and got large portions of land,  
That in the Realme ere long they stronger arre,  
Then they which sought at first their helping hand,  
And *Fortiger* enforce't the kingdom to aband.

66  
But by the helpe of *Fortimere* his sonne,  
He is againe vnto his rule restor'd,  
And *Hengist* seeming sad, for that was donne,  
Received is to grace and new accord,  
Through his faire daughters face, & flattering word;  
Soone after which, three hundred Lords he slew  
Of *British* blood, all sitting at his bord;  
Whose dolefull monuments who list to rew,  
Th' eternall marks of treason may at *Stonheng* view.

67  
By this, the sonnes of *Constantine*, which fled,  
*Ambrise* and *Vther* did ripe yeares attaine,  
And here arriuing, strongly challenged  
The crowne, which *Fortiger* did long detain:  
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was slaine,  
And *Hengist* eke soone brought to shamefull death.  
Thenceforth *Aurelius* peaceably did raigne,  
Till that through poylon stopped was his breath;  
So now entombed lyes at *Stonheng* by the hearth.

68  
After him *Vther*, which *Pendragon* hight,  
Succeeding There abruptly it did end,  
Without full point, or other Cefure right,  
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,  
Or th' Authour selfe could not at least attend  
To finish it: that so vn timers breach  
The Prince himselfe halfe seemeth to offend,  
Yet secret pleasure did offence impeach,  
And wonder of antiquitie long stop't his speech.

69  
At last, quite rauisht with delight, to heare  
The royall Offspring of his native land,  
Cride out, Deare country, & how dearely deare  
Ought thy remembrance, and perpetuall band  
Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand  
Did common breath and nouriture receaue!  
How brutish is it, not to vnderstand  
How much to her we owe, that all vs gaue,  
That gaue vnto vs all, what euer good we haue!

70  
But *Guyon* all this while his booke did read,  
Neyer has ended: for it was a great  
And ample volume, that doth far exceed  
My leisure, so long leaues here to repeat:  
It told, how first *Prometheus* did create  
A man, of many parts from beasts deriued,  
And then stole fire from heauen, to animate  
His worke, for which he was by *Ioue* depriv'd  
Of life himselfe, and hart-strings of an *Aegle* mied.

71  
That man so made, he called *Elfe*, to weete,  
Quick, the first authour of all *Elfin* kind:  
Who, wandring through the world with wearie feet,  
Did in the gardens of *Adonis* find  
A goodly creature, whom he deem'd in mind  
To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,  
Or Angell, th' authour of all woman-kind;  
Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,  
Of whom all *Fayeries* spring, and fetch their lignage right.

72  
Of these a mighty people shortly grew,  
And puissant kings, which all the world warrayd,  
And to themselves all Nations did subdew:  
The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,  
Was *Elfin*; him all *India* obeyd,  
And all that now *America* men call:  
Next him was noble *Elfinan*, who layd  
*Cleopolis* foundation first of all:  
But *Elphine* enclos'd it with a golden wall.

73  
His sonne was *Elfinel*, who overcame  
The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloody field:  
But *Elfant* was of most renowned fame,  
Who all of *CrySTALL* did *Panthea* build:

Then *Elfar*, who two brethren gyants kild,  
The one of which had two heads, th' other three:  
Then *Elfnar*, who was in *Magick* skild,  
He built by art vpon the glassy See  
A bidge of brails, whose sound heauens thunder seem'd to

74  
He left three sonnes, the which in order raignd,  
And all their Offspring, in their dew descents,  
Euen teuen hundred Princes, which maintaynd  
With mightie deeds their sundry gouernments,  
That were too long their in finite contents  
Here to record, ne much materiall:  
Yet should they be most famous monuments,  
And braue ensample, both of *Martiall*  
And ciuill rule to Kings and States imperiall.

75  
After all these *Elfeles* did raigne,  
The wife *Elfeles* in great Maieslie,  
Who mightily that scepter did sustaine,  
And with rich spoiles and famous victory,  
Did high aduance the crowne of *Paeury*:  
He left two sonnes, of which faire *Elferon*  
The eldest brother did vn timers die:  
Whose empty place the mightie *Oberon*  
Doubly supplide, in spouall and dominion.

76  
Great was his power and glorie, ouer all  
Which him before that sacred seate did fill,  
That yet remains his wide memoriall:  
He dying left the fairest *Tanaquill*,  
Him to succeed therein, by his last will:  
Fairer and nobler lieth none this howre.  
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill:  
Therefore they *Glorian* call that glorious flowre.  
Long maist thou *Glorian* liue, in glory and great powre.

77  
Beguil'd thus with delight of nouelties,  
And naturall desire of countries state,  
So long they read in those antiquities,  
That how the time was fled, they quite forgate,  
Till gentle *Alma* seeing it so late,  
Perforce their studies broke, and them besought  
To thinke, how supper did them long awate:  
So, halfe vnwilling from their bookes them brought,  
And fauely feasted, as so noble knights she ought.







**W**hat warre so cruell, or what siege so sore,  
As that, which strong affections do apply,  
Against the fort of reason euermore  
To bring the soule into captiuitie!  
Their force is fiercer through infirmitie  
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,  
And exercise most bitter tyranny  
Vpon the parts, brought into their bondage:  
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull villenage.

But in a body, which doth freely yeeld  
His parts to reasons rule obedient,  
And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,  
All happy peace and goodly gouernment  
Is setled there in sure establishment;  
There *Alma*, like a virgin Queen most bright,  
Doth flourish in all beaue excellent;  
And to her guesstes doth bountious banquet dight,  
Attempted goodly well for health and for delight.

Early before the Morne with cremosin ray,  
The windowes of bright heauen opened had,  
Through which into the world the dawning day  
Might look, that maketh euery creature glad,  
Vprose Sir *Guyon*, in bright armour clad,  
And to his purposd journey him prepar'd:  
With him the Palmer eke in habite sad,  
Himselfe addrest to that aduenture hard:  
So to the riuers side they both together far'd:

Where them awaited readie at the ford  
The *Ferriman*, as *Alma* had behight,  
With his well rigged boate: They goe aboard,  
And he eftsoones gan launch his barke forthright.  
Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,  
And fast the land behind them fled away.  
But let them pass, whiles wind and weather right  
Do serue their turnes: here I awhile must stay,  
To see a cruell fight don by the Prince this day.

For, all so soone as *Guyon* thence was gon  
Vpon his voyage with his trustie guide,  
That wicked band of villains fresh begon  
That castle to assaile on euery side,  
And lay strong siege about it far and wide.  
So huge and infinite their numbers were,  
That all the land they vnder them did hide:  
So fowle and vgly, that exceeding feare  
Their visages imprest, when they approached neare.

Them in twelue troupes their Captain did dispart  
And round about in fittest steads did place,  
Where each might best offend his proper part,  
And his contrary obiect most deface,  
As euery one seem'd meetest in that case.  
Seven of the same against the Castle gate,  
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,  
Which with incessant force and endlesse hate,  
They battered day and night, and entrance did awate.

The other fise, fise fundry wayes he set,  
Against the fise great Bulwarke of that pile.  
And vnto each a Bulwarke did arret,  
T'assaile with open force or hidden guile,  
In hope therof to win victorious spoyle.  
They all that charge did feruently apply,  
With greedy malice and importune toyle,  
And planted there their huge artillery,  
With which they daily made most dreadfull battery.

The first troupe was a monstrous rabblement  
Of fowle misshapen wights, of which some were  
Headed like Owles, with beakes vncomely bent,  
Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,  
And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare,  
And euery one of them had Lynxes eyes,  
And euery one did boawe and arrowes beare  
All those were lawlesse lusts, corrupt enuies,  
And couetous aspectes, all cruell enemies.

Those same against the Bulwarke of the *Sight*  
Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,  
Ne once did yield it respite day nor night,  
But soone as *Titan* gan his head exault,  
And soone againe as he his light withhault,  
Their wicked engins they against it bent:  
That is, each thing, by which the eyes may faule;  
But two then all more huge and violent,  
Beautie, and money, they that Bulwarke forly rent.

The second Bulwarke was the *Hearing* sense,  
Gainst which the second troupe desligment makes:  
Deformed creatures, in strange difference,  
Some hauing heads like Hurts, some like to Snakes,  
Some like wild Bores late rous'd out of the brakes;  
Slaunderous reproches, and foule infamies,  
Leasings, backbitings, and vaine-glorious crakes,  
Bad counsels, prayles, and false flatteries,  
All those against that Fort did bend their batteries.

Likewise that same third Fort, that is the *Smell*,  
Of that third troupe was cruellly assaid:  
Whose hideous shaples were like to fends of hell,  
Some like to Hounds, some like to Apes dismayd,  
Some like to Purtookes, all in plumes arrayd:  
All shap't according their conditions,  
For, by those vgly formes weren pourtraid  
Foolish delights and fond abusions,  
Which do that sense besiege with light illusions.

And that fourth band, which cruell battery bent,  
Against the fourth Bulwarke, that is the *Tast*,  
Was as the rest, a grylie rabblement,  
Some mouth'd like greedy Oyltriges, some fac't  
Like loathly Toades, some fashioned in the waste  
Like swine; for, so deformed is luxury,  
Surfitt, mildiet, and vnthrifre waste,  
Vaine feasts, and idle superfluitie:  
All those this senses Fort assaile incessantly.

But the fift troupe most horrible of hew,  
And fierce of force, was dreadfull to report:  
For, some like snayles, some did like spiders shew,  
And some like vgly Vrchins thicke and short:  
They cruellly assaile that fift Fort,  
Armed with darts of sensuall delight,  
With stings of carnall lust, and strong effort  
Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night  
Against that same fift Bulwarke they continued fight.

Thus these twelue troupes with dreadfull puillance  
Against that Castle restless siege did lay,  
And euermore their hideous Ordinance  
Vpon the Bulwarke cruellly did play,  
That now it gan to threaten neere decay:  
And euermore their wicked Capitaine  
Prouoked them the breaches to assay,  
Sometimes with threats, sometimes with hope of gaine,  
Which by the ranlack of that peece they should attaine.

On th'other side, th'assieged Castleward  
Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,  
And many bold repulses, and manie hard  
Archivement wrought with perill and with paine,  
That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine:  
And those two brethren Giants did defend  
The walles so stoutly with their sturdy maine,  
That neuer entrance any durst precead,  
But they to direfull death their growning ghosts did send.

The noble Virgin, Lady of that place,  
Was much dismayd with that dreadfull sight  
(For, neuer was she in so euill case)  
Till that the Prince seeing her wotull plight,  
Gan her recomfort from so sad afflighe,  
Offering his seruice, and his dearest life  
For her defence, against that Carle to fight,  
Which was their chiefe and th'author of that strife:  
She him remerced as the Patronne of her life.

Eftsoones himselfe in glitter and arms hedight,  
And his well proued weapons to him hent:  
So taking courteous conge he behight,  
Those gates to be vnbar'd, and forth he went.  
Faile more he thee, the prouest and most gent,  
That euer brandished bright Steele on lie:  
Whom soone as that varuily rabblement,  
With his gay Squire issuing did espy,  
They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling cry.

And therewith all at once at him let fly  
Their fluttring arrowes, thicke as flakes of snowe,  
And round about him flocke imperiously,  
Like a great water flood, that rombling lowe  
From the high mountains, threats to ouerflowe  
With suddain fury all the fertile Plaine,  
And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throwe  
Adowne the streame, and all his vovues make vaine,  
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustaine.

Vpon his shield their heaped haile he bore,  
And with his sword disperst the rascall flockes,  
Which fled asunder, and him fell before,  
As withered leaues drop from their dried stockes,  
When the wroth Western wind does reave their locks:  
And vnderneath him his courageous steed,  
The fierce *Spumador* trode them downe like docks,  
The fierce *Spumador* borne of heauenly seed:  
Such as *Lamodon* of *Phorbus* race did breed.

Which suddaine horror and confused cry,  
When as their Capitaine heard, in haste he yode  
The cause to weet, and fault to remedy:  
Vpon a Tigre swift and fierce he rode,  
That as the winde ran vnderneath his lode,  
While his long legs nigh raught vnto the ground:  
Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,  
But of such subtil substance and vnbound,  
That like a ghost he seem'd, whose *Grave-clothes* were vn-  
K 3 And



21  
And in his hand a bended bow was scene,  
And many arrowes vnder his right side,  
All deadly dangerous, all cruell keene,  
Headed with flint, and feathers bloudy dide,  
Such as the *Indians* in their quyuers hide:  
Those could he well direct and streight as line,  
And bid them strike the marke, which he had eyde:  
Ne was there silue, ne was there medicine,  
That mote recure their wounds: so inly they did tine.

22  
As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,  
His body leane and meagre as a rake,  
And skin all withered like a dried rooke,  
Thereto as cold and dreary as a Snake,  
That seem'd to tremble euermore, and quake:  
All in a canuas thin he was bedight,  
And girded with a belt of twisted baake,  
Vpon his head he wore an Helmet light,  
Made of a dead mans scull, that seem'd a gaffly sight.

23  
Maleger was his name, and after him  
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags,  
With hoarie lockes all loose, and vilage grim;  
Their feet vnshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,  
And both as swift on foot, as chafed Stags;  
And yet the one her other leg had lame,  
Which with a staffe, all full of little snags  
She did disport, and Impotence her name:  
But th'other was Impatience, arm'd with raging flame.

24  
Soone as the Carle from farr the Prince espide,  
Glistering in armes and warlike ornament,  
His beast he felly prickt on either side,  
And his mischieuous bow full readie bent,  
With which at him a cruell shaft he sent:  
But he was warie, and it warded well  
Vpon his shield, that it no fluther went,  
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:  
Then he another and another did expell.

25  
Which to preuent, the Prince his mortall speare  
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,  
To be auenged of that shot whylere:  
But he was not so hardy to abide  
That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside  
His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare:  
Whom to pursue, the Infant after hide,  
So fast as his good Courser could him beare,  
But labour lost it was, to weene approche him neare.

26  
For, as the winged wind his Tigre fled,  
That view of eye could scarce him ouertake,  
Ne scarce his feet on ground were scene to tread;  
Through hils and dales he speedie way did make,  
Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,  
And in his flight the villen turn'd his face  
(As wonts the *Tartar* by the *Caspian* lake,  
When as the *Russian* him in fight does chace)  
Vnto his Tygres taile, and shot at him apace.

27  
Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,  
Still as the greedie knight nigh to him drew,  
And oftentimes he would relent his pace,  
That him his foe more fiercely should pursue:  
Who when his vnouth manner he did vew  
He gan auize to follow him no more,  
But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,  
Vntill he quite had spent his perlous store,  
And then assayle him fresh, ere he could fluff for more.

28  
But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew  
His wicked arrowes gathered them againe,  
And to him brought, fresh battell to renew:  
Which he espying, cast her to refraine  
From yielding succour to that cursed Swaine,  
And her attaching thought her hands to tie;  
But soone as him dismounted on the Plaine,  
That other Hag did far away espy  
Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily.

29  
And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,  
Him backward ouerthrew, and downe him stayd  
With their rude hands and grieufully grapplement,  
Till that the villen coming to their ayd,  
Vpon him fell, and lode vpon him layd:  
Full little wanted, but he had him slaine,  
And of the battell balefull end had made,  
Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,  
And commen to his reskew, ere his bitter bane.

30  
So, greatest and most glorious thing on ground  
May often need the help of weaker hand;  
So feeble is mans state, and life vnfound,  
That in assurance it may neuer stand,  
Till it dissolued be from earthly band.  
Prooue be thou Prince, the prowtest man aliue,  
And noblest borne of all in *Briton* land:  
Yet thee fierce Fortune did so neerely driue,  
That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldest not reuiue.

31  
The Squire arriuing, fiercely in his armes  
Snatcht first the one, and then the other Iade,  
His chiefest lers and authors of his harmes,  
And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,  
Least that his Lord they should behind invade:  
The whiles the Prince prickt with reprochfull shame,  
As one awak't out of long slombing shade,  
Reuiuing thought of glorie and of fame,  
Vnited all his powres to purge himselfe from blame.

32  
Like as a fire, the which in hollow caue  
Hath long been vnder-kept, and downe suppress't,  
With murmurours disdain doth inly raue,  
And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,  
At last breakes forth with furious vnrest,  
And striues to mount vnto his native seat:  
All that did earst it hinder and molest,  
It now deuoures with flames and scorching heat,  
And carries into smoke with rage and horror great:

33  
So mightily the *Briton* Prince him rous'd  
Out of his hold, and broke his captiue bands,  
And as a Beare whom angry curres haue rouz'd,  
Hauing off-shak't them, and escap't their hands,  
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands  
Treads downe and ouerthrowes. Now had the Carle  
Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands  
Discharged of his bow and deadly quarle,  
To seize vpon his foe flat lying on the marle.

34  
Which now him turn'd to disadvantage deare:  
For, neither can he fly, nor other harme,  
But trust vnto his strength and manhood meare,  
Sith now he is farr from his monstrous swarme,  
And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.  
The knight yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,  
Fiercely aduunst his valorous right arme,  
And him so sore smote with his iron mace,  
That grouching to the ground he fell, and filld his place.

35  
Well weened he, that field was then his owne,  
And all his labour brought to happy end,  
When sudden vp the villen ouerthrowne,  
Out of his sworne arose, fresh to contend,  
And gan himselfe to second battell bend,  
As hurt he had not been. Thereby therelie  
An huge great stone, which stood vpon one end,  
And had not been remoued many a day;  
Some land-marke seem'd to be, or signe of sundry waie.

36  
The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway  
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware  
To shunne the engin of his meane decay:  
It bootet not to think that throwe to beare,  
But ground he gaue, and lightly leapt areare:  
Eft heere returning, as a Faulcon faire,  
That once hath faile of her soule full neare,  
Remounts againe into the open aire,  
And vnto better fortune doth her selfe prepare:

37  
So brauer returning, with his brandisht blade,  
He to the Carle himselfe againe addrest,  
And strooke at him so sternely, that he made  
An open passage through his riuen brest,  
That halfe the Steele behind his backe did rest:  
Which drawing backe, he looked euermore  
When the heart bloud should gush out of his chest,  
Or his dead corse should fall vpon the flore;  
But his dead corse vpon the flore fell nathemore:

38  
Ne drop of bloud appeared shed to bee,  
All were the woundes so wide and wonderous,  
That through his carcasle one might plainly see:  
Halfe in a maze with horror hideous,  
And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,  
Again through both the sides he strooke him quight,  
That made his spright to groue full pitious:  
Yet nathemore forth fled his groining sprights  
But freshly, as at first, prepar'd himselfe to fight.

39  
Thereat he smitten was with great affright,  
And trembling terror did his heart appall:  
Ne wist he, what to thinke of that same fight,  
Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all;  
He doubted, least it were some magickall  
Illusion, that did beguile his sense,  
Or wandring ghost, that wanted funerall,  
Or acric spirit vnder false pretence,  
Or hellish fecnd rays'd vp through diuelish science.

40  
His wonder farr exceeded reasons reach,  
That he began to doubt his dazled sight,  
And oft of error did himselfe appeach:  
Flesh without bloud, a person without spright,  
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,  
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,  
That could not die, yet seem'd a mortall wight,  
That was most strong in most infirmitee;  
Like did he neuer heare, like did he neuer see.

41  
Awhile he stood in this astonishment;  
Yet would he not for all his great dismay  
Giue ouer to effect his first intent,  
And th'vntost meane of victorie assay,  
Or th'vntost illew of his owne decay.  
His owne good sword *Mordure*, that neuer fayld  
At need, till now, he lightly threw away,  
And his bright shield, that nought him now auaild,  
And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

42  
Twixt his two mightie armes him vp he snatcht,  
And crusht his carcasle so against his brest,  
That the disdainfull soule he thence dispatcht,  
And th'idle breath all vtterly exprest:  
Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he kest  
The lumpish corse vnto the fenelisse ground:  
Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,  
That backe againe it did aloft rebound,  
And gaue against his mother Earth a groue full sound:

43  
As when *Ioues* harnesse-bearing Bird from hie  
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdain,  
The stone-dead quarrye falls so forcibly,  
That it rebounds against the lowlie Plaine,  
A second full redoubling backe againe.  
Then thought the Prince all perill sure was past,  
And that he victor onely did remaine:  
No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast  
Gan heape huge strokes on him, as ere he downe was cast.

44  
Nigh his wits end then wore th' amazed knight,  
And thought his labour lost and trauell vaine,  
Against this lifeless shadow so to fight:  
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty maine;  
That whiles he marueld still, did still him paine:  
For thy he gan some other wayes aduize,  
How to take life from that dead-living swaine.  
Whom still he marked freshly to arise  
From th'earth, and from her wombe new spirits to reuiue.  
K 4



He then remembred well, that had been sayd,  
How th' Earth his mother was, and first him bore;  
She eke, so often as his life decayd,  
Did life with vsury to him restore,  
And rayld him vp much stronger then before,  
So soone as he vnto her wombe did fall;  
Therefore to ground he would him cast no more,  
Ne him commit to Graue terrestriall,  
But beare him farr from hope of succour visuall.

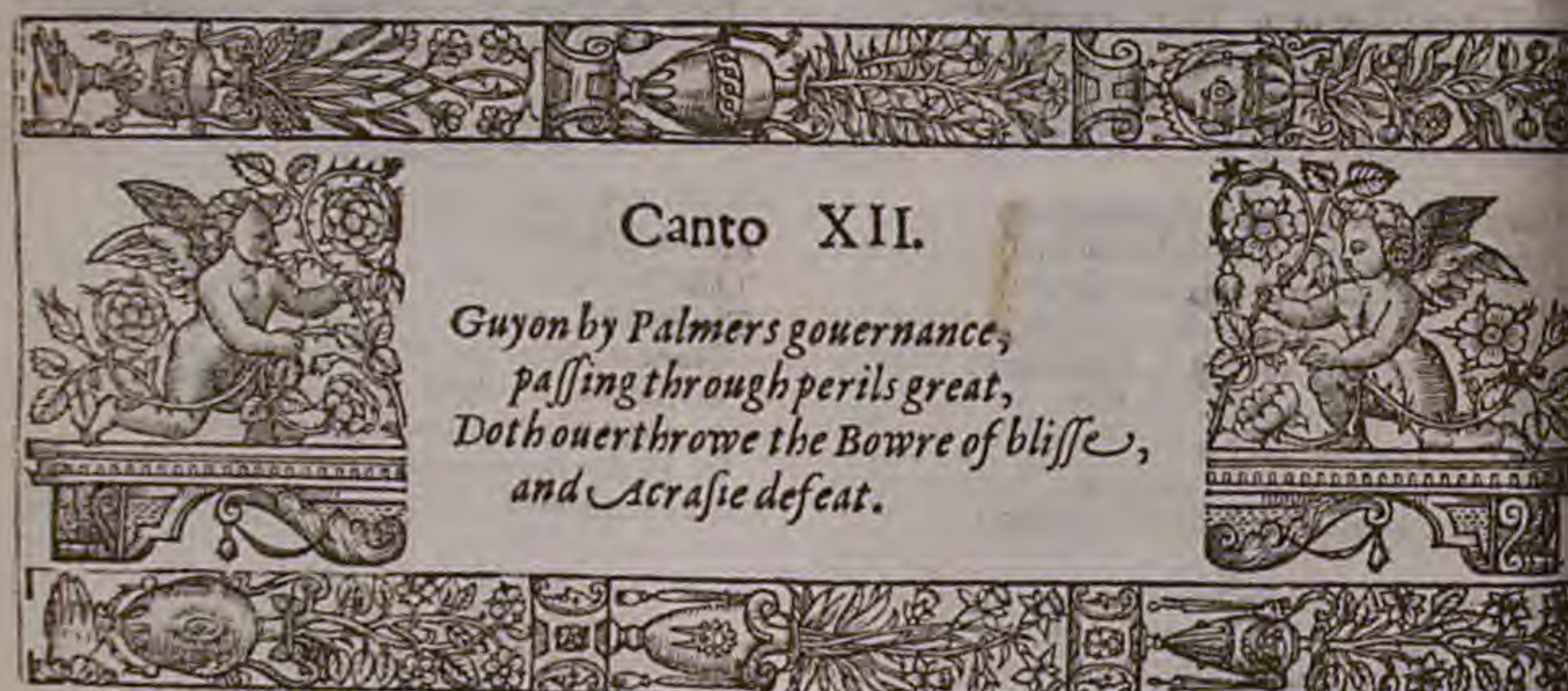
Tho, vp he caught him twixt his puissant hands,  
And hauing scruiz'd out of his carrion corse  
The lothfull life, now loold from sinfull bands,  
Vpon his shoulders carried him perforce  
Abooue three furlongs, taking his full course,  
Vntill he came vnto a standing lake;  
Him therein he threw without remorse,  
Ne third, till hope of life did him forsake; (make.  
So, end of that Carles dayes, and his owne paines did

Which when those wicked Hags from farr did spie,  
Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands,  
And th' one of them with dreadfull yelling cry,  
Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,

And hauing quencht her burning fier brands,  
Hedlong her selfe did cast into that lake;  
But *Impotence*, with her owne wilfull hands,  
One of *Malegers* cursed darts did take,  
So ri'd her trembling heart, and wicked end did make.

This now alone he conquerour remaines:  
Tho, comming to his Squire, that kept his steed,  
Thought to haue mounted: but his feeble vaines  
Him faild thereto, and scrud not his need, (bleed,  
Through los of bloud, which from his wounds did  
That he began to faint, and life decay:  
But his good Squire him helping vp with speed,  
With stedfast hand vpon his horse did staie,  
And led him to the Castle by the beaten waie;

Where many Groomes and Squiers readie were,  
To take him from his steed full tenderly,  
And eke the fairest *Alma* met him there  
With balme and wine and costly spicerie,  
To comfort him in his infirmity;  
Eftsoones she caus'd him vp to be conuaid.  
And of his armes despoyled easily,  
In sumptuous bed she made him to be laid,  
And all the while his wounds were dressing, by him stayd.



Now gins this goodly frame of Temperance  
Fairly to rise, and her adorned hed  
To prick of highest praise forth to aduance,  
Formerly grounded, and fast setteled  
On firme foundation of true bountied;  
And this brave knight, that for this vertue  
Now comes to point of that same perilous sted, (sights,  
Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,  
Mogst thousand dangers, & ten thousand magick might.

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,  
Ne euer land beheld, ne liuing wight,  
Ne ought faue perill, still as he did pass:  
Tho, when appeared the third *Morrow* bright

Vpon the waues to spred her trembling light,  
An hideous roaring farr away they heard,  
That all their senses filled with affright,  
And straight they saw the raging surges reard  
Vp to the skies, that them of drowning made affeard.

Sayd then the *Boateman*, Palmer steere aright,  
And keep an euen course: for yonder way  
We needs must pass (God do vs well acquight):  
That is the *Gulfe of Greedinesse*, they say,  
That deepe engorgeth all this worlds pray:  
Which hauing swallowed vp excessiue,  
He soone in vomit vp againe doth lay,  
And belcheth forth his superfluitie,  
That all the seas for feare do seeme away to fly.

On th' other side an hideous Rock is pight,  
Of mightie *Magnes* stone, whose craggy clift  
Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,  
Ouer the waues his rugged armes doth lift,  
And threatmeth down to throwe his ragged rift  
On who so commeth nigh; yet nigh it drawes  
All passengers, that none from it can shift:  
For whiles they fly that *Gulfs* deuouring iawes,  
They on this rock are rent, and sunk in helpless wawes.

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,  
Vntill they nigh vnto that *Gulfe* arrive,  
Where streame more violent and greedy growes:  
Then he with all his puissance doth strue  
To strike his owres, and mightily doth drine  
The hollow vessell through the threatfull wauer  
Which gaping wide, to swallow them aliue  
In th' huge abyss of his engulging Graue,  
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terror raue.

They passing by, that grisly mouth did see,  
Sucking the Seas into his entalles deepe,  
That seem'd more horrible then hell to bee,  
Or that darke dreadfull hole of *Tartare* steepe,  
Through which the damned gholsts doen often creepe  
Backe to the world, bad liuers to torment:  
But nought that falles into this dreffull deepe,  
Ne that approacheth nigh the wide descent,  
May backe returne, but is condemned to be drent.

On th' other side, they saw that perilous Rocke,  
Threatning it selfe on them to runate,  
On whose sharpe clifts the ribs of vessels broke,  
And shiuered ships, which had been wrecked late,  
Yet stuck, with carcasses exanimate  
Of such, as hauing all their substance spent  
In wanton ioyes, and lustes intemperate,  
Did afterwards make shipwracke violent  
Both of their life, and fame for euer sowly blent.

For thy, this hight *The Rocke of vile Reproche*,  
A dangerous and detestable place,  
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approche,  
But yelling Meawes, with Seagullies hoarse and base,  
And Cormoyrants, with birds of rauinous race,  
Which still late waiting on that wastfull clift,  
For spoile of wretches, whose vnhappy case,  
After lost credite and consumed thrift,  
At last them driuen hath to this despairfull drift.

The Palmer, seeing them in safetie past,  
Thus said: Behold th' ensamples in our sights  
Of lustfull luxury and thirstlesse waste:  
What now is left of miserable wights,  
Which spent their looser daies in lewd delights,  
But shame and sad reproche, here to be red,  
By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plights:  
Let all that liue, hereby be counselled,  
To shunne *Rocke of Reproche*, and it as death to dred.

So forth they rowed, and that *Ferryman*  
With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,  
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,  
And the light bubbles daunced all along,  
Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.  
At last, far off they many Islands spie,  
On euery side floeing the floods among:  
Then said the knight, Loe, I the land descrie:  
Therefore old Syre thy course do thereunto apply.

That may not be, said then the *Ferryman*,  
Least we vnweeting hap to be fordonne:  
For those same Islands, seeming now and than,  
Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,  
But straggling plots: which to and fro do roone  
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight  
The *wandering Islands*. Therefore do them shonne:  
For they haue oft drawne many a wandering wight  
Into most deadly danger and distressed plight.

Yet well they seeme to him, that farr doth vew,  
Both faire and fruitfull, and the ground dispreed  
With grassie green of delectable hew,  
And the tall trees with leaues apparelled,  
Are deckt with blossomes dyed in white and red,  
That mote the passengers thereto allure;  
But whosoever once hath fastened  
His foot thereon, may neuer it recure,  
But wandreth euer more vncertain and vnure.

As th' Isle of *Delas* whilome men report  
Amid th' *Aegean* sea long time did stray,  
Ne made for shipping any certaine port,  
Till that *Latona* travelling that way,  
Flying from *Iuno*s wrath and hard assay,  
Of her faire twins was there deliuered,  
Which afterwards did rule the night and day:  
Thenceforth it firmly was established,  
And for *Apollons* honour highly herried.

They to him hearken, as beseecheth mee,  
And passe on forward: so their way does ly,  
That one of those same Islands which doe fleet  
In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,  
Which seem'd so sweet and pleasant to the eye,  
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:  
Vpon the bank they sitting did espy  
A dautie damzell, dressing of her heare,  
By whom a litle skipper floeing did appeare.

She, them espying, loud to them gan call,  
Bidding them nigher drawe vnto the shore:  
For she had cause to busie them withall;  
And therewith loudly laught: But nathe more  
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:  
Which when she saw, she left her locks vndight,  
And running to her boat withouten ore,  
From the departing land it launched light,  
And after them did drue with all her power and might.

Whom



16  
Whom overtaking, she in merry fort  
Them gan to bord, and purpose diuersly,  
Now fanning dalliance and wanton sport,  
Now chrowing forth lewd words immodestly;  
Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly  
Her to rebuke, for being loose and light:  
Which not abiding, but more scornfully  
Scoffing at him, that did her iustly wite,  
She turned her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

17  
That was the wanton *Phaetia*, which late  
Did ferry him, ouer the *Tide Lake*:  
Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,  
And all her vaine allurements did forsake;  
When them the wary Boateman thus bespake;  
Here now behooueth vs well to auyse,  
And of our safetie good heed to take;  
For here before a perilous passage lyes,  
Where many Mermaids haunt, making false melodies.

18  
But by the way, there is a great Quickland,  
And a whirlpoole of hidden leopards:  
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keep an euen hand:  
For twist them both the narrow way doth lie.  
Scarfe had he laid, when hard at hand they spy  
That quickland nigh, with water couered;  
But by the checked waue they did descric  
It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:  
It called was the quickland of *Vnchristyhed*.

19  
They, passing by, a goodly Ship did see,  
Laden from far with precious merchandize,  
And brauely furnished, as ship might be,  
Which through great disauenture, or misprize,  
Her selfe had runne into that hazardize:  
Whose Mariners and Merchants with much toyle,  
Labour'd in vaine to haue recur'd their prize,  
And the rich wares to saue from pittious spoyle:  
But neither toyle nor trauell might her backe recoyle.

20  
On th'other side they see that perilous Poole,  
That called was the *Whirlpoole of decay*,  
In which full many had with haples doole  
Beene sunke, of whom no memory did stay:  
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,  
Like to a restless wheele, still running round,  
Did couet, as they passed by that waie,  
To draw the boat within the vtmost bound  
Of his wide *Labyrinth*, and then to haue them drown'd.

21  
But th'headfull Boateman strongly forth did stretch  
His brawnie armes, and all his body straine,  
That th'vtmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,  
Whiles the drad danger does behind remaine.  
Suddaine they see, from midst of all the Maine,  
The surging waters like a Mountaine rise,  
And the great sea putt vp with proud disdain,  
To swell about the measure of his guise,  
As threatening to deuoure all, that his powre despise.

22  
The waues come rolling, and the billowes rore  
Outragiously, as they enraged were;  
Or wrathfull *Neptune* did them driue before  
His whirling charet, for exceeding feare:  
For, not one puffe of wind there did appeare,  
That all the three thereat woxe much affrayd,  
Vnwetting what such horrore strange did reare.  
Eftsoones they saw an hydeous host arrayd  
Of huge Sea monsters, such as liuing fensse dismayd;

23  
Most vgly shapes, and horrible aspects,  
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,  
Or shame, that euer should to fowle defects  
From her most cunning hand escaped be;  
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:  
Spring-headed *Hydraes*, and sea-shouldring *Whales*,  
Great whirlpooles, which all fishes make to flee,  
Bright *Scolopendras*, arm'd with siluer scales,  
Mighty *Monoceros*, with immeasured rayles.

24  
The dreadfull Fish, that hath deserv'd the name  
Of Death, and like him looks in dreadfull hew,  
The grieftly *Wasserman*, that makes his game  
The flying ships with swiftnesse to pursue,  
The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth shew  
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme,  
Huge *Ziffius*, whom Mariners eschew  
No lesse then rockes (as trauelers informe)  
And greedy *Rosmarines* with visages deforme;

25  
All these, and thousand thousands many more,  
And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,  
With dreadfull noise, and hollow rombling rore,  
Came rushing in the fomy waues enrold,  
Which seem'd to fly for feare, them to behold:  
Ne wonder, if these did the Knight appall;  
For, all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,  
Be but as bugs to fearene babes withall,  
Compared to the Creatures in the seas entrall.

26  
Feare nought, then said the Palmer well amz'd;  
For, these same Monsters are not these in deed,  
But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd  
By that same wicked witch, to worke vs deede,  
And drawe from on this iourney to proceed.  
Tho, lifting vp his vertuous staffe on hie,  
He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,  
And all that dreadfull Armie fast gan flye  
Into great *Tethys* bosome, where they hidden lye.

27  
Quit from that danger, forth their course they kept:  
And as they went they heard a ruefull crie  
Of one, that wayld and pittifully wept,  
That through the fear sounding plaints did fly:  
At last they in an Island did espy  
A seemly Maiden, sitting by the shore,  
That with great sorrow, and sad agony,  
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,  
And lowd to them for succour called euermore.

Which

28  
Which *Guyon* hearing, streight his Palmer bade  
To stee the boate towards that dolefull Mayd,  
That he might knowe, and ease her sorrow sad:  
Who him auising better, to him sayd;  
Faie Sir, be not displeas'd, if disobayd:  
For ill it were to hearken to her cry;  
For she is inly nothing ill appayd,  
But onely womanish hie forgerie,  
Your stubborne heart t' affect with fraile infirmitie.

29  
To which when she your courage hath inclin'd  
Through foolish pittie, then her guilefull bayt  
She will embosome deeper in your mind,  
And for your ruine at the last awayt.  
The knight was ruled, and the Boateman strayt  
Held on his course with stayd stedfastnesse,  
Ne euer shrunke, ne euer sought to bayt  
His tired armes for toylsome wearinesse,  
But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernesse.

30  
And now they nigh approached to the sted,  
Where as those Mermaids dwelt: it was a still  
And calmy bay, on th'one side sheltered  
With the broad shadow of an hoarie hill,  
On th'other side an high rocke toured still,  
That twist them both a pleasant port they made,  
And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill:  
There those fine sisters had continuall trade,  
And vs'd to bathe themselves in that deceitfull shade.

31  
They were faire Ladies till they fondly striv'd  
With th'*Heliconian* maides for maistery;  
Of whom they ouercommen were depriv'd  
Of their proud beautie, and th'one moiety  
Transform'd to fish, for their bold surquedry:  
But th'upper halfe their hew retained still,  
And their sweet skill in wonted melody:  
Which euer after they abus'd to ill,  
T'allure weake Trauellers, whom gotten they did kill.

32  
So now to *Guyon*, as he passed by,  
Their pleasant tunes they sweetly thus applide;  
O thou faire sonne of gentle *Fuery*,  
That art in mighty armes most magnifide  
Aboue all knights, that euer battell tride,  
O turne thy rudder hitherward awhile:  
Here may thy storme-bet vessell safely ride:  
This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,  
The worlds sweet In, from paine & wearisome turmoyle.

33  
With that, the rolling sea resounding soft,  
In his big bafe them fitly answered,  
And on therocke the waues breaking aloft,  
A solemn Meane vnto them measured,  
The whiles sweet *Zephyrus* lowd whistled  
His trebble, a strange kind of harmonie;  
Which *Guyon* senses softly tickled,  
That he the Boateman bad rowe easily,  
And let him heare some part of their rare melody.

34  
But him that Palmer from that vanitie,  
With temperate aduise discourtelled,  
That they it past, and shortly gan defery  
The land, to which their course they leueld;  
When suddainly a grosse fog ouer-spread  
With his dull vapour all that desert has,  
And heauens chearefull face enuoloped,  
That all things one, and one as nothing was,  
And this great Vniuerse seem'd one confus'd mass.

35  
Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist  
How to direct their way in darknesse wide,  
But feard to wander in that wastfull mist,  
For tomling into mischief vncspide.  
Worle is the danger hidden, then descride.  
Suddenlly an innumerable flight  
Of harmefull fowles, about them fluttering, eride,  
And with their wicked wings them oft did smight,  
And fore annoyed, groping in that grieftly night.

36  
Euen all the nation of vnfortunate  
And fatal birds about them flock'd were,  
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,  
The ill-fac't *Owle*, deaths dreadfull messengers,  
The hoarse *Night-raven*, trump of dolefull dreere,  
The lether-winged *Bat*, dayes enemy,  
The ruefull *Strich*, still waiting on the bere,  
The *Whistler* shrill, that wholes heares, doth dy;  
The hellish *Harpies*, Prophets of sad destinie.

37  
All those, and all that else does horrore breed,  
About them flew, and filld their sayles with feare:  
Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,  
Whiles th'one did rowe, and th'other stilly steare;  
Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,  
And the faire land it selfe did plaineely shewe.  
Said then the Palmer, Lo where does appeare  
The sacred soile, where all our perils growe:  
Therefore, Sir knight, your ready armes about you throwe.

38  
He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,  
The whiles the nimble boate so well her sped,  
That with her crooked keele the land she strooke,  
Then forth the noble *Guyon* sallied,  
And his sage Palmer, that him gouerned;  
But th'other by his boate behind did stay.  
They march'd fairely forth, of nought ydred,  
Both firmly arm'd for euery hard assay,  
With constancie and care, gunst danger and dismay.

39  
Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing  
Of many beests, that roarde outrageously,  
As if that hungers point, or *Venus* sting  
Had them enraged with fell surquedry;  
Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,  
Vntill they came in view of those wilde beests:  
Who all at once, gaping full greedily,  
And rearing fiercelly their vpstart crests,  
Ran towards, to deuoure those vnexpected guests.

But



46  
But soone as they approacht, with deadly threat  
The Palmer over them his staffe vpheld,  
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat:  
Estioones their stubborne courages were queld,  
And high aduanced crests downe meekely feld:  
In stead of fraying, they themselves did feare,  
And trembled, as them passing they beheld:  
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,  
All monsters to subdue to him that did it beare.

47  
Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly  
Of which Caduceus whilome was made;  
Caduceus, the rod of Mercury,  
With which he wons the Stygian realmes invade,  
Through gally horror, and eternall shade;  
Th' infernall fiends with it he can assuage,  
And Orews tame, whom nothing can periwade,  
And rule the Furies, when they most doe rage:  
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer sage.

48  
Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arriue,  
Whereas the Bowre of Blisse was situate:  
A place pickt out by choice of best aliue,  
That Natures worke by art can imitate:  
In which what-euer in this worldly state  
Is sweet, and pleasing vnto liuing sense,  
Or that may daintiest fantasie aggrate,  
Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,  
And made there to abound with lauish affluence.

49  
Goodly it was enclosed round about,  
As well their entred guests to keepe within,  
As thole vnruely beasts to hold without;  
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin:  
Nought feard their force, that fortillage to win,  
But wisdoms powre, and temperances might,  
By which the mightiest things efforded bin:  
And eke the gate was wrought of substance light,  
Rather for pleasure, then for battery or fight.

50  
It framed was of precious yuory,  
That seem'd a worke of admirable wit;  
And therein all the famous history  
Of Iason and Medea was ywrit;  
Her mighty charmes, her furious louing fit,  
His goodly conquest of the golden fleecce,  
His falsed faith, and loue too lightly fit,  
The wondrous Argo, which in vent'rous peece  
First through the Euxine seas bore all the flower of Greece.

51  
Ye might haue seene the frothy billowes fry  
Vnder the ship as thorough them she went,  
That seem'd the waues were into yuory,  
Or yuory into the waues were sent;  
And other where the snowy substance spreng,  
With vermill like the boyes bloud therein shed,  
A pitious spectacle did represent,  
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled;  
It seem'd th' enchanted flame, which did Creusa wed.

52  
All this, and more might in that goodly gate  
Be read; that euer open stood to all,  
Which thither came: but in the Porch there fate  
A comely personage of stature tall,  
And semblance pleasing, more then naturall,  
That Trauellers to him seem'd to entise:  
His looser garment to the ground did fall,  
And flew about his heeles in wanton wise,  
Not fit for speedy pace, or manly exercise.

53  
They in that place him Genius did call:  
Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care  
Of life, and generation of all  
That liues, pertaines, in charge particular,  
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,  
And strange phantomes doth let vs oft foresee,  
And oft of secret ill bids vs beware:  
That is our Selfe; whom though we doe not see,  
Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceiue to bee.

54  
Therefore a God him sage Antiquity  
Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call:  
But this same was to that quite contrary,  
The foe of life, that good enuyes to all,  
That secretly doth vs procure to fall,  
Through guilefull semblants, which he makes vs see.  
He of this Gardin had the gouernall,  
And Pleasures porter was dewz'd to be,  
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

55  
With diuerse flowres he daintily was deckt,  
And strowed round about, and by his side  
A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was set,  
As if it had to him been sacrifice:  
Wherewith all new-come guests he gratified:  
So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by:  
But he his idle curtesie deside,  
And ouerthrew his bowle disdainfully;  
And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants fly.

56  
Thus being entred, they behold around  
A large and spacious plaine, on euery side  
Strowed with pleasure, whose faire grassie ground  
Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide  
With all the Ornaments of Floraes pride,  
Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne  
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous Bride  
Did decke her, and too lauishly adorne,  
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th'early

57  
Thereto the Heauens alwaies Iouiall,  
Lookt on them louely, still in stedfast state,  
Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,  
Their tender buds or leaues to violate,  
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate  
T'afflict the creatures, which therein did dwell,  
But the milde aere with season moderate  
Gently attempted, and dispos'd so well,  
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit & holeome smell.

More

58  
More sweet and wholsome, then the pleasant hill  
Of Rhodope, on which the Nymph that bare  
A giant babe, her selfe for griefe did kill;  
Or the Thesalian Tempe, where of yore  
Faure Daphne, Phaeus hart with loue did gore;  
Or Ida, where the Gods lov'd to repaire,  
When-euer they their heavenly bowres forlore:  
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses faire;  
Or Eden, if that ought with Eden mote compare.

59  
Much wondred Guyon at the faire aspect  
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight  
To sinke into his sense, nor mind affect,  
But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,  
Bridling his will, and mastering his might:  
Till that he came vnto another gate,  
No gate, but like one, beeing goodly dight  
With boughes and branches, which did broad dilate  
Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

60  
So fashioned a Porch with rare deuise,  
Archt over head with an embracing Vine,  
Whose bunches hanging downe, seem'd to entice  
All passers by, to taste their luscious wine,  
And did themselves into their hands incline,  
As freelic offering to be gathered:  
Some deepe empurpled as the Hyacinth,  
Some as the Rubine, laughing sweetly red,  
Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet well ripened.

61  
And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,  
So made by art, to beautifie the rest,  
Which did themselves amongst the leaues enfold,  
As lurking from the view of couetous guest,  
That the weake boughes, with so rich load opprest,  
Did bow adowne, as over-burdened.  
Vnder that Porch a comely Dame did rest,  
Clad in faire weedes, but foule disordered,  
And garments loose, that seem'd vnmeet for womanhed.

62  
In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,  
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,  
Whose sappy hiquor that with fulnesse sweld,  
Into her cup she scrud, with dainty breach  
Of her fine fingers, without foule empeach,  
That so fayre wine-presse made the wine more sweet:  
Thereof she vs'd to giue to drinke to each,  
Whom passing by she happened to meet:  
It was her guise, all Strangers goodly so to greet.

63  
So shee to Guyon offred it to taste;  
VWho taking it out of her tender hond,  
The cup to ground did violently cast,  
That all in peecees it was broken fond,  
And with the liquor stained all the lond:  
VWhereat Exceffe exceedingly was wroth,  
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,  
But suffred him to passe, all were she loth;  
Who, not regarding her displeasure, forward go'd.

64  
There the most dainty Para-dise on ground,  
It selfe doth offer to his lober eye,  
In which all pleasures plentiously abound,  
And none does others happinesse enuy:  
The painted flowres, the trees vpspringing hie,  
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space,  
The trembling groues, the Crystall running by:  
And that, which all faire works doth most aggrace,  
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

65  
One would haue thought (so cunningly the rude  
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)  
That Nature had for wantonnesse enfold  
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine:  
So struing each th' other to vndermine,  
Each did the others worke more beautifie:  
So differing both in willes, agreed in fine:  
So all agreed through sweet diuersitie,  
This Garden to adorne with all varietie.

66  
And in the midst of all, a Fountaine stood,  
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,  
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood  
Through euery channell running one might see:  
Most goodly it with pure imagerie  
Was over-wrought, and shap'd of naked boyes,  
Of which some seem'd with liuely tollitee  
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,  
Whil't others did themselves embay in liquid ioies.

67  
And over all, of purest gold was spread  
A trayle of Ivie in his native hew:  
For, the rich metall was so coloured,  
That wight, who did not well auis'd it view,  
Would surely deeme it to be Iviemue:  
Lowe his lasciuious armes adowne did creepe,  
That themselves dipping in the silver dew,  
Their fleecie flowres they tenderly did steepe,  
Which drops of Crystall seem'd for wantonnesse to weep.

68  
Infinite streames continually did well  
Out of this Fountaine, sweet and faire to see,  
The which into an ample Layer fell,  
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,  
That like a little lake it seem'd to bee:  
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,  
That through the waues one might the bottom see,  
All pay'd beneath with salpar shining bright,  
That seem'd the Fountaine in that Sea did layle vpnight.

69  
And all the margent round about was set,  
With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend  
The sunny beemes, which on the billowes bet,  
And those which therein bathed, mote offend.  
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,  
Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,  
Which therein bathing, seemed to contend,  
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hide  
Their dainty parts from view of any which them cyde.

L.

Some



64  
Some-times, the one would lift the other quight  
Above the waters, and then downe againe  
Her plunge, as over-mustered by might,  
Where both awhile would couered remaine,  
And each the other from to rise restraine:  
The whales their snowy limbes, as through a vele,  
So through the Crystall waues appeared plaine:  
Then suddainly both would themselves vnhele,  
And th' amorous sweet spoyle to greedy eyes reuele.

65  
As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,  
His dewy face out of the sea doth reare:  
Or as the Cyprian Goddesse, newly borne  
Of th' Oceans fruitfull froth, did first appeare:  
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare  
Crystalline humour dropped downe apace.  
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,  
And some-what gan relent his earnest pale,  
His stubborne breast gan secret pleasure to embrace.

66  
The wanton Maidens him espying, stood  
Gazing awhile at his vnwonted guise:  
Then th' one her selfe lowe ducked in the flood,  
Abasht, that her a stranger did auise:  
But th' other, rather higher did arise,  
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,  
And all that might his melting hart entise  
To her delights, the vnto him bewrayd:  
Thereft hid vnderneath, him more desirous made.

67  
With that, the other likewise vp arose,  
And her faire locks, which formerly were bound  
Vpon one knot, she lowe adowne did lode:  
Which, flowing long and thick, her cloth'd around,  
And th' luorie in golden mantle gownd:  
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,  
Yet that which reft it, no lesse faire was found:  
So hid in locks and waues from lookers theft,  
Nought but her louely face she for his looking left.

68  
Withall she laughed, and shee blusht withall,  
That blushing to her laughter gaue more grace,  
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall:  
Now when they spyde the knight to slack his pace,  
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face  
The secret signes of kindled lust appeare,  
Their wanton meriments they did increase,  
And to him beckned, to approche more neare,  
And shewd him many fights, that courage cold could reare.

69  
On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,  
He much rebuk't those wandring eyes of his,  
And (counsell well) him forward thence did draw.  
Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of blis:  
Of her fond fauorites lo nam'd amils:  
When thus the Palmer: Now Sir, well auise:  
For, heere the end of all our trauell is:  
Heere woonnes *Araia*, whom we must surprise,  
Else she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

70  
Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,  
Of all that more delight a dainty eare,  
Such as attonce might not on liuing ground,  
Sane in this Paradise, be heard elswhere:  
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,  
To read what manner musick that mote bee:  
For, all that pleasing is to liuing eare,  
Was there conformed in one harmonie,  
Birds, voyces, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

71  
The ioyous birds, shrouded in cheareful shade,  
Their notes vnto the voyce attempted sweet;  
Th' Angelicall soft trembling voyces made  
To th' instruments diuine reipondence meet:  
The siluer sounding instruments did meet  
With the bale murmure of the waters fall:  
The waters fall with difference discreet,  
Now soft, now loud, vnto the wind did call:  
The gentle warbling wind lowe answered to all.

72  
There, whence that Musick seemed heard to bee,  
Was the faire Witch, her selfe now solacing  
With a new Louer, whom through forcere  
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither bring:  
There she had him now layd aslumbering,  
In secret shade, after long wanton ioyes:  
Whil't round about them pleasantly did sing  
Many faire Ladies, and lasciuious boyes,  
That euer mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

73  
And all the while, right over him she hong,  
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,  
As seeking medicine, whence she was strong,  
Or greedily depasturing delight:  
And oft inclining downe with kisses light,  
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,  
And through his humid eyes did suck his spright,  
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd:  
Where-with the sighd soft, as if his case she rew'd.

74  
The whiles, some one did chaunt this louely lay:  
Ah see, who so faire thing doost faine to see,  
In springing flowre the image of thy day:  
Ah see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee  
Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestie,  
That fayrer seemes, the lesse yee see her may:  
Lo, see soone after, how more bold and free  
Her bared bosome she doth broad display:  
Lo, see soone after, how she fades and falles away.

75  
So passeth, in the passing of a day,  
Of mortall life the lease, the bud, the flowre,  
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,  
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre  
Of many a Lady, and many a Paramoure:  
Gather therefore the Rose, whil't yet is prime,  
For, soone comes age, that will her pride deslowre:  
Gather the Rose of loue, whil't yet is time,  
Whil't louing thou mayst loued be with equall crime.

76  
He ceast, and then gan all the quire of birds  
Their diuerse notes t'attune vnto his lay,  
As in approouance of his pleasing words.  
The constant paire heard all that he did say,  
Yet swarued not, but kept their forward way,  
Through many couert groues, and thickets close,  
In which they creeping did at last display  
That wanton Ladie, with her Louer lose,  
VWhose sleepey head she in her lap did soft dispose.

77  
Vpon a bed of Roses she was layd,  
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,  
And was arrayd, or rather disarrayd,  
All in a veile of filke and silver thin,  
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,  
But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:  
More subtle web *Araia* cannot spin,  
Nor the fine nets, which oft we wouen see  
Of scorched dew, doe not in th'aire more lightly flee.

78  
Her snowy breast was bare to ready spoyle  
Of hungry eyes, which n' ore there-with be fild:  
And yet through languour of her late sweet toyle,  
Few drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth distild,  
That like pure Orient pearles adowne it trild:  
And her fayre eyes sweet smyling in delight,  
Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrild  
Fraile harts, yet quenched not: like starry light  
Which sparkling on the silent waues, does seeme more

79  
The young man sleeping by her, seem'd to bee  
Some goodly swayne of honourable place,  
That certes it great pitty was to see  
Him his nobilitie so foule deface:  
A sweet regard, and amiable grace,  
Mixed with manly sternesse did appeare  
Yet sleeping, in his well proportioned face,  
And on his tender lips the downy haire  
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms beare.

80  
His warlike armes (the idle instruments  
Of sleeping praise) were hong vpon a tree,  
And his braue sheld (full of old monuments)  
Was fouly ras't, that none the signes might see:  
Ne for them, ne for honour cared hee,  
Ne ought that did to his aduancement tend,  
But in lewd loues, and wastefull luxurie,  
His dayes, his goods, his body he did spend:  
O horrible enchauntment, that him so did blend!

81  
The noble Elfe, and carefull Palmer drew  
So nigh them (minding nought but lustfull game)  
That sudaine forth they on them rusht, and threw  
A subtle net, which onely for the same  
The skilfull Palmer formally did frame.  
So held them vnder fast, the whiles the rest  
Fled all away for feare of fouler shame.  
The faire Enchauntresse, so vnwares opprest,  
Tryde all her arts, and all her sleights, thence out to wrest.

82  
And eke her Louer stroue: but all in vaine:  
For, that same net so cunningly was wound,  
That neither guile nor force might it distraine.  
They tooke them both, & both them strongly bound  
In captiue bands, which there they ready found:  
But her in chaines of Adamant he tyde:  
For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound:  
But *Verdant* (so he hight) he soone vntyde,  
And counsell sage in speed thereof to him applide.

83  
But all those pleasant bowres, and Palace braue,  
Guyon broke downe, with rigour pittilesse:  
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might saue  
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse:  
But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse:  
Their Groues he feld, their Gardens did deface,  
Their Arbers spoyle, their Cabinets suppress,  
Their Banket-houses burne, their buildings race,  
And of the fayrest late, now made the foulest place.

84  
Then led they her away, and eke that knight  
They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:  
The way they came, the same returnd they right,  
Till they arrived where they lately had  
Charm'd those wild-beasts, that rag'd with fury mad.  
VWhich now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,  
As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad:  
But them the Palmer soone did pacifie. (did lie)  
Then Guyon aske, what meant those beastes which there

85  
Said hee, These seeming beastes are men indeed,  
Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed thus,  
Whylome her Louers, which her lusts did feed,  
Now turned into figures hideous,  
According to their mindes like monstrous.  
Sad end, quoth he, of life intemperate,  
And mournfull meede of ioyes delicious:  
But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,  
Let them returned be vnto their former state.

86  
Straight-way he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,  
And straight of beastes they comely men became:  
Yet beeing men, they did vnmanly looke,  
And stared gaffly, some for inward shame,  
And some for wrath, to see their captiue Dame:  
But one above the rest in speciall,  
That had an hog been late (hight *Grille* by name)  
Repined greatly, and did him miscall,  
That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

87  
Said Guyon, See the mind of beastly man,  
That hath so soone forgot the excellence  
Of his creation, when he life began,  
That now he chooseth with vile difference,  
To be a beast, and lacke intelligence.  
To whom the Palmer thus, The dunghill kind  
Delights in filth and foule incontinence:  
Let *Grille* be *Grill*, and haue his hoggish mind,  
But let vs hence depart, whil't weather serues and wind.





# THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING  
THE LEGENDE OF BRITOMARTIS.  
OR  
*Of Chastitie.*



<sup>1</sup> I falles me heere to write of Chastitie,  
That fairest vertue, farre above the rest;  
For which what needs me fetch from Faery  
Forraine ensamples, it to haue exprest?  
Sith it is shrined in my Soueraignes brest,

And form'd so liuely in each perfect part,  
That to all Ladies, which haue it profest,  
Need but behold the pourtraiet of her hart,  
If pourtrayd it might be by any liuing art.

<sup>2</sup> But liuing art may not least part expresse,  
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paint,  
All were it *Zeuxis* or *Praxiteles*:  
His *dædale* hand would faile, and greatly faint,  
And her perfections with his error taint:  
Ne Poets wit, that passeth Painter farre  
In picturing the parts of beautie daint,  
So hard a workmanship adventure darre,  
For feare through want of words her excellence to marre.

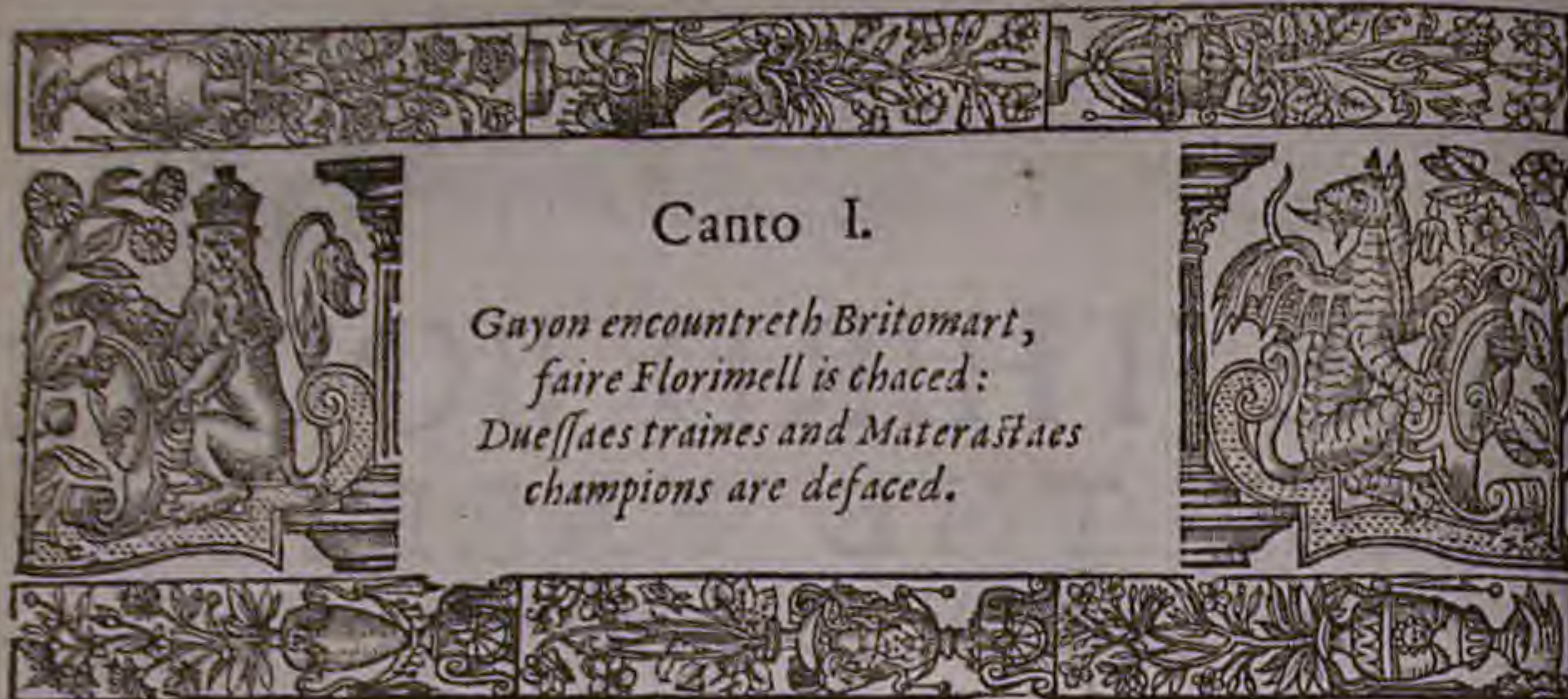
<sup>3</sup> How then shall I, Apprentice of the skill,  
That whylome in diuine wits did raigne,  
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?  
Yet now my lucklesse lot doth me constraîne

Heere-to perforce. But ô, drad Soueraigne,  
Thus farre forth pardon, sith that choicest wit  
Cannot your glorious pourtraiet figure plaine  
That I in colourd shewes may shadow it,  
And antique prayles vnto present persons fit.

<sup>4</sup> But if in liuing colours, and right hew,  
Your selfe you covet to see pictured,  
Who can it doe more liuely, or more trew,  
Then that sweet verse, with *Nectar* sprinkled,  
In which a gracious seruant pictured  
His *Cynthia*, his heauens fairest light?  
That with his melting sweetnesse ravished,  
And with the wonder of her beames bright,  
My senses lulled are in slumber of delight.

<sup>5</sup> But let that same delicious Poet lend  
A little leaue vnto a rusticke Muse,  
To sing his Mistrisse praise: and let him mend,  
If ought amiss her liking may abuse:  
Ne let his fayrest *Cynthia* refuse,  
In mirrours more then one her selfe to see;  
But cyther *Gloriana* let her chuse,  
Or in *Belphebe* fashioned to bee:  
In th'one her rule, in th'other her rare chastitee,





## Canto I.

*Gayon encountreth Britomart,  
faire Florimell is chased:  
Dueffaes traines and Materastæes  
champions are defaced.*

**T**he famous Briton Prince and Faery knight,  
After long wayes & perilous paines endured,  
Hauing their weary limbes to perfit plight  
Restor'd, & fory wounds right well recured,  
Of the faire *Adma* greatly were procured  
To make there lenger sojourn and abode:  
But when thereto they might not be allured,  
From seeking praise, and deeds of armes abroad,  
They courteous conge took, and forth together yode.

But the captiu'd *Acrosta* hee sent,  
Because of trauell long, a night way,  
With a strong gard, all reskew to prevent,  
And her to Faery-court safe to conuay,  
That her for witness of his hard assay,  
Vnto his Faery Queene he might present:  
But he himselfe betooke another way,  
To make more triall of his hardiment,  
And seeke adventures, as he with Prince *Arthur* went.

Long so they travelled through wastefull wayes,  
Where dangers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,  
To hunt for glorie and renowned praise:  
Full many Countries they did over-runne,  
From the yprising to the setting Sunne,  
And many hard adventures did atchieue;  
Of all the which they honour euer wonne,  
Seeking the weake oppressed to relieue,  
And to recouer right for such as wrong did grieue.

At last, as through an open Plaine they yode,  
They spyde a knight, that towards pricked faire,  
And him beside an aged Squire there rode,  
That seem'd to couch vnder his shield three-square,  
As if that age bade him that burden spare,  
And yield it those, that stouter could it wield:  
He them espying, gan himselfe prepare,  
And on his arme addresse his goodly shield  
That bore a Lyon passant in a golden field.

Which seeing good Sir *Gayon*, deare besought  
The Prince of grace, to let him runne that turne.  
He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught  
His poynant speare, and sharply gan to spurne  
His fomy steed, whose fiery teete did burne  
The verdant grasse, as he thereon did tread:  
Ne did the other backe his foote returne,  
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,  
And bent his dreadfull speare against the others head.

They beene ymer, and both their poynts arriued,  
But *Gayon* droue so furious and fell,  
That seem'd both shield and plate it would haue riu'd:  
Nathelste, it bore his foe not from his fell,  
But made him stagger, as he were not well:  
But *Gayon* selfe, ere well he was aware,  
Nigh a speares length behind his grouper fell,  
Yet in his fall so well himselfe he bare,  
That mischieuous mischaunce his life & limbes did spare.

Great shame and sorrow of that fall hee tooke;  
For neuer yet since warlike armes he bore,  
And shiuering speare in bloudy field first shooke,  
He found himselfe dishonoured so sore.  
Ah gentlest knight that euer armour bore,  
Let not thee grieue dismounted to haue beene,  
And brought to ground, that neuer wast before:  
For, not thy fault, but secret powre vnseene,  
That speare enchaunted was, which laid thee on the Gree.

But weenedst thou what wight thee overthrew,  
Much greater grieue and shamefuller regret  
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,  
That of a single Damsell thou wert met  
On equall Plaine, and there so hard beset;  
Euen the famous *Britomart* it was,  
Whom strange adventure did from *Britaine* fet,  
To seeke her Louer (loue faire sought alas)  
Whose image she had seene in *Venus* looking glasse.

Full of disdainfull wrath, hee fierce vp-rose,  
For to reuenge that foule reprocheful shame,  
And snatching his bright sword, began to close  
With her on foote, and stoutly forward came:  
Die rather would he then endure that same.  
Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to feare  
His toward perill and vntoward blame,  
Which by that new encounter he should reare:  
For, death fate on the point of that enchaunted speare.

And hasting towards him, gan faire perswade,  
Not to prouoke misfortune, nor to weene  
His speares default to mend with cruell blade:  
For, by his mighty Science he had seene  
The secret vertue of that weapon keene,  
That mortall puillance mote not withstand:  
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene.  
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,  
To lose long gotten honour with one euill hond.

By such good meanes he him discourteased,  
From prosecuting his reuenging rage:  
And eke the Prince like treaty handled,  
His wrathfull will with reason to assuage,  
And laid the blame, not to his carnage,  
But to his starting steed, that swar'd aside,  
And to the ill purveyance of his page,  
That had his furnitures not firmly tide:  
So is his angry courage fauely pacified.

Thus reconciliation was betwene them knit,  
Through goodly temperance, and affection chaste,  
And either vow'd with all their powre and wit,  
To let not others honour be defac't  
Of friend or foe, who euer it embas't,  
Ne armes to beare against the others side:  
In which accord the Prince was also plac't,  
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde.  
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde.

O goodly v sage of those antique times!  
In which the sword was seruau't vnto right;  
When not for malice and contentious crimes,  
But all for praise, and prooue of manly might,  
The Martiall brood accustomed to fight:  
Then honour was the meed of victorie,  
And yet the vanquished had no despight:  
Let later age that noble vse envie,  
Vile rancour to avoyd, and cruell surquedry.

Long they thus travelled in friendly wise,  
Through countries waste, and eke well edifyde,  
Seeking adventures hard, to exercise  
Their puillance, whylome full dernely tyde:  
At length they came into a Forrest wide,  
Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sound  
Full grieufully seem'd: Therein they long did ride,  
Yet tract of liuing creatures none they found,  
Sauce Beares, Lyons, & Bulls, which romed them around.

All suddenly out of the thickest bush,  
Vpon a milke-white Palfrey all alone,  
A goodly Lady did foreby them rush,  
Whose face did seeme as cleare as Crystall stone,  
And eke (through feare) as white as Whaler bone:  
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,  
And all her steed with tinsell trappings shone,  
Which fled so fast, that nothing mote him hold,  
And scarce them leasure gaue, her passing to behold.

Still as she fled, her eye she backward threw,  
As fearing euill, that pursed her fast:  
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,  
Loosely disperst with puffs of euery blast:  
All as a blazing starre doth farre out-cast  
His haire beames, and flaming locks disspred,  
At sight whereof the people stand agast:  
But the sage *Wifard* telles (as he has read)  
That it importunes death, and dolefull drenchad.

So, as they gazed after her awhile,  
Lo, where a grisly Foster forth did rush,  
Breathing out beastly lust her to defile:  
His tyeling iade he fiercely forth did push,  
Through thicke and thin, both over banke and bush,  
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,  
That from his gorie sides the bloud did gush:  
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,  
And in his clownish hand a sharpe bore-speare he shooke.

Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,  
Full of great envie and fell ielousie,  
They stayd not to avise who first should bee,  
But all spur'd after fast, as they mote fly,  
To reskew her from shamefull villanie.  
The Prince and *Gayon* equally byline  
Her selfe pursed, in hope to win thereby  
Most goodly meed, the fayrest Dame aliue:  
But after the foule Foster *Timias* did striue.

The whiles faire *Britomart*, whose constant mind,  
Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,  
Ne reekt of Ladies loue, did stay behind,  
And them awaited there a certaine space,  
To weet if they would turne backe to that place:  
But when shee saw them gone, she forward went,  
As lay her journey, through that perious Pace,  
With stedfast courage and stout hardiment:  
Ne euill thing she fear'd, ne euill thing she ment.

At last, as nigh out of the wood she came,  
A stately Castle farre away she spyde,  
To which her steps directly she did frame.  
That Castle was most goodly edifyde,  
And plac't for pleasure nigh that Forrest side:  
But faire before the gate a spacious Plaine,  
Mantled with greene, it selfe did spread wide,  
On which shee saw sixe knights, that did daine  
Fierce battaile against one, with cruell might and maine.



21  
Mainely they all stonced vpon him layd,  
And fore belet on euery side around,  
That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismayd,  
Ne euer to them yielded foot of ground  
All had he lost much bloud through many a wound,  
But stoutly dealt his blowes, and euery way  
To which he turned in his wrathfull stound,  
Made them recoyle, and fly from drad decay,  
That none of all the sixe, before him durst allay:

22  
Like dardard Curres, that hauing at a bay  
The salvage beast embost in wearie chace,  
Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,  
Ne byte before, but some from place to place,  
To get a snatch, when turned is his face.  
In such distresse and doubtfull iopardy,  
When Britomart him saw, thence ran apace  
Vnto his reskew, and with earnest cry,  
Bade thole same sixe forbear that single enemy.

23  
But to her cry they list not lenden eare,  
Ne ought the more their mighty stroakes surcease,  
But gathering him round about more neare,  
Their direfull rancour rather did encrease:  
Till that she rushing through the thickest preace,  
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,  
And soone compeld to harken vnto peace:  
Tho gan she mildly of them to inquire  
The cause of their dissension and outrageous ire.

24  
VWhere-to that single knight did aunswere frame;  
These sixe would me enioyce by oddes of might,  
To change my liefe, and loue another Dame,  
That death me hieft were then such despight,  
So vnto wrong to yield my wrestled right:  
For, I loue one, the trust one on ground,  
Ne list me change: she th' Errant Damsell hight,  
For whose deare sake full many a bitter stound  
I haue endur'd, and tasted many a bloody wound.

25  
Certes, said she, then been ye sixe to blame,  
To weene your wrong by force to iustifie:  
For, knight to leaue his Lady were great shame,  
That faithfull is, and better were to die.  
All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,  
Then losse of loue, to him that loues but one;  
Ne may loue be compeld by maistery:  
For, loone as maistery comes, sweet loue anon  
Taket hys nimble wings, and soone away is gone.

26  
Then spake one of those sixe, There dwelleth heere  
Within this Castle wall a Lady faire,  
Whose fountaine beaune hath no lining pectre;  
There-to so bountious and so debonaire,  
That neuer any mote with her compare.  
She hath ordaind this lawe, which we approue,  
That euery knight, which doth this way repaire,  
In case he haue no Lady, nor no Loue,  
Shall doe vnto her seruice neuer to remoue.

27  
But, if he haue a Lady or a Loue,  
Then must he her forgoe with foule defame,  
Or else with vs by dint of sword approue,  
That she is fairer then our fairest Dame,  
As did this knight, before ye hither came.  
Perdie, said Britomart, the choice is hard:  
But what reward had he that overcame?  
He should aduanced be to high regard  
Said they, and haue our Ladies loue for his reward.

28  
Therefore aread Sir, if thou haue a Loue,  
Loue haue I sure, quoth she, but Lady none;  
Yet will I not fro mine owne Loue remoue,  
Ne to your Lady will I seruice done,  
But wreake your wrongs wrought to this knight alone,  
And proue his cause. With that, her mortall speare  
She mightily auentred towards one,  
And downe him smote ere well aware he were,  
Then to the next she rode, and downe the next did beare.

29  
Ne did she stay till three on ground she layd,  
That none of them him selfe could reare againe;  
The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,  
All were he wearie of his former paine,  
That now there doe but two of sixe remaine;  
Which two did yield before she did them smight.  
Ah, said she then, now may ye all see plaine,  
That truth is strong, and true loue most of might,  
That for his trusty seruants doth so strongly fight.

30  
Too well we see, said they, and proue too well  
Our faulne weakenesse, and your matchlesse might:  
For thy faire Sir, yours be the Damosell,  
Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,  
And we your liege men fath vnto you plight.  
So vnderneath her feet their swords they thard,  
And after, her besought, well as they might,  
To enter in, and reape the due reward:  
Shee graunted, and then in they all together far'd.

31  
Long were it to describe the goodly frame,  
And stately port of Castle Ioyeous,  
(For, so that Castle hight by common name)  
Where they were entertained with courteous  
And comely glee of many gracious  
Faie Ladies, and many a gentle knight,  
Who through a Chamber long and spacious,  
Eftsoones them brought vnto their Ladies sight.  
That of them cleeped was the Lady of delight.

32  
But for to tell the sumptuous array  
Of that great chamber, should be labour lost:  
For, liuing wit (I weene) cannot display  
The royall riches and exceeding cost  
Of euery pillour and of euery post;  
Which all of purest bullion framed were,  
And with great pearles and pretious stones embost,  
That the bright glister of their beames cleare  
Did sparkle forth great light, and glorious did appeare.

33  
These stranger knights through passing, forth were led  
Into an inner roome, whole royalltee  
And rich purveyance might vneath be read:  
Mote Princes place beleeue so decks to bee.  
Which stately manner when as they did see,  
The image of superfluous riotize,  
Exceeding much the state of meane degree,  
They greatly wondred, whence so sumptuous guise  
Might be maintaine, and each gan diuersely deuise.

34  
The wals were round about apparelled  
With costly clothes of Arras and of Tene:  
In which, with cunning hand was pourtrahed  
The loue of Penus and her Paramour  
The fayre Adonis, turned to a flowre,  
A worke of rare deuise, and wondrous wit.  
First did it shew the butter balisfull flowre,  
Which her allyd with many a feruent fix,  
When first her tender hart was with his beaue smit.

35  
Then, with what sleights and sweet allurements she  
Entic'd the Boy (as well that art she knew)  
And wooed him her Paramour to be:  
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,  
To crowne his golden locks with honour dew:  
Now leading him into a secret shade  
From his Beauferes, and from bright heauens view,  
Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,  
Or bathe him in a fountaine by some couert glade.

36  
And whil't he slept, she over him would spread  
Her mantle, colour'd like the stary skyes,  
And her soft arme lay vnderneath his head,  
And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes:  
And whil't he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes  
She secretly would search each dainty lim,  
And throwe into the Well sweet Rosemaries,  
And fragrant violets, and Pances trim,  
And euer with sweet Nestar she did sprinkle him.

37  
So did she steale his heedlesse hart away,  
And ioyn'd his loue in secret vnspide.  
But, for she saw him bent to cruell play,  
To hunt the salvage beast in forest wide,  
Dreadfull of danger, that mote him betide,  
Shee oft and oft adviz'd him to refrain  
From chase of greater beasts, whose brutish pride  
Mote breed him scathe vnwares: but all in vaine:  
For, who can shun the chaunce that destiny doth ordaine?

38  
Lo, where beyond he lyeth lingshing,  
Deadly engored of a great wilde Bore,  
And by his side the Goddesse grouching  
Makes for him endlesse mone, and euen more  
VWith her soft garment wipes away the gore,  
Which stunes his snowy skin with hatefull hew:  
But when she saw no helpe might him restore,  
Him to a dainty flowre she did transfere,  
VWhich in that cloth was wrought, as if it liuely grew.

39  
So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,  
And round about it many beds were dight,  
As whylome was the annique worldes prize,  
Some for vntimely ease, some for delight,  
As pleased them to vse, that vse it might:  
And all was full of Damzels, and of Squires,  
Dauncing and reueling both day and night,  
And swimming deepe in feniall desires,  
And Cupid full amongst them kindled lustfull fires.

40  
And all the while, sweet Musick did diuise  
Her loofer notes with Lydian harmony:  
And all the while, sweet birds thereto applide  
Their dainty layes and dulcet melody,  
Ay caroling of loue and iollitie,  
That wonder was to heare their trim consort.  
Which when those knights beheld, with scornfull eye,  
They sdeigned such luscious disport,  
And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.

41  
Thence they were brought to that great Ladies view,  
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,  
That glisterd all with gold and glorious shew,  
As the proud Persian Queenes accustomed:  
She seem'd a woman of great bountied,  
And of rare beaue, fauing that afaunce  
Her wanton eyes, ill signes of womanhed,  
Did roll too lightly, and too often glauce,  
Without regard of grace, or comely amenaunce.

42  
Long worke it were, and needlesse to deuise  
Their goodly entertainment and great glee:  
She caus'd them be led in courteous wize  
Into a bowre, disarmed for to bee,  
And cheared well with wine and spicerie:  
The Redcrosse Knight was soone disarmed thence,  
But the braue Mayd would not disarmed be,  
But onely vented vp her vmbriere,  
And so did let her goodly visage to appeere.

43  
As when faire Cynthia, in darke some night,  
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,  
Where she may find the substance thin and light,  
Breakes forth her siluer beames, and her bright head  
Discouers to the world discomfited:  
Of the poore traveller that went astray,  
With thousand blessings she is heried:  
Such was the beaue and the shining ray,  
With which faire Britomart gaue light vnto the day.

44  
And eke those sixe, which lately with her fought,  
Now were disarmd, and did themselves present  
Vnto her view, and company vnought:  
For they all seemed courteous and gent,  
And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,  
Which had them traynd in all ciuilltee,  
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament:  
Now were they hegemmen to this Lady free,  
And her Knights-seruice ought, to hold of her in Fee.



<sup>45</sup>  
The first of them by name *Gardante* hight,  
A iolly person, and of comely view;  
The second was *Parlaunt*, a bold knight,  
And next to him *Leuant* did enleue;  
*Rajclante* did himselfe most courteous shew;  
But fierce *Bacchante* seem'd too fell and keene;  
And yet in armes *Neclante* greater grew;  
All were faire knights, and goodly well becene;  
But to faire *Britomart* they all but shadowes beene.

<sup>46</sup>  
For she was full of amiable grace,  
And manly terror mixed there-withall;  
That as the one third vp affections base,  
So th'other did mens rash desires appall;  
And hold them backe, that would in error fall;  
As he that hath espied a vermeill Rose,  
To which sharpe thornes and briars the way forfall,  
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose;  
But wishing it faire off, his idle wish doth lose.

<sup>47</sup>  
Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wight,  
All ignorant of her contrary sex,  
(For she her weend a fresh and lusty knight)  
She greatly gan enamoured to wax,  
And with vaine thoughts her falled fancy vex:  
Her fickle hart conceiv'd hastie fire,  
Like sparks of fire which fall in slender flex,  
That shortly brent into extreme desire,  
And rancket all her veins with passion entire.

<sup>48</sup>  
Eftsoones shee grew to great impatience,  
And into teares of open outrage burst,  
That plaine discover'd her incontinence,  
Ne reckt she, who her meaning did mistrust;  
For she was given all to fleshly lust,  
And poured forth in sensuall delight,  
That all regard of shame she had discust,  
And meet respect of honour put to flight:  
So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathly sight.

<sup>49</sup>  
Faire Ladies, that to loue captiued are,  
And chaste desires doe nourish in your mind,  
Let not her fault your sweet affections marre;  
Ne blot the bounty of all womankind,  
Mongst thousands good, one wanton Dame to find:  
Ermongst the Roses growe some wicked weedes;  
For, this was not to loue, but lust inclin'd;  
For, loue does alwaies bring forth bounteous deedes,  
And in each gentle hart desire of honour breeds.

<sup>50</sup>  
Nought so of loue this looser Dame did skill,  
But as a coale to kindle fleshly flame,  
Gruing the bridle to her wanton will,  
And treading vnder foote her honest name:  
Such loue is hate, and such desire is shame.  
Still did she rove at her with crafty glance  
Of her false eyes, that at her hart did ayme,  
And told her meaning in her countenance;  
But *Britomart* dissembled it with ignorance.

<sup>51</sup>  
Supper was shortly dight, and downe they sat,  
Where they were seru'd with all sumptuous fare,  
VVhiles fruitfull *Ceres*, and *Lyons* fat  
Poured out their plenty, without spight or spare:  
Nought wanted there, that dainty was and rare;  
And aye the cups their banks did overflowe,  
And aye betwixt the cups, shee did prepare  
Way to her loue, and secret darts did throwe;  
But *Britomart* would not such guilefull message knowe.

<sup>52</sup>  
So when they slaked had the feruent heat  
Of appetite with meates of euery sort,  
The Lady did faire *Britomart* entreat,  
Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport  
To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort:  
But when she mote not there-vnto be wonne,  
(For, shee her sex vnder that strange purport  
Did vse to hide, and plaine appaunce shunne)  
In plainer wise to tell her grieveance shee begunne;

<sup>53</sup>  
And all at once discouered her desire  
With sighes, and sobes, and plaints, & pittious grieve,  
The outward sparkes of her in-burning fire;  
Which spent in vaine, at last she told her brieve,  
That but if she did lend her short reliefe,  
And doe her comfort, shee mote algates die.  
But the chaste *Damzell*, that had neuer pricke  
Of such maligne and fine forgrie,  
Did easily belue her strong extremitie.

<sup>54</sup>  
Full easie was for her to haue belue,  
Who, by selfe-feeling of her feeble sex,  
And by long triall of the inward grieue,  
Where-with impetuous loue her hart did vex,  
Could iudge what paines do louing harts perplex.  
Who meanes no guile, be' guiled soonest shall,  
And to faire semblance doth light faith annex;  
The bird, that knowes not the false Fowlers call,  
Into his hidden net full easily doth fall.

<sup>55</sup>  
For-ty, she would not in discourteous wise,  
Scorne the faire offer of good will profest;  
For, great rebuke it is, loue to despise,  
Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request;  
But with faire countenance, as becomed best,  
Her entertain'd: nath'lesse, shee inly deem'd  
Her loue too light, to wooe a wandring guest:  
Which she misconstruing, thereby esteem'd  
That frō like inward fire that outward smoke had steem'd.

<sup>56</sup>  
There-with awhile shee her fit fancie fed,  
Till she mote winne fit time for her desire:  
But yet her wound still inward freshly bled,  
And through her bones the false inflit fire  
Did spread it selfe, and venime close inspire.  
Tho, were the tables taken all away,  
And euery Knight, and euery gentle Squire  
Gan choose his Dame with *Bastio* manly gay,  
With whom he meant to make his sport and courtly play.

<sup>57</sup>  
Some fell to daunce, some fell to hazardry,  
Some to make loue, some to make metiment,  
As diuerse wits to diuerse things apply:  
And all the while faire *Malecasta* bent  
Her crafty engins to her close intent.  
By this th'eternall lampes, where-with high *Ioue*  
Doth light the lower world, were halfe ylpent,  
And the moist daughters of huge *Atlas* streoue  
Into the *Ocean* deepe to driue their wearie droue.

<sup>58</sup>  
High time it seemed then for euery wight  
Them to betake vnto their kindly rest:  
Eftsoones long waxen torches wren light,  
Vnto their bowres to guide euery guest:  
Tho, when the *Britonelle* saw all the rest  
Avoide quite, shee gan her selfe despoile,  
And safe commit to her soft fettered nett;  
Where, through long watch, & late dayes weary royle,  
Shee soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite assoile.

<sup>59</sup>  
Now, when-as all the world in silence deepe  
Yshrowded was, and euery mortall wight  
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,  
Faire *Malecasta*, whose engrieded spright  
Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,  
Lightly arose out of her weary bed,  
And vnder the blacke vail of guilty Night,  
Her with a scarlot mantle couered,  
That was with gold and Ermines fyre enveloped.

<sup>60</sup>  
Then panting soft, and trembling euery ioynt,  
Her fearefull feet towards the bowre she moued;  
Where shee for secret purpose did appoynt  
To lodge the warlike mayd vnwilely loued,  
And to her bed approaching, first shee proued,  
Whether she slept or wak't, with her soft hand  
She softly felt, if any member moued,  
And lent her wary eare to vnderstand,  
If any puffe of breath, or signe of sense shee fand.

<sup>61</sup>  
Which, when-as none shee fond, with easie shift,  
For feare least her vnwares she should abrayd,  
Th'embroderd quilt shee lightly vp did lift,  
And by her side her selfe shee softly layd,  
Of euery finest fingers touch affrayd;  
Ne any noyse shee made, ne word shee spake,  
But inly sigh't. At last, the royall Mayd  
Out of her quiet slumber did awake,  
And chang'd her weary side, the better ease to take.

<sup>62</sup>  
Where, feeling one close couched by her side,  
Shee lightly leapt out of her filed bed,  
And to her weapon ran, in mind to gride  
The loathed leachour. But the Dame, halfe dead

Through suddaine feare and gastly dresthed,  
Did shrieke aloud, that through the house it rang,  
And the whole family there-with adred,  
Rashly out of their roused couches sprong,  
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

<sup>63</sup>  
And those six Knights, that Ladies Champions,  
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight ran to the sound,  
Halfe arm'd and halfe vnarm'd, with them attouns:  
Where when confusely they came, they found  
Their Lady lying on the sencelesse ground:  
On th'other side, they saw the warlike Mayd  
All in her snow-white smock, with locks vnbound,  
Threatning the poynt of her avenging blade,  
That with so troublous terror they were all dismayd.

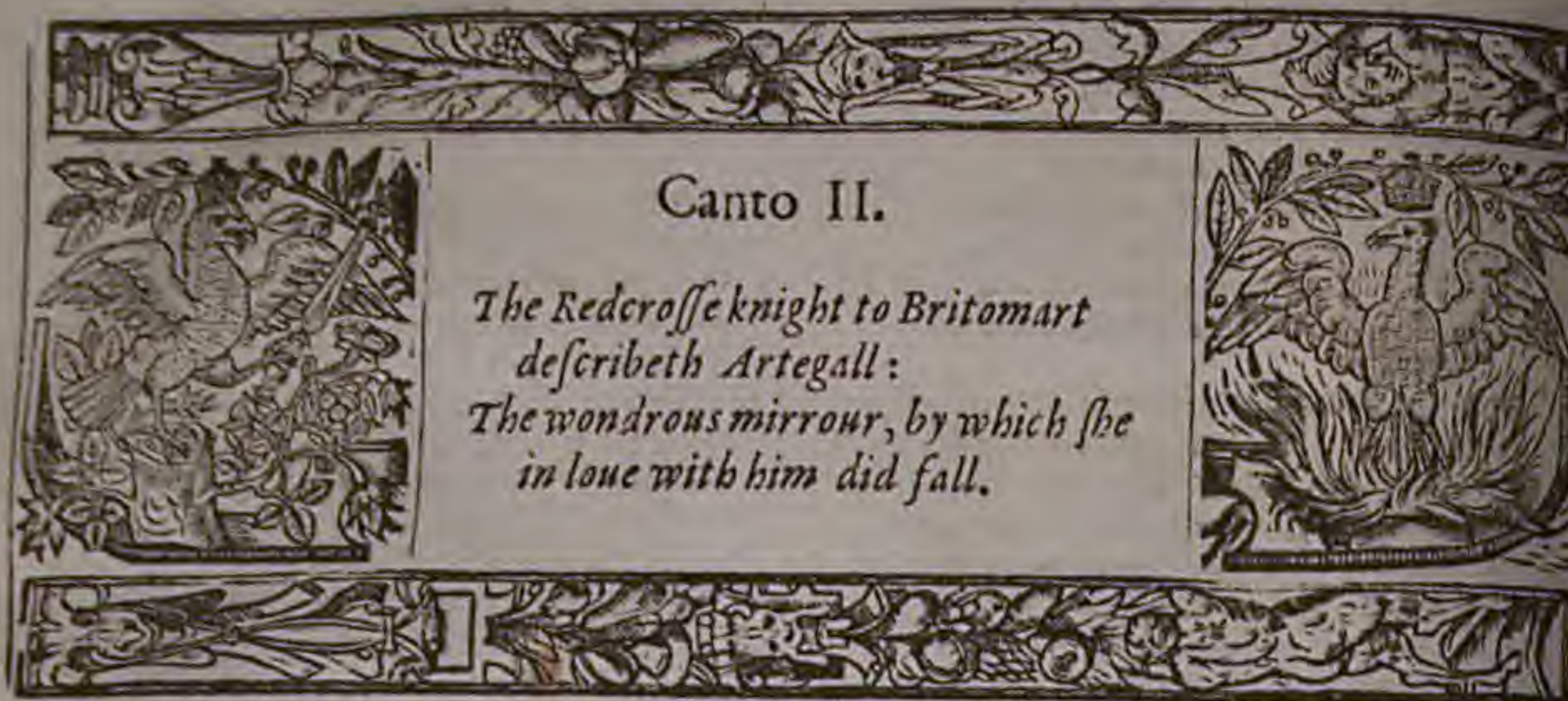
<sup>64</sup>  
About their Lady first they flockt around:  
Whom haling layd in comfortable couch,  
Shortly they ward out of her frozen sound;  
And afterwards they gan with foule reproche  
To stirre vp strife, and troublous contek broche:  
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,  
None of them rashly durst to her approche,  
Ne in so glorious spoyle themselves embolse;  
Her succour'd eke the Champion of the bloody Crosse.

<sup>65</sup>  
But one of those sixe Knights, *Gardante* hight,  
Drew out a deadly boawe and arrow keene,  
Which forth he sent with felonous despight,  
And fell intent against the Virgin sheene:  
The mortall Steele staid not, till it was scene  
To gore her side: yet was the wound not deepe,  
But lightly rased her soft filken skin,  
That drops of purple blood there-out did weepe,  
Which did her lilly smock with staines of vermeil steepe.

<sup>66</sup>  
Where-with enrag'd, shee fiercely at them flew,  
And with her haming sword about her layd,  
That none of them coule mischief could elchew,  
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd:  
Here, there, and euery where about her swayd  
Her wrathfull Steele, that none mote it abide;  
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight gaue her good ayde,  
Ay ioyning foot to foot, and side to side,  
That in short space their foes they haue quite terride.

<sup>67</sup>  
Tho, when-as all were put to shamefull flight,  
The noble *Britomart* her arrayd,  
And her bright armes about her body dight:  
For nothing would shee lenger there be staid,  
Where so loose life, and so vngentle trade  
Was vs'd of Knights and Ladies seeming gent:  
So earely ere the grosse Earthes gryefly shade,  
Was all disperst out of the firmament,  
They tooke their steeds, & forth vpon their iourney went.





## Canto II.

*The Redcrosse knight to Britomart  
describeth Artegall:  
The wondrous mirrour, by which she  
in loue with him did fall.*

**E**re haue I cause, in men iust blame to find,  
That in their proper praise too partiall be,  
And not indifferent to woman-kind,  
To whom, no share in armes & cheualrie  
They doe impart, ne maken memorie  
Of their braue gestes & prowesse Martiall;  
Scarce doe they spare to one, or two, or three,  
Roome in their writs: yet the same writing small  
Does all their deeds deface, and dims their glories all:

But by record of antique times I find,  
That women wont in warres to beare most sway,  
And to all great exploits themselves inclin'd:  
Of which they still the girlond bore away,  
Till envious Men (fearing their rules decay)  
Gan coyne straight lawes to curb their liberty;  
Yet fith they warlike armes haue layd away,  
They haue exceld in artes and pollicie,  
That now we foolish men that praise gin eke t'envy.

Of warlike puissance in ages spent,  
Bethou faire Britomart, whose praise I write,  
But of all wisdom be thou precedent,  
O soueraigne Queene, whose praise I would endite,  
Endite I would as duetie doth excite:  
But ah! my rimes too rude and rugged are,  
VWhen in so high an object they doe lighte,  
And striving fit to make, I feare doe marre:  
Thy selfe thy prayes tell, and make them knowne farre.

She, travelling with Guyon by the way,  
Of sundry things faire purpose gan to find,  
T'abridge their journey long, and lingring day;  
Mongst which it fell into that Faeries mind,  
To aske this Briton Mayd, what vncouth wind  
Brought her into those parts, and what inquest  
Made her dissemble her disguised kind:  
Faie Lady she him seemd, like Lady drest;  
But fayrest knight aliue, when armed was her brest,

Thereat shee sighing softly, had no power  
To speake awhile, ne ready answer make,  
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,  
As if she had a feuer fit, did quake,  
And every dainty limbe with horror shake;  
And euer and anon the rosy red  
Flashit through her face, as it had bene a fluke  
Of lightning, through bright heauen fulmin'd;  
At last, the passion past, she thus him answered.

Faire Sir, I let you weet, that from the howre  
I taken was from Nuries tender pap,  
I haue bene trained vp in warlike stowre,  
To tollen speare and shield, and to affray  
The warlike rider to his most mishap:  
Sithence I loathed life, my life to lead,  
As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,  
To finger the fine needle and nyce thread:  
Me leuer were with point of foe-mans speare be dead.

All my delight on deeds of armes is set,  
To hunt out perils and adventures hard,  
By sea, by land, wherefo they may be met,  
Onely for honour and for high regard,  
Without respect of riches or reward.  
For such intent into these parts I came,  
Withouten compasse, or withouten card,  
Far from my native soyle, that is by name  
The greater Britaine, heere to seeke for praise and fame.

Fame blazed hath, that heere in Faery lond  
Doe many famous Knights and Ladies wonne,  
And many strange adventures to be found,  
Of which great worth and worship may be wonne:  
Which I to proue, this voyage haue begonne.  
But mote I weet of you, right courteous knight,  
Tydings of one, that hath vnto me donne  
Late soule dishonour and reprochfull spight,  
The which I seeke to wreake, and Artegall hee hight.

The word gone out, she backe againe would call,  
As her repenting so to haue mislayd,  
But that he it vp-taking ere the fall,  
Her shortly answered: Faire martiall Maid  
Certes ye misauised been, t'vpbraide  
A gentle knight with so vnknighly blame:  
For, weet ye well, of all that euer playd  
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,  
The noble Artegall hath euer borne the name.

For-thy great wonder were it, if such shame  
Should euer enter in his bountious thought,  
Or euer do that mote defenue blame:  
The noble courage neuer weeneth ought,  
That may vnworthy of it selfe be thought.  
Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well aware,  
Least that too farre ye haue your sorrowe sought:  
You and your countrey both I wish welfare,  
And honour both; for each of other worthy are.

The royall Mayd woxe inly wondrous glad,  
To heare her loue so highly magnifide,  
And ioyd that euer she affixed had  
Her heart on knight so goodly glorifide,  
How euer finely she it faine to hide:  
The louing mother, that nine moneths did beare,  
In the deare closet of her painefull side,  
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,  
Doth not so much reioice, as she reioiced there.

But to occasion him to further talke,  
To feed her humour with his pleasing stile,  
Her list in strife-full tearmes with him to balle;  
And thus replide: How euer, Sir, ye file  
Your courteous tongue his praises to compile,  
It ill becommes a knight of gentle sort,  
Such as ye haue him boasted, to beguile  
A simple mayd, and worke so haynous tort,  
In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

Let be therefore my vengeance to dissuade,  
And read, where I that saytour false may find,  
Ah, but if reason faire might you periwade,  
To slake your wrath, and mollifie your mind,  
Sayd he, perhaps ye should it better find:  
For, hardy thing it is, to weene by might,  
That man to hard conditions to bind,  
Or euer hope to match in equall fight:  
Whose prowesse paragon saw neuer liuing wight.

Ne soothlich is it easie for to read,  
Where now on earth, or how he may be found;  
For, he ne wonneth in one certaine stead,  
But restless walketh all the world around,  
Ay doing things, that to his fame redound,  
Defending Ladies cause, and Orphans right,  
Wherefo he heares, that any doth confound  
Them comfortlesse, through tyranny or might:  
So is his soueraigne honour rais'd to heauens hight.

His feeling words her feeble sense much pleased,  
And softly sunke into her molten heart;  
Heart, that is inly hurt, is greatly eased  
With hope of thing, that may allegge his smart:  
For, pleasing words are like to Magick art,  
That doth the charmed Snake in slumber lay:  
Such secret ease felt gentle Britomart,  
Yet list the same efforce with faine gainesay:  
(So, discord oft in Musick makes the sweeter lay.)

And sayd, Sir knight, these idle tearmes forbear,  
And sith it is vncouth to finde his haire,  
Tell me some markes, by which he may appeare,  
If chaunce I him encounter paramour:  
For, perdy one shall other slay, or daunt:  
What shap, what shield, what arms, what steed, what  
And whatso else his person most may vaunt?  
All which the Redcrosse knight to point arde,  
And him in every point before her fashioned.

Yet him in every part before she knew,  
How-euer list her now her knowledge faie,  
Sith him whilome in Britaine she did view,  
To her reuealed in a mirrour plaine:  
Wherof did growe her first engrafted paine;  
Whole root and stalke so bitter yet did taste,  
That but the fruite more sweemelle did containe,  
Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote waste,  
And yield the pray of loue to loathsome death at last.

By strange occasion she did him behold,  
And much more strangely gan to loue his sight,  
As it in bookes hath written been of old.  
In Deheubarth that now South-wales is hight,  
What time king Ryence reign'd, and dealed right,  
The great Magician Merlin had deuiz'd,  
By his deepe science, and hell-dreaded might,  
A looking glasse, right wondrously aguit'd,  
Whose vertues through the wide world loon were solem-  
(niz'd.)

It vertue had, to shew in perfect sight,  
What-euer thing was in the world contain'd,  
Betwixt the lowest earth and heauens hight,  
So that it to the looker appertayn'd;  
What-euer foe had wrought or friend had fayn'd,  
Therein discoverd was, ne ought mote pass,  
Ne ought in secret from the same remayn'd;  
For-thy it round and hollow shapd was,  
Like to the world it selfe, and seem'd a world of glasse.

Who wonders not, that reade so wondrous worke:  
But who does wonder that has red the Towre,  
Wherein th'Egyptian Pharo long did lurke,  
From all mens view, that none might her discoure:  
Yet she might all men view out of her bowre:  
Great Ptolomee it for his lemans sake  
Ybuided all of glasse, by Magike powre,  
And also it impregnable did make:  
Yet when his loue was false, he with a peeze it brake.



21  
Such was the glasse globe that *Merlin* made,  
And gaue vnto king *Rience* for his guard,  
That neuer soe his kingdom might invade,  
But he it knew at home before he hard  
Tidings thereof, and so them still debarde.  
It was a famous Present for a Prince,  
And worthy work of infinit reward,  
That treasons could bewray, and foes conuince:  
Happy this Realme, had it remained euer since.

22  
One day it fortun'd, faire *Britomart*  
Into her fathers closet to repaire;  
For, nothing he from her refer'd apart,  
Being his onely daughter and his hayre:  
Where when she had espide that mirror faire,  
Herselfe awhile therein she view'd in vaine;  
Tho, her avizing of the vertues rare,  
Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe  
Her to bethinke of that mote to herselfe pertaine.

23  
But as it falleth in the gentlest hearts  
Imperious Loue hath highest set his throne,  
And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts  
Of them, that to him buxome are and prone:  
So thought this Maid (as maidens vse to done)  
Whom fortune for her husband would allot,  
Not that she lust after any one;  
For, she was pure from blame of sinfull blot,  
Yet wist her life at last must linke in that same knot.

24  
Eftsoones there was presented to her eye,  
A comely knight, all arm'd in complet wize,  
Through whole bright ventayle lifted vp on hie  
His manly face, that did his fies agrize,  
And friends to tearms of gentle truce entize  
Lookt forth, as *Phæbus* face out of the east  
Betwixt two shady mountaines doth arise;  
Portly his person was, and much increast  
Through his Heroicke grace, and honorable gest.

25  
His crest was couered with a couchant Hound,  
And all his armour seem'd of antique mould,  
But wondrous massie and assured sound,  
And round about yfretted all with gold,  
In which there written was with cyphers old,  
*Achilles armes which Artiegal did winne.*  
And on his shield enuoloped seuenfold  
He bore a crowned little Ermin,  
That deckt the azure field with her faire pouldred skin.

26  
The Damzell well did view his personage,  
And lik'd well, ne further fastned not,  
But went her way; ne her vnquilty age  
Did weene, vowares, that her vnluckie lot  
Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot;  
Or hurt vnwist most danger doth redound;  
But the false Archer, which that arrow shot  
So slyly, that she did not feele the wound,  
Did smite full smoothly at her weeteless wofull stound.

27  
Thenceforth the feather in her lofty crest,  
Ruff'd of loue, gan lowely to amble,  
And her proud portance, and her princely gest,  
With which she erst triumphed, now did quail:  
Sad, solenne, lowre, and full of fancies fraile  
She woxe; yet wist she neither how, nor why,  
She wist not, silly maid, what she did aile;  
Yet wist, she was not well at ease perdy,  
Yet thought it was not loue, but some melancholy.

28  
So soone as night had with her pallid hew  
Defac't the beauty of the shining sky,  
And rest from men the worlds desired view,  
She with her Nourse adowne to sleepe did lye;  
But sleepe full farre away from her did flie:  
In stead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe  
Kept watch and ward about her warily.  
That nought she did but waile, and often steepe  
Her dainty couch with tears, which closely she did weep.

29  
And if that any drop of slombring rest  
Did chauce to still into her weary spright,  
When feeble nature felt her selfe opprest;  
Streight-way with dreames, and with fantastick sight  
Of dreadfull things the same was put to flight,  
That oft out of her bed she did asstart,  
As one with view of ghastly feends affright:  
Tho, gan she to renew her former smart,  
And thinke of that faire village written in her heart.

30  
One night, when she was toft with such vnrest,  
Her aged Nurse, whose name was *Glaucé* hight,  
Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,  
Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,  
And downe againe in her warme bed her dight;  
Ah my deare daughter, ah my dearest dread,  
What vncomfitt, sayd she, what euill plight  
Hath thee opprest, and with sad dreary head  
Chaunged thy lively cheare, and liuing made thee dead?

31  
For, not of nought these suddaine ghastly feares  
All night afflict thy naturall repose:  
And all the day, when as thine equall Peares  
Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,  
Thou in dull corners dost thy selfe inclose,  
Ne tastest Princes pleasures, ne doest spread  
Abroad thy fresh youtnes fairest flowre, but lose  
Both lease and fruit, both too vntimely shed,  
As one in wilfull bale for euer buried.

32  
The time, that mortall men their weary cares  
Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,  
And euery riuier eke his course forbeares,  
Then doth this wicked euill thee infect,  
And riue with thousand throbs thy thrilled brest:  
Like an huge *Aetna* of deep engulfd griefe,  
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,  
Whence forth it breakes in sighes and anguill rise,  
As smoke and sulphure mingled with confus'd strife.

Aye

33  
Aye me, how much I feare, least loue it bee;  
But if that loue it be, as sure I read  
By knowen signes and passions, which I see,  
Be it worthy of thy race and royall seed,  
Then I avow by this most sacred head  
Of my deare foster child, to ease thy griefe,  
And win thy will: Therefore away doe dread;  
For, death nor danger from thy dew reliefe  
Shall me debarre; tell me therefore my liefest lief.

34  
So hauing said, her twixt her armes twaine  
She straightly strayn'd, and colled tenderly,  
And euery trembling ioynt, and euery vaine  
She softly felt, and rubbed busily,  
To doe the frozen colde awaie to flie;  
And her faire deawy eyes with kisses deare  
She oft did bathe, and oft againe did dry;  
And euer her importun'd, not to feare  
To let the secret of her heart to her appeare.

35  
The Damzell paus'd, and then thus fearefully;  
Ah Nurse! what needeth thee to eke my paine?  
Is not enough, that I alone doe die,  
But it must doubled be with death of twaine?  
For, nought for me but death there doth remaine.  
O daughter deare, said she, despaire no whit;  
For, Neuer sore, but might a salue obtaine:  
That blinded god, which hath ye blindly smit,  
Another arrow hath your louers heart to hit.

36  
But mine is not, quoth she, like others wound;  
For which no reason can finde remedie.  
Was neuer such, but mote the like be found,  
Said she, and though no reason may apply  
Salue to your sore, yet loue can higher stie,  
Then reason reach, and oft hath wonders donne.  
But neither god of loue, nor god of sky  
Can doe (said she) that, which cannot be donne.  
Things oft impossible (quoth she) seeme ere begonne.

37  
These idle words, sayd she, doe nought asswage  
My stubborne smart, but more annoyance breed,  
For, no, no visuall fire, no visuall rage  
It is, O Nurse, which on my life doth feed,  
And suckes the blood, which from my heart doth bleed.  
But since thy faithfull zeale lets me not hide  
My crime (if crime it be) I will it reed.  
Nor Prince, nor pere it is, whose loue hath gryde  
My feeble brest of late, and launced this wound wyde.

38  
Nor man it is, nor other liuing wight:  
For then some hope I might vnto me drawe;  
But th'only shade and semblant of a knight,  
Whose shape or person yet I neuer sawe,  
Hath me subiect to loues cruell lawe:  
The same one day, as me misfortune led,  
I in my fathers wondrous mirror sawe,  
And pleased with that seeming goodly hed,  
Vnwares the hidden hooke with baite I swallowed.

39  
Sithens it hath infixed faster hold  
Within my bleeding bowels, and so sore  
Now rankleth in this lame fraile fleshy mould,  
That all mine entrailes flowe with poysonous gore,  
And th'vicer groweth dayly more and more;  
Ne can my running sore finde remedie,  
Other then my hard fortune to deplore,  
And languish as the leafe falne from the tree,  
Till death make one end of my daies and miserie.

40  
Daughter, sayd she, what need ye be dismayd,  
Or why make ye such monster of your mind?  
Of much more vncomfitt thing I was affrayd,  
Of filthy lust, contrary vnto kind:  
But this affection nothing strange I find;  
For, who with reason can you aye reprove,  
To loue the semblant pleasing most your minde,  
And yield your heart whence ye cannot remoue  
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of loue.

41  
Not so th' *Arabian Myrris* did set her minde;  
Nor so did *Biblis* spend her pining heart,  
But loy'd their native flesh against all kind,  
And to their purpose vsed wicked art:  
Yet playd *Pasiphaë* a more monstrous part,  
That loy'd a Bull, and leard a beast to bee;  
Such shamefull lusts who loaths not, which depart  
From course of Nature and of modesty:  
Sweet loue such lewdnes bands from his faire company.

42  
But thine my Deare (wellfare thy heart my Deare)  
Though strange beginning had, yet fixed is  
On one, that worthy may perhaps appeare;  
And certes seems bestowed not amiss:  
Ioy thereof haue thou and eternall blis.  
With that vpleining on her elbowe weake,  
Her alablaster brest she soft did kis,  
Which all that while she felt to pant and quake,  
As it an Earth-quake were; at last she thus bespake:

43  
Beldame, your words do worke me little ease;  
For, though my loue be not so lewdly bent,  
As those ye blame, yet may it not appease  
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,  
But rather doth my helpless griefe augment.  
For they, how euer shamefull and vnkinde,  
Yet did possesse their horrible intent:  
Short end of sorrowes they thereby did finde; (minde)  
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their

44  
But wicked fortune mine, though mine be good,  
Can haue no end, nor hope of my desire,  
But feed on shadowes, whiles I die for foode,  
And like a shadow weare, whiles with entire  
Affection I doe languish and expire.  
I fonder, then *Cephus* foolish child,  
Who hauing viewed in a fountaine there  
His face, was with the loue thereof beguil'd;  
I fonder loue a shade, the body farre exil'd.

M 2

Nought



<sup>45</sup>  
Nought like, quoth she, for that same wretched boy  
Was of himselfe the idle Paramoure;  
Both loue and louer, without hope of ioy,  
For which he faded to a watry flowre.  
But better fortune thine, and better howre,  
Which lov' it the shadow of a warlike knight;  
No shadow, but a body hath in powre:  
That bodie, wherefoever that it light,  
May learned be by cyphers, or by Magicke might.

<sup>46</sup>  
But if thou may with reason yet repress  
The growing euill, ere it strength haue got,  
And thee abandond wholly do possesse,  
Against it strongly strue, and yield thee not,  
Till thou in open field adowne be smot.  
But if the passion master thy fraile might,  
So that needs loue or death must be thy lot,  
Then I avow to thee by wrong or right  
To compass thy desire, and find that loued knight.

<sup>47</sup>  
Her chearefull words much chear'd the feeble spright  
Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd  
In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might;  
And the old-woman carefully displayd  
The clothes about her round with busie ayd;  
So that at last a little creeping sleepe  
Surpris'd her sense: She, therewith well payd,  
The drunken lampe downe in the oyle did sleepe;  
And set her by to watch, and set her by to weepe.

<sup>48</sup>  
Early the morrow next, before that day  
His ioyous face did to the world reueale,  
They both vprose and tooke their readie way  
Vnto the Church their prayers to appeale,  
With great deuotion, and with little zeale:  
For the faire Damzell from the holy herse  
Her loue-sicke heart to other thoughts did steale;  
And that old Dame sayd many an idle verse,  
Out of her daughters heart fond fancies to reuerse.

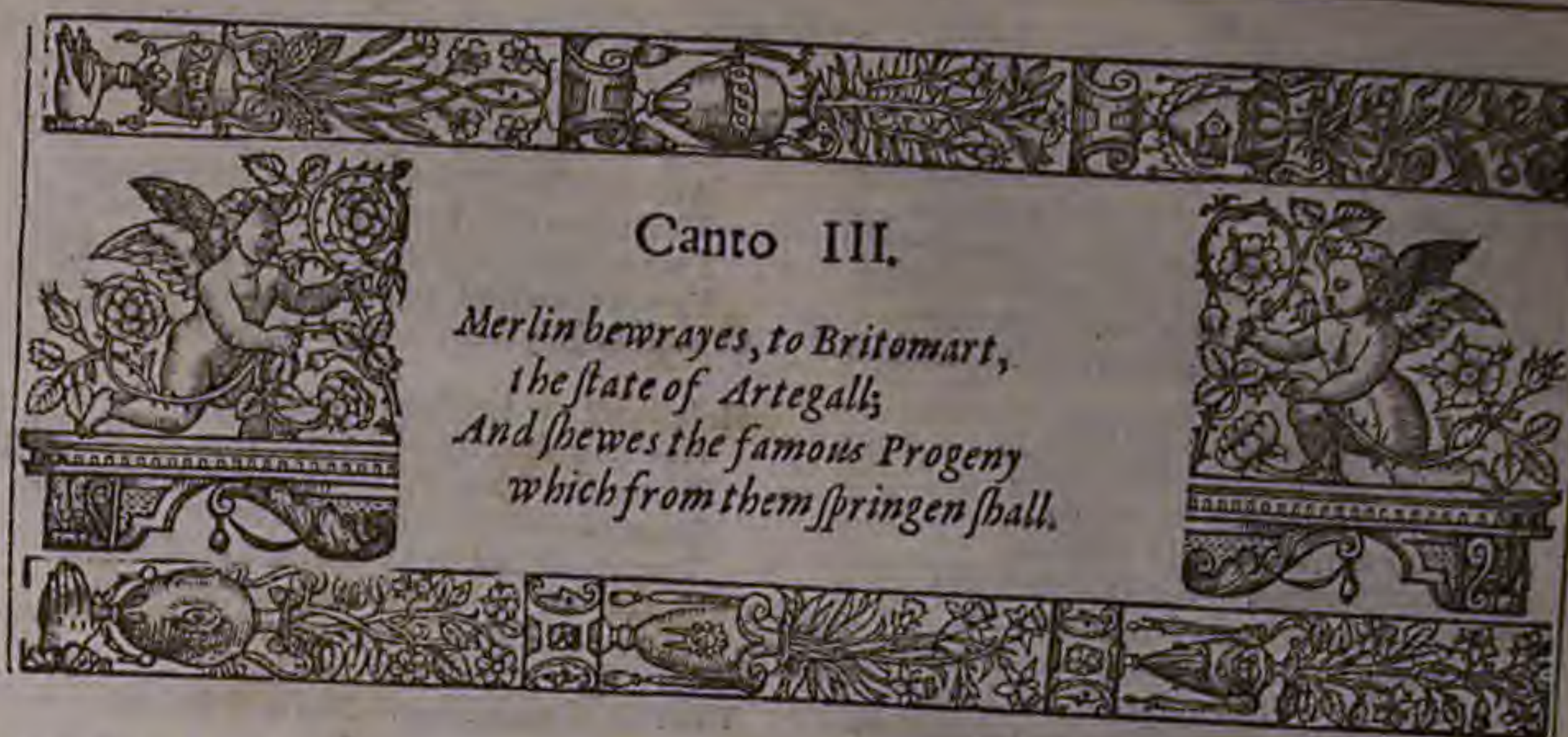
<sup>49</sup>  
Returned home, the royall Infant fell  
Into her former fit; for why, no powre  
Nor guidance of her selfe in her did dwell.  
But th' aged Nurse, her calling to her bowre,  
Had gathered Rew, and Saune, and the flowre  
Of Camphara, and Calamint, and Dill,  
All which she in an earthen pot did poure,  
And to the brim with Colt wood did it fill,  
And many drops of milke and bloud through it did spill.

<sup>50</sup>  
Then taking thrice three haire from off her head,  
Them trebly braided in a threefold lace,  
And round about the pots mouth, bound the thread,  
And after hauing whispered a space  
Certaine sad words, with hollow voice and base,  
She to the virgin said, thrice sayd she it:  
Come daughter come, come; spit vpon my face,  
Spit thrice vpon me, thrice vpon me spit:  
Th' vneuen number for this businesse is most fit.

<sup>51</sup>  
That sayd, her round about she from her turnd,  
She turned her contrary to the Sunne,  
Thrice she her turn'd contrary, and return'd,  
All contrary; for she the right did shunne,  
And euer what she did, was streight vndonne.  
So thought she to vndoe her daughters loue:  
But loue, that is in gentle brest begonne,  
No idle charmes so lightly may remooue;  
That well can witnesse, who by triall it does proue.

<sup>52</sup>  
Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd auale,  
Ne slake the furie of her cruell flame,  
But that she still did waste, and still did wayle,  
That through long langour, and heart-burning brame  
She shortly like a pynd ghost became,  
Which long hath wayted by the Stygian strond.  
That when old Glauce saw, for feare least blame  
Of her miscarriage should in her be fond  
She wist not how to amend, nor how it to withstand.

## Canto



<sup>1</sup>  
H sacred fire, that burnest mightily  
In living brests, ykindled first aboue,  
Emongst th' eternall spheres & lamping sky,  
And thence poured into men, which me call loue;  
Not that same, which doth base affections  
In brutish minds, & filthy lust inflame;  
But that sweet fit, that doth true beauty loue,  
And choseth vertue for his dearest Dame,  
Whence spring all noble deeds and neuer dying fame;

<sup>2</sup>  
Well did Antiquitie a God thee deeme,  
That ouer mortall minds hast so great might,  
To order them, as best to thee doth seeme,  
And all their actions to direct aright:  
The fatall purpose of diuine foresight  
Thou doest effect in destined descents,  
Through deepe impression of thy secret might,  
And stirredst vp th' Heroes high intents,  
Which the late world admires for wondrous monuments.

<sup>3</sup>  
But thy drad darts in none do triumph more;  
Ne braver prooue in any, of thy powre  
Shewdst thou, then in this royall Maide of yore,  
Making her seeke an vnknowne Paramoure,  
From the worlds end, through many a bitter stowre:  
From whose two loynes thou afterwards did raise  
Most famous fruits of matrimoniall bowre,  
Which through the earth haue spread their liuing prayse,  
That fame in trompe of gold eternally displays.

<sup>4</sup>  
Begin then, O my dearest sacred Dame,  
Daughter of Phabus and of Memorie,  
That doest ennoble with immortall name  
The warlike Worthies, from antiquitie,  
In thy great volume of Eternity:  
Begin, O Clio, and recount from hence  
My glorious Soueraignes goodly auncestry,  
Till that by dew degrees and long pretence,  
Thou haue it lastly brought vnto her Excellence.

<sup>5</sup>  
Full many waies within her troubled minde,  
Old Glauce cast, to cure this Ladies griefe:  
Full many waies she sought, but none could finde,  
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsell, that is chiefe  
And cholest med'cine for sicke hearts reliefe:  
For thy great care she tooke, and greater feare,  
Least that it should her turne to foule retriue,  
And sore reproche, when so her father deare  
Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune heare.

<sup>6</sup>  
At last, she her aduis'd, that he, which made  
That mirrour, wherein the sicke Damocell  
So strangely viewd her strange louers shade,  
To weete, the learned Merlin, well could tell,  
Vnder what coast of heauen the man did dwell,  
And by what means his loue might best be wrought:  
For, though beyond the Affrick Ismell,  
Or th' Indian Peru he were, she thought  
Him forth through infinite aduour to haue sought.

<sup>7</sup>  
Forthwith themselves disguising both in strange  
And base attyre, that none might them bewray,  
To Maridunum, that is now by change  
Of name Cayr-Merdin calld, they tooke their way:  
There the wise Merlin whylome wont, they say,  
To make his wonne, lowe vnderneath the ground,  
In a deepe delue, farr from the view of day,  
That of no liuing wight he mote be found,  
When so he counseld with his sprights encompass round.

<sup>8</sup>  
And if thou euer happen that same way  
To trauell, goe to see that dreadfull place:  
It is an hideous hollow cave, they say,  
Vnder a rocke that lies a little space  
From the swift Barry, tomling downe apace,  
Emongst the woody hilles of Dynowre:  
But dare thou not, I charge, in any case,  
To enter into that same balefull Bowre,  
For feare the cruel Feends should thee enwares deuoure.



8  
But standing high aloft, lowe lay thine care,  
And there such ghastly noise of yron chaines,  
And brazen Cannons thou shalt rombling heare,  
Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines  
Doe tolle, that it will stonne thy feeble braines,  
And oftentimes great grones, and grievous founds,  
When too huge toyle and labour them constraines:  
And oftentimes loud strokes, and ringing sounds  
From vnder that deepe Rocke most horribly rebounds.

9  
The cause some say is this: A litle while  
Before that *Merlin* dyde, he did intend,  
A brazen wall in compass to compile  
About *Cairmardin*, and did it commend  
Vnto these Sprights, to bring to perfect end.  
During which worke, the Lady of the Lake,  
Whom long he lov'd, for him in haste did send,  
Who thereby forc't his workemen to forsake,  
Them bound till his returne, their labour not to shake.

10  
In the meane time, through that false Ladies traine,  
He was surpris'd, and buried vnder beere,  
Ne ever to his work return'd againe:  
Nath'lesse those feends may not their work forbear,  
So greatly his commandement they feare,  
But there doe toyle and trauell day and night,  
Vntill that brazen wall they vp do reare:  
For, *Merlin* had in Magicke more insight,  
Then euer him before or after liuing wight.

11  
For, he by words could call out of the skie  
Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obey:  
The land to sea, and sea to maine-land dry,  
And darke some night he eke could turne to daie:  
Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,  
And hostes of men of meanest things could frame,  
When-so him list his enemies to fray:  
That to this day, for terror of his fame,  
The feends do quake, when any him to them does name.

12  
And, sooth, men say that he was not the sonne  
Of mortall Syre, or other liuing wight,  
But wondrously begotten, and begunne  
By false illusion of a guilefull Spright,  
On a faire Lady Nourne, that whilome hight  
*Mairida*, daughter to *Pubidius*,  
Who was the Lord of *Marthrauall* by right,  
And coosen vnto king *Ambrosius*:  
Whence he indued was with skill so marvellous.

13  
They here arriuing, stayd awhile without,  
Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,  
But of their first intent gan make new doubt  
For dread of danger, which it might portend:  
Vntill the hardy Mayd (with loue to friend)  
First entering, the dreadfull Mage there found  
Deep busied 'bout worke of wondrous end,  
And writing strange characters in the ground,  
With which the stubborn feends he to his seruice bound.

14  
He nought was moued at their entrance bold:  
For, of their coming well he wist afore,  
Yet list them bid their businesse vnfold,  
As if ought in this world in secret store  
Were from him hidden, or vnknown of yore.  
Then *Glauce* thus, Let not it thee offend,  
That we thus rashly through thy darke some dore,  
Vnwares haue prest: for, either fatall end,  
Or other mighty cause, vs two did hither send.

15  
He bade tell on: And then she thus began:  
Now haue three Moones with borrow'd brothers light,  
Thrice shined faire, and thrice seem'd dim and wan,  
Sith a fore euill, which this virgin bright  
Tormenteth, and doth plunge in dolefull plight,  
First rooting took; but what thing it mote bee,  
Or whence it sprong, I cannot read aright:  
But this I read, that but if remedee,  
Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.

16  
Therewith th'Enchaunter softly gan to smile  
At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well,  
That she to him dissembled womanish guile,  
And to her sayd, Beldame, by that ye tell,  
More need of leach-craft hath your Damozell,  
Then of my skill: who help may haue elsewhere,  
In vaine seekes wonders out of Magicke spell.  
Th'old woman wox half blank, those words to heare,  
And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare.

17  
And to him said, If any leaches skill,  
Or other learned meanes could haue redrest  
This my deare daughters deepe engrafted ill,  
Certes I should be loth thee to molest:  
But this sad euill, which doth her infect,  
Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,  
And housed is within her hollow breast,  
That either seemes some cursed witches deed,  
Or euill spright, that in her doth such torment breed.

18  
The wifard could no longer beare her bord,  
But brusting forth in laughter, to her sayd:  
*Glauce*, what needs this colourable word,  
To cloke the cause, that hath it selfe bewrayd?  
Ne ye faire *Britomart*, thus arrayd,  
More hidden are, then Sunne in cloudy vele:  
Whom thy good fortune, hauing fate obeyd,  
Hath hither brought, for succour to appeale:  
The which the powres to thee are pleased to reueale.

19  
The doubtfull Mayd, seeing her selfe descryde,  
Was all abasht, and her pure yuory  
Into a cleare Carnation suddaine dyde;  
As faire *Aurora*, rising hastily,  
Doth by her blushing tell, that she did ly  
All night in old *Tithonus* frozen bed,  
Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly.  
But her olde Nurse was nought dishartened,  
But vantage made of that, which *Merlin* had ad.

20  
And sayd, Sith then thou knowest all our griefe,  
(For what dost not thou know?) of grace I pray,  
Pitty our plaint, and yeeld vs meet reliefe.  
With that, the Prophet still awhile did stay,  
And then his spirit thus gan forth display:  
Most noble Virgine, that by fatall lore  
Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee dismay  
The hard begin, that meets thee in the dore,  
And with sharpe firs thy tender heart oppresseth sore.

21  
For, so must all things excellent begin,  
And eke enrooted deepe must be that Tree,  
Whose big embodied branches shall not lin,  
Till they to heauens hight forth stretched bee.  
For, from thy wombe, a famous Progenie  
Shall spring, out of the ancient *Troian* blood,  
Which shall reuive the sleeping memory  
Of those same antique Peers, the heauens brood,  
Which *Greece* and *Asian* rivers stayned which their blood.

22  
Renowned kings, and sacred Emperours,  
Thy fruitfull Offspring, shall from thee descend;  
Braue Captaines, and most mighty Warriours,  
That shall their conquests through all lands extend,  
And their decayed kingdomes shall amend:  
The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,  
They shall vpreare, and mightily defend  
Against their forren foe, that comes from farr,  
Till vniuersall peace compound all ciuill iarre.

23  
It was not, *Britomart*, thy wandring eye,  
Glancing vnwares in charmed looking glasse,  
But the straight course of heauenly destiny,  
Led with Eternall providence, that has  
Guided thy glance, to bring his will to passe:  
Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,  
To loue the prouest knight, that euer was.  
Therefore submit thy waies vnto his will,  
And do by all dew meanes thy destiny fulfill.

24  
But read (said *Glauce*) thou Magician  
What meanes shall the out-leeke, or what waies take?  
How shall the knowe, how shall the find the man?  
Or what needs her to toyle, sith fates can make  
Way for themselves, their purpose to partake?  
Then *Merlin* thus: Indeed the fates are firme,  
And may not shrink, though all the world do shake:  
Yet ought mens good endeours them confirm,  
And guide the heauenly causes to their constant terme.

25  
The man, whom heauens haue ordain'd to bee  
The spouse of *Britomart*, is *Arthegall*:  
He wonneth in the land of *Fayeree*,  
Yet is no *Fay* borne, ne fib at all  
To Elfe, but sprong of seed terrestriall,  
And whilome by false *Faries* stolne away,  
Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall:  
Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,  
But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a *Fay*.

26  
But sooth he is the sonne of *Coridon*,  
And brother vnto *Cador* Cornish king,  
And for his warlike feates renowned is,  
From where the Day out of the sea doth spring,  
Vntill the closure of the Euening.  
From thence, him firmly bound with faithfull band,  
To this his native soyle thou backe shalt bring,  
Strongly to ayde his countrey, to withstand  
The powre of forren Paynims, which invade thy land.

27  
Great ayd thereto his mighty puissance,  
And dreaded name, shall giue in that sad day:  
Where also prooue of thy prow valiance  
Thou then shalt make, to increase thy loners pray:  
Long time ye both in armes shall beare great sway,  
Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,  
And his last fate him from thee take away,  
Too rathe cut off by practice criminal  
Of secret foes, that him shall make in mischief fall.

28  
Where thee yet shall he leaue, for memorie  
Of his late puissance, his Image dead,  
That liuing him in all actiuite  
To thee shall represent. He from the head  
Of his cousin *Constantinus* without dread  
Shall take the crowne, that was his fathers right,  
And therewith crowne himselfe in th'others stead:  
Then shall he ilew forth with dreadfull might,  
Against his Saxon Foes in bloody field to fight.

29  
Like as a Lyon, that in drowlie caue  
Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake:  
And coming forth, shall spread his banner braue  
Ouer the troubled South, that it shall make  
The warlike *Merrians* for feare to quake:  
Thrice shall he fight with them, and twice shall win,  
But the third time shall faire accordance make:  
And if he then with victorie can lin,  
He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly In.

30  
His sonne, hight *Portipore*, shall him succede  
In kingdome, but not in felicitie:  
Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,  
And with great honour many battels try:  
But at the last to th'importunity  
Of froward fortune shall be forc't to yeeld.  
But his sonne *Melgo* shall full mightily  
Avenge his fathers losse, with speare and shield,  
And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

31  
Behold the man, and tell me *Britomart*,  
If ay more goodly creature thou didst see:  
How like a Giant in each manly part  
Beares he himselfe with portly maiestee,  
That one of th'old *Heröes* seemes to bee:  
He the six Islands comprouinciall  
In ancient times vnto great Britannie,  
Shall to the same reduce, and to him call  
Their sundry kings to do their homage seuerall.  
M 4



<sup>32</sup>  
All which his sonne *Caretius* while  
Shall well defend, and *Saxons* powre suppress,  
Vntill a stranger king from vnkowne loyle  
Arriuing, him with multitude oppresse;  
Great *Gormund*, hauing with huge mightinesse  
Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,  
Like a swift Otter, fell through emptinesse,  
Shall ouerwin the Sea with many one  
Of his Norweyfes, to assit the Britons sone.

<sup>33</sup>  
He in his fury all shall ouerrunne,  
And holy Church with faithles hands deface,  
That thy sad people vnterly fordonne,  
Shall to the ymoist mountaines fly apace:  
Was neuer so great waste in any place,  
Nor so foul outrage doen by liuing men;  
For, all thy Cities they shall sacke and rase,  
And the green grasse, that groweth, they shall bren,  
That euen the wild beast shall die in starued den.

<sup>34</sup>  
Whiles thus the Britons do in languour pine,  
Proud *Etheldred* shall from the North arise,  
Seruing th'ambitious will of *Augustine*;  
And passing *Dee* with hardy enterprise,  
Shall backe repulse the valiant *Brockwell* twise,  
And *Banger* with massacred Martyrs fill;  
But the third time shall reu his foolhardise:  
For, *Cadwallan*, pitying his peoples ill,  
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand *Saxons* kill.

<sup>35</sup>  
But after him, *Cadwallan* mightily  
On his sonne *Edwin* all those wrongs shall wreake;  
Ne shall auail the wicked forcerie  
Of false *Pellite*, his purposes to breake,  
But him shall slay, and on a gallows bleake  
Shall giue th'enchanted his vnhappy hire:  
Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,  
From their long vassalage gin to respire,  
And on their Paynim foes auenge their rankled ire.

<sup>36</sup>  
Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,  
Till both the sonnes of *Edwin* he haue slaine,  
*Offricke* and *Oftricke*, twinnes vnfortunate,  
Both slaine in battell vpon Layburne Plaine,  
Together with the King of *Louthiane*,  
Hight *Adin*, and the King of *Orkeny*,  
Both toynt partakers of the fatall paine:  
But *Penda*, fearefull of like destiny,  
Shall yield himselfe his liegeman, and sweare fealty.

<sup>37</sup>  
Him shall he make his fatall Instrument,  
To afflicte the other *Saxons* vnsubdewd;  
He marching forth with fury insolent  
Against the good king *Oswald*, who indewd  
With heauenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,  
All holding crosses in their hands on hie  
Shall him defeat withouten bloud imbrowd:  
Of which, that field for endlesse memory,  
Shall *Hewenfeld* be calld to all posterity.

<sup>38</sup>  
Whereat *Cadwallan* wroth, shall forth islewe,  
And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,  
With which he godly *Oswald* shall subdew,  
And crowne with Martyrdome his sacred head.  
Whose brother *Oswin*, daunted with like dread,  
With price of siluer shall his kingdom buy;  
And *Penda*, seeking him adowne to tread,  
Shall tread adowne, and do him fowly die,  
But shall with gifts his Lord *Cadwallan* pacifie.

<sup>39</sup>  
Then shall *Cadwallan* dye, and then the raigne  
Of Britons eke with him at once shall die;  
Ne shall the good *Cadwallader* with paine,  
Or powre, be hable it to remedy,  
When the full time prefixt by destiny,  
Shall be expir'd of Britons regiment.  
For, heauen it selfe shall their successe enuie,  
And them with plagues and murrins pestilent  
Consume, till all their warlike puissance be spent.

<sup>40</sup>  
Yet after all these sorowes, and huge hills  
Of dying people, during eight yeeres space,  
*Cadwallader* not yielding to his ill,  
From *Armorick*, where long in wretched case  
He liu'd, returning to his native place,  
Shall be by vision stayd from his intent:  
For, th'heavens haue decreed, to displace  
The Britons, for their sinnes dew punishment,  
And to the *Saxons* ouer-giue their gouernment.

<sup>41</sup>  
Then woe, and woe, and euermourning woe,  
Be to the Briton babe that shal be borne,  
To liue in thraldome of his fathers foe:  
Late King, now captiue, late Lord, now forlorne,  
The worlds reproche, the cruell victours scorne,  
Banisht from Princely bowre to wastfull wood:  
O who shall help me to lament, and mourne  
The royall seed, the antique *Troian* blood!  
Whose Empire longer here then euer any stood.

<sup>42</sup>  
The Damzell was full deepecompassioned,  
Both for his griefe, and for her peoples sake,  
Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned,  
And sighing sore, at length him thus bespake:  
Ah! but will heavens fury neuer slake,  
Nor vengeance huge relent it selfe at last?  
Will not long misery late mercy make,  
But shall their name for euer be defac't,  
And quite from th'earth their memory be ras't?

<sup>43</sup>  
Nay but the tearme (sayd he) is limited,  
That in this thraldome Britons shall abide,  
And the iust reuolution measured,  
That they as Strangers shall be notifie.  
For twise foure hundred shall be full supplide,  
Ere they to former rule restor'd shall be,  
And their importune fates all satisfide:  
Yet during this their most obscuretie, (may see)  
Their beames shall oft breake forth, that men them faire  
For

<sup>44</sup>  
For *Rhedoricke*, whose surname shalbe Great,  
Shall of himselfe a braue ensample shew,  
That *Saxon* kings his friendship shall intreat;  
And *Howell Dha* shall goodly well indew  
The saluage minds with skill of iust and trew;  
Then *Griffyth Conan* also shall vp-reare  
His dreaded head, and th'olde sparkes renew  
Of native courage, that his foes shall feare,  
Least backe againe the kingdom he from them should

<sup>45</sup>  
Ne shall the *Saxons* selues all peaceably  
Enioy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne  
First ill, and after ruled wickedly:  
For, ere two hundred yeeres be full outrunne,  
There shall a Rauens farre from rising Sunne,  
With his wide wings vpon them fiercely fly,  
And bid his faithlesse chickens ouerrunne  
The fruitfull Plains, and with fell cruelty,  
In their auenge, tread downe the victours surquedry.

<sup>46</sup>  
Yet shall a third both these, and thine subdew;  
There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood  
Of *Neufria* come roring, with a crew  
Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,  
Whole clawes were newly dipt in cruddy blood,  
That from the Daniske Tyrants head shall rend  
Th'vsurped crowne, as if that he were wood,  
And the spoyle of the countrey conquered  
Amongst his young ones shall diuide with bountyhed.

<sup>47</sup>  
Tho, when the terme is full accomplishid,  
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-while  
Bene in his ashes raked vp and hid,  
Be freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile  
Of *Monia*, where it lurked in exile:  
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,  
And reach into the house that beares the stile  
Of royall Maiefty and foueraigne name;  
So shall the Briton bloud their crowne agune reclame.

<sup>48</sup>  
Thenceforth eternall vnion shall be made  
Between the Nations different afore,  
And sacred Peace shall louingly perswade  
The warlike minds, to learne her goodly lore,  
And ciuile armes to exercise no more:  
Then shall a royall virgin raigne, which shall  
Stretch her white rod ouer the *Belgicke* shore,  
And the great Castle smight so sore withall,  
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learne to fall.

<sup>49</sup>  
But yet the end is not. There *Merlin* stayd,  
As ouercommen of the spirits powre,  
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,  
That secretly he saw, yet n'ote discouerd:  
Which suddain fit, and halfe extaticke stoured  
When the two fearefull women saw, they grew  
Greatly confus'd in behauiour;  
At last the fury past, to former hew  
Shetund againe, and chearefull looks as erst did shew.

<sup>50</sup>  
Then, when themselves they well instructed had  
Of all, that needed them to be inquir'd,  
They both conceiuing hope of comfort glad,  
With lighter hearts vnto their home retir'd,  
Where they in secret counsell close conspir'd  
How to effect so hard an enterprize,  
And to possesse the purpose they desir'd:  
Now this, now that, twist them they did deuise,  
And diuerse plots did frame, to maske in strange devise.

<sup>51</sup>  
At last the Nurse in her foolhardy wit  
Conceiv'd a bold deuise, and thus bespake;  
Daughter, I deeme that counsell aye most fit,  
That of the time doth dew aduantage take;  
Ye see that good king *Pther* now doth make  
Strong warre vpon the Paynim brethren, hight  
*Olla* and *Oza*, whom he lately brake  
Beside *Cayr Verolame*, in victorious fight,  
That now all *Britannie* doth burne in armes bright.

<sup>52</sup>  
That therefore nought our passage may impeach,  
Let vs in feined armes our selues disguise, (teach)  
And our weake hands, whom need new strength shall  
The dreadfull speare and shield to exercise:  
Ne certes daughter that same warlike wife,  
I weene, would you misseme; for ye been tall,  
And large of limbe, t'atchieue an hard emprise,  
Ne ought ye want, but skill, which practice small  
Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd Martiall.

<sup>53</sup>  
And sooth, it ought your courage much inflame,  
To heare so often, in that royall house,  
From whence so sone inferiour ye came:  
Bards tell of many women valorous  
Which haue full many feats aduenturous  
Perform'd, in Paragone of proudest men:  
The bold *Bunduca*, whose victorious  
Exploits made *Rome* to quake, stout *Guendolen*,  
Renowned *Martia*, and redoubted *Emmilen*.

<sup>54</sup>  
And that, which more then all the rest may sway,  
Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld,  
In the last field before *Metensia*  
Which *Pther* with those forrein Pagans held,  
I saw a *Saxon* virgin, the which feld  
Great *Pfin* thrice vpon the bloody Plaine,  
And had not *Carados* her hand withheld  
From rash reuenge, she had him surely slaine,  
Yet *Carados* himselfe from her escap't with paine.

<sup>55</sup>  
Ah read, quoth *Britomart*, how is she hight?  
Faie *Angela*, quoth she, men do her call,  
No whit lesse faie, then terrible in fight:  
She hath the leading of a Martiall  
And mighty people, dreaded more then all  
The other *Saxons*, which do for her sake  
And loue, themselves of her name *Angles* call.  
Therefore faie Infant her ensample make  
Vnto thy selfe, and equall courage to thee take.



Her heartie words so deepe into the minde  
Of the young Damzell sunk, that great desire  
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they cū'd,  
And generous stout courage did inspire,  
That she resolvd, vnweeting to her Sire,  
Aduent'rous knight hood on her selfe to don,  
And counsell with her Nurse her mayds attire  
To turne into a massie habergeon,  
And bade her all things put in readinesse anon.

Th'old woman nought, that needed, did omit:  
But all things did conveniently puruay:  
It fortun'd (so time their turne did sit)  
A band of Britons riding on forray  
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray  
Of Saxon goods, amongst the which was scene  
A goodly Armour, and full rich array,  
Which long'd to *Angela*, the Saxon Queene,  
All fretted round with gold, and goodly well bescene.

The same, with all the other ornaments,  
King *Ryence* caused to be hang'd hie  
In his chiefe Church, for endlesse monuments  
Of his successe and gladfull victory:  
Of which her selfe auising readily,  
In th' evening late old *Glauce* thither led  
Faile *Britomart*, and that same Armory  
Downe taking, her therein apparelled.  
Well as she might, and with braue bauldrick garnished.



Here is the antique glory now become,  
That whilome wont in women to appeare?  
Where be the braue atchieuemēt's don by som?  
Where be the battels, where the shield & speare,  
And all the conquests, which them high did reare,  
That matter made for famous Poets verse,  
And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?  
Bene they all dead, and laid in dolefull herse?  
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reuerse?

Beside those armes there stood a mighty speare,  
Which *Bladud* made by Magicke art of yore,  
And vs'd the same in battaile aye to beare;  
Sith which it had been here preserv'd in store,  
For his great vertues proued long afore:  
For neuer wight so fast in sell could sit,  
But him perforce vnto the ground it bore:  
Both speare she tooke, and shield, which hong by it;  
Both speare & shield of great powre, for her purpose fit.

Thus when she had the virgin all arrayd,  
Another harnesse, which did hang thereby,  
About her selfe she dight, that the young Mayd  
She might in equall armes accompanie,  
And as her Squire attend her carefully:  
Tho, to their readie Steeds they clombe full light,  
And through back wayes, that none might them espie,  
Covered with secret cloud of silent night,  
Themselues they forth conuaid, & passed forward right.

Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond  
They came, as *Merlin* them directed late:  
Where meeting with this *Redcrosse* knight, she fond  
Of diuerse things discourtes to dilate,  
But most of *Arithagal*, and his estate.  
At last their waies so fell, that they mote part  
Then each to other well affectionate,  
Friendship professed with vnfaide heart,  
The *Redcrosse* knight diuerst, but forth rode *Britomart*.

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore:  
But if they sleepe, & let them soone awake:  
For all too long I burne with enuy sore,  
To heare the warlike feates, which *Homere* spake  
Of bold *Panthessie*, which made a lake  
Of *Greekish* blood so oft in *Troian* Plaine;  
But when I read, how stout *Dehora* strake  
Proud *Sisera*, and how *Camill* hath slaine  
The huge *Orfiochus*, I swell with great disdain.

Yet these, and all that else had puissance,  
Cannot with noble *Britomart* compare,  
As well for glory of great valiance,  
As for pure chastitie and vertue rare;  
That all her goodly deeds do well declare.  
Well worthy stock, from which the branches sprong,  
That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,  
As thee, O Queene, the matter of my song,  
Whose lignage from this Lady I deriue along.

Who when through speeches with the *Redcrosse* knight,  
She learned had th' estate of *Arithagal*,  
And in each point her selfe inform'd aright,  
A friendly league of loue perpetuall  
She with him bound, and *Conceit* tooke withall.  
Then he forth on his journey did proceede,  
To seeke aduentures, which mote him befall,  
And win him worship through his warlike deed,  
Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefeft meed.

But *Britomart* kept on her former course,  
Ne cuer doft her armes, but all the waie  
Grew pensue through that amorous discourse,  
By which the *Redcrosse* knight did earst display  
Her louers shape, and cheualrous array:  
A thousand thoughts she fashion'd in her mind,  
And in her feining fancie did putray  
Him such, as finest she for lone could finde,  
Wife, warlike, personable, courteous, and kinde.

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she fed,  
And thought so to beguile her grieuous smart;  
But so her smart was much more grieuous bred,  
And the deep wound more deep engor'd her heart,  
That nought but death her dolour mote depart,  
So forth she rode without repose or rest,  
Searching all lands and each remotest part,  
Following the guidance of her blinded guest,  
Till that to the sea-coast at length she had addrest.

There she alighted from her light-foot Beast,  
And sitting downe vpon the rockie shore,  
Bade her olde Squire vnlace her lofty creast;  
Tho, hauing view'd awhile the surges hore,  
That gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,  
And in their raging surquedry disdayn'd,  
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,  
And their deuouring countreize restrayn'd,  
Thereat she sigh'd deepe, and after thus complayn'd:

Huge sea of sorrowe, and tempestuous griefe,  
Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long,  
Far from the hoped Haven of reliefe,  
Who do thy cruell billowes beat so strong,  
And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,  
Threatning to swallow vp my fearefull life?  
O do thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong  
At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,  
Which in these troubled bowels reignes, & rageth rife.

For, else my feeble vessell craz'd, and crackt  
Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,  
Cannot endure, but needs it must be wrackt  
On the rough rockes, or on the sandy shallowes,  
The whiles that loue it steres, and fortune rowes;  
Loue my lewd Pilot hath a restless mind  
And fortune Boat-swaine no assurance knowes,  
But faile withouten starres, gainst tide and wind:  
How can they other do, sith both are bold and blind?

Thou God of winds, that reignest in the seas,  
That reignest also in the Continent,  
At last blowe vp some gentle gale of ease,  
The which may bring my Ship, treit berent,  
Vnto the glad some port of her intent:  
Then when I shall my selfe in safety see,  
A table for eternall monument  
Of thy great grace, and my greatieopardee,  
Great *Neptune*, I vow to hallow vnto thee.

Then sighing softly sore, and inly deepe,  
She shut vp all her plaint in priue griefe;  
For, her great courage would not let her weepe,  
Till that old *Glauce* gan with sharpe reprimand  
Her to restraine, and giue her good reliefe,  
Through hope of those, which *Merlin* had her tolde  
Should of her name and nation be chiefe,  
And fetch their being from the sacred mould  
Of her immortall wombe, to be in heauen enrol'd.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde,  
Where farre away one all in armour bright,  
With hasty gallop towards her did ride:  
Her dolour loone she cast, and on her dight  
Her helmet, to her Courser mounting light:  
Her former sorrowe into sudden wrath,  
Both coolen passions of discomfited spright,  
Conuerting, forth she beates the dusty path:  
Loue and despight anon her courage kindled hath.

As when a foggy mist hath ouercast  
The face of heauen, and the cleare aire engroft,  
The world in darknesse dwels, till that at last  
The watry South-winde from the sea-board coast  
Vpblowing, doth disperce the vapour lost,  
And poures it selfe forth in a stormy shower;  
So the faile *Britomart* hauing disclo'd  
Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,  
The mist of griefe dissolv'd, did into vengeance powre.

Esloones her goodly shield addressing faile,  
That mortall speare she in her hand did take,  
And vnto battell did her selfe prepare.  
The knight, approaching, sternely her bespake:  
Sir knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make  
By this forbidden way in my despight,  
Ne doest by others death ensample take,  
I read thee soone reure, whiles thou hast might,  
Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.



<sup>13</sup>  
Ythrid with deepe disdain of his proud threat,  
She shortly thus; Fly they, that need to fly:  
Words feare babes. I meane not thee entreat  
To passe; but maugre thee will pass or die.  
Ne longer stayd for th'other to reply,  
But with sharpe speare the rest made dearely knowne.  
Strongly the strange knight ran, and sturdily  
Strooke her full on the breast, that made her downe  
Decline her head, & touch her crouper with her crowne.

<sup>16</sup>  
But she againe him in the shield did smite  
With so fierce fury and great puillance,  
That through his threequare scuchin pearcing quite,  
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce  
The wicked Steele through his left side did glaunce:  
Him so transfixed she before her bore  
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce,  
Till sadly fousing on the sandy shore,  
He tumbled on an heape, and wallow'd in his gore.

<sup>17</sup>  
Like as the sacred Oxe, that careless stands,  
With gilden hornes, and flowry girlonds crown'd,  
Proud of his dying honor and deare bands,  
Whiles th'altars fume with frankincense arownd,  
All suddenly with mortall stroke astown'd,  
Deth groueling fall, and with his streaming gore  
Distaines the pillours, and the holy ground,  
And the faire flowres, that decked him afore;  
So fell proud *Marinell* vpon the pretious shore.

<sup>18</sup>  
The Martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,  
But forward rode, and kept her ready way  
Along the strond: which as she ouer-went,  
She saw bestrowed all with rich array  
Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,  
And all the grauell mixt with golden owre;  
Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay  
For gold, or pearles, or pretious stones an howre,  
But them despised all; for, all was in her powre.

<sup>19</sup>  
Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,  
Tydings hereof came to his mothers care;  
His mother was the black-browd *Cymident*,  
The daughter of great *Nereus*, which did beare  
This warlike sonne vnto an earthly peare,  
The famous *Dumarin*; who on a day  
Finding the Nymph asleepe in secret wheare,  
As he by chance did wander that same way,  
Was taken with her loue, and by her closely lay.

<sup>20</sup>  
There he this knight of her begot; whom borne  
She of his father *Marinell* did name,  
And in a rocky caue as wight forlorne,  
Long time she fostred vp, till he became  
A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame  
Did get through great aduentures by him donne:  
For, neuer man he suffred by that fame  
*Rich strond* to trauell, whereas he did wonne,  
But that he must do battell with the Sea-nymphes sonne.

<sup>21</sup>  
An hundred knights of honorable name  
He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made,  
That through all *Fury lond* his noble fame  
Now blazed was, and feare did all invade,  
That none durst passen through that perilous glade:  
And to aduance his name and glory more,  
Her Sea-god syre she dearely did perswade,  
T'endow her sonne, with treasure and rich store,  
Boue all the sonnes, that were of earthly wombes ybore.

<sup>22</sup>  
The god did grant his daughters deare demaund,  
To doon his Nephew in all riches flowe;  
Eftsoones his heaped waues he did commaund,  
Out of their hollowe bosome forth to throwe  
All the huge treasure, which the sea belowe  
Had in his greedy gulfe deuoured deepe,  
And him enriched through the ouerthrowe  
And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe  
And often wale their wealth, which he from them did keepe.

<sup>23</sup>  
Shortly vpon that shore there heaped was  
Exceeding riches and all precious things,  
The spoyle of all the world, that it did pass  
The wealth of th'East, and pompe of *Perfian* kings;  
Gold, amber, yuorie, pearles, owches, rings,  
And all that else was pretious and deare,  
The sea vnto him voluntary brings,  
That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,  
As was in all the lond of *Fiery*, or elsewhere.

<sup>24</sup>  
Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,  
Tryde often to the leathe of many deare,  
That none in equall armes him matchen might:  
The which his mother seeing, gan to feare  
Least his too haughty hardines might reare  
Some hard mishap, in hazard of his life:  
For-ty she oft him counfeld to forbear  
The bloody battell, and to stirre vp strife,  
But after all his warre, to rest his weary knife.

<sup>25</sup>  
And for his more assurance, she enquir'd  
One day of *Proteus* by his mighty spell  
(For *Proteus* was with prophetic inspir'd)  
Her deare sonnes destinie to her to tell,  
And the sad end of her sweet *Marinell*.  
Who, through foresight of his eternall skil,  
Bade her from woman-kind to keep him well:  
For, of a woman he should haue much ill,  
A virgin strange and stout him should dismay, or kill.

<sup>26</sup>  
For-ty she gaue him warning euery day,  
The loue of women not to entertaine;  
A lesson too too hard for liuing claie,  
From loue in course of nature to refraine:  
Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,  
And euer from faire Ladies loue did flie;  
Yet many Ladies faire did oft complaine,  
That they for loue of him would algates die:  
Dy, who so list for him, he was loues enemy.

<sup>27</sup>  
But ah, who can deceiue his destiny,  
Or weene by warning to auoyd his fate?  
That when he sleeps in most security,  
And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,  
And findeth dew effect or soone or late.  
So feeble is the powre of fleshy arme.  
His mother bade him womens loue to hare,  
For, she of womans force did feare no harme;  
So weening to haue arm'd him, she did quite disarme.

<sup>28</sup>  
This was that woman, this that deadly wound,  
That *Proteus* prophesied should him dismay,  
The which his mother vainly did expound,  
To be hart-wounding loue, which should assay  
To bring her sonne vnto his last decay.  
So tickle be the teames of mortall state,  
And full of subtle sophismes, which doe play  
With double senses, and with false debate,  
T'approue the vnkowne purpose of eternall fate.

<sup>29</sup>  
Too true the famous *Marinell* it found,  
Who through late triall, on that wealthy Strond  
Inglorious now lies in senselesse sfound,  
Through heauy stroke of *Briemartins* hond.  
Which when his mother deare did vnderstond,  
And heauy tydings heard, where-as she playd  
Amongst her watry sisters by a Pond,  
Gathering sweet *Daffadillies*, to haue made  
Gay girlonds, from the Sun their foreheads faire to shade;

<sup>30</sup>  
Eftsoones both flowres and girlonds farre away  
She flong, and her faire deawie locks yrent,  
To sorrow huge shee turnd her former play,  
And game some mirth to grieuous dreniment:  
Shee threw her selfe downe on the Continent,  
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swoone,  
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament,  
With yelling out-cries, and with shrieking fowne;  
And euery one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

<sup>31</sup>  
Soone as shee vp out of her deadly fit  
Arose, shee bade her charet to be brought,  
And all her sisters, that with her did sit,  
Bade eke attonce their charets to be sought;  
Tho, full of bitter griefe and peniue thought,  
She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the rest,  
And foorth tog ther went, with sorrow fraught.  
The waues, obedient to their becheast,  
Them yielded ready passage, and their rage surceast.

<sup>32</sup>  
Great *Neptune* stood amazed at their sight,  
Whiles on his broad round backe they softly slid,  
And eke himselfe mourn'd at their mournfull plight,  
Yet wist not what their wayling meant, yet did  
For great compassion of their sorrow, bid  
His mighty watrs to them buxome bee:  
Eftsoones the roaring billowes still abid,  
And all the grieved Monsters of the See  
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

<sup>33</sup>  
A treme of Dolphins ranged in array,  
Drew the smooth charet of sad *Cymident*;  
They were all taught by *Tridon*, to obey  
To the long traines, at her commaundment:  
As swift as Swallowes on the waues they went,  
That their broad flaggy finnes no forme did reare,  
Ne bubbling roundell they behind them sent;  
The rest, of other fishes drawn were,  
Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did sheare.

<sup>34</sup>  
Soone as they beene arriu'd vpon the brim  
Of the *Rich strond*, their charets they forlore,  
And let their tamed fishes softly swim  
Along the margin of the fomy shore,  
Least they their finnes should bruze, and surbate fore  
Their tender feet vpon the stony ground:  
And comming to the place, where all in gore  
And cruddy blood enwallowd they found  
The lucklesse *Marinell*, lying in deadly sfound;

<sup>35</sup>  
His mother swowned thrice, and the third time  
Could scarce recovered be out of her paine;  
Had shee not been deuoyd of mortall lime,  
She should not then haue been reliu'd againe:  
But soone as life recovered had the raine,  
She made so pittious moane and deare wayment,  
That the hard rocks could scarce from teares refraine,  
And all her sister Nymphes with one consent  
Supplide her lobbing breaches with sad complement.

<sup>36</sup>  
Deare image of my selfe, she said, that is,  
The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,  
Is this thine high aduancement? O is this  
Th'immortall name, with which thee yet vnborne  
Thy Granfire *Nereus* promist to adorne?  
Now lyest thou of life and honour rest;  
Now lyest thou a lumpe of earth forlorne,  
Ne of thy late life memory is left,  
Ne can thy irrevocable destiny be welf.

<sup>37</sup>  
Fond *Proteus*, father of false prophesies,  
And they more fond that credit to thee giue,  
Not this the worke of womans hand ywis, (driue)  
That so deepe wound through these deare members  
I feared loue: but they that loue doe liue:  
But they that die, doe neither loue nor hate.  
Nath'lesse, to thee thy folly I forgieue,  
And to my selfe, and to accursed fate  
The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wife dome bought too late.

<sup>38</sup>  
O what auails it of immortall seed  
To beene ybred and neuer borne to die;  
Farre better 't is deeme to die with speed,  
Then waste in woe and wailefull miserie,  
Who dyes, the vtmost dolour doth abate;  
But who that liues, is left to waile his losse:  
So life is losse, and death felicitie.  
Sad life worse then glad death: and greater crosse  
To see friends Graue, then dead the Graue selfe to chrosse.  
N. But



But if the heavens did his dayes envie,  
And my short blisse maligne, yet mote they well  
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die  
That the dim eyes of my deare *Marinell*  
I mote haue closed, and him bid farewell,  
Sith other offices for mother meet  
They would not graunt.  
Yet maulgre them, farewell my sweetest sweet;  
Farewell my sweetest sonne, sith we no more shall meet.

Thus when they all had sorrowed their fill,  
They softly gan to search his grievous wound:  
And that they might him handle more at will,  
They him disarm'd, and spredding on the ground  
Their watchet mantles fringed with siluer round,  
They softly wip't away the jellie blood  
From th' orifice: which hauing well vp-bound,  
They pour'd in fouraigine balme, and Nectar good,  
Good both for earthly med'cine, and for heauenly food.

Tho, when the lilly-handed *Liagore*  
(This *Liagore* whylome had learned skill  
In leaches craft, by great *Apollon* lore,  
Sith her whylome vpon high *Pindus* hill,  
He loued, and at last her wombe did fill  
With heauenly seed, whereof wife *Peon* sprong)  
Did feeble his pulse, shee knew there staid still  
Some little life his feeble sprites among:  
Which to his mother told, depaure she from her song.

Tho, him vp-taking in their tender hands,  
They easily vnto her chariot beare:  
Her teeme at her commaundement quiet stands,  
Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,  
And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare:  
Then all the rest into their coches clim,  
And through the brackish waues their passage shreare:  
Vpon great *Neptunes* necke they softly swim,  
And to her wary chamber wisely carry him.

Deepe in the bottome of the Sea, her bowre  
Is built, of hollow billowes heaped high,  
Like to thick clowdes, that threat a stormy showre,  
And vaulted all within, like to the sky,  
In which the Gods do dwell eternally:  
There they him layd in easie couch well dight;  
And sent in haste for *Tryphon*, to apply  
Salues to his wounds, and medicines of might:  
For, *Tryphon* of Sea-gods the fouraigine leach is hight.

The whiles, the Nymphes sit all about him round,  
Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight;  
And oft his mother viewing his wide wound,  
Curst the hand that did so deadly smight  
Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight.  
But none of all those curses overooke  
The warlike *Maryd*, th' ensample of that might,  
But fairly well she thrin'd, and well did brooke  
Her noble deedes, ne her right courtesie forsooke.

Yet did false *Archimage* her still pursue,  
To bring to passe his mischievous intent,  
Now that he had her singled from the crew  
Of courteous knights, the Prince, and Faery gent,  
Whom late in chace of beautes excellent  
She left, pursewing that same foster strong:  
Of whose foule outrage they impatient,  
And full of fiery zeale, him followed long,  
To reskew her from shame, and to reuenge her wrong.

Through thicke and thin, through mountaines & through  
Thole two great champions did attonce pursue (plains,  
The fearefull *Damzell*, with incessant paines:  
Who from them fled, as light-foot Hare from view  
Of hunters swift, and sent of houndes crew.  
At last, they came vnto a double way,  
Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,  
Themselves they did dispart, each to assay,  
Whether more happy were, to win so goodly pray.

But *Timias*, the Princes gentle Squire,  
That Ladies loue vnto his Lord forlent,  
And with proud envy and indignant ire,  
After that wicked foster fiercely went.  
So beene they three three sundry waies ybent.  
But fairest fortune to the Prince befell,  
Whose chaunce it was, that soone he did repent,  
To take that way, in which that *Damozell*  
Was fled afore, affraid of him, as fiend of hell.

At last, of her farre of hee gained view:  
Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,  
And euer as he nigher to her drew,  
So euer more he did increase his speed,  
And of each turning still kept wary heed:  
Aloud to her he oftentimes did call,  
To doe away vaine doubt, and needlesse dread:  
Full milde to her he spake, and oft let fall  
Many mecke words, to stay and comfort her withall.

But nothing might relent her hastie flight:  
So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine  
Was carst impressed in her gentle spright:  
Like as a fearfull Dove, which through the raine,  
Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,  
Hauing farre off elpyde a Tassell gent,  
Which after her his numble wings doth straine,  
Doubleth her haste for feare to be fore-bent,  
And with her pincons cleaues the liquid firmament.

With no lesse haste, and eke with no lesse dread,  
That fearefull Lady fled from him, that ment  
To her no euill thought, nor euill deed;  
Yet former feare of beeing foully shent,  
Carried her forward with her first intent:  
And though, oft looking backward, well she view'd,  
Her selfe freed from that foster insolent,  
And that it was a knight, which now her sewd,  
Yet she no lesse the knight feard, then that villaine rude.

His vacouth shield and strange armes her dismayd,  
Whose like in Faery lond were sildome seene,  
That fast she from him fled, no lesse affrayd  
Then of wilde beasts if shee had chafed beene:  
Yet he her follow'd still with courage keene,  
So long, that now the golden *Hesperus*  
Was mounted high in top of heauen sheene,  
And warnd his other brethren ioyeous,  
To light their blessed lamps in *Tones* eternall hous.

All suddenly dim woxe the dampish ayre,  
And grievly shadowes couered heauen bright,  
That now with thousand starres was decked faire:  
Which when the Prince beheld (a lothfull sight)  
And that perforce, for want of lenger light,  
He mote surcease his suit, and lose the hope  
Of his long labour, he gan foully wite  
His wicked fortune, that had turn'd aslope,  
And curst night, that rest from him so goodly scope.

Tho, when her waies he could no more descry,  
But to and fro at disaventure strayd;  
Like as a ship, whose Load-star suddainly  
Covered with clowdes, her Pilot hath dismayd;  
His wearilome pursuit perforce he stayd,  
And from his loftie steed dismounting lowe,  
Did let him forage. Downe himselfe he layd  
Vpon the grassie ground, to sleepe a throwe:  
The cold earth was his couch, the hard Steele his pillowe.

But gentle Sleepe enuide him any rest:  
In stead thereof sad sorrow, and disdaine  
Of his hard hap did vex his noble brest,  
And thousand fancies bet his idle braine  
With their light wings, the sights of semblants vaine:  
Oft did he wish, that Lady faire mote bee  
His Faery Queene, for whom he did complaine:  
Or that his Faery Queene were such as shee:  
And euer hastie Night he blamed bitterly.

Night, thou foule Mother of annoyance sad,  
Sister of heavy Death, and nurse of Woe,  
Which wast begot in Heauen, but for thy bad  
And brutish shape, thrust downe to Hell belowe,  
Where, by the grim floud of *Cocytus* slowe  
Thy dwelling is, in *Herebus* black hous  
(Blacke *Herebus* thy husband is the foe  
Of all the Gods) where thou vngratious,  
Halfe of thy daies doost lead in horrore hideous.

What had th' eternall Maker need of thee,  
The world in his continuall course to keepe,  
That doost all things deface, ne lettest see  
The beautes of his worke? Indeed in sleepe,

The slothfull body, that doth loue to sleepe  
His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his biser mind,  
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from *Stygian* deepe  
Calls thee, his goddesse in his errour blind,  
And great Dame *Natures* hand-maid, chearing euery kind.

But well I wote, that to an heauy hart  
Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,  
Breeder of new, renewer of old smart:  
In stead of rest thou lendest rayling teares,  
In stead of sleepe thou sendest troublous fears,  
And dreadfull visions, in the which alieue  
The drearie image of sad death appeares:  
So from the wearie spirit thou doost driue  
Desired rest, and men of happinesse deprive.

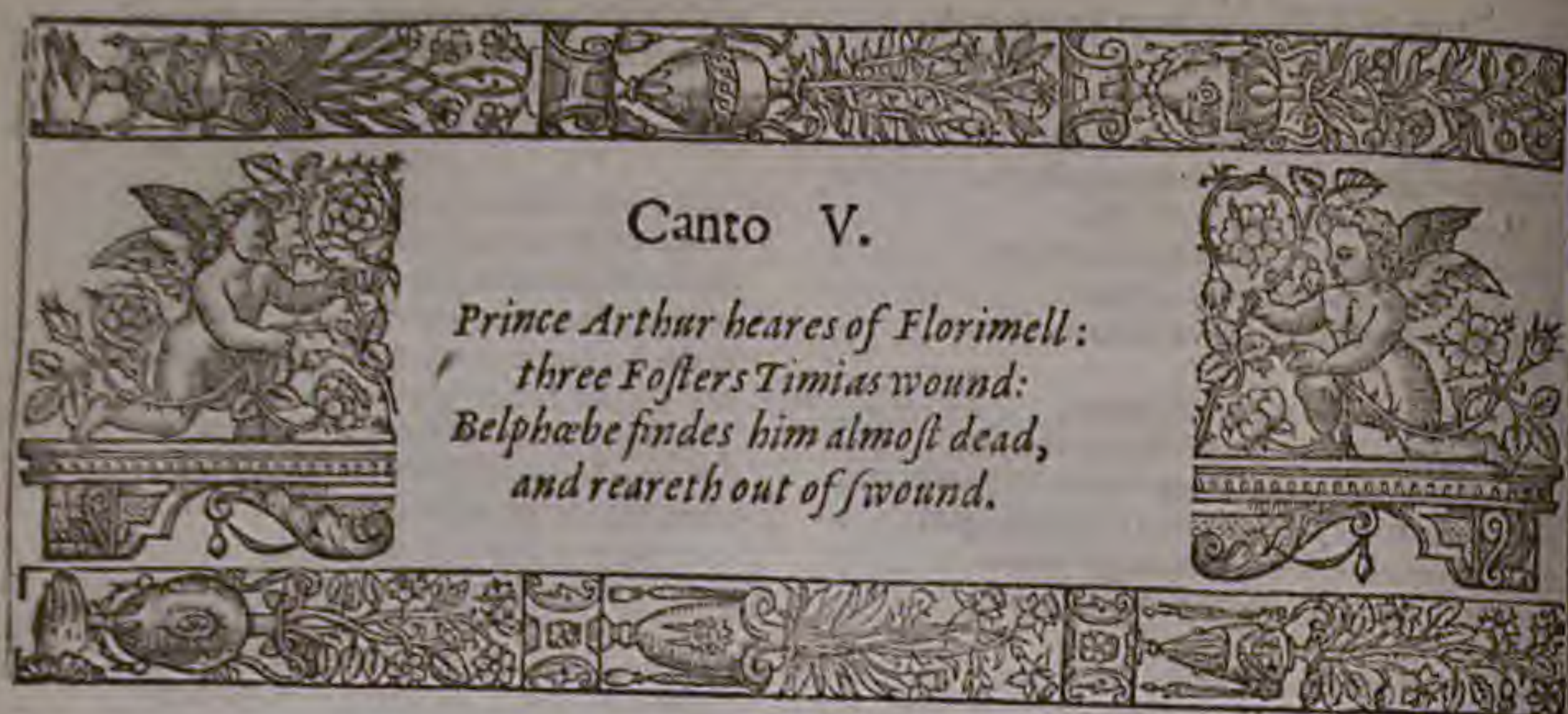
Vnder thy mantle blacke there hidden lye,  
Light-shunning theft, and trayterous intent,  
Abhorred bloudshed, and vile felony,  
Shamefull deceipt, and danger imminent:  
Foule horror, and eke hellish dremment:  
All these (I wote) in thy protection bee,  
And light doe shunne, for feare of beeing shent:  
For, light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,  
And all that lewdnesse loue, doe hate the light to see.

For, day discouers all dishonest wayes,  
And sheweth each thing as it is indeed:  
The prayles of high God he faire displays,  
And his large bounty rightly doth areed.  
Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed,  
Which darknesse shall subdew, and heauen win:  
Truth is his daughter: he her first did breed,  
Most sacred virgin, without spot of sin.  
Our life is day: but death with darknesse doth begin.

O when will day then turne to mee againe,  
And bring with him his long expected light?  
O *Titan*, haste to reare thy ioyous waine:  
Speed thee to spread abroad thy beames bright,  
And chase away this too long lingring night:  
Chafe her away, from whence she came, to hell.  
Shee, shee it is, that hath mee done despite:  
There let her with the damned spirits dwell,  
And yield her roome to day, that can it gouerne well.

Thus did the Prince that wearie night out-weare,  
In restlesse anguish and vnquiet paine:  
And carely, ere the morrow did vpreare  
His deawy head out of the *Ocean* maine,  
He vp arose, as halfe in great disdaine,  
And clombe vnto his steed. So forth he went,  
With heavy looke and lumpish pale, that plaine  
In him bewrayd great grudge and malice:  
His steed eke seem'd to apply his steps to his intent.





## Canto V.

Prince Arthur beares of Florimell:  
three Fosters Timias wound:  
Belphebe findes him almost dead,  
and reareth out of swound.

**W**onder it is to see in diuerse minds,  
How diuerfly Loue doth his pageants play,  
And shewes his powre in variable kinds:  
The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway  
Are wont to cleaue vnto the lowely clay,  
It thrusteth vp to sensuall desire,  
And in lewd sloth to waste his careless day:  
But in braue spirit it kindles goodly fire,  
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth it vncomely idleneesse,  
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest:  
Ne suffereth it thought of vngentlenesse,  
Euer to creepe into his noble brest;  
But to the highest and the worthiest  
Lifteth it vp, that else would lowely fall:  
It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest:  
It lets not scarce this Prince to breathe at all,  
But to his first pursuit him forward still doth call:

Who long time wandred through the forest wide,  
To find some issue thence, till at the last  
He met a Dwarf, that seemed terrible  
With some late perill, which he hardly past,  
Or other accident, which him agast:  
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,  
And whither now he travelled so fast.  
For, sore he swat, and running through that same  
Thicke forest, was bescratcht, and both his feet nigh lame.

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,  
The Dwarf him answerd, Sir, ill mote I stay  
To tell the same. I lately did depart  
From Faery-court, where I haue many a day  
Served a gentle Lady of great sway,  
And high account through-out all Elfin land,  
Who lately left the same, and tooke this way:  
Her now I seeke, and if ye vnderstand  
Which way shee fared hath, good Sir tell out of hand.

What mister wight, said he, and how arrayd?  
Royally clad, quoth he, in cloth of gold,  
As meetest may besecme a noble mayd:  
Her sayre locks in rich circlet be enrold,  
And fairer wight did neuer sunne behold,  
And on a Palfrey rides more white then snowe,  
Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold:  
The surest signe whereby ye may her knowe,  
Is, that she is the fairest wight aliue, I trowe.

Now certes swaine, saide he, such one I weene,  
Fast flying through this forest from her foe,  
A soule ill fauoured foster, I haue seene:  
Her selfe (well as I might) I reskew'd tho,  
But could not stay: so fast shee did fore-goe,  
Carried away with wings of speedy feare.  
Alas dearest God, quoth he, that is great woe,  
And wondrous ruth to all that shall it heare.  
But can ye read, Sir, how I may her find, or where?

Perdy, me leuer were to weeten that  
Said he, then ran some of the richest knight,  
Or all the good that euer yet I gat:  
But froward Fortune, and too forward Night  
Such happinesse did (maulgre) to me spight,  
And fro me rest both life and light attone.  
But Dwarfse aread, what is that Lady bright,  
That through this forest wandreth thus alone?  
For, of her errour strange I haue great ruth and mone.

That Lady is, quoth he, where-so she bee,  
The bountiest virgin, and most debonaire,  
That euer liuing eye I weene did see:  
Lines none this day, that may with her compare  
In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,  
The goodly ornaments of beauty bright;  
And is yeloped Florimell the faire,  
Faery Florimell, belov'd of many a knight:  
Yet she loues none but one, that Marinell is hight.

A Sea-nymphes sonne, that Marinell is hight,  
Of my deare Dame is loued dearly well;  
In other none, but him, she sets delight:  
All her delight is set on Marinell:  
But he sets nought at all by Florimell:  
For, Ladies loue, his mother long ygoe  
Did him (they say) forwarne through sacred spell.  
But fame now flies, that of a foraine foe  
Hee is yslaine, which is the ground of all our woe.

Fiue dayes there be, since hee (they say) was slaine,  
And foure since Florimell the Court for-went,  
And vowed neuer to returne againe,  
Till him aliue or dead shee did invent.  
Therefore, faire Sir, for loue of knighthood gent,  
And honour of true Ladies, if ye may  
By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,  
Or succour her, or me direct the way:  
Doe one, or other good, I you most humbly pray.

So may you gaine to you full great renoume,  
Of all good Ladies through the world so wide,  
And haply in her hart find highest roome  
Of whom yee seeke to be most magnifide:  
At least, eternall meede shall you abide.  
To whom the Prince, Dwarfse, comfort to thee take,  
For, till thou rydings learne what her betide,  
I heere avow thee neuer to forsake.  
Ill weares he armes, that mill them vie for Ladies sake.

So with the Dwarfse hee backe return'd againe,  
To seeke his Lady, where he mote her find;  
But by the way, he greatly gan complaine  
The want of his good Squire late left behind,  
For whom he wondrous pensiuue grew in mind,  
For doubt of danger which mote him betide;  
For, him he loued aboue all man-kind,  
Hauing him true and faithfull euer tride,  
And bold, as euer Squire that waited by knights side.

Who, all this while, full hardly was assayd  
Of deadly danger, which to him betid:  
For, whiles his Lord pursued that noble Mayd,  
After that Foster foule he fiercely rid,  
To beene avenged of the shame hee did  
To that faire Damzell: Him he chased long  
Through the thicke woods, wherein he would haue hid  
His shamefull head from his avengement strong:  
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

Nath'lesse, the villaine sped himselfe so well,  
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedy beast,  
Or knowledge of those woods, where hee did dwell,  
That shortly he from danger was releast,  
And out of sight escaped at the least:  
Yet not escaped from the due reward  
Of his bad deeds, which daily hee increast,  
Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard  
The heavy plague, that for such teachours is prepar'd.

For, soone as hee was vanisht out of sight,  
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,  
And cast r'avenge him of that foule despight,  
Which he had borne of his bold enemie.  
Tho to his brethren came: for they were three  
Vngracious children of one gracelesse Sire,  
And vnto them complained, how that hee  
Had vied beene of that foole-hardy Squire:  
So them with bitter words hee stir'd to bloody ire.

Forth-with, themselves with their sad instruments  
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme by lye,  
And with him forth into the forest went,  
To wreake the wrath, which hee did earst reuiue  
In their sterne breasts, on him which late did driue  
Their brother to reproche and shamefull flight:  
For, they had vow'd, that neuer he aliue  
Out of that forest should escape their might:  
Vile rancour their rude harts had filld with such despight.

Within that wood there was a covert glade,  
Fore-by a narrow foord (to them well knowne)  
Through which it was yneath for wight to wade:  
And now by fortune it was overflowne:  
By that same way, they knew that Squire vnknowne  
Mote algates passe; for-thy themselves they set  
There in await, with thicke woods over-growne,  
And all the while their malice they did whet  
With cruell threats, his passage through the ford to let.

It fortun'd, as they denised had,  
The gentle Squire came riding that same way,  
Vnwetted of their wile and treason bad,  
And through the ford to passen did assay:  
But that fierce Foster which late fled away,  
Stoutly forth stepping on the further shore,  
Him boldly bade his passage there to stay,  
Till he had made amends, and full restore  
For all the damage which hee had him doen afore.

With that, at him a quier dart he threw,  
With so fell force and villanous despight,  
That through his haberieon the forkehead flew,  
And through the linked mayles empearced quite,  
But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite:  
That stroke the hardy Squire did sore displease,  
But more, that him hee could not come to smite:  
For, by no means the high banke hee could leasse,  
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine disleasse.

And still the Foster with his long bore-speare  
Him kept from landing at his wished will;  
Anone one sent out of the thicket neare  
A cruell shaft, headed with deadly ill,  
And feathered with an vn lucky quill:  
The wicked Steele stayd not, till it did light  
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:  
Exceeding griefe that wound in him empight:  
But more, that with his foes hee could not come to fight.



21  
As last (through wrath and vengeance making way)  
Hee on the banke arriu'd with mickle paine,  
Where the third brother him did fore assay,  
And droue at him with all his might and maine  
A Forrest-bill, which both his hands did straine;  
But warily he did auoyd the blowe,  
And with his speare requited him againe,  
That both his sides were thrilled with the throwe,  
And a large streame of blood out of the wound did flowe.

22  
Hee, tumbling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite  
The bitter earth, and bade to let him in  
Into the balefull house of endlesse night,  
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin.  
Tho, gan the battell freshly to begin;  
For, nathemore for that spectacle bad,  
Did th' other two their cruell vengeance blin,  
But both at once on both sides him bestad,  
And load vpon him layd, his life for to haue had.

23  
Tho, when that villaine he auiz'd, which late  
Affrighted had the fairest *Florimell*,  
Full of fierce fury, and indignant hate,  
To him he turned; and with rigour fell  
Smote him so rudely on the Pannikell,  
That to the chin he cleft his head in twaine:  
Downe on the ground his carcasle groueling fell;  
His sinfull soule, with desperate disdain,  
Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place of paine.

24  
That seeing now the onely last of three,  
Who with that wicked shaft him wounded had,  
Trembling with horrour, as that did fore-see  
The fearefull end of his auengement sad,  
Through which he follow should his brethren bad,  
His bootlesse boaw in feeble hand vpcought,  
And there-with shot an arrow at the lad;  
Which faintly flitting, scarce his helmet raught,  
And glauncing, fell to ground, but him annoyed naught.

25  
VWith that, he would haue fled into the wood;  
But *Timias* him lightly overhent,  
Right as hee entring was into the flood,  
And strooke at him with force so violent,  
That headlesse him into the ford he sent:  
The carcasle with the streame was carried downe,  
But th' head fell backward on the Continent.  
So mischief fell vpon the meaneers crowne; (nowne:  
They three be dead with shame, the Squire liues with re-

26  
Hee liues, but takes small ioy of his renowne;  
For, of that cruell wound he bled so fore,  
That from his freed he fell in deadly frowne;  
Yet still the blood forth gush't in so great store,  
That he lay wallow'd all in his owne gore.  
Now God thee keep, thou gentlest Squire aline:  
Else shall thy louing Lord thee see no more;  
But both of comfort him thou shalt depriue,  
And like thy selfe of honour, which thou didst atchieue.

27  
Prouidence heauenly passeth lining thought,  
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;  
For, loe, great grace or fortune thither brought  
Comfort to him, that comfortlesse now lay.  
In those same woods, ye well remember may,  
How that a noble huntresse did wonne,  
Shee, that bafe *Braggadochio* did affray,  
And made him fast out of the forest runne;  
*Belphebe* was her name, as faire as *Phaebus* sunne.

28  
Shee, on a day, as shee purfeyd the chace  
Of some wild beast, which with her arrowes keene  
She wounded had, the same along did trace  
By tract of blood, which she had freshly scene,  
To haue besprinkled all the grassie Greene;  
By the great perle which she there perceau'd,  
Well hoped she the beast engor'd had beene,  
And made more haste, the life to haue bereau'd:  
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceau'd.

29  
Shortly she came, whereas that wofull Squire  
With blood deformed lay in deadly frowne:  
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,  
The crysall humour stood congealed round;  
His locks, like faded leaues fallen to ground,  
Knotted with blood, in bunches rudely ran,  
And his sweet lips, on which before that frowne  
The bud of youth to blossom faire began,  
Spoyle of their rosie red, were woxen pale and wan.

30  
Saw neuer liuing eye more heauy sight,  
That could haue made a rock of stone to rew,  
Or riue in twaine: which when that Lady bright  
(Besides all hope) with melting eyes did view,  
All suddainly abash't, she changed hew,  
And with sterne horrour backward gan to start:  
But, when she better him beheld, she grew  
Full of soft passion and vnwonted smart:  
The poyn't of pittie pearced through her tender hart.

31  
Meekely she bowed downe, to weete if life  
Yet in his frozen members did remaine;  
And feeling by his pulses beating rife,  
That the weake soule her seat did yet retaine,  
She cast to comfort him with busie paine:  
His double-folded neck she rear'd vpright,  
And rubb'd his temples, and each trembling vaine;  
His mayled habergeon she did vndight,  
And from his head his heauy burgonet did light.

32  
Into the woods thence forth in haste she went,  
To seeke for hearbes, that mote him remedy;  
For, she of hearbes had great intendment,  
Taught of the Nymph, which from her infancy  
Her nurled had in true Nobility:  
There, whether it diuine *Tobacco* were,  
Or *Panachea*, or *Polygony*,  
Shee found, and brought it to her Patient deare,  
Who all this while lay bleeding out his hart-blood neare.  
The

33  
The soueraigne weede betwixt two marbles plaine  
She powned finall, and did in peeces bruze,  
And then atweene her lilly handes twaine,  
Into his wound the ioyce thereof did cruze,  
And round about (as she could well it vze)  
The flesh there-with shee suppled and did steepe,  
T' abate all palseme, and loke the swelling bruze;  
And after, hauing searcht the intule deepe,  
She with her scarfe did bind the wound fro cold to keepe.

34  
By this, he had sweet life recur'd againe;  
And groning inly deepe, at last his eyes,  
His watry eyes, drizzling like dewy raine,  
He vp gan lift toward the azure skyes,  
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:  
There-with he sigh't, and turning him aside,  
The goodly Maid (full of diuinities,  
And gifts of heauenly grace) he by him spide,  
Her bow and gilden quier lying him beside.

35  
Mercy deare Lord, said hee, what grace is this,  
That thou hast shewed to mee sinfull wight,  
To send thine Angell from her bowre of blis,  
To comfort me in my distressed plight?  
Angell, or Goddesse doe I call thee right?  
What seruice may I doe vnto thee meet,  
That hast from darknesse mee return'd to light,  
And with thy heauenly salues and med'cines sweet,  
Hast dress't my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy blessed feet.

36  
Thereat the blushing said, Ah gentle Squire,  
Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell, but the Mayd,  
And daughter of a woody Nymph, desire  
No seruice, but thy safety and ayde;  
Which if thou gaue, I shall be well apayd.  
Wee mortall wights, whose liues and fortunes bee  
To common accidents still open layd,  
Are bound with common bond of frailtee,  
To succour wretched wights, whom we captiued see.

37  
By this, her Damself, which the former chace  
Had vndertaken, after her arriu'd,  
As did *Belphebe*, in the bloody place,  
And thereby deem'd the beast had been depriu'd  
Of life, whom late their Ladies arrow riu'd:  
For-thy, the bloudie tract they follow fast,  
And euery one to runne the swiftest striv'd:  
But two of them the rest far overpast,  
And where their Lady was, arriued at the last.

38  
Where, when they saw that goodly boy, with blood  
Defouled, and their Lady dress'd his wound,  
They wondred much, and shortly vnderstood,  
How him in deadly case their Lady found,  
And reskewed out of the heauie stound.  
Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd  
Farre in the woods, whiles that he lay in frownd,  
Shee made those Damfells search, which beeing stayd,  
They did him set thereon, and forth with them conuayd.

39  
Into that forest farre they thence him led,  
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade,  
With mountaines round about environed,  
And mightie woods, which did the valley shade,  
And like a stately Theatre it made,  
Spreading it selfe into a spacious Plaine.  
And in the midst a little riuer plaid  
Emongst the pumy stones, which seem'd to plaine  
With gentle murmure, that his course they did restraine.

40  
Beside the same, a dainty place there lay,  
Planted with myrtle trees and laurels greene;  
In which the birds sung many a lovely lay  
Of Gods high praise, and of their loues sweet teene,  
As it an earthly Paradise had beene:  
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight  
A faire Pavilion, scarcely to be seene,  
The which was all within most richly dight,  
That greatest Princes liuing it mote well delight.

41  
Thither they brought that wounded Squire, and layd  
In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest.  
Hee rested him awhile, and then the Mayd  
His ready wound with better salues new dress't;  
Daily she dress'd him, and did the best  
His grievous hurt to garish, that she might,  
That shortly she his dolour hath redress't,  
And his soule fore reduced to faire plight:  
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

42  
O foolish Physick, and vnfruitfull paine,  
That heales vp one, and makes another wound:  
Shee his hurt thigh to him recur'd againe,  
But hurt his hart, the which before was found,  
Through an vnwary dart, which did rebound  
From her faire eyes and gracious countenance.  
What bootest it him from death to be vnbound,  
To be captiued in endlesse durance  
Of sorrow and despaire without allegerance?

43  
Still as his wound did gather and growe whole,  
So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd:  
Madnesse to saue a part, and lose the whole.  
Still when-as hee beheld the heauenly Mayd,  
Whiles daily plaisters to his wound she layd,  
So still his malady the more increast,  
The whiles her matchlesse beauty him dismayd.  
Ah God! what other could he doe at least,  
But loue so faire a Lady, that his life releast?

44  
Long while he stroue in his courageous brest,  
With reason dew the passion to subdew,  
And loue for to dislodge out of his nest:  
Still when her excellencies he did view,  
Her soueraigne bounty, and celestiall hew,  
The same to loue he strongly was constrained:  
But when his meane estate he did renew,  
He from such hardy boldnesse was restrained,  
And of his lucklesse lot and cruell loue thus plained:  
N 4. Vnthank-



45  
Vnchankfull wretch, said he, is this the meed,  
With which her soueraigne mercy thou doost quight?  
Thy life she saued by her gracious deed,  
But thou doost weene with villanous despight  
To blot her honour, and her heavenly light.  
Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally  
Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light:  
Fairst death it is to shunne more shame, to die:  
Dye rather, die, then cuer loue disloyally.

46  
But if to loue disloyaltie it bee,  
Shall I then hate her, that from deathes dore  
Me brought? ah! fairst be such reproche fro mee.  
What can I lesse do, then her loue therefore,  
Sith I her due reward cannot restore:  
Dye rather, die, and dying doe her serue,  
Dying her serue, and liuing her adore:  
Thy life she gaue, thy life she doth deserue:  
Dye rather, die, then cuer from her seruice swerue.

47  
But foolish boy, what bootest thy seruice base  
To her, to whom the heavens doe serue and sew?  
Thou a meane Squire, of meeke and lowly place,  
She heavenly borne, and of celestiall hew.  
How then? of all, loue taketh equall view:  
And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take  
The loue and seruice of the basest crew?  
If shee will not, dye meekly for her sake:  
Dye rather, dye, then cuer so fairst loue forsake.

48  
Thus warreid hee long time against his will,  
Till that (through weakenesse) he was forc't at last  
To yield himselfe vnto the mighty ill:  
Which, as a Victor proud, gan ranfack fast  
His inward parts, and all his entrailes waste,  
That neither blood in face, nor life in hart  
It left, but both did quite dry vp, and blast:  
As pearcing leuin, which the inner part  
Of euery thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

49  
Which seeing, fairst Belphebe gan to feare,  
Least that his wound were inly well not healed,  
Or that the wicked Steele empoysned were:  
Little shee weend, that loue he close concealed:  
Yet still he wasted, as the snowe congealed,  
When the bright sunne his beames thereon doth beat:  
Yet neuer he his hart to her revealed,  
But rather chose to die for sorrow great,  
Then with dishonourable tearmes her to intreat.

50  
Shee (gracious Lady) yet no paines did spare  
To doe him ease, or doe him remedie:  
Many Restoratiues of vertues rare,  
And costly Cordialles shee did apply,

To mitigate his stubborne malady:  
But that sweet Cordiall, which can restore  
A loue-sick hart, shee did to him enuy:  
To him and all th'vnworthy world forlore  
Shee did enuy that soueraigne salue, in secret store.

51  
That dainty Rose, the daughter of her Morne,  
More deare then life shee tendered, whose flowre  
The girlond of her honour did adorne:  
Ne suffred she the Middaies scorching powre,  
Ne the sharp Northerne wind thereon to showre,  
But lapped vp her silken leaues most chaire,  
When-so the froward sky began to lowre:  
But soone as calmed was the Crystall ayre,  
Shee did it fairst dispred, and let to flourish fairst.

52  
Eternall God, in his almighty powre,  
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,  
In Paradise whylome did plant this flowre:  
Whence he it fetcht out of her natue place,  
And did in stock of earthly flesh enrace,  
That mortall men her glory should admire:  
In gentle Ladies brest, and bountious race  
Of woman-kind it fairst flowre doth spire,  
And beareth fruite of honour and all chaste desire.

53  
Fairst impes of beauty, whose bright shining beames  
Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,  
And to your willes both royalties and Realmes  
Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous might,  
With this fairst flowre your goodly girlonds dight,  
Of chastitie and vertue virginall,  
That shall embellish more your beautie bright,  
And crowne your heads with heavenly coronall,  
Such as the Angels weare before Gods tribunall.

54  
To your fairst felues a fairst ensample frame,  
Of this fairst Virgin, this Belphebe fairst:  
To whom, in perfect loue and spotlesse fame  
Of chastitie, none liuing may compare:  
Ne poyntous Envy iustly can empaire  
The prayse of her fresh flowering Maidenhead:  
For thy she standeth on the highest fairst  
Of th'honourable stage of woman-head,  
That Ladies all may followe her ensample dead.

55  
In so great prayse of stedfast chastitie,  
Nath'lesse, she was so courteous and kind,  
Tempred with grace, and goodly modesty,  
That seemed those two vertues stroue to find  
The higher place in her Herdick mind:  
So struing each did other more augment,  
And both encreast the prayse of woman-kind,  
And both encreast her beauty excellent:  
So all did make in her a perfect complement.

## Canto VI.

The birth of fairst Belphebe, and  
of Amoret is told.  
The Gardens of Adonis, fraught  
with pleasures manifold.

1  
WELL may I weene, fairst Ladies, all this while  
Ye wonder, how this noble Damozell  
So great perfections did in her compile:  
Sith that in saluage forests shee did dwell,  
So farre from Court and royall Citadell,  
The great schoolemistresse of all curteys:  
Seemeth that such wild woods should far expell  
All ciuill vsage and gentility,  
And gentle sprite deformie with rude rusticity.

2  
But to this fairst Belphebe in her berth  
The heavens so fauourable were and free,  
Looking with mild aspect vpon the earth,  
In th'Horoscope of her natuities,  
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee  
On her they poured forth of plentious home:  
Ioue laught on Venus from his soueraigne sec,  
And Phœbus with fairst beames did her adorne,  
And all the Graces rockt her cradle beeing borne.

3  
Her birth was of the wombe of Morning dewe,  
And her conception of the ioyous Prime,  
And all her whole creation did her shewe  
Pure and vnspotted from all loathly crime,  
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.  
So was this Virgin borne, so was shee bred,  
So was shee trained vp from time to time,  
In all chaste vertue, and true bounty-hed,  
Till to her due perfection shee was ripened.

4  
Her mother was the fairst Chrysothane,  
The daughter of Amphisa, who by race  
A Fairst was, yborne of high degree:  
She bore Belphebe, she bore in like case  
Fairst Amoretta in the second place:  
These two were twinnes, and twixt them two did share  
The heritage of all celestiall grace:  
That all the rest it seem'd they robbed bare  
Of bounty, and of beautie, and all vertues rare.

5  
It were a goodly storie, to declare,  
By what strange accident fairst Chrysothane  
Conceiv'd these Infants, and how them she bare,  
In this wilde forest wandring all alone,  
After shee had nine moneths fullid and gone:  
For, not as other womens common brood,  
They were enwomb'd in the sacred throne  
Of her chaste body: nor with common food,  
As other womens babes, they sucked vitall blood:

6  
But wondrously they were begot, and bred  
Through influence of th'heavens frigid ray,  
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.  
It was vpon a Sommers shiny day  
(When Titan fairst his hot beames did display)  
In a fresh fountaine, fairst from all mens view,  
Shee bath'd her brest, the boyling heat t'allay:  
Shee bath'd with roses red, and violets blew,  
And all the sweetest flowres, that in the forest grew:

7  
Till faint through irksome wearinesse, adown  
Vpon the grassie ground her selfe shee layd  
To sleep, the whiles a gentle slumbering swoun  
Vpon her fell all naked bare displayd:  
The sunne-beames bright vpon her body playd,  
Beeing through former bathing mollified,  
And pearc't into her wombe, where they embayd  
With to sweet sense and secret power vnspide,  
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructified.

8  
Miraculous may seeme to him, that reads  
So strange ensample of conception:  
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seedes  
Of all things liuing, through impression  
Of the sun-beames in moyst complexion,  
Doe life conceite, and quickned are by kind:  
So, after Nilus inundation,  
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe find,  
Informed in the mud, on which the Sunne hath shin'd.



Great father hee of generation  
Is rightly call'd, th' author of life and light;  
And his faire sister for creation  
Minist'reth matter fit, which tempred right  
With heat and humour, breeds the living wight.  
So strong these twines in wombe of *Chrysgone*,  
Yet wait the nought thereof, but sore affright,  
Wondred to see her belly so vp-blone,  
Which still increast, till she her terme had full out-gone.

Whereof conceiving shame and foule disgrace,  
Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleared,  
She fled into the wilderness a space,  
Till that vnweeldy burden she had reard,  
And shund dishonour, which as death she feard:  
Where wearie of long trauell, downe to rest  
Her selfe she set, and comfortably cheard;  
There a fild clowd of sleepe her ouerkelt,  
And seized euery sense with sorrow fore opprest.

It fortun'd, faire *Fenus* hauing lost  
Her little sonne, the winged god of loue,  
Who for some light displeasure, which him crost,  
Was from her fled, as flit as ayery Doue,  
And left her blisfull bowre of ioy aboue,  
(So from her often he had fled away,  
When she for ought him sharply did reprove,  
And wandred in the world in strange array, (wray.)  
Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might him be-

Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous  
(The house of goodly formes and faire aspects,  
Whence all the world deriues the glorious  
Features of beauties, and all shapes select,  
With which high God his workmanship hath deckt)  
And searched euery way, through which his wings  
Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect:  
She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things  
Vnto the man, that of him tydings to her brings.

First, shee him sought in Court, where most he vsed  
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;  
But many there she found, which sore accused  
His filchhood, and with foule infamous blot  
His cruell deedes and wicked wiles did spot:  
Ladies and Lordes shee euery where mote heare  
Complayning, how with his empoysned shot  
Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare,  
And so had left them languishing twixt hope and feare.

She then the Cities sought, from gate to gate,  
And euery one did aske, did he him see;  
And euery one her answerd, that too late  
Hee had him scene, and felt the crueltie  
Of his sharp darts, and hot artillerie:  
And euery one threw forth reproches rife  
Of his mischieuous deedes, and said, That hee  
Was the disturber of all ciuill life,  
The enemy of peace, and author of all strife.

Then, in the Country she abroad him sought,  
And in the rurall cottages enquired;  
Where also, many plants to her were brought,  
How hee their heedlesse harts with loue had fired,  
And his false venom through their veines inspired;  
And eke the gentle shepheard swaines, which sat  
Keeping their fleecie flocks, as they were hired,  
She sweetly heard complaine, both how and what  
Her sonne had to them doen; yet shee did smile therat.

But when in none of all these shee him got,  
Shee gan awise where else he mote him hide:  
At last, she her be-thought, that shee had not  
Yet sought the salvage woods and forests wide,  
In which full many louely Nymphes abide,  
Mongit whom might be, that he did closely lye,  
Or that the loue of some of them him tyde:  
For-ty she thither cast her course to apply,  
To search the secret haunts of *Dianes* company.

Shortly, vnto the wastefull woods shee came,  
Where-as shee found the Goddesse with her crew,  
After late chace of their embrewed game,  
Sitting beside a fountaine in a rewe,  
Some of them washing with the liquid dewe  
From off their daintie limbes the dusty sweat,  
And soyle, which did deforme their liuely hewes;  
Other lay shaded from the scorching heat;  
The rest, vpon her person, gaue attendance great.

Shee, hauing hong vpon a bough on high  
Her bow and painted quiver, had vnac't  
Her siluer buskins from her nimble thigh,  
And her lank loynes vngirt, and breasts vnbrac't,  
After her heat the breathing cold to taste;  
Her golden locks, that late in tresses bright  
Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,  
Now loose about her shoulders hong vndight,  
And were with sweet *Ambrosia* all besprinkled light.

Soone as she *Fenus* saw behind her back,  
Shee was asham'd to be so loose surpris'd;  
And woxe halfe wroth against her damfels slack,  
That had not her thereof before auis'd,  
But suffred her so carelesly disguis'd  
Be overtaken. Soone her garments loose  
Vpgath'ring, in her bosome shee comprised,  
Well as shee might, and to the Goddesse rose,  
Whilst all her Nymphes did like a girlond her enclose.

Goodly shee gan fayre *Cytherea* greet,  
And shortly asked her what cause her brought  
Into that wilderness (for her vnmeet)  
From her sweet bowres, & beds with pleasures fraught:  
That suddaine change shee strange adventure thought.  
To whom (halfe weeping) shee thus answered,  
That shee her dearest sonne *Cupido* sought,  
Who in his frowardnesse from her was fled;  
That shee repented sore, to haue him angered.

Thereat

Thereat *Diane* gan to smile, in scorn  
Of her vaine plaint, and to her scoffing said;  
Great pittie sure, that ye be so forlorne  
Of your gay sonne, that giues ye so good ayd  
To your disports: ill more yee been ayd.  
But shee was more enrieued, and replide;  
Faie sister, ill becomes it to vpbraid  
A dolefull hart with so disdainfull pride:  
The like that mine, may be your paine another tide.

As you in woods and wanton wilderness  
Your glory set, to chace the salvage beasts;  
So my delight is all in ioyfullnesse,  
In beds, in bowres, in banks, and in feasts:  
And all becomes you with your losie creasts,  
To loorne the ioy that *Ioue* is glad to seeke:  
We both are bound to follow heauens behests,  
And tend our charges with obeisance meeke:  
Spare (gentle sister) with reproche my paine to seeke.

And tell me, if that yee my sonne haue heard,  
To lurke amongst your Nymphes in secretwise;  
Or keepe their cabins: much I am afeard,  
Least he like one of them himselfe disguise,  
And turne his arrows to their exercise:  
So may hee long himselfe full easie hide:  
For, he is faire and fresh in face and guize,  
As any Nymph (let not it be enuide)  
So saying, euery Nymph full narrowly shee eyed.

But *Phoebe* there-with fore was angered,  
And sharply said: Goe Dame, goe seeke your boy,  
Where you him lately left, in *Mars* his bed:  
He comes not here, we loorne his foolish ioy,  
Ne lend we leasure to his idle toy:  
But if I catch him in this company,  
By *Seygian* lake I vow, whose sad annoy  
The Gods doe dread, hee dearly shall aby:  
Hee clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall fly.

Whom when as *Fenus* saw so sore displeased,  
Shee noly for was, and gan relent  
What shee had said: to her shee soone appeased,  
With sugred words and gentle blandishment,  
Which as a fountaine from her sweet lips went,  
And welled goodly forth, that in short space  
Shee was well pleas'd, and forth her damzels sent,  
Through all the woods, to search from place to place,  
If any tract of him or tydings they mote trace.

To search the God of Loue, her Nymphes shee sent  
Throughout the wandring forest euery where:  
And after them her selfe eke with her went  
To seeke the fugitive, both faire and nere.  
So long they sought, till they arrived were  
In that lame shade covert, where-as lay  
Faie *Chrysgone* in slumby trance whilere:  
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)  
Vnwares had borne two babes, as faire as springing day.

Vnwares shee them conceiu'd, vnwares shee bore:  
She bore withouten paine, that shee conceiu'd  
Withouten pleasure: ne her need implore  
*Lucina* ayde: which when they both perceiu'd,  
They were through wonder nigh of sense beraiud,  
And gazing each on other, nought bespake:  
At last, they both agreed, her (seeming grieu'd)  
Out of her heavy swoune not to awake,  
But from her louing side the tender babes to take.

Vp they them tooke; each one a babe vp-tooke,  
And with them carried, to be fostered.  
Dame *Phoebe* to a Nymph her babe betooke,  
To be brought vp in perfect Maydenhed,  
And of her selfe, her name *Belphebe* red:  
But *Venus* hers hence farre away conuayd,  
To be vp-brought in goodlie womanhed,  
And in her little Loue's stead, which was straid,  
Her *Amoretta* call'd, to comfort her dismaid.

Shee brought her to her ioyous Paradise, (dwell)  
Where most shee woules, when shee on earth does  
So faire a place, as Nature can deuise:  
Whether in *Paphos*, or *Cytheron* hill,  
Or it in *Gnidus* be, I wote not well;  
But well I wote by tryall, that this faine  
All other pleasant places doth excell,  
And called is by her lost Louers name,  
The Garden of *Adonis*, faire renown'd by fame.

In that same Garden, all the goodly flowres  
Where-with dame Nature doth her beautifie,  
And decks the girlonds of her Paramours,  
Are fetche: there is the first feminarie  
Of all things, that are borne to liue and die,  
According to their kinds. Long worke it were,  
Heere to account the endlesse progenie  
Of all the weedes, that bud and blossom there:  
But so much as doth need, must needs be counted here.

It sited was in fruitfull foyle of old,  
And girt-in with two walles on either side;  
The one of iron, the other of bright gold,  
That none might thorough breake, nor over-stride:  
And double gates it had, which opened wide,  
By which both in and out men mote pass:  
Th' ope faire and fresh, the other old and dride:  
Old *Genius* the Porter of them was,  
Old *Genius*, the which a double nature has.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend,  
All that to come into the world desire:  
A thousand thousand naked babes attend  
About him day and night, which doe require,  
That hee with fleshy weedes would them attire:  
Such as him list, such as eternall fire  
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,  
And sendeth forth to liue in mortall ire,  
Till they againe retorne backe by the hinder gate.

After



33  
After that they againe returned beene,  
They in that Garden planted be againe;  
And growe afresh, as they had neuer scene  
Fleishly corruption, nor mortall paine.  
Some thousand yeares so doen they there remaine;  
And then of him are clad with other hew,  
Or sent into the changefull world againe,  
Till thither they returne, where first they grew:  
So like a wheele around they runne from old to new.

34  
Ne needs there Gardiner to set, or sowe,  
To plant, or prune: for, of their owne accord,  
All things as they created were, doe growe,  
And yet remember well the mighty word,  
Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,  
That bade them to increase and multiply:  
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,  
Or of the clowdes, to moysten their rootes dry:  
For, in themselves, eternall moysture they imply.

35  
Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,  
And vncouth formes, which none yet euer knew,  
And euery sort is in a sundry bed  
Serby it selfe, and rankt in comely rew:  
Some fit for reasonable soules t'indue,  
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare,  
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew  
In endlesse ranks along enanged were,  
That seem'd the Ocean could not containe them there.

36  
Daily they growe, and daily forth are sent  
Into the world, it to replenish more;  
Yet is the stocke not lessened, nor spent,  
But still remains in euerslating store,  
As it at first created was of yore.  
For, in the wide wombe of the world, there lyes  
In hatefull darknesse, and in deepe horrore,  
An huge eternall Chaos, which supplies  
The substances of Natures fruitfull progenies.

37  
All things from thence doe their first beeing fetch,  
And borrow matter, whereof they are made;  
Which, when as forme and feature it does ketch,  
Becomes a bodie, and doth then invade  
The state of life, out of the griefly shade.  
That substance is eterne, and bideth so;  
Ne when the life decays, and forme does fade,  
Doth it consume, and into nothing go,  
But changed is, and often altered to and fro.

38  
The substance is not chang'd, nor altered,  
But th' onely forme and outward fashion;  
For, euery substance is conditioned  
To change her hew, and sundry formes to don,  
Meet for her temper and complexion;  
For, formes are variable, and decay  
By course of kinde, and by occasion;  
And that faire flowre of beauty fades away,  
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

39  
Great enemy to it, and to all the rest  
That in the Garden of Adonis springs,  
Is wicked Time; who, with his icy the adrest,  
Does mowe the flowering herbes and goodly things,  
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,  
Where they doe wither, and are foully mard:  
Hee flies about, and with his flaggy wings,  
Beates downe both leaues and buds without regard,  
Ne euer pitty may relent his malice hard.

40  
Yet pitty often did the gods relent,  
To see so faire things mard, and spoyled quight:  
And their great mother Venus did lament  
The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight;  
Her hart was pearc't with pitty at the sight,  
When walking through the Garden, thern she spyde,  
Yet no'te she find redresse for such despight.  
For, all that liues is subiect to that law:  
All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

41  
But, were it not that Time their troubler is,  
All that in this delightfull Garden growes,  
Should happy be, and haue immortall blis:  
For, heere all plenty, and all pleasure flowes,  
And sweet loue gentle fits amongst them throwes,  
Without fell rancour, or fond ialousie;  
Frankly each paramour his leman knowes,  
Each bird his mate, ne any does enuie  
Their goodly meriment, and gay felicitie.

42  
There is continuall spring, and haruest there  
Continuall, both meeting at one time:  
For, both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,  
And with fresh colours deck the wanton Prime,  
And eke at once the heavy trees they clime,  
Which seeme to labour vnder their fruites lode:  
The whiles the ioyous birds make their pastime  
Emongst the shady leaues, their sweet abode,  
And their true loues without suspition tell abroad.

43  
Right in the midst of that Paradise,  
There stood a stately Mount, on whose round top  
A gloomy groue of myrtle-trees did rise,  
Whose shady boughes sharpe Steele did neuer lop,  
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,  
But like a girlond compassed the hight,  
And from their fruitfull sides sweet gum did drop,  
That all the ground with precious dew bedight,  
Threw forth most dainty odours, & most sweet delight.

44  
And, in the thickest couert of that shade,  
There was a pleasant Arbour, not by art,  
But of the trees owne inclination made,  
Which knitting their ranke branches part to part,  
With wanton Ivi-twine entrayld athwart,  
And Eglantine, and Caprifole among,  
Fashioned about within their inmost part,  
That neither Phœbus beames could through the throng,  
Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

And

45  
And all about grewe euery sort of flowre,  
To which sad louers were transform'd of yore;  
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus paramoure  
And dearest loue,  
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watry shore,  
Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,  
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore  
Me seemes I see Amintas wretched fate,  
To whom sweet Poets verse hath giuen endlesse date.

46  
There wont faire Venus often to enioy  
Her deare Adonis ioyous companie,  
And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy;  
There yet some lay in secret he does ly,  
Lapped in flowres and precious spycery,  
By her hid from the world, and from the skill  
Of Stygian gods, which do her loue enuie;  
But she her selfe, when euer that she will,  
Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill.

47  
And sooth, it seemes, they lay: for, he may not  
For euer die, and euer buried bee  
In balefull night, where all things are forgot;  
All be he subiect to mortallitie,  
Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,  
And by succession made perpetuall,  
Transformed oft, and changed diuersly:  
For, him the Father of all formes they call;  
Therefore needs mote he liue, that liuing giues to all.

48  
There now he liueth in eternall blis,  
Ioying his goddesse, and of her enioyd:  
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,  
Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd;  
For, that wilde Bore, the which him once annoyd,  
She firmly hath emprisoned for aye  
(That her sweet loue his malice mote auoyd)  
In a strong rockie Cave, which is they say, (may)  
Hewen vnderneath that Mount, that none him loosē

49  
There now he liues in euerslating ioy,  
With many of the gods in company,  
Which thither haunt, and with the winged Boy  
Sporting himselfe in safe felicitie:  
Who, when he hath with spoiles and crueltie  
Ransackt the world, and in the wofull hearts  
Of many wretches set his triumphes hie,  
Thither resorts, and laying his sad darts  
Aside, with faire Adonis playes his wanton parts.

50  
And his true loue faire Psyche with him playes,  
Faie Psyche to him lately reuocyl'd,  
After long troubles and vntime vtbrayes,  
With which his mother Venus her reuyl'd,  
And eke himselfe her cruelly exyl'd:  
But now in stedfast lone and happy state  
She with him liues, and hath him borne a child,  
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,  
Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late.

51  
Hither great Venus brought this infant faie,  
The younger daughter of Chrysegones,  
And vnto Psyche with great truit and care  
Committed her, yfostered to bee,  
And trained vp in true feminitie:  
Who no lesse carefully her tendered,  
Then her owne daughter Pleasure, to whom shee  
Made her companion, and her lessoned  
In all the lore of loue, and goodly womanhead.

52  
In which when she to perfect ripenesse grew,  
Of grace and beauty noble Paragone,  
She brought her forth into the worldes view,  
To be th' ensample of true lone alone,  
And Load-starre of all chaste affectione,  
To all faire Ladies, that doe liue on ground.  
To Faery court she came, where many one  
Admyr'd her goodly haueour, and found  
His feeble heart wide launced with loues cruell wound.

53  
But she to none of them her loue did cast,  
Sae to the noble knight Sir Scudamore,  
To whom her louing heart she linked fast  
In faithfull loue, t'abide for euer more,  
And for his dearest sake endured sore,  
Sore trouble of an hainous enemy:  
Who her would forced haue to haue forelore  
Her former loue and stedfast loialtie,  
As ye may elsewhere reade that ruefull history.

54  
But well I weene, ye first desire to learne,  
What end vnto that fearefull Damozell,  
Which fled so fast from that same foster stearne,  
Whom with his brethren Timias slew, befell:  
That was to weete, the goodly Florimell;  
Who wandring for to seek her louer deare,  
Her louer deare, her dearest Marinell,  
Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,  
And from Prince Arthur fled with wings of idle feare.







## Canto VII.

*The Witches sonne loves Florimell:  
she flies, he faines to die.  
Satyrane faues the Squire of Dames  
from Giants tyranny.*

**L**ike as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,  
That hath escaped from a rauentous beast,  
Yet flies away of her owne feet affeard,  
And euery leafe, that shaketh with the least  
Murmure of winde, her terror hath increaseth  
So fled faire Florimell from her vaine feare,  
Long after she from perill was releast:  
Each shade she sawe, and each noise she did heare,  
Did seeme to be the same, which she escap't whyle care.

All that same evening she in flying spent,  
And all that night her course continued:  
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,  
Nor wearinesse to slacke her haste, but fled  
Euer alike, as if her former dread  
Were hard behinde, her ready to arrest:  
And her white Pallfrey hauing conquered  
The mairing raines out of her weary wrest,  
Perforce her carried, where-euer he thought best.

So long as breath, and habile puissance  
Did nature courage vnto him supply,  
His pace he freshly forward did aduance,  
And carried her beyond all ieopardy:  
But nought that wanteth rest, can long aby.  
He, hauing through incessant trauell spent  
His force, at last perforce adown did ly.  
Ne foot could further moue: The Lady gent  
Thereat was suddenstrook with great astonishment;

And for't 't alight, on foot mote algates fare,  
A trauellet vnwonted to such waie:  
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,  
That fortune all in equall launce doth sway,  
And mortall miseries doth make her play.  
So long she traueled, till at length she came  
To an hillside, which did to her bewray  
A little valley, subiect to the same,  
All couerd with thick woods, that quite it ouercame.

Through th' tops of the high trees she did descry  
A little smoke, whose vapour thin and light,  
Reeking aloft, vprolled to the sky:  
Which cheerefull signe did send vnto her sight,  
That in the same did wonne some living wight.  
Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applide,  
And came at last in weary wretched plight  
Vnto the place, to which her hope did guide,  
To finde some refuge there, and rest her weary side.

There, in a gloomy hollowe glen she found  
A little cottage, built of sticke and reedes  
In homely wize, and wall'd with sods around,  
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes,  
And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes;  
So choosung solitary to abide,  
Far from all neighbours, that her diuclish deedes  
And hellish arts from people she might hide.  
And hurt far off vnknowne, whom-euer she couide.

The Damzell there arriuing entred in;  
Where sitting on the floore the Hag she found,  
Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin;  
Who, soone as she beheld that sudden stound,  
Lightly vpstart from the dusty ground,  
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze  
Stared on her awhile, as one astound,  
Ne had one word to speake, for great amaze:  
But shew'd by outward signes, that dread her sense did

At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,  
She askt, what diuell had her thither brought,  
And who she was, and what vnwonted path  
Had guided her, vnwelcomed, vnought?  
To which the Damzell full of doubtfull thought,  
Her mildly answer'd: Beldame, be not wroth  
With silly Virgin by aduventure brought  
Vnto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,  
That craue but roome to rest, while tempest ouerblo'eth.

With that adowne out of her Crystall eyne,  
Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,  
That like two orient pearles, did purely shine  
Vpon her snowie cheek: and therewithall  
She sighd soft, that none so bestiall,  
Nor filuage heart, but ruth of her sad plight  
Would make to melt, or pitiously appall:  
And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight  
In mischief, was much moued at so pitious sight;

And gan recomfort her in her rude wize,  
With womanish compassion of her plaint,  
Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,  
And bidding her sit downe, to rest her faint  
And wearie limbs awhile. She nothing quaint  
Nor s'deignfull of so homely fashion,  
Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,  
Sat downe vpon the dusty ground anon,  
As glad of that small rest, as Bird of tempest gon.

Tho, gan she gather vp her garments rent,  
And her loose lockes to dight in order dew,  
With golden wreath, and gorgeous ornament;  
Whom such when-as the wicked Hag did view,  
She was astonish at her heavenly hew,  
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,  
But or some goddesse, or of Dianes crew,  
And thought her to adore with humble spright,  
T'adore thing so diuine as beauty, were but right.

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,  
The comfort of her age and weary dayes,  
A laetic lord, for nothing good to donne,  
But stretched forth in idleness alwaies,  
Ne euer cast his mind to couet praise,  
Or ply himselfe to any honest trade;  
But all the day before the sunny rayes  
He vs'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade:  
Such laefinesse both lewd and poore attonce him made.

He, comming home at vnder time, there found  
The fairest creature that he euer saw,  
Sitting beside his mother on the ground;  
The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,  
And his basethought with terror and with awe  
So inly smote, that as one which had gazed  
On the bright Sunne vnwares, doth soone withdrawe  
His feeble cyne, with too much brightnesse dazed;  
So stared he on her, and stood long while amazed.

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,  
What mister wight that was, and whence deriued,  
That in so strange disguizement there did maske,  
And by what accident she there arriued:  
But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,  
With nought but ghastly lookes him answered,  
Like to a ghost, that lately is reuiued  
From Stygian shores, where late it wandered;  
So both at her, and each at other wondered.

But the faire Virgin was so meeke and milde,  
That she to them vouchsafed to embace  
Her goodly port, and to their senses vild  
Her gentle speech applide, that in short space  
She grew familiar in that desert place.  
During which time, the Chorle through her so kinde  
And curteise v'reconceiv'd affection base,  
And cast to loue her in his brutish mind:  
No loue, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tin'd.

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,  
And shortly grew into outrageous fire:  
Yet had he not the heart, nor hardiment,  
As vnto her to vtter his desire:  
His cattive thought durst not so high aspire:  
But with soft sighes, and lowly semblances,  
Hewen'd that his affection entire  
She should aread: many resemblances  
To her he made, and many kind remembrances.

Of from the Forrest waldings he did bring,  
Whose sides empurpled were with smiling red,  
And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing  
His mistresse prayles sweetly caroled,  
Girlands of flowres sometimes for her faire head  
He fine would dight, sometimes the liquorell wild  
He brought to her in bands, as conquered  
To be her thrall, his fellow seruant vild:  
All which she of him took with countenance meek & mild.

But past awhile, when she fit season sawe,  
To leane that desert mansion, she cast  
In secret wile her selfe thence to withdrawe,  
For feare of mischief, which she did forecast  
Might be the witch or that her sonne compast:  
Her weary Pallfrey, closely as she might,  
Now well recovered after long repast,  
In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,  
His late miswandred waies now to remedure right.

And early ere the dawning day appeared,  
She forth issued, and on her journey went;  
She went in perill, of each noise affeard,  
And of each shade, that did it selfe present;  
For, still she feared to be ouer-hent,  
Of that vile Hag, or that vnciuile sonne:  
Who, when too late awaking well they kent  
That their faire guest was gone, they both begonne  
To make exceeding mone, as they had been vndonne.

But that lewd lover did the most lament  
For her depart, that euer man did heare;  
He knockt his brest with desperate intent,  
And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare  
His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare:  
That his sad mother seeing his sore plight,  
Was greatly woe-begonne, and gan to feare  
Least his fraile senses were empentish quight,  
And loue to frenzy turn'd, sith loue is frantike light.



20  
All wayes she sought, him to restore to plight,  
With herbs, with charms, with counsell, and with teares:  
But teares, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell might  
Affuage the fury, which his entrailes teares:  
So strong is passion, that no reason beares.  
Tho, when all other helpes she sawe to faile,  
She turn'd her selfe backe to her wicked leares,  
And by her diuillish arts thought to preuaile  
To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

21  
Effoones out of her hidden cave she cald  
An hideous beast, of horrible aspect;  
That could the stoutest courage haue appall'd:  
Monstrous mishap't, and all his back was spect  
With thousand spots of colours quaint elect,  
Thereto so swift, that it all beasts did pass:  
Like neuer yet did liuing eye detect;  
But likeliest to an *Hyena* was,  
That feeds on womens flesh, as others feed on grafs.

22  
It forth she cald, and gaue it streight in charge,  
Through thick and thin her to pursue apace,  
No once to stay to rest, or breath at large,  
Till her he had attain'd, and brought in place,  
Or quite deuour'd her beauties scornfull grace.  
The Monster, swift as word that from her went,  
Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace  
So sure as swiftly, through his perfect lent,  
And passing speed, that shortly he her ouer-hent.

23  
Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh espide,  
No need to bid her fast away to flie;  
That vgly shape so for her terrifide,  
That it she stand no lesse, then dread to die:  
And her selfe Palfrey did so well apply  
His nimble feet to her conceiued feare,  
That whil' his breath did strength to him supply,  
From perill free he her away did beare:  
But when his force gan faile, his pale gan waxe areare.

24  
Which when as she perceiu'd, she was dismayd  
As that large last extremitie full sore,  
And of her safety greatly grew afraid:  
And now she gan approache to the sea shore,  
As it befell, that she could fly no more,  
But yield her selfe to spoile of greedinesse.  
Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,  
From her dull horse, in desperate distresse,  
And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sickernes.

25  
Not halfe so fast the wicked *Myrrina* fled  
From dread of her reuenging fathers hond:  
Not halfe so fast to saue her maidenhed,  
Fled fearefull *Daphne* on th' *Aegean* strand,  
As *Florimell* fled from the Monster yond,  
To reach the sea, ere she of him were caught:  
For, in the sea to drowne her selfe she fond,  
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:  
Thereto shee gaue her wings, & need her courage taught.

26  
It fortun'd (high God did so ordaine)  
As she arriv'd on the roring shore,  
In mnde to leape into the mighty Maine,  
A little boate lay houiing her before,  
In which there slept a Fisher old and poore,  
The whiles his nets were drying on the sand:  
Into the same she leapt, and with the ore,  
Did thrust the shallop from the floting strand:  
So safety found at sea, which she found not at land.

27  
The Monster, ready on the prey to seafe,  
Was of his forward hope deceiu'd quight;  
Ne durst assay to wade the perious seas,  
But greedily long gaping at the sight,  
At last in vaine was forc't to turne his flight,  
And tell the idle rydings to his Dame:  
Yet to auenge his diuillish despight,  
He set vpon her Palfrey tired lame,  
And slew him cruelly ere any reskew came.

28  
And after hauing him embowelled,  
To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunc't a knight  
To passe that way, as forth he travelled:  
It was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,  
As euer man that bloody field did fight:  
But in vaine shewes, that wont young knights bewitch,  
And courtly seruices took no delight,  
But rather ioyd to be, then seemen sich:  
For, both to be and seeme to him was labour lich.

29  
It was to weet, the good Sir *Satyrane*,  
That raung'd abroad, to seeke aduentures wilde,  
As was his wont in forrest, and in Plaine;  
He was all arm'd in rugged Steele vnfile,  
As in the smoky forge it was compilde,  
And in his futchin bore a *Satyr*es hed:  
He comming present, where the monster wilde  
Vpon that milke-white Palfreyes carkas fed,  
Vnto his reskew ran, and greedily him sped.

30  
There well perceiu'd he, that it was the horse,  
Whereon faire *Florimell* was wont to ride,  
That of that fend was rent without remorse:  
Much feared he, least ought did ill betide  
To that faire Mayd, the flowre of womens pride:  
For, her he dearely loued, and in all  
His famous conquests highly magnifide:  
Besides, her golden girdle, which did fall  
From her in flight, he found, that did him sore appall.

31  
Full of sad feare, and doubtfull agony,  
Fiercelly he flew vpon that wicked fend:  
And with huge strokes, and cruell battery  
Him forc't to leaue his prey, for to attend  
Himselfe from deadly danger to defend:  
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh  
He did engraue, and muchell blood did spend,  
Yet might not doe him die, but aye more fresh  
And fierce he still appear'd, the more he did him thresh.

32  
He wist not, how him to despoile of life,  
Ne how to win the wished victory,  
Sith him he sawe still stronger growe through strife,  
And him selfe weaker through infirmity:  
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously  
Hurling his sword away, he lightly leapt  
Vpon the Beast, that with great crueltie  
Rored, and rag'd to be vnder-kept:  
Yet he perforce him held, and stroke vpon him hept.

33  
As he that strues to stop a sudden flood,  
And in strong bankes his violence enclose,  
Forceth it swell about his wonted mood,  
And largely overflowe the fruitfull Plaine,  
That all the countrey seemes to be a Maine,  
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne:  
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine,  
To see his whole yeeres labour lost so soone,  
For which to God he made for many an idle boone:

34  
So him he held, and did through might amate.  
So long he held him, and him bet so long,  
That at the last his fierceneffe gan abate,  
And meekely stoup vnto the victour strong:  
Who, to auenge the implacable wrong,  
Which he suppoed donne to *Florimell*,  
Sought by all meanes his dolour to prolong,  
Sith dint of Steele his carcas could not quell:  
His maker with her charmes had fram'd him so well.

35  
The golden ribband, which that virgin wore  
About her slender walke, he tooke in hand,  
And with it bound the Beast that loud did rore  
For great despight of that vnwonted band,  
Yet dared not his victour to withstand,  
But trembled like a lambe, fled from the pray,  
And all the way him follow'd on the strand,  
As he had long been leaured to obey:  
Yet neuer learned he such seruice, till that day.

36  
Thus as he led the Beast along the waie,  
He spide far off a mighty Giantesse,  
Fast flying on a Courser dappled gray,  
From a bold knight, that with great hardinesse  
Her hard purlew'd, and sought for to suppress:  
She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,  
Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,  
Fast bounden hand and foot with cords of wire,  
Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her desire.

37  
Which when as *Satyrane* beheld, in haste  
He left his captiue Beast at libertie,  
And crost the nearest way, by which he cast  
Her to encounter, ere she passed by:  
But she the way shund nathemore forthy,  
But forward gallopt fast; which when he spide,  
His mighty speare he couched warily,  
And at her ranne: she, hauing him descride,  
Her selfe to flight addrest, and threw her lode aside.

38  
Like as a Goshauke, that in foot doth beare  
A trembling Culuer, hauing spide on high  
An *Egle*, that with plummy wings doth heare  
The subtle ayre, stouping with all his might,  
The quarry throwes to ground with fell despight,  
And to the battell doth her selfe prepare:  
So ran the Giantesse vnto the fight:  
Her fiery eyes with furious sparkes did stare,  
And with blasphemous bannes high God in peeces tare.

39  
She caught in hand a huge great iron mace,  
Wherewith she many had of life depriv'd:  
But ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,  
His speare amidst her sun-broad shield arriv'd:  
Yet nathemore the Steele asunder riu'd,  
All were the beame in bignesse like a mast,  
Ne her out of the stedfast saddle driu'd,  
But glancing on the tempered metall, braut  
In thousand shiuers, and so forth beside her past.

40  
Her Steed did stagger with that puissant stroke;  
But she no more was moued with that might,  
Then it had lighted on an aged Oke:  
Or on the marble Pillour, that is pight  
Vpon the top of Mount *Olympus* high,  
For the brave youthly Champions to assay,  
With burning charet wheels it nigh to smite:  
But who that smites it, marres his ioyous play,  
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

41  
Yet therewith sore enrag'd, with sterner regard  
Her dreadfull weapon she to him addrest,  
Which on his helmer martelled so hard,  
That made him lowe incline his lofty crest,  
And bow'd his battred visour to his breast:  
Wherewith he was so stund, that he n'oteride,  
But reeled to and fro from East to West:  
Which when his cruell enemy espide,  
She lightly vnto him adioyned side to side;

42  
And on his collar laying puissant hand,  
Out of his wauering seate him pluckt perforce,  
Perforce him pluckt, vnable to withstand,  
Or help himselfe; and laying thwart her horse,  
In louthly wise like to a canon corse,  
She bore him fast away. Which when the knight,  
That her pursuw'd, saw, with great remorse  
He neere was touch'd in his noble spright,  
And gan increafe his speed, as she increast her flight.

43  
Whom when as nigh approaching she espide,  
She threw away her burden angrily:  
For, she list not the battell to abide,  
But made her selfe more light away to fly:  
Yet her the hardy knight pursuw'd so nie,  
That almost in the backe he oft her strake:  
But still when him at hand she did espy,  
She turn'd, and semblance of faire light did make:  
But when he stayd, to flight againe she did her take.



44  
By this, good Sir *Satyrane* gan awake  
Out of his dream, that did him long entrance;  
And seeing none in place, he gan to make  
Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce,  
Which kept him from so faire a cheuifance:  
At length he spide, whereas that wofull Squire,  
Whom he had reskewed from captiuaunce  
Of his strong foe, lay tumbled in the mire,  
Vnable to arise, or foot or hand to stire.

45  
To whom approaching, well he mote perceiue  
In that foule plight a comely personage,  
And lovely face (made fit for to deceiue  
Fraile Ladies heart with loues consuming rage)  
Now in the blossome of his freshest age:  
He heard him vp, and loos'd his iron bands,  
And after gan enquire his parentage,  
And how he fell into that Giants hands,  
And who that was, which chased her along the lands.

46  
Then trembling yet through feare, the Squire bespake;  
That *Giantesse Argente* is behight,  
A daughter of the *Titans* which did make  
Warre against heauen, and heaped hills on hight,  
To scale the skies, and put *Ioue* from his right:  
Her fire *Typhoeus* was, who (mad through mirth,  
And drunk with bloud of men, slaine by his might)  
Through incest, her of his owne mother Earth  
Whilome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth.

47  
For, at that birth another babe she bore,  
To weete, the mighty *Olyphant*, that wrought  
Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,  
And many hath to foule confusion brought.  
These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought)  
Whiles in their mothers wombe enclos'd they were,  
Ere they into the lightsome world were brought,  
In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,  
And in that monstrous wife did to the world appeare.

48  
So liv'd they ever after in like sin,  
Gainst Natures law, and good behaviour:  
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,  
Who not content so fowly to deuoure  
Her native flesh, and straine her brothers bowre;  
Did wallow in all other fleshly mire,  
And lustred hearts her body to deflowre:  
So hot she burned in that lustfull fire,  
Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desire.

49  
But ouer all the countrey she did range,  
To seeke young men, to quench her flaming thirst,  
And feed her fancy with delightfull change:  
Whom-so she fittest finds to serue her lust,  
Through her maine strength, in which she most doth  
She with her brings into a secret Ile, (trust,  
Where in eternall bondage dye he must,  
Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,  
And in all shamefull sort him selfe with her defile.

50  
Me feely wretch she so at vantage caught,  
After she long in waite for me did lie,  
And meant vnto her prison to haue brought,  
Her loathsome pleasure there to satisfie:  
That thousand deaths me leuer were to die,  
Then breake the vowe, that to faire *Columbell*  
I plighte haue, and yet keepe stedfastly:  
As for my name, it misseeth not to tell;  
Call me the *Squire of Dames*: that me befeemeth well.

51  
But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing sawe  
That *Giantesse*, is not such, as she seemed,  
But a faire virgin, that in Martiall lawe,  
And deeds of armes aboue all Dames is deemed,  
And aboue many knights is eke esteemed,  
For her great worth: She *Palladine* is hight:  
She you from death, you me from dread redeemed.  
Ne any may that Monster match in fight,  
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight.

52  
Her well befeemes that *Quest*, quoth *Satyrane*:  
But read, thou *Squire of Dames*, what vow is this,  
Which thou vpon thy self hast lately ta'ne?  
That shall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,  
So be ye pleas'd to pardon all amiss.  
That gentle Lady, whom I loue and serue,  
After long suite and weary seruicis,  
Did aske me, how I could her loue deserue,  
And how she might be sure, that I would neuer serue.

53  
I, glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,  
Bade her command my life to saue, or spill:  
Eftsoones she bade me, with incessant paine  
To wander through the world abroad at will,  
And euery where, where with my power or skill  
I might do seruice vnto gentle Dames,  
That I the same should faithfully fulfill, (name)  
And at the twelue months end should bring their  
And pledges: as the spoiles of my victorious games.

54  
So well I to faire Ladies seruice did,  
And found such fauour in their louing hearts,  
That ere the yeare his course had compassed,  
Three hundred pledges for my good desarts,  
And thrice three hundred thanks for my good parts  
I with me brought, and did to her present:  
Which when she sawe, more bent to eke my smarts,  
Then to reward my trusty true intent,  
She gan for me deuise a grieuous punishment:

55  
To weete, that I my trauell should resume,  
And with like labour walke the world around,  
Ne euer to her presence should presume,  
Till I so many other Dames had found.  
The which, for all the fruit I could propound,  
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,  
But did abide for euer chaste and found.  
Ah gentle Squire, quoth he, tell at one word,  
How many foundst thou such to put in thy record?

56  
Indeed Sir knight, sayd he, oneword may tell  
All, that I euer found so wisely stayd:  
For, onely three they were dispos'd so well:  
And yet three yeeres I now abroad haue strayd,  
To find them out. Mote I (then laughing sayd  
The knight) inquire of thee, what were those three,  
The which thy professed curtesie deny'd?  
Or ill they seemed true and d to bee,  
Or brutishly brought vp, that ne'r did fassions see.

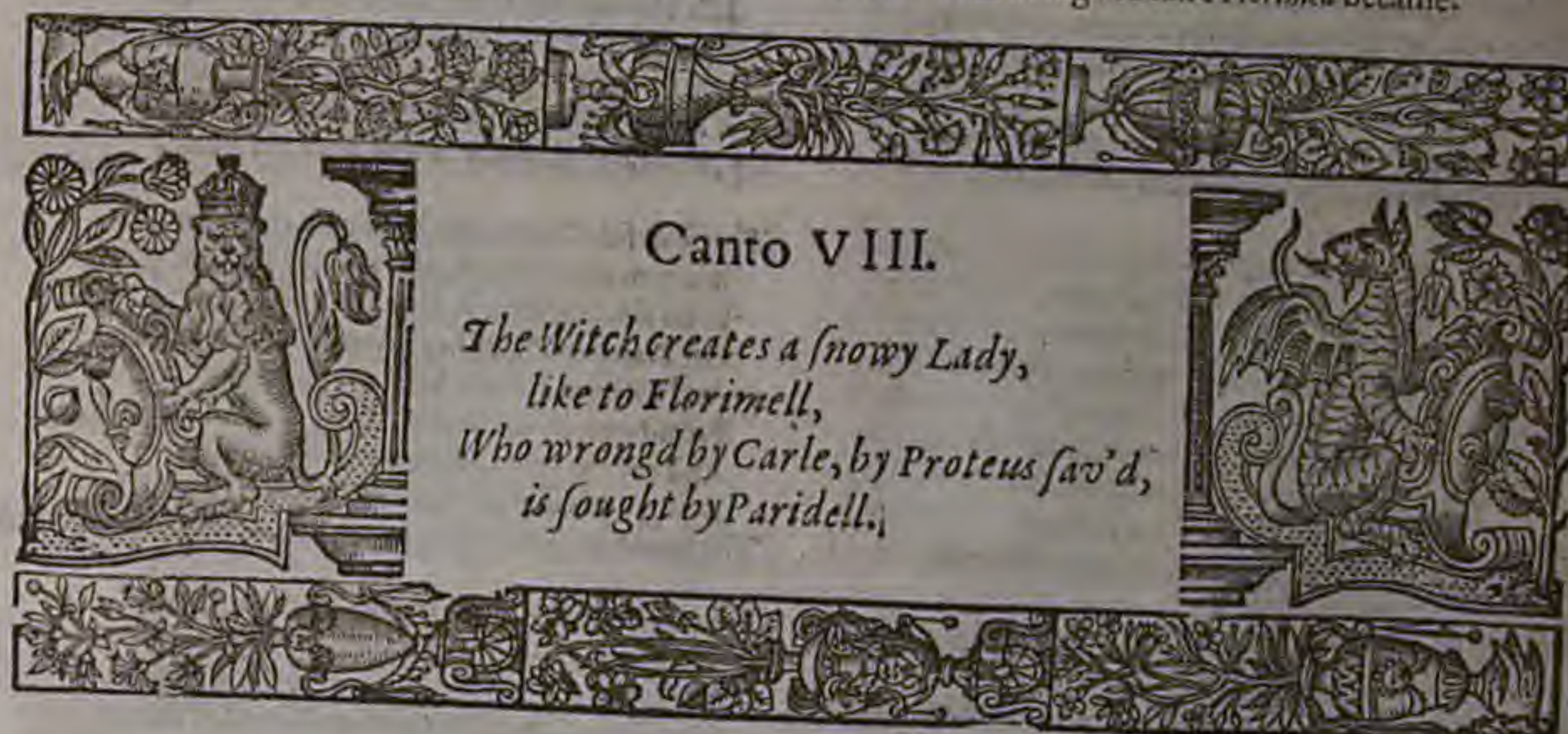
57  
The first which then refused me, sayd hee,  
Certes was but a common Courtisane,  
Yet flit refus'd to haue a do with mee,  
Because I could not giue her many a lane.  
(Thereat full heartily laugh'd *Satyrane*)  
The second was an holy Nunne to chofe,  
Which would not let me be her Chapellane,  
Because she knew, she said, I would disclofe  
Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

58  
The third a Damzell was of lowe degree,  
Whom I in countrey cottage found by chance;  
Full little weened I, that chastitee  
Had lodging in so meane a maintenance:

Yet was she faire, and in her countenance  
Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion.  
Long thus I woo'd her with dew obsequence,  
In hope vnto my pleasure to haue wonne:  
But was as faire at last, as when I first begonne.

59  
Safe her, I neuer any woman found,  
That chastity did for it selfe embrace,  
But were for other causes firme and sound;  
Either for want of handsome time and place,  
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.  
Thus am I hopelesse euer to attaine  
My Ladies loue in such a desperate case,  
But all my daies am like to waste in vaine, (traine)  
Seeking to match the chaste with th' ynchaste Ladyes

60  
Perdy, said *Satyrane*, thou *Squire of Dames*,  
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,  
To get small thanks, and therewith many blames,  
That may among *Aleides* labours stand.  
Thence backe returning to the former land,  
Where late he left the Beast he ouercame,  
He found him not for, he had broke his band,  
And was return'd againe vnto his Dame,  
To tell what tidings of faire *Florimell* became.



61  
O oft as I this history record,  
My heart doth melt with meere compassion,  
To thinke, how cautelels of her owne accord  
This gentle Damzell whom I write vpon,  
Should plunged be in such affliction,  
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe,  
That lure I weene, the hardest heart of stone,  
Would hardly find to aggravate her grieffe:  
For misery craves rather mercy, then retriue.

62  
But that accursed *Hig*, her hostesse lye,  
Had so enrankled her malicious heart,  
That she desir'd th' abridgement of her fate,  
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.

Now when the Beast, which by her wicked art  
Late forth she sent, she backe returning spide,  
Tyde with her broken girdle it, a part  
Of her rich spoyle, whom he had eart destroyed,  
She weend, and wondrous gladnesse to her heart applyde.

63  
And with it running hastily to her sonne,  
Thought with that sight him much to haue relieved;  
Who thereby deeming sure the thing is done,  
His former grieffe with furie fresh reuiued,  
Much more then eart, and would haue slayes ried  
The hart out of his brest: for, sith her deat  
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought deprived  
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fed  
His foolish malady, and long time had misled.



With thought whereof, exceeding mad he grew,  
And in his rage his mother would haue slaine,  
Had she not fled into a secret mew,  
Where she was wont her Sprights to entertaine  
The masters of her art: there was she faine  
To call them all in order to her ayde,  
And them conuere vpon eternall paine,  
To counsell her so carefully dismayd,  
How she might heale her sonne, whose senses were de-

By their aduise, and her owne wicked wit,  
She there deuiz'd a wondrous worke to frame,  
Whose like on earth was neuer framed yit,  
That euen Nature selfe enuide the same,  
And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shame  
The thing it selfe. In hand she boldly tooke  
To make another like the former Dame,  
Another *Florimell*, in shape and looke  
So liuely and so like, that many it mistooke.

The substance, whereof she the body made,  
Was purest snowe in masse mould congeal'd,  
Which she had gathered in a shady glade  
Of the *Rhiphaean* hills, to her reueald  
By errant Sprights, but from all men conceal'd:  
The same she tempered with fine Mercury,  
And virgin wax, that neuer yet was seal'd,  
And mingled them with perfect vermily,  
That like a liuely languine it seem'd to the eye.

In stead of eyes, two burning lamps she set  
In siluer lockets, shining like the skies,  
And a quicke moouing Spint did set  
To stir and roll them, like a womans eyes:  
In stead of yellow lockes she did deuise,  
With golden wire to weaue her curled head;  
Yet golden wire was not so yellow thrice  
As *Florimell's* faire haire: and in the stead  
Of life, she put a Spright to rule the carcase dead;

A wicked Spright yfraught with fawning guile,  
And false resemblance aboue all the rest,  
Which with the Prince of darknesse fell sometime,  
From heauens blis and euermore rest;  
Him needed not instruct, which way were best  
Himselfe to fashion likest *Florimell*,  
Ne how to speake, ne how to vse his gest:  
For, he in counterfeits did excell:  
And all the wyles of womens wits knew passing well.

Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,  
Which *Florimell* had left behind her late,  
That who so then her sawe, would surely say,  
It was her selfe whom it did imitate,  
Or fairer then her selfe, if ought algate  
Might fairer be. And then she forth her brought  
Vnto her sonne, that lay in feeble state;  
Who seeing her gan straight vpstart, and thought  
She was the Lady selfe, whom he so long had sought.

Tho, fast her clipping twixt his armes twaine,  
Extreamly ioyed in so happy sight,  
And soone forgot his former sickly paine;  
But she, the more to seeme such as the light,  
Coily rebutted his embracement light;  
Yet still with gentle countenance retained,  
Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight:  
Him long she so with shadowes entertained,  
As her Creatresse had in charge to her ordained;

Till on a day, as he disposed was  
To walke the woods with that his Idole faire,  
Her to disport, and idle time to pass,  
In th'open freshnesse of the gentle aire,  
A knight that way there chanced to repaire:  
Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull Swaine,  
That deeds of armes had euer in despaire,  
Proud *Braggadocchio*, that in vaunting vaine  
His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine.

He seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight,  
Decked with many a costly ornament,  
Much merueiled therat, as well he might,  
And thought that match a foule disparagement:  
His bloody speare estoones he boldly bent  
Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare,  
Fell straight to ground in great astonishment.  
Villain, said he, this Lady is my deare,  
Dy, if thou it gainesay: I will away her beare.

The fearefull Chorle durst not gaine say, nor doo,  
But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray:  
Who finding little leasure her to wooe,  
On *Trompart's* steed her mounted without stay,  
And without reskew led her quite away.  
Proud man himselfe then *Braggadocchio* deemed,  
And next to none, after that happy day,  
Being possessed of that spoile, which seemed  
The fairest wight on ground, and most of men esteemed.

But when he sawe himselfe free from pursute,  
He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame,  
With tearms of loue and lewdnesse dissolute;  
For, he could well his glozing speeches frame  
To such vaine vses, that him best became:  
But she thereto would lend but light regard;  
As seeming sorry, that she euer came  
Into his powre, that vsed her so hard,  
To reuue her honour, which she more then life prefard.

Thus as they two of kindnesse treated long,  
There them by chance encountred on the way  
An armed knight, vpon a courser strong,  
Whose trampling feet vpon the hollow lay  
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray  
That *Caspion's* courage: yet he looked grim,  
And sayn'd to cheare his Lady in dismay:  
Who seem'd for feare to quake in euery lim,  
And her to saue from outrage, meekely prayed him.

Fiercely

Fiercely that stranger forward came, and nigh  
Approching, with bold words, and bitter threat,  
Bade that same boaster, as he mote, on ligh  
To leaue to him that Lady for excheat,  
Or hide him battell without further treat.  
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,  
And filld his senses with abasment great:  
Yet seeing nigh him so perard extream,  
Heit dissembled well, and light seem'd to esteeme;

Saying, Thou foolish knight, that ween'st with words  
To steale away that I with blowes haue wonne,  
And brought through points of many perilous swords:  
But if thee list to see thy Courser ronne,  
Or proue thy selfe, this sad encounter shonne,  
Ana seek else without hazard of thy hed.  
At those proud words that other knight begonne  
To wax exceeding wroth, and him a red  
To turne his steed about, or sure he should be dead.

Sith then, said *Braggadocchio*, needs thou wilt  
Thy daies abridge, through prooue of puissance,  
Turne we our steedes, that both in equall tilt  
May meet againe, and each take happy chance.  
This said, they both a furlongs mountenance  
Retyr'd their steeds, to ronne in euen race:  
But *Braggadocchio* with his bloody lance  
Once hauing runnd, no more returnd his face,  
But left his loue to lols, and fled himselfe apace.

The knight, him seeing fly, had no regard  
Him to pursue, but to the Lady rode;  
And hauing her from *Trompart* lightly reard,  
Vpon his courser set the lonely lode,  
And with her fled away without abode.  
Well weened he, that fairest *Florimell*  
It was, with whom in company he yode,  
And so her selfe did alwaies to him tell:  
So made him think himselfe in heauen, that was in hell.

But *Florimell* her selfe was farre away,  
Driuen to great distresse by fortune strange,  
And taught the carefull Mariner to play,  
Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to chaunge  
The land for sea, at random there to range:  
Yet there that cruell Queene auengeresse,  
Not satisfide so farre her to estrange  
From courtly blis and wonted happinesse,  
Did heape on her new waues of weary wretchednesse.

For, being fled into the Fishers boat,  
For refuge from the Monsters cruelty,  
Long so she on the mighty Maine did stote,  
And with the tide droue forward carelesly,  
For, th'aire was milde, and cleared was the sky,  
And all his winde *Dan Aedus* did keep  
From stirring vp their stormy comity,  
As pitying to see her waile and weepe:  
But all the while the Fisher did securely sleepe.

At last, when drunk with drowinesse, he woke,  
And sawe his drouer droue along the streame,  
He was dismayd, and thrice his brest he stroke,  
For maruell of that accident extreme:  
But when he saw that blazing beauties beame,  
Which with rare light his boat did beautifie,  
He marveld more, and thought he yet did dreame  
Not well awak't, or that some extasie  
Assotted had his sense, or dazed was his eye.

But when her well amizing, he perceiued  
To be no vision, nor fantastick sight,  
Great comfort of her presence he conceiued,  
And felt in his old courage new delight  
To gin awake, and stir his frozen spright:  
Tho, rudely askt her, how she thither came.  
Ah, sayd she, father, I haue read aright,  
What hard misfortune brought me to the same:  
Yet am I glad that here I now in safetie am.

But thou good man, sith farr in sea we be,  
And the great waters gin apace to swell,  
That now no more we can the maine-land see,  
Haue care, I pray, to guide the cock-boat well,  
Least worse on sea then vs on land befell.  
Thereat th'old man did nought but fondly grin,  
And said, his boat the way could wisely tell:  
But his deceitfull eyes did neuer lin  
To looke on her faire face, and marke her snowy skin.

The sight whereof, in his congealed flesh,  
Infixt such secret sting of greedy lust,  
That the dry withered stock it gan refresh,  
And kindled heat, that soone in flame forth brist:  
The driest wood is sooneest burnt to dust.  
Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hand  
Where ill became him, rashly would haue thrust:  
But she with angry scorne him did withstand,  
And shamefully reprooued for his rudenesse fond.

But, he that neuer good nor manners knew,  
Her sharpe rebuke full little did esteeme:  
Hard is to teach an olde horse amble trewe.  
The inward smoke, that did before but steeme,  
Broke into open fire and rage extreme,  
And now he strength gan adde vnto his will,  
Forcing to doe that did him fowle misseeme:  
Beastly he threw her downe, ne car'd to spill  
Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill.

The silly virgin stroue him to withstand,  
All that she might, and him in vaine reuil'd:  
She struggled strongly both with foot and hand,  
To saue her honor from that villaine vild,  
And cride to heauen, from humane help exil'd.  
O ye braue knights, that boast this Ladies loue,  
Where be ye now, when she is nigh defil'd  
Of filthy wretch? well may the you reprove  
Of falshood, or of slouth, when most it may behoue.

Bar



28  
But if that thou, Sir *Satyrane*, didst weete,  
Or thou, Sir *Peridell*, her fery state,  
How soone would ye assemble many a flecte  
To fetch from sea, that ye at land lost late?  
Towres, Cityes, Kingdomes ye would ruinate,  
In your vengeance and dispituous rage,  
Ne ought your burning fury more abate;  
But if Sir *Calidore* could it prelage,  
No living creature could his cruelty allwage.

29  
But sith that none of all her knights is nie,  
See how the heavens of voluntary grace,  
And souveraigne favour towards chastity,  
Do succour lend to her distressed case:  
So much high God doth innocencie embrace.  
It fortun'd, whilst thus she stily stroue,  
And the wide sea importuned long space  
With shrilling shrieks, *Protesse* abroad did rouse,  
Along the fomy waues driving his finny droue.

30  
*Protesse* is Shepheard of the Seas of yore,  
And hath the charge of *Nyptunes* mighty hoare;  
An aged sire with head all frore,  
And sprinkled frost vpon his dewy beard:  
Who when those pitifull outcries he heard  
Through all the seas so ruefully resound,  
His Charet swift in haste he thither steard;  
Which, with a teeme of scaly *Phocas* bound,  
Was drawne vpon the waues, that fomed him around.

31  
And coming to that Fishers wandring bote,  
That went at will, withouten carde or foyle,  
He therein sawe that yrkelome sight, which smote  
Deepe indignation and compassion fraile  
Into his heart at once: straight did he haile  
The greedy villain from his hoped prey,  
Of which he now did very little faile,  
And with his staffe that drives his heard astray,  
Him bet so fore, that life and sense did much dismay.

32  
The whiles the pitious Lady vp did rise,  
Ruffled and fowly rayd with filthy soile,  
And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes:  
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle  
To save her selfe from that outrageous spoile:  
But when she looked vp, to weete what wight  
Had her from so infamous fitt allsoild,  
For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,  
Downe in her lap she hid her face, and loudly shrighit.

33  
Her selfe not saved yet from danger dred  
She thought, but chang'd from one to other feare;  
Like as a fearefull Partridge, that is fled  
From the sharpe Hawke, which her attached neare,  
And fells to ground, to seeke for succour there,  
Whereto the hungry Spaniels she does spy,  
With greedy jawes her ready for to teare;  
In such distress and sad perplexity  
Was *Florimell*, when *Protesse* she did see thereby.

24  
But he endeoured with speeches milde,  
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,  
Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,  
Nor doubt himselfe; and who he was, her told.  
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,  
Ne to recomfort her at all preuaile;  
For her faint heart was with the frozen cold  
Benumbd so inly, that her wits nigh faild,  
And all her senses with abasment quite were quaild.

35  
Her vp betwixt his rugged hands he reard,  
And with his frore lips full softly kist,  
Whiles the cold yficles from his rough beard  
Dropped adowne vpon her yuory brest:  
Yet he himselfe so busily addrest,  
That her out of astonishment he wrought,  
And out of that same fithers filthy nest  
Remouing her, into his charet brought,  
And there with many gentle turns her faire befought.

36  
But that old leachour, which with bold assault  
That beauteie durst presume to violate,  
He cast to punish for his hainous fault;  
Then tooke he him yet trembling sith of late,  
And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate  
The virgin, whom he had abus'd so fore:  
So dragd him through the waves in scornfull state,  
And after cast him vp vpon the shore;  
But *Florimell* with him vnto his bowre he bore.

37  
His bowre is in the bottome of the Maine,  
Vnder a mighty rock, gainst which do raue  
The roling billowes in their proud disdain;  
That with the angry working of the waue,  
Therein is eaten out an hollow caue,  
That seemes rough Mafons hand with engines keene  
Had long while laboured it to engrave:  
There was his wonne, ne liuing wight was seene,  
Sauce one olde Nymph, hight *Panopé*, to keepe it cleane.

38  
Thither he brought the fery *Florimell*,  
And entertained her the best he might;  
And *Panopé* her entertained eke well,  
As an immortall mote a mortall wight,  
To winne her liking vnto his delight:  
With flattering words he sweetly wooed her,  
And offered faire giftes to allure her sight:  
But she both offers and the offerer  
Despised, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

39  
Daily he tempted her with this or that,  
And neuer suffred her to be at rest:  
But evermore she him refused flat,  
And all his fained kindnesse did detest;  
So firmly she had scaled vp her brest.  
Sometimes he boasted, that a God he hight:  
But she a mortall creature loued best:  
Then he would make himselfe a mortall wight;  
But then she said she lov'd none, but a Faerie knight.

Then

40  
Then like a Faery knight himselfe he drest:  
For, eury shape on him he could endew:  
Then like a king he was to her exprest,  
And offered kingdomes vnto her in view,  
To be his Leman and his Lady trew:  
But when all this he nothing sawe preuaile,  
With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,  
And with sharpe threats her often did assaile,  
So thinking for to make her stubborne courage quail.

41  
To dreadfull shapes he did himselfe transforme,  
Now like a Giant, now like to a fiend,  
Then like a Centaure, then like to a storme,  
Raging within the waues: thereby he weend  
Her will to win vnto his wished end.  
But when with feare, nor fauour, nor with all  
He else could doe, he sawe himselfe esteem'd,  
Downe in a dongeon deepe he let her fall,  
And threatend there to make her his eternal thrall.

42  
Eternall thraldome was to her more lief,  
Then losse of chastitee, or change of loue:  
Die had she rather in tormenting grieffe,  
Than any should of fallenesse her reprove,  
Or loosenesse, that she lightly did remouue.  
Most vertuous virgin, glory be thy meed,  
And crowne of heavenly praise with Saints aboutes,  
Where most sweet hymnes of this thy famous deed  
Are still amongst them sung, that far my rimes exceed.

43  
Fit song, of Angels caroled to bee:  
But yet what lo my feeble Muse can frame,  
Shall bet aduance thy goodly chastitee,  
And to enroll thy memorable name,  
In th' heart of eury honorable Dame,  
That they thy vertuous deeds may imitate,  
And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.  
It yrkes me leaue thee in this wofull state,  
To tell of *Satyrane*, where I him left of late:

44  
Who hauing ended with that *Squire of Dames*  
A long discourse of his aduentures vaine,  
The which himselfe, then Ladies more defames,  
And finding not th' *Hyena* to be slaine,  
With that same *Squire*, returned backe againe  
To his first way. And as they forward went,  
They spide a knight faire pricking on the Plaine,  
As if he were on some aduenture bent,  
And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

45  
Sir *Satyrane* him towards did addresse,  
To weete what wight he was, and what his quest:  
And coming nigh, estoones he gan to ghesse  
Both by the burning heart, which on his brest  
He bare, and by the colours in his crest,  
That *Paridell* it was. Tho to him yode,  
And him saluting, as befecmed best,  
Gan first inquire of tydings faire abroad;  
And afterwards on what aduenture now he rode.

46  
Who thereto answering, sayd: The tydings bad,  
Which now in Faery court all men do tell,  
Which turned hath great mirth, to mourning sad,  
Is the late ruine of proud *Martinell*,  
And suddain pature of faire *Florimell*,  
To find him forth: and after her are gone  
All the braue knights, that do in armes excell,  
To sauegard her, ywandred all alone;  
Emongst the rest, my lor (vnworthy) is to be one.

47  
Ah gentle knight, said then Sir *Satyrane*,  
Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,  
That hast a thanklesse seruite on thee to ne,  
And offrest sacrifice vnto the dead:  
For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread  
Henceforth for euer *Florimell* to bee,  
That all the noble knights of *Maydenhead*,  
Which her ador'd, may sore repent with me,  
And all faire Ladies may for euer fery be.

48  
Which words, when *Paridell* had heard, his hew  
Gan greatly change, and seem'd dismayd to bee:  
Then said, Faire Sir, how may I ween it trew  
That ye do tell in such vncertaintee?  
O speake ye of report, or did ye see  
Iust cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so fore?  
For, perdy else how mote it euer bee,  
That euer hand should dare for to engore  
Her noble blood: the heavens such cruelty abhorre.

49  
These eyes did see, that they will euer rewe  
Th' haue seene, quoth he, when as a monstrous beast  
The *Palfrey*, whereon she did trauell, slew,  
And of his bowels made a bloody feast:  
Which speaking token sheweth at the least  
Her certaine losse, if not her sure decay:  
Besides, that more suspicion encreast,  
I found her golden girdle cast astray,  
Distayn'd with durt and blood, as relique of the prey.

50  
Aye me, sayd *Paridell*, the signes he sad,  
And but God turne the same to good soothsay,  
That Ladies safety is sore to be had:  
Yet will I not forsake my forward way,  
Till trial doe more certaine truth bewray.  
Faire Sir, quoth he, well may it you succeed,  
Ne long shall *Satyrane* behind you stay,  
But to the rest, which in this Quest proceed  
My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed.

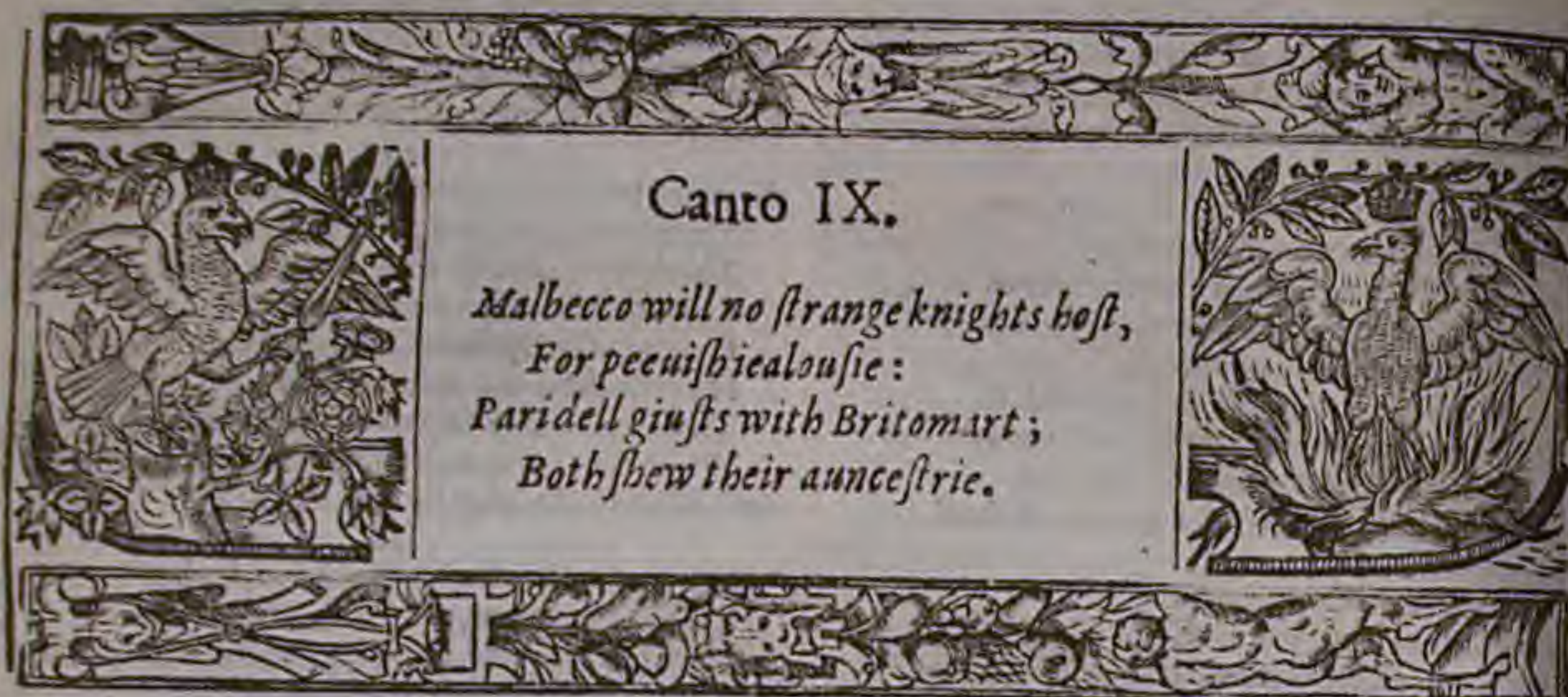
51  
Ye noble knights, sayd then the *Squire of Dames*,  
Well may ye speed in so praiseworthy paine:  
But sith the Sunne now giueth to slake his beames,  
In dewy vapours of the westerne Maine,  
And loe the teme out of his weary waine,  
Mote not mislike you also to abate  
Your zealous haste, till morrowe next againe  
Both light of heauen, and strength of men relate:  
Which if ye please, to yonder Castle turne your gate.

Then



That counsell pleased well: so all yfere  
Forth marched to a Castle them before,  
Where loone arriving, they restrained were  
Of ready entrance, which ought euer more

To errant knights be common: wondrous sore  
Thereat displeas'd they were, till that young Squire  
Gan them informe the cause, why that same dore  
Was shut to all, which lodging did desire:  
The which to let you weet, will further time require.



**R** Edoubted knights, and honorable Dames,  
To whom I leuell all my labours end,  
Rightfore I feare, least with vnworthy blames  
This odious argument my rimes should shend,  
Or ought your goodly patience offend,  
Whiles of a wanton Lady I do write,  
Which with her loose incontinence doth blend  
The shining glory of your soueraigne light,  
And knighthood foule defaced by a faithlesse knight.

But neuer let th' ensample of the bad  
Offend the good: for, good by paragone  
Of euill, may more notably be rad,  
As white seemes fairer, matcht with blacke attone:  
Ne, all are shamed by the fault of one:  
For so, in heauen, whereas all goodnesse is,  
Emongst the Angels, a whole legione  
Of wicked Sprights did fall from happy blifs:  
What wonder then, if one of women all did mis?

Then listen Lordings, if ye list to weet  
The cause, why *Satyrane* and *Paridell*  
Mote not be entertain'd, as seemed meet,  
Into that Castle (as that Squire does tell.)  
Thereto a cankered crabbed Carle does dwell,  
That has no skill of Court nor courtesie,  
Ne cares, what men say of him, ill or well:  
For, all his daies he drownes in priuie,  
Yet has full large to liue, and spend at libertie.

But all his minde is set on mucky pelfe,  
To hoord vp heapes of euill gotten masse,  
For which he others wrongs, and wrecks himselfe;  
Yet is he linked to a louely Lasse,

Whose beauty doth his bounty farre surpasse,  
The which to him both far vnequall yeares,  
And also far vnlike conditions has:  
For, she does ioy to play emongst her peares,  
And to be free from hard restraint and ialous feares.

But he is old, and withered like hay,  
Vnfit faire Ladies seruice to supply:  
The priuy guilt whereof makes him alway  
Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy  
Vpon her with his other blinkt eye:  
Ne suffreth he resort of liuing wight  
Approche to her, ne keep her companie,  
But in close bowre her mewes from all mens sight,  
Depriv'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

*Malbecco* he, and *Hellenore* she hight,  
Vnfitly yok't together in one teeme:  
That is the cause, why neuer any knight  
It suffred here to enter, but he seeme  
Such, as no doubt of him he neede misdeeme.  
Thereat *Sis Satyrane* gan smile and say:  
Extreamely mad the man I surely deeme,  
That weenes with watch and hard restraint to stay  
A womans will which is dispos'd to goe astray.

In vaine he feares that which he cannot shonne:  
For, who wotes not, that womans subtilties  
Can guilen *Argus*, when she list misdonne?  
It is not iron bands, nor hundred eyes,  
Nor brazen walls, nor many wakefull spies,  
That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet:  
But fast good will with gentle courtesies,  
And timely seruice to her pleasures meet  
May her perhaps containe, that else would algates fleet.

Then

Then, is he not more mad, said *Paridell*,  
That hath himselfe vnto such seruice sold,  
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell:  
For, sure a foole I doe him firmly hold,  
That loues his fetters, though they were of gold.  
But why doe we deuise of others ill,  
Whiles thus we suffer this same dotard old  
To keepe vs out, in scorne of his owne will,  
And rather doe not ransack all, and himselfe kill?

Nay, let vs first, said *Satyrane*, intreat  
The man by gentle meanes, to let vs in,  
And afterwards affray with cruell threat,  
Ere that we to efforce it doe begin:  
Then, if all faile, we will by force it win,  
And eke reward the wretch for his misprife,  
As may be worthy of his haynous sin.  
That counsell pleas'd: Then *Paridell* did rise,  
And to the Castle gate approacht in quiet wise.

Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desir'd.  
The good-man telte (which then the Porter plaid)  
Him answered, that all were now retir'd  
Vnto their rest; and all the keyes conuaid  
Vnto their Maister, who in bed was laid.  
That none him durst awake out of his dreame:  
And therefore them of patience gently praid.  
Then *Paridell* began to change his theame,  
And threatned him with force, and punishment extream.

But all in vaine: for nought more him relent.  
And now so long before the wicket fast  
They waited, that the night was forward spent,  
And the faire welkin (fouly) over-cast  
Gan blowen vp a bitter stormy blast,  
With shoure and haile so horrible and dred;  
That this faire many were compeld at last  
To fly for succour to a little shed,  
The which beside the gate for swine was ordered.

It fortun'd, soone after they were gone,  
Another knight, whom tempest thither brought,  
Came to that Castle: and with earnest mone,  
Like as the rest, late entrance deare besought:  
But, like so as the rest, he prayd for nought:  
For, flatly he of entrance was refus'd.  
Sorely thereat he was displeas'd, and thought  
How to avenge himselfe so sore abus'd,  
And euer more the Carle of curtesie accus'd.

But, to avoyd th'intolerable stowre,  
Hee was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,  
And to that shed (to shrowd him from the shoure)  
Hee came, which full of guests he found whyleare,  
So as he was not let to enter there:  
Whereat he gan to wax exceeding wroth,  
And swore that he would lodge with them yfere,  
Or them dislodge, all were they liue or loth:  
And them defied each, and so defide them both.

Both were full loth to leaue that needfull tent,  
And both full loth in darknesse to debate:  
Yet both full liue him lodging to haue lent,  
And both full liue his boasting to abate:  
But chiefly *Paridell* his hart did grate,  
To heare him threaten so despihfully,  
As if he did a dogge to kennell rate,  
That durst not barke: and rather had he dy,  
Then when he was defide, in coward corner ly.

Tho, hastily remounting to his steed,  
Hee forth illew'd: like as a boistrous wind,  
Which in th' earths hollow caues hath long bin hid,  
And shut vp fast within her prisons blind,  
Makes the huge element against her kind  
To moue, and tremble as it were agast,  
Vntill that it an issue forth may find:  
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast  
Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth over-cast.

Their Steele-head speares they strongly coucht, and met  
Together with impetuous rage and force:  
That with the terror of their fierce affret,  
They rudely droue to ground both man and horse,  
That each (awhile) lay like a senselesse corse:  
But *Paridell*, sore bruised with the blowe,  
Could not arise, the counterchange to scorce,  
Till that young Squire him reared from belowe:  
Then drew he his bright sword, & gan about him throwe.

But *Satyrane*, forth stepping, did them stay,  
And with faire treatie pacified their ire:  
Then, when they were accorded from the fray,  
Against that Castles Lord they gan conspire,  
To heape on him due vengeance for his hire.  
They been agreed, and to the gates they goe  
To burne the same with vnquenchable fire,  
And that vncurious Carle (their common foe)  
To doe foule death to die, or wrap in grieuous woe.

*Malbecco*, seeing them resolv'd indeed  
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call  
For fire in earnest, ranne with fearefull speed:  
And to them calling from the Castle wall,  
Besought them humbly, him to beare withall,  
As ignorant of seruants bad abuse,  
And slack attendance vnto strangers call.  
The knights were willing all things to excuse,  
Though nought belieu'd, & entrance late did not refuse.

They been ybrought into a comely bowre,  
And seru'd of all things that mote needfull bee:  
Yet secretly their host did on them lowre,  
And welcom'd more for feare then charitee:  
But they dissembled what they did not see,  
And welcomed themselves. Each gan vndight  
Their garments wet, and weary armour fire,  
To dry themselves by *Pulcaines* flaming light,  
And eke their lately bruised parts to bring in plight.

P.

And



And eke that stranger knight, amongst the rest,  
Was for like need enforced to disarray:  
Tho, when as vailed was her lofty crest,  
Her golden locks, that were in tangles gay  
Vnbounden, did themselves adowne display,  
And raight vnto her heeles: like sunny beames,  
That in a clowd their light did long time stay,  
Their vapour vaded, shew their golden gleames,  
And through the perient ayre shoot forth their azure

(streames.)  
She also doth her heavy habergeon,  
V Which the faire feature of her limbes did hide:  
And her well plighted frock, which she did won  
To tuck about her short when she did ride,  
Shee lowe let fall, that flow'd from her lank side  
Downe to her foot, with careless modestie.  
Then of them all shee plainly was espide  
To be a woman-wight (vnwilt to bee)  
The fairest woman-wight that euer eye did see.

Like as *Minerva*, being late returned  
From slaughter of the Giants conquered:  
Where proud *Encelade*, whose wide noethrils burn'd  
With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,  
Transfixt with the speare, downe tumbled ded  
From top of *Hemus*, by him heaped hie;  
Hath loold her helmet from her lofty hed,  
And her *Gorgonian* shield gins to vntie  
From her left arm, to rest in glorious victory.

Which when as they beheld, they smitten were  
With great amazement of so wondrous sight;  
And each on other, and they all on her  
Stood gazing, as if suddaine great affright  
Had them surpris'd. At last, avising right,  
Her goodly personage and glorious hew,  
Which they to much misooke, they tooke delight  
In their first error, and yet still new  
With wonder of her beauty fed their hungry view.

Yet aote their hungry view be satisfied;  
But seeing, still the more desir'd to see,  
And ever firmly fixed did abide  
In contemplation of diuinitie:  
But most they meruaild at her chivalree  
And noble prowesse, which they had approued,  
That much they faine to knowe who shee mote bee;  
Yet none of all them her thereof amoued,  
Yet euerie one her likt, and euerie one her loued.

And *Paridell*, though partly discontent  
V With his late fall, and soule indignity,  
Yet was soone wouane his malice to relent,  
Through gracious regard of her faire eye,  
And knightly worth, which hee too late did try,  
Yet tryed did adore. Supper was dight:  
Then they *Malbeco* prayd of curtesie,  
That of his Lady they might haue the fight,  
And company at meat, to doe them more delight.

But he, to shift their curious request,  
Gan causen why shee could not come in place;  
Her crasid health, her late recourse to rest,  
And humid euening, ill for sicke folkes case:  
But none of those excuses could take place;  
Ne would they eate, till shee in presence came.  
Shee came in presence with right comely grace,  
And fairely them saluted, as became,  
And shew'd her selfe in all a gentle courteous Dame.

They sate to meat, and *Satyrane* his chaunce  
Was her before, and *Paridell* beside:  
But he himselfe sate looking still afaunce,  
Gainst *Britomart*, and euer closely eyde  
*Sir Satyrane*, that glaunces might not glyde:  
But his blind eye, that sided *Paridell*,  
All his demaure from his sight did hide:  
On her faire face so did hee feede his fill,  
And sent close meflages of loue to her at will.

And euer and anone, when none was ware,  
With speaking lookes, that close embassage bore,  
Hee rovd at her, and told his secret care:  
For, all that art he learned had of yore.  
Ne was shee ignorant of that lewd lore,  
But in his eye his meaning wisely red,  
And with the like him answerd euermore:  
She sent at him one fire dart, whose hed  
Empoisoned was with priuy lust, and ielous dred.

Hee, from that deadly throwe made no defence,  
But to the wound his weake hart opened wide:  
The wicked engine through false influence  
Past through his eyes, and secretly did glyde  
Into his hart, which it did sorely gryde.  
But nothing new to him was that same paine,  
Ne paine at all: for he so oft had tryde  
The power thereof, and lov'd so oft in vaine,  
That thing of course he counted, loue to entertaine.

Thence-forth to her hee sought to intimate  
His inward-griefe, by meanes to him well knowne:  
Now *Bacchus* fruit out of the siluer plate  
He on the table dasht, as overthrowne,  
Or of the fruitfull liquor overthrowne,  
And by the dauncing bubbles did diuine,  
Or therein write to let his loue be showne:  
V Which well shee red out of the learned line;  
(A sacrament profane in mystrie of wine.)

And when-so of his hand the pledge shee sought,  
The guilty cup shee fained to mistake,  
And in her lap did shed her idle draught,  
Shewing desire her inward flame to stake:  
By such close signes they secret way did make  
Vnto their wils, and one eyes watch escape:  
Two eyes him needeth, for to watch and wake,  
V Who Louers will deceiue. Thus was the ape,  
By their faire handling, put into *Malbecos* cape.

New

Now when of meates and drincks they had their fill,  
Purpose was moued by that gentle Dame,  
Vnto those Knights adventurous, to tell  
Of deeds of armes, which vnto them became,  
And euerie one his kindred, and his name.  
Then *Paridell* (in whom a kindly pride  
Of gracious speech, and skill his words to frame  
Abounded) being glad of so fit tide  
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all well eyde:

Trey, that art now nought but an idle name,  
And in thine aslies buried lowe doost lye;  
Though whylome far much greater then thy fame,  
Before that angry Gods, and cruell sky  
Vpon thee heapt a direfull destinie:  
What boots it boast thy glorious descent,  
And fetch from heauen thy great Genealogie,  
Sith all thy worthy prayes being blent,  
Their of-spring hath embas't, and later glory shent?

Most famous V Vorthy of the world, by whom  
That warre was kindled, which did Troy inflame,  
And stately towres of *Iliou* whilome  
Brought vnto balefull ruine, was by name  
*Sir Paris*, far renown'd through noble fame:  
Who, through great prowesse and bold hardinesse,  
From *Lacedemon* fetcht the fairest Dame  
That euer Greece did boast, or knight possesse,  
Whom *Venus* to him gaue for meed of worthinesse:

Faire *Helene*, flowre of beauty excellent,  
And girlond of the mighty Conquerours,  
That madeft many Ladies deare lament  
The heavy losse of their braue Paramours,  
Which they far off beheld from *Troian* towres,  
And saw the fieldes of faire *Scamander* strowne  
With carcasses of noble warriors,  
Whose fruitlesse liues were vnder furrow sowne,  
And *Xanthus* sandy bankes with bloud all overflowne.

From him, my linage I deriue aright,  
Who long before the ten yeares siege of Troy,  
Whiles yet on *Ida* he a shepherd hight,  
On faire *Oenone* got a louely boy:  
Whom, for remembrance of her passed ioy,  
She of his Father, *Parus* did name;  
V Who, after *Greekes* did *Priamus* realme destroy,  
Gath'rd the *Troiane* reliques sau'd from flame,  
And with them sayling thence, to th' Isle of *Paros* came.

That was by him call'd *Paros*, which before  
Hight *Nausa*: there he many yeares did raigne,  
And built *Nausile* by the *Ponticke* shore:  
The which he dying, left next in remaine  
To *Paridas* his sonne.  
From whom I *Paridell* by kin descend;  
But for faire Ladies loue, and glories gaine,  
My native soile haue left, my dayes to spend  
In sewing deeds of armes, my liues and labours end.

When-as the noble *Britomart* heard tell  
Of *Troiane* warres, and *Priamus* Citie sackt  
(The ruefull story of *Sir Paridell*)  
She was empassiond at that pitious act,  
V With zealous envy of *Greekes* cruell fact,  
Against that Nation, from whose race of old  
She heard that shee was lineally extract:  
For, noble *Eriton* sprong from *Troian* bold,  
And *Troynonant* was built of old *Troyes* ashes cold.

Then sighing soft awhile, at last, shee thus:  
O lamentable fall of famous towne!  
Which raign'd so many yeares victorious,  
And of all *Asia* bore the soueraine crowne,  
In one sad night consum'd, and throwne downe:  
What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,  
Is not empearc't with deepe compassionne,  
And makes ensample of mans wretched state,  
That flowres so fresh at morne, and fades at euening late?

Behold, Sir, how your pittifull complaint  
Hath found another partner of your paine:  
For, nothing may impresse so deare constraint,  
As Countries cause, and common foes disdain.  
But, if it should not grieue you backe againe  
To turne your course, I would to heare desire  
What to *Aeneas* fell: sith that men sayne  
Hee was not in the Cities wofull fire  
Consum'd, but did himselfe to safetie retire.

*Anchyses* sonne, begot of *Venus* faire,  
Said hee, out of the flames for safegard fled,  
And with a remnant did to sea repaire,  
Where hee through fatall error long was led  
Full many yeares, and weetelesse wandered  
From shore to shore, amongst the *Lybick* sands,  
Ere rest he found. Much there he suffered,  
And many perils past in forraine lands,  
To saue his people from *Victors* vengefull hands.

At last, in *Latium* hee did arrive,  
Where hee with cruell warre was entertaind  
Of th' inland folke, which sought him backe to drive,  
Till hee with old *Latinus* was constraind  
To contract wedlock: (so the Fates ordaind.)  
V Wedlock contract in blood, and eke in blood  
Accomplished, that many deare complaind:  
The riual flaine, the *Victor* (through the flood  
Escaped hardly) hardly prayd his wedlock good.

Yet after all, hee *Victor* did suruiue,  
And with *Latinus* did the kingdome part.  
But after, when both nations gan to striue,  
Into their names the ule to conuert,  
His sonne *Iulus* did from thence depart,  
With all the warlike youth of *Troians* bloud,  
And in long *Alba* plac't his throne apart,  
V Where faire hee flourish'd, and long time stoud,  
Till *Romulus* renewing it, to *Rome* remou'd.

P 2.

There,



There, there, said *Britomart*, afresh appear'd  
The glory of the later world to spring,  
And *Troy* againe out of her dust was rear'd,  
To sit in second seate of soueraigne king  
Of all the world vnder her gouerning.  
But a third kingdome yet is to arise,  
Out of the *Troians* scattered off-spring,  
That in all glorie and great enterprise,  
Both first and second *Troy* shall dare to equalise.

It *Troynant* is hight, that with the waues  
Of wealthy *Thamus* washed is along,  
Vpon whose stubborne neck (where-at he raues  
With roring rage, and fore himselfe does throng)  
That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong)  
She fastned hath her foot, which stands so hie,  
That it a wonder of the world is song  
In fortune Lands; and all which passen by,  
Beholding it from far, doe thinke it threats the sky.

The *Troiane Brute* did first that Citie found,  
And *Hugate* made the meare thereof by West,  
And *Ouert-gate* by North: that is the bound  
Toward the land: two riuers bound the rest.  
So huge a scope at first him seemed best,  
To be the compasse of his kingdomes feat:  
So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,  
Ne in small meeres containe his glory great,  
That *Albion* had conquered first by warlike feat.

Ah! fayrest Lady-knight, said *Paridell*,  
Pardon (I pray) my heedlesse over-sight,  
Who had forgot, that whylome I heard tell  
From aged *Mnemon*; for, my wits been light.  
Indeed, he said, if I remember right,  
That of the antique *Troiane* stock, there grew  
Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,  
And far abroad his mighty branches threw,  
Into the vtmost Angle of the world he knew.

For, that same *Brute* (whom much he did aduance  
In all his speech) was *Sylvius* his sonne,  
Whom hauing slaine, through luckles arrowes glaunce,  
Hee fled for feare of that he had misdonne,  
Or else for shame, so foule reproche to shonne;  
And with him led to sea a youthly traine,  
Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,  
And many fortunes prov'd in th' *Ocean* maine,  
And great adventures found, that now were long to saine.

At last, by fatall course they driuen were  
Into an Island spacious and brode,  
The furthest North, that did to them appeare:  
And (after rest they seeking farre abroad)  
Found it the fittest soyle for their abode;  
Fruitfull of all things fit for liuing foode,  
But wholly waste, and voyd of peoples trode,  
Saue an huge nation of the Giants brood,  
That fed on liuing flesh, & drunke mens vitall blood.

Whom he, through wearie warres and labours long,  
Subdewd with losse of many *Britons* bold:  
In which, the great *Goemagot* of strong  
*Corinax*, and *Coulin* of *Debon* old  
Were overthrowne, and layd on th'earth full cold,  
VWhich quaked vnder their so hideous mase:  
A famous history to be enrold  
In cuerlasting monuments of brasse,  
That all the antique Worthies merits far did passe.

His worke, great *Troynant*, his worke is eke  
Fairst *Lincolne*, both renowned far away,  
That who from East to West will end-long seeke,  
Cannot two fairer Cities find this day,  
Except *Cleopolis*: so heard I say  
Old *Mnemon*. Therefore Sir, I greet you well  
Your country kin, and you entirely pray  
Of pardon for the strife, which late befell  
Betwixt vs both vnknowne. So ended *Paridell*.

But all the while that he these speeches spent,  
Vpon his lips hong faire Dame *Hellenore*,  
With vigilant regard, and due attent,  
Fashioning worlds of fancies euermore  
In her fraile wit, that now her quite forlore:  
The whiles, vnwares away her wondring eye,  
And greedy cares, her weake hart from her bore:  
Which he perceiuing, euer priuily  
In speaking, many false belgards at her let fly.

So long these knights discoursed diuersly,  
Of strange affaires, and noble hardiment,  
Which they had past with mickle iopardy,  
That now the humid night was farforth spent,  
And heavenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent:  
Which th'old man seeing well (who too long thought  
Euery discourse, and euery argument,  
Which by the houres he measured) besought  
Them go to rest. So all vnto their bowres were brought.



## Canto X.

*Paridell* rapeth *Hellenore*:  
*Malbecco* her pursewes:  
*Indes* amongst *Satyres*, whence with him  
to turne she doth refuse.

He morrow next, so soone as *Phæbus* Lamp  
Bewrayed had the world with early light,  
And fresh *Aurora* had the shady damp  
Out of the goodly heauen amoued quight,  
Fairst *Britomart* and that same *Faerie* knight  
Vprole, forth on their iourney for to wend:  
But *Paridell* complaynd, that his late fight  
With *Britomart*, so sore did him offend,  
That ride he could not, till his hurts he did amend.

So forth they far'd; but he behind them staid,  
Maulgre his host, who grudged grieuouly  
To house a guest, that would be needs obayd,  
And of his owne him left not liberty:  
(Might, wanting measure, moueeth surquedry.)  
Two things he feared, but the third was death:  
That fierce young mans vnruely mastery;  
His money, which he lov'd as liuing breath;  
And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept vneath.

But patience perforce: he must abide  
What fortune and his fate on him will lay:  
Fond is the feare that findes no remedy:  
Yet warily he watcheth euery way,  
By which he feareth euill happen may:  
So th'euill thinks by watching to prevent;  
Ne doth he suffer her, nor night, nor day,  
Out of his sight her selfe once to absent.  
So doth he punish her, and eke himselfe torment.

But *Paridell* kept better watch, then hee,  
A fit occasion for his turne to find:  
False loue, why doe men say, thou canst not see,  
And in their foolish fancies thee blind,  
That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doost bind,  
And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,  
And seest euery secret of the mind:  
Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee;  
All that is by the working of thy Deceit.

So perfect in that art was *Paridell*,  
That he *Malbecco* halfe an eye did wile,  
His halfe an eye he wiled wondrous well,  
And *Hellenore* both eyes did eke beguile,  
Both eyes and hart at once, during the while  
That he there sojourned his wounds to heale;  
That *Cupid* selfe it seeing, close did smile,  
To weet how he her loue away did steale,  
And bade, that none their ioyous treson should reueale.

The learned *Louier* lost no time nor tide,  
That least advantage mote to him afford,  
Yet bore so faire a faile, that none els pidge  
His secret drift, till he her layd aboard.  
When-so in open place, and common bord,  
He fortun'd her to meet, with common speech  
He courted her, yet bayred euery word,  
That his yngentle hoste n'ote him appeach  
Of vile yngentlenesse, or hospitaiges breach.

But, when apart (if euer her apart)  
He found, then his false engins fast he plide,  
And all the sleights vnbofond in his hart:  
He sigh't, he sobd, he swoond, he perdy dide,  
And cast himselfe on ground her fast beside:  
Tho, when againe he him bethought to liue,  
He wept, and waild, and false laments beside,  
Saying, but if thee *Mercie* would him giue,  
That he mote algiues die, yet did his death forgieue.

And other-whiles, with amorous delights,  
And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine,  
Now singing sweetly, to surprise her sprights,  
Now making layes of loue and *Louers* paine,  
Bransles, Ballads, vncayes, and verses vaine:  
Oft purposes, oft riddles he devis'd,  
And thousands like, which flowd in his braine,  
With which he fed her fancy, and entic'd  
To take to his new loue, and leaue her old deuis'd.



And every where he might, and every while  
He did her service dūfull, and lewed  
At hand with humble pride, and pleasing guile,  
So closely yet, that none but shee it vewed,  
Who well perceived all, and all indewed.  
Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,  
With which he many weak hearts had subdewd  
Of yore, and many had ylike misled:  
What wonder then, if thee were likewise carried?

No fort so sensible, no walles so strong,  
But that continuall battery will rive,  
Or daily siege through disarayance long,  
And lack of reskewes will to parley drive;  
And Peece, that vnto parley eare will giue,  
Will shortly yield it selfe, and will be made  
The vallfall of the Victors will bylue:  
That stratageme had oftentimes assaid  
This crafty Paramour, and now it plaine displaid.

For, through his traines he her intrapped hath,  
That she her loue and hart hath wholly sold  
To him, without regard of gaine, or scath,  
Or care of credite, or of husband old,  
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a faire Cuckold.  
Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shee  
Deuised hath, and to her Louer told.  
It pleased well. So well they both agree;  
So ready ripe to ill, ill wemens counsels bee.

Darke was the Evening, fit for louers stealth,  
When chaunc't *Malbeco* busie be else-where,  
She to his closet went, where all his wealth  
Lay hid: thereof shee countlesse lummes did reare,  
The which she meant away with her to beare;  
The rest, shee fir'd for sport, or for despight;  
As *Hellene*, when she saw aloft appeare  
The *Troian* flames, and reach to heavens light,  
Did clap her hands, and joyed at that dolefull sight.

This second *Hellene*, faire Dame *Hellenore*,  
The whiles her husband ranne with fory haste  
To quench the flames which shee had tynd before,  
Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste:  
And ranne into her Lovers armes right fast;  
Where straight embraced, thee to him did cry,  
And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past;  
For, lo, that Guest would beare her forcibly,  
And meant to ravish her, that rather had to die.

The wretched man, hearing her call for ayde,  
And ready seeing him with her to flye,  
In his disquiet mind was much dismayde:  
But, when againe he backward cast his eye,  
And saw the wicked fire so furiously  
Consume his hart, and scorch his Idoles face,  
Hee was there-with distressed diversly,  
He wist he how to turne, nor to what place;  
Was neuer wretched man in such a wofull case.

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turn'd,  
And left the fire; loue, money overcame:  
But, when hee marked how his money burn'd,  
He left his wife: money did loue disclame:  
Both was he loth to loose his loued Dame,  
And loth to leaue his liefest pelfe behind,  
Yet sith he n'ore saue both, he sa'd that same  
Which was the dearest to his dunghill mind,  
The God of his desire, the ioy of misers blind.

Thus, whilst all things in troublous yprore were,  
And all men busie to suppress the flame,  
The louing couple need no reskew feare,  
But leasure had, and libertie to frame  
Their purposd flight, free from all mens reclame;  
And Night (the patronesse of loue-stealth faire)  
Gaue them safe conduct, till to end they came:  
So beene they gone yfeare (a wanton paire  
Of Lovers loosely knit) where list them to repaire.

Soone as the cruell flames yflaked were,  
*Malbeco*, seeing how his losse did lye,  
Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere  
Into huge waues of griefe and ialousie  
Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nie,  
Twixt inward doole and felonous despight;  
Hee rav'd, he wept, he stamp'd, he loud did cry,  
And all the passions that in man may light,  
Did him at once oppresse, and vex his caytune spright.

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward griefe,  
And did consume his gall with anguish fore:  
Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,  
Then still the smart thereof increased more,  
And seem'd more grievous, then it was before:  
At last, when sorrow he saw booted nought,  
Ne griefe might not his loue to him restore,  
He gan deuise, how her he reskew mought,  
Ten thousand waies he cast in his confused thought.

At last, resolving like a pilgrim pore  
To search her forth, where so she might be fond,  
And bearing with him treasure in close store,  
The rest he leaues in ground: So takes in hond  
To seeke her endlong, both by sea and lond.  
Long he her sought, he fought her farre and nere,  
And euery where that he mote vnderfond,  
Of Knights and Ladies any meetings were,  
And of each one he met, he tydings did inquire.

But all in vaine, his woman was too wise,  
Euer to come into his clouch againe,  
And he too simple euer to surpise  
The iolly *Paridell*, for all his paine.  
One day, as he forepass'd by the Plaine  
With weary pafe, he farre away espide  
A couple (seeming well to be his twaine)  
Which hould close vnder a forest side,  
As if they lay in wait, or else themselves did hide.

Well weened he, that those the same mote bee:  
And as he better did their shape auize,  
Him seemed more their manner did agree;  
For, th'one was armed all in warlike wize,  
Whom, to be *Paridell* he did deuize;  
And th'other, all yclad in garments light,  
Discolour'd like to womanish disguise,  
He did resemble to his Lady bright;  
And euer his faint hart much yearned at the sight.

And euer faue hee towards them would goe,  
But yet durst not for dread approachen nie,  
But stood aloofe, vnweeting what to doe:  
Till that prickt forth with loues extremities,  
That is the father of foule Ialousie,  
He closely neerer crept, the truth to weet:  
But, as he nigher drew, he easily  
Might see, that it was not his sweetest sweet,  
Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet.

But it was scornfull *Braggadocchio*,  
That with his seruant *Trompart* hould there,  
Since late he fled from his too earnest foe:  
Whom such when as *Malbeco* spyed clere,  
He turned backe, and would haue fled are;  
Till *Trompart* running hastily, him did stay,  
And bade before his lowaine Lord appeare:  
That was him loath, yet durst he not gaine-say,  
And comming him before, lowe louted on the lay.

The Boaster, at him sternely bent his brow,  
As if hee could haue kild him with his looke,  
That to the ground him meekely made to bow,  
And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,  
That euery member of his body quooke.  
Said he, thou man of nought, what doost thou here,  
Vnfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,  
Where I expected one with shield and spere,  
To proue some deedes of armes vpon an equall pere.

The wretched man, at his imperious speech,  
Was all abasht, and lowe prostrating, said:  
Good Sir, let not my rudenesse be no breach  
Vnto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;  
For, I vnto this way by fortune straid,  
A silly Pilgrim driuen to distresse,  
That seeke a Lady. There he suddaine staid,  
And did the rest with grievous sighes suppress,  
While teares stood in his eyes (few drops of bitteresse).

What Lady, man? said *Trompart*, take good hart,  
And tell thy griefe, if any hidden lye;  
Was neuer better time to shew thy smart  
Then now, that noble succour is thee by,  
That is the whole worlds common remedy.  
That chearefull word his weak hart much did cheare,  
And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,  
That bold he said: O most redoubted Pere,  
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches case to heare.

Then sighing sore, It is not long, said hee,  
Since I enoyde the gentlest Dame alive;  
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,  
But shame of all that doe for honour strive,  
By treacherous deceit did me deprive;  
Through open out-rage hee bore away,  
And with foule force vnto his will did drive,  
Which all good knights, that armes do beare this day,  
Are bound for to revenge, and punish if they may.

And you (most noble Lord) that can and dare  
Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,  
Cannot employ your most victorious speare  
In better quarrell, then defence of right;  
And for a Lady, gainst a faithlesse knight;  
So shall your glory be advanced much,  
And all faire Ladies magnific your might,  
And eke my selfe (albe I simple such)  
Your worthy paine shall well reward with guerdon rich.

With that, out of his bouget forth he drew  
Great store of treasure, there-with him to tempt;  
But he on it lookt scornfully askew,  
As much disdainng to be so misdempt,  
Or a war-monger to be baselie nempt;  
And said: Thy offers base I greatly loth,  
And eke thy words vn courteous and vnempt;  
I tread in dust thee and thy money both,  
That, were it not for shame; So turned from him wroth.

But *Trompart*, that his maisters humour knew,  
In lofty looks to hide an humble mind,  
VVas inly tickled with that golden view,  
And in his care him rounded close behind:  
Yet stoupe he not, but lay still in the wind,  
Waiting advantage on the prey to seafe;  
Till *Trompart* lowlie to the ground inclin'd,  
Belought him his great courage to appeale,  
And pardon simple man, that rash did him displeafe.

Bigge looking, like a doughtie Douzere,  
At last, he thus: Thou clod of vilest clay,  
I pardon yield, and with thy rudenesse beare;  
But weethenceforth, that all that golden pray,  
And all that else the vaine world vaunten may,  
I loath as dung, ne deeme my dew reward:  
Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pay.  
But minds of mortall men are muchell mard,  
And moov'd amisse with massie mucks vnmeet regard.

And more, I graunt to thy great miserie  
Gracious respect, thy wife shall backe be sent:  
And that vile knight, who euer that he be,  
Which hath thy Lady rest, and knighthood spent,  
By *Sunglamor* my sword, whose deadly dent  
The bloud bath of so many thousands shed,  
I sweare, ere long shall dearelie it repent:  
Ne hee twixt heauen and earth shall hide his head,  
But soone he shall be found, and shortly doen be dead.



33  
The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,  
As if the word so spoken, were halfe donne,  
And humbly thanked him a thousand sith,  
That had from death to life him newly wonne.  
Tho, forth the Boaster marching, braue begonne  
His stolen steed to chunder furiously,  
As if he heauen and hell would ouer-ronne,  
And all the world confound with cruelty,  
That much *Malbecco* toyed in his iollitie.

34  
Thus, long they three together traualled,  
Through many a wood, and many an vncouth way,  
To seeke his wife, that was farre wandered:  
But those two sought nought but the present pray,  
To weete, the treasure, which he did bewray,  
On which their eyes and harts were wholly set,  
With purpose how they might it best betray:  
For, fith the houre that first he did them let (whet.  
The same behold, there-with their keene desires were

35  
It fortune as they together far'd,  
They spide where *Paridell* came pricking fast  
Vpon the Plaine, the which himselfe prepar'd  
To giust with that braue stranger knight a cast,  
As on adventure by the way he past:  
Alone he rode without his Paragone;  
For, hauing filcht her bels, her vp he cast  
To the wide world, and let her fly alone,  
He n'ould be clogd. So had he serued many one.

36  
The gentle Lady, loofe at randon left,  
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide  
At wilde adventure, like a forlorne weft,  
Till on a day the *Satyres* her espide  
Straying alone withouten groome or guide:  
Her vp they tooke, and with them home her led,  
With them as houswife euer to abide,  
To milke their goates, and make them cheefe & bred,  
And eury one as common good her handeled;

37  
That shortly thence *Malbecco* has forgot,  
And eke Sir *Paridell*, all were he deare;  
Who from her went to seeke another lot,  
And now (by fortune) was arriued heere,  
Where those two guilers with *Malbecco* were:  
Soone as the old man saw Sir *Paridell*,  
Hee fainted, and was almost dead with feare,  
No word he had to speake, his griefe to tell,  
But to him loured lowe, and greeted goodly well;

38  
And after, asked him for *Hellenore*.  
I take no keepe of her, said *Paridell*:  
She wonneth in the forest there before.  
So forth he rode, as his adventure fell;  
The whiles, the Boaster from his lofty sell  
Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;  
But the fresh Swaine would not his leasure dwell,  
But went his way; whom when he passed kend,  
He vp remounted light, and after him to wend.

39  
Perdy nay, said *Malbecco*, shall ye not:  
But let him passe as lightly as he came:  
For, little good of him is to be got,  
And mickle perill to be put to shame.  
But, let vs goe to seeke my dearest Dame,  
Whom he hath left in yonder forest wild:  
For, of her safety in great doubt I am,  
Least salvage beasts her person haue despoild:  
Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine haue toyd.

40  
They all agree, and forward them adrest:  
Ah! but said crafty *Trompart*, weete ye well,  
That yonder in that wastefull wildernesse  
Huge Monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;  
Dragons, and Minotaures, and fiends of hell,  
And many wilde wood-men, which rob and rend  
All trauelers; therefore auise ye well,  
Before yee enterprife that way to wend:  
One may his iourney bring too soone to euill end.

41  
*Malbecco* stoop in great astonishment,  
And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,  
Their counsell crav'd, in danger imminent.  
Said *Trompart*, You that are the most opprest  
With burden of great treasure, I thinke best  
Heere for to stay in safety behind;  
My Lord and I will search the wide forrest.  
That counsell pleased not *Malbecco's* mind:  
For, he was much affraid, himselfe alone to find.

42  
Then is it best, said he, that yee doe leaue  
Your treasure here in some securitie,  
Either fast closed in some hollow greaue,  
Or buried in the ground from ieopardie,  
Till we returne againe in safetie:  
As for vs two, least doubt of vs ye haue,  
Hence farre away we will blindfolded lie,  
Ne proue be vnto your treasures Graue.  
It pleased: so he did; Then they march forward braue.

43  
Now, when amid the thickest woods they were,  
They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,  
And stricking *Hobubs* them approaching nere,  
Which all the forest did with horror fill:  
That dreadfull sound the boasters hart did thrill,  
With such amazement, that in haste he fled,  
Ne euer looked backe for good or ill,  
And after him eke fearefull *Trompart* sped:  
The old man could not flie, but fell to ground halfe dead.

44  
Yet afterwards, close creeping as he might,  
Hee in a bush did hide his fearefull hed:  
The iolly *Satyres*, full of fresh delight,  
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly led  
Faith *Hellenore*, with girlonds all bespred,  
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:  
She proud of that new honour, which they red,  
And of their louely fellowship full glade,  
Daunc't liuely, and her faced with a Lawrell shade.

45  
The silly man that in the thickest lay,  
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieued fore,  
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,  
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,  
To see th'vkindnesse of his *Hellenore*.  
All day they daunced with great lustified,  
And with their horned feet the greene grasse wore,  
The whiles their Goates vpon the brouzes fed,  
Till drouping *Phaebus* gan to hide his golden hed.

46  
Tho, vp they gan their merry pipes to trusse,  
And all their goodly heards did gather round;  
But eury *Satyre* first did giue a busse  
To *Hellenore*: so busses did abound.  
Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground  
With pearly dew, and the Earthes gloomy shade  
Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin round,  
That eury bird and beast awarred made  
To shrowd the felues, whiles sleep their senses did invade.

47  
Which when *Malbecco* saw, out of the bush  
Vpon his hands and feet he crept full light,  
And like a Goate amongst the Goates did rush,  
That through the help of his faire hornes on hight,  
And mistie dampe of misconceiuing night,  
And eke through likenesse of his goatish beard,  
Hee did the better counterfeite aright:  
So home he marcht amongst the horned heard,  
That none of all the *Satyres* him espide or heard.

48  
At night, when all they went to sleepe, he viewd,  
Where-as his louely wife amongst them lay,  
Embraced of a *Satyre* rough and rude,  
Who all the night did mind his ioyous play:  
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,  
That all his hart with ielousie did swell:  
But yet that nights ensample did bewray,  
That not for nought his wife them loued so well,  
When one so ought a night did ring his matins bell.

49  
So closely as he could, he to them crept,  
When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell:  
And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,  
He whispered in her eare, and did her tell,  
That it was hee, which by her side did dwell,  
And therefore prayd her wake, to heare him plaine.  
As one out of a dreame not waked well,  
Shee turn'd her, and returned back againe:  
Yet her for to awake he did the more constraîne.

50  
At last, with irksome trouble shee abraid;  
And then perceiuing, that it was indeed  
Her old *Malbecco*, which did her vpbraid,  
With loolensse of her loue, and loathly deed,  
Shee was astonish't with exceeding dread,  
And would haue wak't the *Satyre* by her side:  
But hee her prayd, for mercy, or for meed,  
To saue his life, ne let him be defride,  
But harken to his lore, and all his counsell hide.

51  
Tho, gan he her perswade, to leaue that lewd  
And loathsome life, of God and man abhord,  
And home returne, where all should be renew'd  
With perfect peace, and bands of fresh accord,  
And thence receiue againe to bed and bord,  
As if no trespasse euer had bene donne:  
But shee it all refused at one word,  
And by no means would to his will be wonne,  
But chose amongst the iolly *Satyres* still to wonne.

52  
Hee wooed her, till day spring hee espide:  
But all in vaine: and then turned to the heard,  
Who butted him with hornes on euery side,  
And trode downe in the durt, where his hore beard  
Was foully dight, and he of death affraid.  
Early before the heauens fairest light  
Out of the ruddy East was fully reard,  
The heards out of their folds were loosed quight,  
And he amongst the rest crept forth in sory plight.

53  
So soone as hee the Prison doore did pass,  
Hee ranne as fast as both his feete could beare,  
And neuer looked who behind him was,  
Nescarcely who before: like as a Beare  
That creeping close, amongst the hutes to reare  
An hony-combe, the wakfull dogs espy,  
And him assaying, fore his carcase teare,  
That hardly he away with life does flie,  
Ne staves, till safe himselfe he see from ieopardy.

54  
Ne staid he, till he came vnto the place  
Where late his treasure he entombed had:  
Where when he found it not (for, *Trompart* bafe  
Had it purloyned for his maister bad:)  
With extreame fury he became quite mad,  
And ran away, ran with himselfe away:  
That who so strangely had him scene befid,  
With vpstart haire, and staring eyes dismay,  
From *Limbo* lake him late escaped lure would fy.

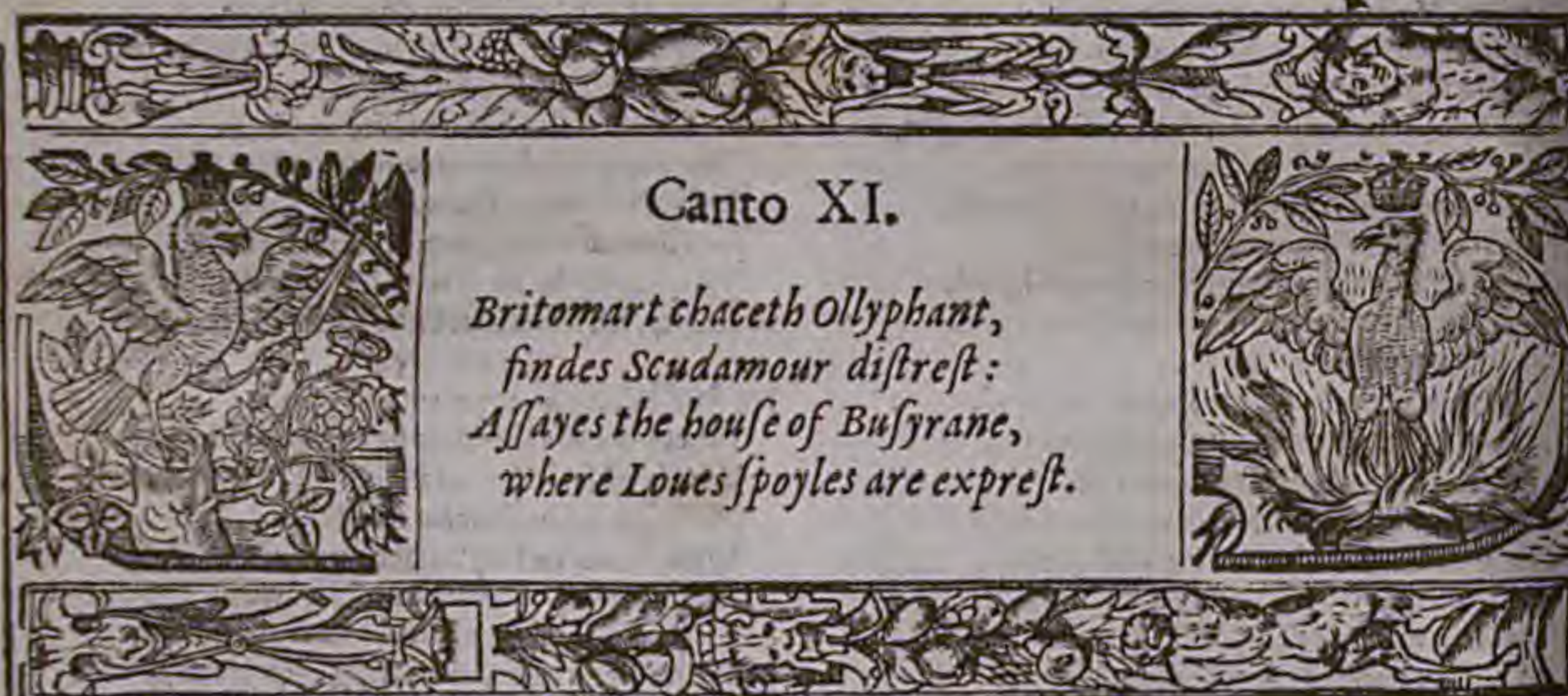
55  
High over hilles and over dales he fled,  
As if the wind him on his wings had borne,  
Ne bank nor bush could stay him, when he sped  
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne:  
Griefe, and despight, and ielousie, and scorne  
Did all the way him followe hard behind:  
And he himselfe, himselfe loath'd so forlorne,  
So shamefully forlorne of woman-kind;  
That, as a Snake, still lurked in his wounded mind.

56  
Still fled he forward, looking backward still,  
Ne staid his flight, nor fearefull agony,  
Till that he came vnto a rocky hill,  
Over the sea suspended dreadfully,  
That living creature it would terrifie  
To looke adowne, or vpward to the hight:  
From thence he threw himselfe despitously,  
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,  
That seem'd no help for him was left in living flight.



But through long anguish, and selfe-murdering thought,  
 Hee was so waited and fore-pined quight,  
 That all his substance was consumed to nought,  
 And nothing left, but like an aerie Spright,  
 That on the rocks he fell to sit and light,  
 That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all,  
 But chanced on a craggy cliffe to light:  
 VVhence he with crooked claws to long did crall,  
 That at the last he found a Cave with entrance small.

Into the same hee creeps, and thence-forth there  
 Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion,  
 In drey darknesse, and continuall feare  
 Of that rocks fall: which euer and anon  
 Threats with huge ruine him to fall vpon,  
 That he dare neuer sleepe, but that one eye  
 Still ope he keepes for that occasion;  
 Ne euer rests he in tranquillity,  
 The roaring billowes beate his bowre so boistrouly.



## Canto XI.

*Britomart chaceth Ollyphant,  
 findes Scudamour distrest:  
 Assayes the house of Busyrane,  
 where Loues spoyle are exprest.*

Hatefull hellish Snake, what fury furst  
 Brought thee fro baleful house of *Proserpine*,  
 Where in her bosom shee thee long had nursed,  
 And fostred vp with bitter milke of time,  
 Foule Iealousie, that turnest loue divine  
 To ioylesse dread, and mak'st the louing hart  
 VVith hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,  
 And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart?  
 Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

O! let him farre be banished away,  
 And in his stead let Loue for euer dwell;  
 Sweet Loue, that doth his golden wings embay  
 In blessed Nectar, and pure Pleasures Well,  
 Vntroubled of vile feare, or bitter fell.  
 And yee faire Ladies, that your kingdoms make  
 In th' harts of men, them gouerne wisely well,  
 And of faire *Britomart* ensample take,  
 That was as true in loue, as Turtle to her make.

Ne euer is he wont on ought to feed,  
 But toades and frogs (his pasture poysonous)  
 VVhich in his cold complexion do breed  
 A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,  
 Matter of doubt and dread suspicious,  
 That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,  
 Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,  
 Crosse-cuts the liuer with internall smart,  
 And doth transfixe the soule with deathes eternall dart.

Yet can he neuer die, but dying liues,  
 And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,  
 That death and life attonee vnto him giues,  
 And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.  
 There dwells he euer, miserable swaine,  
 Hatefull both to himselfe, and euery wight;  
 Where he through priuy griefe, and horrow vaine,  
 Is woxen so deform'd that he has quight  
 Forgot hee was a man, and *Iealousie* is hight.

VVho with Sir *Satyrane* (as earst yee red)  
 Forth riding from *Malbeccoes* hostlesse hous,  
 Far off espide a young man, the which fled  
 From an huge Giant, that with hideous  
 And hatefull out-rage long him chased thus;  
 It was that *Ollyphant*, the brother deare  
 Of that *Argant* vile and vitious,  
 From whom the *Squire of Dames* was rest whylere:  
 This all as bad as shee, and worse, if worse ought were.

For, as the sister did in feminine  
 And filthy lust exceed all woman-kind,  
 So hee surpassed his sex masculine,  
 In beastly use that I did euer find:  
 Whom when as *Britomart* beheld behind  
 The fearefull boy so greedily pursew,  
 Shee was enmoued in her noble mind,  
 T'employ her puissance to his reskew,  
 And pricked fiercely forward, where she him did view.

Ne was Sir *Satyrane* her far behind,  
 But with like fiercenesse did ensue the chace:  
 Whom, when the Giant saw, he soone resign'd  
 His former suit, and from them fled apace:  
 They after both, and boldly bade him bace,  
 And each did striue the other to out-goe:  
 But he them both out-ran a wondrous space,  
 For, he was long, and swift as any Roe,  
 And now made better speed, t'escape his feared foe.

It was not *Satyrane* whom he did feare,  
 But *Britomart*, the flowre of chastity:  
 For, he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,  
 But alwaies did their drad encounter fly:  
 And now so fast his feet he did apply,  
 That he has gotten to a forest neare,  
 VVhere hee is throwed in security:  
 The wood they enter, and search euery where,  
 They searched diuersly; so both diuided were.

Faire *Britomart* so long him followed,  
 That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,  
 By which there lay a knight all wallowed  
 Vpon the grassy ground, and by him neare  
 His habergeon, his helmet, and his speare;  
 A little off, his shield was rudely throwne,  
 On which the winged boy in colours cleare  
 Depainted was, full easie to be knowne,  
 And he thereby, where-euer it in field was showne.

His face vpon the ground did groueling lye,  
 As if he had been slumbring in the shade,  
 That the braue Maid would not for courtesie,  
 Out of his quiet slumber him abraide,  
 Nor seeme too suddainly him to invade:  
 Still as shee stood, she heard with grievous throb  
 Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,  
 And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,  
 That pity did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

At last, forth breaking into bitter plaints,  
 He said: O *loueraigne* Lord that siet on hie,  
 And raig'n'st in blis amongst thy blessed Saints,  
 How suffrest thou such shameful cruelty,  
 So long unwreaked of thine enemy?  
 Or hast thou, Lord, of good mens cause no heed?  
 Or doth thy iustice sleepe, and silent ly?  
 What booteth then the good and righteous deed,  
 If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnesse no meed?

If good find grace, and righteousnesse reward,  
 Why then is *Amoret* in caytiue band,  
 Sith that more bountious creature neuer far'd  
 On foot, vpon the face of liuing land?  
 Or if that heavenly iustice may withstand  
 The wrongfull out-rage of vnrighteous men,  
 Why then is *Eusirane* with wicked hand  
 Suffred, these leauen moneths day, in secret den  
 My Lady and my loue so cruelly to pen?

My Lady and my Loue, is cruell' pend  
 In dolefull darknesse from the view of day,  
 Whil'st deadly torments do her chaste breast rend,  
 And the sharp Steele doth rive her hart in way,  
 All for the *Scudamore* will not deny.  
 Yet thou, vile man, vile *Scudamore*, art found,  
 Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay:  
 Vnworthy wretch to tread vpon the ground,  
 For whom to saue a Lady feelles to fore a wound.

There an huge heape of singults did oppresse  
 His struggling soule, and swelling throbs empeach  
 His foltring tongue with pangs of drearinesse,  
 Choking the remnant of his plaintive speech,  
 As if his daies were come to their last reach.  
 Which when shee heard, and saw the gully fit,  
 Threatning into his life to make a breach,  
 Both with great ruth and terror shee was smit,  
 Fearing least from her cage the weary soule would sit.

Tho, stooping downe, shee him amoued light:  
 Who there-with some-what starting, vp gan looke,  
 And seeing him behind a stranger knight,  
 Where-as no liuing creature he mistooke,  
 With great indignance hee that sight forooke,  
 And downe againe himselfe disdainfully  
 Abiecting, th'earth with his faire forehead strooke:  
 Which the bold Virgin seeing, gan apply  
 Fit medicine to his griefe, and spake thus curtesly:

Ah! gentle knight, whose deepe conceiued griefe  
 Well seemes t' exceed the powre of patience,  
 Yet if that heavenly grace some good reliefe  
 You send, submit you to high prouidence;  
 And euer in your noble hart prepenle,  
 That all the sorrow in the world, is lesse  
 Then vertues might, and values confidence:  
 For, who will bide the burden of distresse,  
 Must not heere thinke to lue, for, life is wretchednesse.

Therefore (faire Sir) doe comfort to you take,  
 And freely read, what wicked felon so  
 Hath out-rag'd you, and thrald your gentle make.  
 Perhaps this hand may help to eile your woe,  
 And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe,  
 At least, if faire endeavour will apply.  
 Those feeling words to neere the quick did goe,  
 That vp his head he reared easily:  
 And leaning on his elbow, these few words let fly:

What boots it plaine, that cannot be redrest,  
 And fowe vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse care,  
 Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,  
 Ne worldly price cannot redeeme my deare,  
 Out of her thraldome and continuall feare?  
 For, he (the Tyrant) which her hath in ward  
 By strong enchauntments, and black Magick leare,  
 Hath in a dungeon deep her close embard,  
 And many dreadfull fiends hath pointed to her gard.

There



17  
There he tormenteth her most terribly,  
And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,  
Because to yield him loue she doth deny,  
Once to me yold, not to be yold againe:  
But yet by torture he would her constraîne  
Loue to conceine in her dislainefull brest:  
Till so she doe, shee must in doole remaine,  
Ne may by living meanes be thence relest:  
What boots it then to plaine, that cannot be redrest?

18  
With this sad herfall of his heavy stresse,  
The warlike Damsell was empaffiond fore,  
And said; Sir Knight, your cause is nothing lesse  
Then is your sorrow, certes if not more;  
For, nothing so much pittie doth implore,  
As gentle Ladies helpelesse misery.  
But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,  
I will (with prooffe of last extremitie)  
Deliver her fro thence, or with her for you die.

19  
Ah! gentlest Knight aliue, said Scudamore;  
VVhat huge heroick magnanimitie  
Dwells in thy bountious brest? what could'st thou  
If she were thine, and thou as now am I? (more,  
O spare thy happy dayes, and them apply  
To better boot, but let me die that ought;  
More is more lolle: one is enough to die.  
Life is not lost, said she, for which is bought  
Endlesse renowne, that more then death is to be fought.

20  
Thus, shee at length perswaded him to rise,  
And with her wend, to see what new successe  
More him befall vpon new enterprise.  
His armes, which he had vow'd to disprofesse,  
She gathered vp, and did about him dresse,  
And his forwanded steed vnto him got:  
So forth they both yfere make their progresse,  
And march not past the mount'naunce of a shot,  
Till they arriv'd, where-as their purpose they did plot.

21  
There they dismounting, drew their weapons bold,  
And stoutly came vnto the Casile gate;  
Where-as no gate they found them to with-hold,  
Nor ward to wait at morne and evening late;  
But in the Porch (that did them fore amare)  
A flaming fire, ymixt with smouldry smoke,  
And stinking Sulphure, that with grisly hate  
And dreadfull horour did all entrance choke,  
Enforced them their forward footing to reuoke.

22  
Greatly threat was Britomart dismayd,  
Ne in that stownd wist, how herselfe to beare;  
For, danger vaine it were, to haue affaid  
That cruell element, which all things feare,  
Ne none can suffer to approch neare:  
And turning back to Scudamore, thus sayd;  
What monstrous enmity prouoke we here,  
Foolle-hardy, as th' Earthes children, the which made  
Battel against the Gods: so we a God invade.

23  
Danger without discretion to attempt,  
Inglorious and beast-like is: therefore, Sir Knight,  
Aread what course of you is safest dempt,  
And how we with our foe may come to fight.  
This is, quoth he, the dolorous despight,  
Which earst to you I plained: for, neither may  
This fire be quencht by any wit or might,  
Ne yet by any meanes remou'd away,  
So mighty be th' enchauntments, which the same do stay.

24  
What is there else, but cease these fruitlesse paines,  
And leaue me to my former languishing?  
Faure Amoret must dwell in wicked chaires,  
And Scudamore here die with sorrowing.  
Perdy not so, said she: for, shamefull thing  
It were t' abandon noble cheuifauce,  
For shew of perill, without venturing:  
Rather let try extremities of chaunce,  
Then enterpris'd praise for dread to disauance.

25  
There-with, resolv'd to proue her vtmost might,  
Her ample shield she threw before her face,  
And (her swords point directing forward right)  
Assaild the flame, the which estroones gaue place,  
And did in selfe diuide with equall space,  
That through she passed; as a thunder-bolt  
Pearceeth the yielding ayre, and doth displace  
The foring cloudes into sad showres ymolte;  
So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

26  
Whom, when as Scudamore saw past the fire,  
Safe and vntoucht, he likewise gan assay,  
With greedie will, and envious desire,  
And bade the stubborn flames to yield him way:  
But cruell Mulciber would not obey  
His threatfull pride; but did the more augment  
His mighty rage, and his imperious sway  
Him forc't (maulgre) his fiercenesse to relent,  
And back retire, all scorcht and pittifully brent.

27  
With huge impatience he inly swelt,  
More for great sorrow that he could not pass,  
Then for the burning torment which he felt,  
That with fell woodnesse he effierced was,  
And wilfully him throwing on the grasse,  
Did beat and bounse his head and breast full fore:  
The whiles, the Championesse now entred has  
The vtmost roome, and past the formost dore,  
The vtmost roome abounding with all precious store.

28  
For, round about, the wals yclothed were  
With goodly Arras of great maiesty,  
Woven with gold and silke so close and nere,  
That the rich metall lurked priuily,  
As faining to be hid from envious eye:  
Yet here, and there, and euery where vnares  
It shewed it selfe, and shone vnwillingly;  
Like a discolour'd Snake, whose hidden snares (char.  
Throgh the greene grasse, his long bright burnisht backe de- And

29  
And in those Tapets weren fashioned  
Many faire pountraicts, and many a faire feate:  
And all of loue, and all of luffy-hed, a  
As seemed by their semblaunt, did entreat:  
And eke all Cupids warres they did reate,  
And cruell battels, which he whilome fought  
Gainst all the gods, to make his empire great;  
Besides the huge m. ffices, which he wrought  
On mighty Kings and Kefars, into thraldome brought.

30  
Therein was writ, how often thundring Ioue  
Had felt the point of his heart-pearing dart,  
And leauing heauens kingdome, here did roue  
In strange disguise, to slake his scalding smart:  
Now like a Ram, faire Helle to peruart,  
Now like a Bull, Europa to withdrawe:  
Ah, how the fearefull Ladies tender heart  
Did liuely seeme to tremble, when the saue  
The huge leas vnder her t'obay her seruants lawe!

31  
Soone after that into a golden showre  
Him selfe he chang'd faire Danaë to vew,  
And through the rooffe of her strong brazen towre  
Did raine into her lap an hony dew,  
The whiles her foolish garde, that little knew  
Of such deceipt, kept th' yron dore fast bard,  
And watcht, that none should enter nor illew:  
Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,  
When as the god to golden hew him selfe transfard.

32  
Then was he turn'd into a snowy Swan,  
To win faire Leda to his louely trade:  
O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,  
That her in daffadillies sleeping made,  
From scorching heat her dainty limbs to shade:  
Whiles the proud Bird ruffing his feathers wide,  
And brushing his faire breast, did her invade;  
She slept, yet twixt her eye-lids closely spide,  
How towards her he rusht, and smyled at his pride.

33  
Then shew'd it, how the Thebane Semeles,  
Deceiv'd of ialous Inno did require  
To see him in his soueraine maiestee,  
Arm'd with his thunder-bolts and lightning fire,  
Whence dearely she with death bought her desire.  
But faire Alcmene better match did make,  
Ioying his loue in likenes more entire:  
Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake  
He then did put, his pleasures longer to partake.

34  
Twice was he scene in soaring Eagles shape,  
And with wide wings to beate the buxome ayre:  
Once when he with Asperie did scape:  
Again, when as the Troiane boy to faire  
He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare:  
Wondrous delight it was, there to behold,  
How the rude Shepheards after him did stare,  
Trembling through feare lest down he fallen should,  
And often to him calling, to take surer holde.

35  
In Satyres shape, Antiopa he snatcht:  
And like a fire, when he Aegins' allayd;  
A shepheard, when Mnemogyné he catcht:  
And like a Serpent to the Thracian mayd.  
Whiles thus on earth great Ioue these pageants playd,  
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,  
And scoffing thus vnto his mother sayd,  
Lo, now the heauens obey to me alone,  
And take me for their Ioue, whiles Ioue to earth is gone.

36  
And thou, faire Phœbus, in thy colours bright  
Wast there enuouen, and the sad distresse  
In which that boy thee plonged, for despight  
That thou bewraidst his mothers wantonnesse,  
When she with Mars was meyn't in ioyfulness:  
For-thy he thrild thee with a leaden dart,  
To loue faire Daphné, which thee loued lesse:  
Lesse she thee lov'd, then was thy iust desert:  
Yet was thy loue her death, & her death was thy smart.

37  
So louedst thou the luffy Hyacinth,  
So louedst thou the faire Coronis deare:  
Yet both are of thy haples hand extinct,  
Yet both in flowres do liue, and loue thee beare,  
The once a Pounce, the other a sweet breare:  
For griefe whereof, ye mote haue liuely scene  
The god himselfe rending his golden heare,  
And breaking quite his girdle euer greene,  
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

38  
Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,  
The sonne of Clymené he did repent,  
Who bold to guide the charet of the Sunne,  
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,  
And all the world with flashing fire brent,  
So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame.  
Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,  
Fore't him estroones to follow other game,  
And loue a Shepheards daughter for his dearest Dame.

39  
Heloued Iffe for his dearest Dame,  
And for her sake her cattell fed awhile,  
And for her sake a cow-heard vile became,  
The seruant of Admetus cow-heard vile,  
Whiles that from heauen he suffered exile.  
Long were to tell each other lovely fit,  
Now like a Lion, hunting after spoile,  
Now like a Hag, now like a Falcon flit:  
All which in that faire arras was most liuely writ.

40  
Next vnto him was Neptune pictured,  
In his diuine resemblance wondrous like:  
His face was rugged, and his hoary head  
Dropped with brackish dew; his three-forkt Pyke  
He stearely shooke, and therewith fierce did strike  
The raging billowes, that on euery side  
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke.  
That his swift charet might haue passage wyde,  
Which foure great Hippodames did draw in eene-wyfe tide.  
His



<sup>41</sup>  
His sea-horses did seeme to inort amaine,  
And from their pofethrilles blowe the briny streame,  
That made the sparkling waues to smoake againe,  
And flame with gold: but the white foamy creamie  
Did shine with filuer, and shoot forth his beame.  
The god himfelfe did penfue seem and fad,  
And hong adowne his head, as he did dreame:  
For, pruy loue his brealt empearced had:  
Ne ought, but deare *Bifalrus*, ay could make him glad.

<sup>42</sup>  
He loued eke *Iphimedia* deare,  
And *Acolus* faire daughter *Arne* hight:  
For whom he turnd himfelfe into a Steare,  
And fed on fodder, to beguile her fight.  
Also to win *Deucalion* daughter bright,  
Her turnd him felfe into a Dolphin faire;  
And like a winged horfe he tooke his flight,  
To fnaaky-lock *Medusa* to repaire,  
On whom he got faire *Pegasus*, that flitteth in the ayre.

<sup>43</sup>  
Next *Saturne* was, (but who would euer weene,  
That fülle in *Saturne* euer weend to loue?  
Yet loue is fülle in, and *Saturne*-like scene,  
As he did for *Erigone* it proue.)  
That to a *Centawre* did him felfe transmue.  
So prou'd it eke that gracious god of wine,  
When for to compaffe *Phylliras* hard loue,  
He turnd him felfe into a fruitfull vine,  
And into her faire bofome made his grapes decline.

<sup>44</sup>  
Long were to tell the amorous affayes,  
And gentle pangs, with which he maketh meeke  
The mighty *Mars*, to learne his wanton playes:  
How oft for *Venus*, and how often eke  
For many other Nymphes he fore did threke;  
With womanifh teares, and with vnwarlike fmarth,  
Priuily moiftening his horrid cheek.  
There was he painted full of burning darts,  
And many wide wounds lanced through his inward parts.

<sup>45</sup>  
Ne did he spare (fo cruell was the Elfe)  
His owne deare mother, (ah why fhould he fo!)  
Ne did he spare fometime to prick himfelfe,  
That he might tafte the fweet confuming woe,  
Which he had wrought, to many others moe.  
But, to declare the mournfull Tragedies,  
And fpoiles, wherewith he all the ground did ftrowe,  
More eath to number, with how many cyes  
High heauen beholds fad louers nightly theueries.

<sup>46</sup>  
Kings, Queenes, Lords, Ladies, Knights & Damzels gent,  
Were heap't together with the vulgar fort,  
And mingled with the rafcal rabblement,  
Without refpect of perfon or of port,  
To fhew *Dan Cupids* powre and great effort:  
And round about, a border was entrayld  
Of broken bowes and arrowes flunered fhort,  
And a long bloody riuer through them rayld,  
So liuely and fo like, that liuing fenfe it fayld.

<sup>47</sup>  
And at the vpper end of that faire rowme,  
There was an Altar built of precious ftone,  
Of paffing valew, and of great renoume,  
On which there ftood an Image all alone,  
Of maflic gold, which with his owne light fhone;  
And wings it had with fundry colours dight,  
More fundry colours, then the proud *Pauone*  
Beares in his boafed fan, or *Iris* bright,  
When her difcoloured boaw fhed freds through heauen

<sup>48</sup>  
Blindfold he was, and in his cruell fift  
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,  
With which he fhoot at randon, when him lift,  
Some headed with fad lead, fomewith pure gold:  
(Ah man beware, how thou thofe darts behold.)  
A wounded Dragon vnder him did lie,  
Whole hideous taile his left foot did enfold,  
And with a fhafth was fhoot through eyther eye,  
That no man forth might drawe, ne no man remedy.

<sup>49</sup>  
And vnderneath his feet was written thus,  
*Vnto the Pillor of the gods this bee:*  
And all the people in that ample houfe  
Did to that image bow their humble knee,  
And oft committed fowle Idolatree.  
That wondrous fight faire *Britomart* amazed,  
Ne feeing could her wonder fatisfie,  
But euer more and more vpon it gazed,  
The whiles the paffing brightneffe her fraile fenfes dazed.

<sup>50</sup>  
Tho, as fhe backward caft her bufie eye,  
To fearch each fecret of that goodly fted,  
Ouer the dore thus written fhe did fpye  
*Be bold:* fhe oft and oft it ouer-read,  
Yet could not finde what fenfe it figured:  
But what-fo were therein or writ or ment,  
She was no whit thereby difcouraged  
From profecuting of her firft intent,  
But forward with bolde ftaps into the next roome went.

<sup>51</sup>  
Much fairer, then the former, was that roome,  
And richly by many parts arrayd:  
For, not with arras made in painfull loome,  
But with pure gold it al was ouer-layd,  
Wrought with wild Anticks, which their follies playd,  
In the rich metall, as they liuing were:  
A thoufand monftrous formes therein were made,  
Such as falfe loue doth oft vpon him weare.  
For, loue in thoufand monftrous formes doth oft appeare.

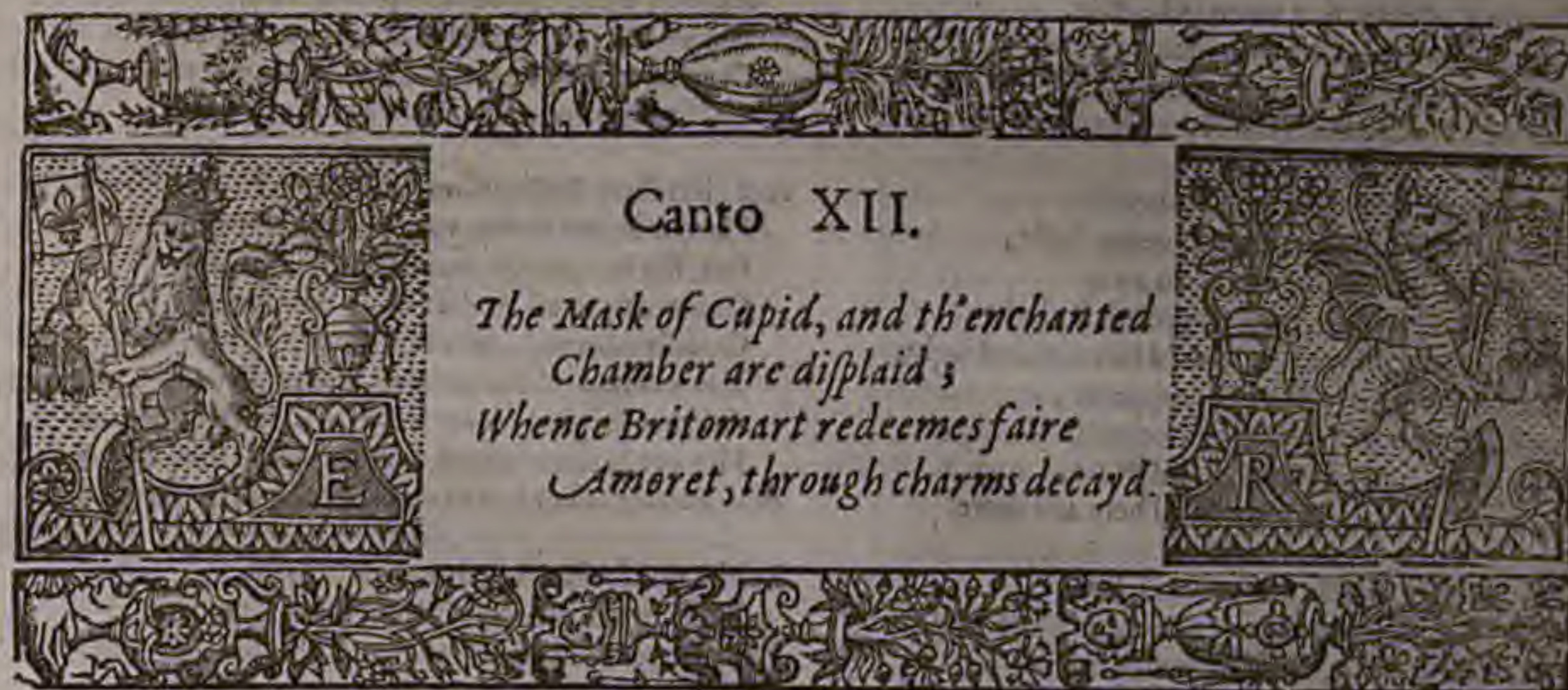
<sup>52</sup>  
And all about, the gliftring walles were hong  
With warlike fpoiles, and with victorious prayes  
Of mighty Conquerors and Captaines strong,  
Which were whilome captiued in their dayes  
To cruell loue, and wrought their owne decayes:  
Their fwords & fpeares were broke, & hauberques rent  
And their proud girlonds of triumphant bayes  
Troden in duft with fury inofent,  
To fhew the Victors might and mercileffe intent.

<sup>53</sup>  
The warlike Mayd, beholding earnestly  
The goodly ordinance of this rich place,  
Did greatly wonder, ne could fatisfie  
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long fpace:  
But more fhe meruaild, that no footings trace,  
Nor wight appear'd, but wastefull emptineffe,  
And folemne filence ouer all that place:  
Strange thing it feem'd, that none was to poffeffe  
So rich purueyance, ne them keep with carefulneffe.

<sup>54</sup>  
And as fhe lookt about, fhe did behold,  
How euer that fame dore was likewise writ  
*Be bold, Be bold,* and euer where *Be bold;*  
That much fhe muzz'd, yet could not conftitue it

By any riddling skill, or common wit.  
At laft fhe fpide, at that roomes vpper end,  
Another iron dore, on which was writ  
*Be not too bold:* whereto though fhe did bend  
Her earnest mind, yet wift not what it might intend.

<sup>55</sup>  
Thus there fhe waited vntill euentide,  
Yet liuing creature none fhe fawe appeare:  
And now fad fhadows gan the world to hide,  
From mortall view, and wrap in darkneffe dreare:  
Yet nould fhe d'off her weary armes, for feare  
Of fecret danger, ne let fleepe opprefle  
Her heauy eyes with *Natures* burden deare,  
But drew her felfe afide in fickerneffe,  
And her wel-pointed weapons did about her drefle.



<sup>1</sup>  
Ho, when as cheareleffe Night ycouered had  
Faie heauen with an vniuerfall cloud,  
That euer wight, difmayd with darkneffe fad,  
In filence and in fleepe themfelves did fhroud,  
She heard a fhripping Trompet found aloud,  
Signe of migh battell, or got victory;  
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,  
But rather fird to cruell enmity,  
Expecting euer, when fome foe fhe might defcry.

<sup>2</sup>  
With that, an hideous ftorme of winde arole,  
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,  
And an earth-quake, as if it ftreight would lofe  
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt:  
A direfull ftench of fmoke and fuphure mixt  
Enfwd, whole noyance fild the fearefull fted,  
From the fourth houre of night vntill the fixt:  
Yet the bold *Britoneffe* was nought ydred,  
Though much emmov'd, but ftedit ftill perfcured.

<sup>3</sup>  
All fuddenly a ftormy whulwind blew  
Throughout the houfe, that clapped euer dore:  
With which, that iron wicket open flew,  
As it with mighty leuers had been tore:

And forth iflewd, as on the ready flore  
Of fome Theatre, a graue perfonage,  
That in his hand a branch of laurel bore,  
With comely haucour and count'nanee fage,  
Yclad in colly garments, fit for tragick Stage.

<sup>4</sup>  
Proceeding to the midft, he ftill did ftand,  
As if in mind he fomewhat had to fay:  
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,  
In figne of filence, as to heare a Play,  
By liuely aotions he gan bewray  
Some argument of matter paffioned:  
Which doen, he backe retyred foft away:  
And paffing by, his name difcouered.  
Eafe, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

<sup>5</sup>  
The noble mayd, ftill ftanding, all this viewd,  
And merueld at his ftrange intendment:  
With that, a ioyous fellowfhip iflewd  
Of Miniftrals, making goodly meriment,  
With wanton Burdes, and Rymers impudent:  
All which together fung full chearefully  
A Ly of loues delight, with fweet concent:  
After whom, marcht a iolly company,  
In manner of a mafke, entranced orderly.

Q<sup>a</sup>

The



6  
The whiles a most delicious harmony,  
In full strange notes was sweetly heard to sound,  
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody  
The feeble senses wholly did confound,  
And the fraile soule in deepe delight nigh dround:  
And when it ceast shrill trumpets loud did bray,  
That their report did farre away rebound,  
And when they ceast, it gan again to play,  
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim array.

7  
The first was *Fancy*, like a louely boy,  
Of rare aspect, and beauty without peare:  
Matchable eyther to that impe of *Troy*,  
Whom *Jove* did loue, and chose his cup to beare,  
Or that same dainty lad, which was so deare  
To great *Alcides*, that when as he hidde,  
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,  
And euer wood and euer valley wide  
He filld with *Hylas* name; the Nymphes eke *Hylas* cride.

8  
His garment neither was of silke nor say,  
But painted plumies, in goodly order dight,  
Like as the sun-burnt *Indians* do array  
Their tawny bodies, in their proudest plight:  
As those same plumies, so seem'd he vaine and light,  
That by his gate might easily appeare:  
For, still he far'd as dancing in delight,  
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,  
That in the idle aire he mov'd still here and there.

9  
And him beside marcht amorous *Desire*,  
Who seem'd of riper yeares, then th'other Swaines:  
Yet was that other swaine this elders fyre,  
And gaue him being, common to them twaine:  
His garment was disguised very vaine,  
And his embrodered Bonet fat awry:  
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did straine,  
Which still he blew, and kindled busily,  
That soone they life conceiv'd, & forth in flames did fly.

10  
Next after him went *Doubt*, who was yclad  
In a discolour'd cote, of strange disguise,  
That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,  
And sleeues dependant *Albanese*-wife:  
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,  
And nicely trode, as thornes lay in his way,  
Or that the flore to shrinke he did awyse,  
And on a broken reed he still did stay  
His feeble steps, which shrunke, when hard thereon he lay.

11  
With him went *Danger*, cloth'd in ragged weed,  
Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made:  
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need  
Strange horror, to deform his grisly shade:  
A net in th'one hand, and a rusty blade  
In th'other was: this *Mitchiefe*, that *Misthap*;  
With th'one his foes he threatned to invade,  
With th'other he his friends ment to enwrap:  
For, whom he could not kill, he practis'd to entrap:

12  
Next him was *Fear*, all arm'd from top to toe,  
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,  
But feard each shadow mouing to and fro:  
And his owne armes when glittering he did see,  
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,  
As ashes pale of hew, and wingy-heeld;  
And euer more on danger fixt his eye,  
Gainst whom he alwaies bent a brazen shield,  
Which his right hand vnarm'd fearefully did wield.

13  
With him went *Hope* in ranke, a handsome Mayd,  
Of chearefull looke and louely to behold;  
In silken sumite she was light arrayd,  
And her faire lockes were wouen vp in gold;  
She alway smyl'd, and in her hand did hold  
An holy water Sprinkle, dipt in deawe,  
With which she sprinkled fauours manifold,  
On whom the list, and did great liking shewe;  
Great liking vnto many, but true loue to fewe.

14  
And after them *Dissemblance* and *Suspect*  
Marcht in one ranke, yet an vnequall paire:  
For, she was gentle, and of milde aspect,  
Courteous to all, and seeming debonaire,  
Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire:  
Yet was that all but painted, and purloyn'd,  
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed  
Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,  
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd.

15  
But he was foule, ill-fauoured, and grim,  
Vnder his eye-browes looking still afaunce;  
And euer as *Dissemblance* laught on him,  
He lowrd on her with dangerous eye-glance:  
Shewing his nature in his countenance;  
His rolling eyes did neuer rest in place,  
But walkt each where, for feare of hid mischaunce,  
Holding a lattice still before his face,  
Through which he still did peepe, as forward he did passe.

16  
Next him went *Griefe*, and *Fury* matcht yfere;  
*Griefe*, all in sable sorrowfully clad,  
Downe-hanging his dull head, with heavy chere,  
Yet inly being more, then seeming sad:  
A paire of pincers in his hand he had,  
With which he pinched people to the heart,  
That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,  
In wilfull languour and consuming smart,  
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

17  
But *Fury* was full ill appareild  
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,  
With ghastfull lookes and dreadfull drierihd:  
For, from her backe her garments she did teare,  
And from her head oft rent her snarled beare:  
In her right hand a fire-brand she did tosse  
About her head, still roming here and there;  
As a dismayed Deere in chace embost,  
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

After

18  
After them, went *Displeasure* and *Pleasance*,  
He looking lompish and full fallen sad,  
And hanging downe his heavy countenance;  
She chearefull fresh and full of ioyance glad,  
As if no sorrow she felt, ne drad:  
That euill marcht paire they seem'd to bee:  
An angry Waspe th'one in a viall had;  
Th'other in hers an honny-lady Bee:  
Thus marcht these fixe couples forth in faire degree.

19  
After all these, there marcht a most faire Dame,  
Led of two gryffe villeins, th'one *Despight*,  
The other cleped *Cruelty* by name:  
She dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright,  
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,  
Had Deaths owne image figur'd in her face,  
Full of sad signes, fearefull to lining sight;  
Yet in that horror thew'd a seemly grace,  
And with her feeble feet did moue a comely pace.

20  
Her breast all naked, as netuory,  
Without adorne of gold or siluer bright,  
Wherewith the Craftel-man woult it beautifie,  
Of her dew honour was depoyled quight,  
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight!)  
Entrenched deepe with knife accurst keene,  
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright  
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,  
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleane.

21  
At that wide orifice, her trembling heart  
Was drawne forth, and in siluer basin layd,  
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,  
And in her blood yet seeming fresh embayd:  
And those two villeins, which her steps vpplayd,  
When her weakte feete could scarcely her sustaine,  
And fading vitall powers gan to fade,  
Her forward still with torture did constraime,  
And euer more encreased her consuming paine.

22  
Next after her, the winged God himselfe  
Came riding on a Lion rauinous,  
Taught to obey the menage of that Elfe,  
That man and beast with powre imperious  
Subdeweth to his kingdom tyrannous:  
His blindfold eyes he bade a while vnbind,  
That his proud spoyle of that same dolorous  
Faerie Dame he might behold in perfect kind;  
Which seene, he much reioyced in his cruell mind.

23  
Of which full proud, himselfe vp rearing hye,  
He looked round about with sterne disdain;  
And did suruay his goodly company:  
And marshalling the euill ordered traine,  
With that the darts which his right hand did straine,  
Full dreadfully he shooke that all did quake,  
And clapt on his his coloured winges twaine,  
That all his many it affraide did make:  
Tho, blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

24  
Behinde him was *Reproache*, *Repentance*, *Shame*,  
*Reproache* the first, *Shame* next, *Repentance* behind:  
*Repentance* feeble, sorrowfull and lute:  
*Reproache* despightfull, carelesse, and vnkinder,  
*Shame* most ill fauour'd, bestiall, and blind:  
*Shame* lowrd, *Repentance* sigh't, *Reproache* did scold;  
*Reproache* sharpe tings, *Repentance* whips entwyn'd,  
*Shame* burning brand-yrans in her hand did hold:  
All three to each vnlike, yet all made in one mould.

25  
And after them, a rude confuted rout  
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:  
Amongst them was sterne *Strife*, and *Anger* stout,  
*Vnquiet Care*, and fond *Pleasure* straggling head;  
*Lewd Lasse* of *Time*, and *Sorrow* seeming dead,  
*Inconstant Change*, and false *Disloyalty*;  
*Consuming Riot*, and guilty *Dread*,  
Of heauenly vengeance, tame *Infirmity*,  
*Vile Prouerbe*, and listly *Death* with infamy.

26  
There were full many moe like maladiers,  
Whose names and natures I note reader well:  
So many moe, as there be phantasies  
In wauering womens wit, that none can tell,  
Or paines in loue, or punishments in hell,  
And which disguised marcht in masking wise,  
About the chamber with that *Damozell*,  
And then returned (hauing marcht thrise)  
Into the inner roome, from whence they first did rise.

27  
So soone as they were in, the dore straight way  
Fast locked, druen with that stormy blast,  
Which first it opened; and bore all away.  
Then the braue Mayd, which all this while was plac't,  
In secret state, and lone both first and last,  
Issued forth, and went vnto the dore,  
To enter in, but found it locked fast:  
It vaine she thought with rigorous vprone  
For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

28  
Whereforce might not auaille, there sleights and art  
She cast to vfe, both fit for hard emprize:  
For-ty, from that same roome not to depart  
Till morrow next, she did her selfe auize,  
When that same Maske againe should forth arise.  
The morrow next appear'd with ioyous cheare,  
Calling men to their daily exercise:  
Then she, as morrowe fresh, her selfe did reare  
Out of her secret stand, that day for to out-weare.

29  
All that day she out-wore in wandering,  
And gazing on that chambers ornament,  
Till that againe the second euening  
Her couered with her sable vestiment,  
Wherewith the worlds faire beauty she hath blest:  
Then when the second watch was almost past,  
That brazen dore flew open, and in went  
Bold *Briemart*, as she had late forecast,  
Neither of idle shewes, nor of false charmes aghast.

Q 3

59



30  
So soone as she was entred, round about  
She cast her eyes, to see what was become  
Of all those persons, which she sawe without:  
But lo, they straight were vanished all and some,  
Ne living wight she sawe in all that roome,  
Save that same woefull Lady: both whose hands  
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,  
And her small waste girt round with iron bands,  
Vnto a brazen pillour, by the which she stands.

31  
And her before the vile Enchaunter sat,  
Figuring strange characters of his art:  
With burning blood he those characters wrote,  
Dreadfully dropping from her dying heart,  
Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart,  
And all perforce to make her him to loue.  
Ah! who can loue the worker of her smart?  
A thousand charmes he formerly did proue:  
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast heart remoue.

32  
Soone as that virgin knight he sawe in place,  
His wicked books in haste he ouerthrew,  
Not caring his long labours to deface:  
And fiercely running to that Lady drew,  
A murderous knife out of his pocket drew:  
The which he thought, for villenous despight,  
In her tormented body to embrew:  
But the stout Damzell to him leaping light,  
His cursed hand withheld, and mastered his might.

33  
From her, to whom his fury first he ment,  
The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,  
And turning to her selfe his fell intent,  
Vnwares it strooke into her snowy chest:  
That little drops empurpled her faire breast,  
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,  
Albe the wound were nothing deep imprast,  
And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,  
To giue him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

34  
So mightily she smote him, that to ground  
He fell halfe dead: next stroke him should haue slaine,  
Had not the Lady which by him stood bound,  
Demely vnto her called to abstaine,  
From doing him to dy. For, else her paine  
Should be remediless, sith none but hee,  
Which wrought it, could the same recure againe.  
Therewith she staid her hand, loth staid to bee:  
For, life she him enuide, and longd reuenge to see:

35  
And to him sayd, Thou wicked man, whose meed  
For so huge mischaunce, and vile villany,  
Is death, or if that ought do death exceed,  
Be sure, that nought may saue thee from to dy.  
But if that thou this Dame doe presently  
Restore vnto her health, and former state:  
This doe and liue, else die vndoubtedly.  
He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,  
Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his date.

36  
And rising vp, gan straight to ouerlook  
Those cursed leaues, his charmes backe to reuerse,  
Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke  
He read, and meaur'd many a sad verse,  
That horror gan the virgins heart to perse,  
And her faire lockes vp stared stiffe on end,  
Hearing him those same bloody lines rehearse:  
And all the while he read, she did extend  
Her sword high ouer him, if ought he did offend.

37  
Anon she gan perceiue the house to quake,  
And all the dores to rattle round about;  
Yet all that did not her dismayed make,  
Nor slacke her threatfull hand for dangers doubt:  
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout  
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.  
At last, that mighty chaine, which round about  
Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,  
And that great brazen pillour broke in peeces small.

38  
The cruell Steele which thild her dying heart,  
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord:  
And the wide wound, which lately did dispart  
Her bleeding breast, and riuen bowels gor'd,  
Was closed vp, as it had not been bor'd:  
And euery part to safety full found,  
As she were neuer hurt, was soone restor'd.  
Tho, when she felt her selfe to be vnbound,  
And perfect whole, prostrate she fell vnto the ground:

39  
Before faire Britomart, she fell prostrate,  
Saying: Ah noble knight, what worthy meed  
Can wretched Lady, quit from woefull state,  
Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?  
Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,  
Euen immortall praise, and glory wide,  
Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,  
Shall through the world make to be notifie,  
And goodly well aduance, that goodly well was tride.

40  
But Britomart, vprearing her from ground,  
Sayd, Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene  
For many labours more, then I haue found,  
This, that in safety now I haue you seene,  
And meane of your deliuerance haue beene:  
Henceforth faire Lady comfort to you take,  
And put away remembrance of late teene:  
In stead thereof knowe, that your louing Make  
Hath no lesse griefe endured for your gentle sake.

41  
She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,  
Whom of all liuing wights she loued best.  
Then laid the noble Championesse strong hand  
Vpon th'enchanted, which had her distrest  
So sore, and with foule outrages opprest:  
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygo  
He bound that pitious Lady prisoner, now releast,  
Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,  
And captiue with her led to wretchednesse and woe.

42  
Returning backe, those goodly roomes, which erst  
She saw so rich and royally arrayd,  
Now vanished utterly, and cleane subuert  
She found, and all their glory quite decayd,  
That sight of such a change her much dismayd.  
Thence, forth descending to that perlous Porch,  
Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd,  
And quenched quite, like a consumed torch,  
That erst all entres went so cruelly to scorch.

43  
More easie islew now, then entrance late  
She found: for, now that fained dreadfull flame,  
Which chok't the porch of that enchanted gate,  
And passage bard to all, that thither came,  
Was vanished quite, as it were not the same,  
And gaue her leaue at pleasure forth to pass.  
Th'enchanted selfe, which all that fraud did frame,  
To haue efford't the loue of that faire luse,  
Seeing his work now wasted, deepe congreued was.

44  
But when the Victoresse arrived there,  
Where late she left the pensive Scudamore  
With her owne trusty Squire, both full of feare,  
Neither of them the found where she them lore:  
Therewith her noble heart was stonish't sore:  
But most faire Amoret, whose gentle spright  
Now gan to feede on hope, which she before  
Conceined had, to see her owne deare knight,  
Being therof beguyl'd was filld with new affright.

45  
But he sad man, when he had long in dreed  
Awayted there for Britomarts returne,  
Yet sawe her not nor signe of her good speed;  
His expectation to despair did turne,  
Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burne;  
And therefore gan aduize with her old Squire,  
Who her deare nourlings losse no lesse did mourne,  
Thence to depart for further aide to enquire:  
Where let them wend at will, whilst here I doe respire.

*The end of the third Booke.*

Q4

A





*A Vision upon this concept of the Faerie*

QUEENE.

ME thought I sawe the Graue, where *Laura* lay,  
Within that Temple, where the vestall flame  
Was wont to burne; and passing by that way,  
To see that buried dust of liuing fame,  
Whose tombe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,  
All suddenly I sawe the Faery Queene:  
At whose approache the soule of *Petrarke* wept,  
And from thenceforth those Graces were not scene.  
For, they this Queene attended, in whose steed  
Oblusion laid him downe on *Lauras* herse:  
Hereat the hardest stones were scene to bleed,  
And grones of buried ghosts the heauens did perse;  
Where *Homers* spright did tremble all for grieve,  
And curst th'accesse of that celestiall thiete.

*Another of the same.*

THE praise of meaner wits this worke like profite brings,  
As doth the Cuckoes song delight when *Philumena* sings.  
If thou hast formed right true Vertues face herein:  
Vertue her selfe can best discerne, to whom they written bin.  
If thou hast Beauty prayd, let her sole lookes diuine  
Iudge if ought therein be amiss, and mend it by her cyne.  
If Chastitie want ought, or Temperance her dew,  
Behold her Princely minde aright, and wright thy Queene anew.  
Meane while she shall perceiue, how farre her vertues sore  
About the reach of all that liue, or such as wrote of yore:  
And thereby will excuse and fauour thy good will:  
Whose vertue cannot be exprest, but by an Angels quill.  
Of me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,  
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy deuice.

W. R.

To the learned Shepheard.

Collins, I see by thy new taken task,  
Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,  
That leads thy Muse in haughty verse to make,  
and leath the layes that long to lowely swaynes,  
That lifts thy notes from Shepheards vnto kings,  
So like the linely Lark that mounting sings.

Thy lonely Rosolinde seemes now forlorne,  
and all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight.  
Thy changed heart now holdes thy pipes in scorne,  
those pretty pipes that did thy mates delight;  
Those trusty mates, that loued thee so well,  
it seeme thou gawst mirth: as they gaue thee the bell.

Yet as thou earst with thy sweet roundelayes,  
durst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers:  
So now dost thou now in these refyned layes,  
delight the daintie eares of higher powers.  
And so moult they in their deepe scanning skill  
allow and grace our Collins flowing quill.

And faire befall that Faery Queene of thine,  
in whose faire eyes lone linkt with vertue sits:  
Enfusing, by those beauties fires diuine,  
such high conceits into thy humble wits,  
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes,  
From rusticke tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy Redersse knight with happy hand  
victorious be in that faire Islands right,  
Which thou dost vaile in type of Faery land,  
Elyza's blessed field, that Albion hight:  
That shieldes her friends, and warres her mighty foes,  
Yet still with people, peace, and plenty flowers.

But (silly Shepheard) though, with pleasing stile,  
thou feast the humour of the courtly traine:  
Let not conceit thy settled sense beguile,  
ne daunted be through enuy or disdain.  
Subiect thy doome to her Empyring spright,  
From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes light.  
Hobynoll.

THE  
SECOND  
PART OF THE  
FAERIE QUEENE.

CONTAINING

The FOUVRTH,  
FIFT, and  
SIXT BOOKE.

By *Edm. Spenser.*



Imprinted at London for *Mathew Lownes.*

Anno Dom. 1613.



THE  
SECOND  
PART OF THE  
FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAINING  
THE  
FIRST BOOKE  
By I. I. I.



Printed at London for I. I. I.  
1619



THE FOVRTH BOOKE  
OF THE FAERIE  
QUEENE:

CONTAINING  
The Legend of CAMEL and TELAMOND,  
OR  
Of Friendship.

**T**He rugged forehead, that with graue foresight  
Wields kingdoms causes, & affaires of State,  
My looser times, I wore, doth sharply wite,  
For praying loue as I haue done of late,  
And magnifying louers deare debate;  
By which, traile youth is oft to folly led,  
Through false allurements of that pleasing baite,  
That better were in vertues disciplined,  
Then with vaine poems weeds to haue their fancies fed.

Such one's ill iudge of loue, that cannot loue,  
Ne in their frozen hearts feeble kindly flame:  
For-thy they ought not thing vnkowne reprove,  
Ne naturall affection faultleile blame,  
For fault of few that haue abus'd the same.  
For, it of honour and all vertue is  
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,  
That crowne true Lovers with immortal blis,  
The meed of them that loue, and do not liue amiss,

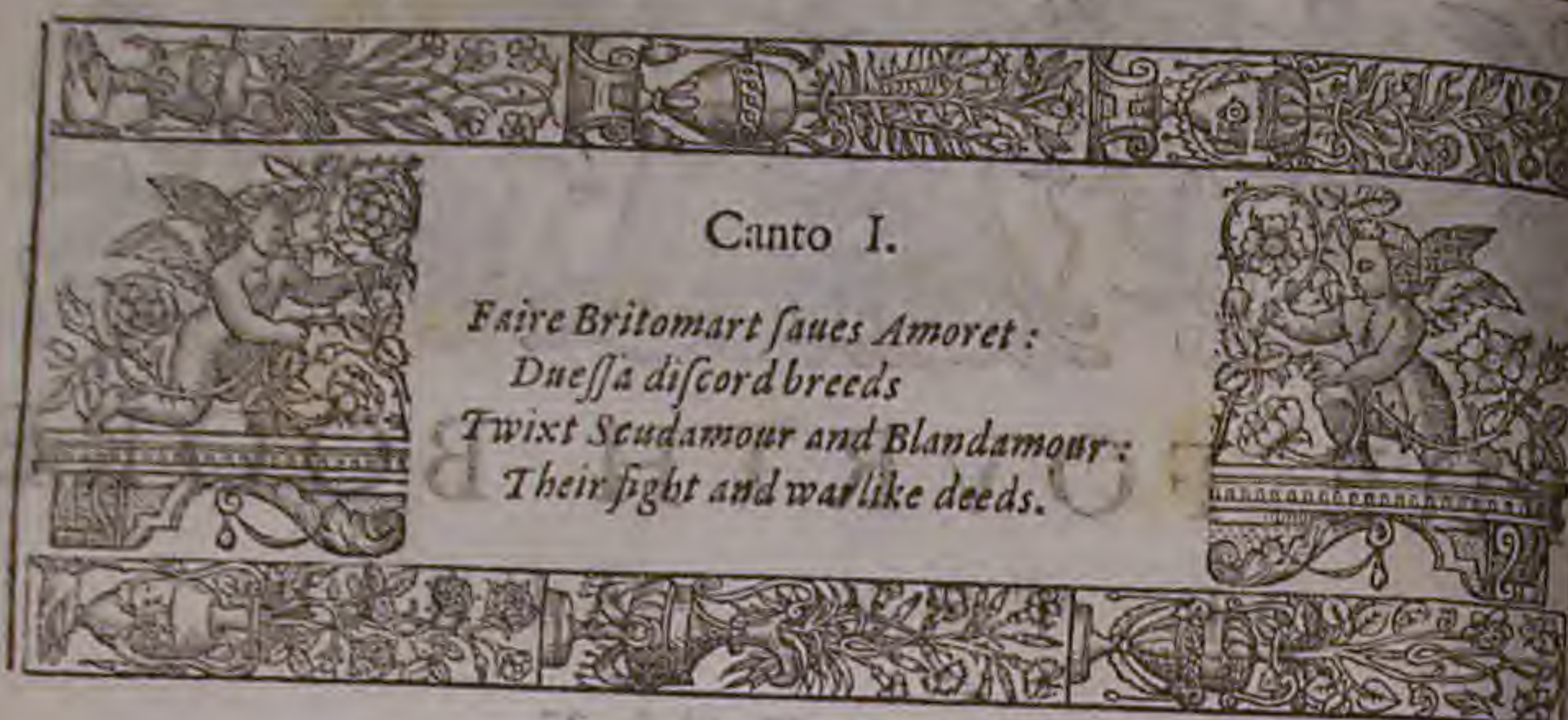
Which who so list look back to former ages,  
And call to count the things that then were donne,  
Shall find, that all the workes of those wise sages,  
And braue exploits which great Heroes wonne,

In loue were either ended or begunne:  
Witness the father of Philosophie,  
Which to his *Cristian*, shaded oft from sunne,  
Of loue full many lessons did apply,  
The which these Stoick Censours cannot well deny.

To such therefore I doe not sing at all;  
But to that sacred Saint my Soueraigne Queene,  
In whose chaste breast all bounty naturall,  
And treasures of true loue enlocked beene,  
Boue all her sex that euer yet was scene;  
To her I sing of loue, that loueth best,  
And best is lov'd of all alioe I weene:  
To her, this song most filly is addrest,  
The Queen of loue, & Prince of peace from heauen blest.

Which that she may the better deigne to heare,  
Do thou drad infant, *Venus* dearling dowe,  
From her high spirit chafe imperious feare,  
And vse of awefull Maieslie remoue:  
In stead whereof with drops of melting loue,  
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten  
From thy sweet smyling mother from aboue,  
Sprinkle her heart, and haughty courage soften,  
That she may harken to loue, and read this lesson often.





## Canto I.

*Faure Britomart saues Amoret:  
Duesse discord breeds  
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:  
Their fight and warlike deeds.*

**F** Lovers had calamities of old,  
Full many pitious stories do remaine:  
But none more pitious euer was ytold,  
Then that of *Amorets* hart-binding chaine,  
And thus of *Florimels* vnworthy paine:  
The deere compassion of whose bitter fit  
My softened heart so sorely doth constrain,  
That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,  
And oftentimes doe wish it neuer had been writ.

For, from the time that *Scudamour* her bought  
In perilous fight, she neuer ioyed day,  
A perilous fight when he with force her brought  
From twenty knights that did him all assay:  
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay:  
And with great glory both the shield of lone,  
And eke the Lady selfe he brought away:  
Whom hauing wedded as did him behoue,  
A new vnknowne mischefe did from him remoue.

For, that same vile Enchaunter *Eufyras*,  
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,  
Amidst the bridale feast, whilst euery man  
Surcharg'd with wine, were heedlesse and ill headed,  
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,  
Brought in that Maske of loue which late was shouen:  
And there the Lady ill of friends bestedded,  
By way of sport, as oft in Maskes is knownen,  
Conueyed quite away to liuing wight vnknownen.

Seauen months he so her kept in bitter smart,  
Because his sinfull lust she would not serue,  
Vntill such time as noble *Britomart*  
Released her, that else was like to sterue,  
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerue.  
And now shee is with her vpon the way,  
Marching in lovely wise, that could deserue  
No spot of blame, though spate did oft assay  
To blot her with dishonour of so faure a pray.

Yet should it be a pleasant tale to tell  
The diuerse ylage and demeanure daint,  
That each to other made, as oft befell.  
For, *Amoret* right fearefull was and faint,  
Left she with blame her honour should attain,  
That every word did tremble as she spake,  
And every looke was coy, and wondrous quaint,  
And every limbe that touched her did quake:  
Yet could she not but courteous countenance to her make.

For, well she wist, as true it was indeed,  
That her lyues Lord, and Patrone of her health,  
Right well deserued as his duefull meed,  
Her loue, her seruice, and her utmost wealth.  
All is his iustly, that all freely dealeth:  
Nathlesse her honour, dearer then her life,  
She fought to saue, as thing refer'd from stealth;  
Die had she leuer with Enchanters knife,  
Then to be false in loue, profess a virgine wife.

Thereto her feare was made so much the greater  
Through fine abusion of that Briton mayd:  
Who, for to hide her fained sex the better,  
And maske her wounded minde, both did and said  
Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,  
That well she wist not what by them to ghesse:  
For, otherwhiles to her she purpose made  
Of loue, and otherwhiles of lustfulnesse,  
That much she fear'd his mind wold grow to some esteeme.

His will she fear'd; for him she surely thought  
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed;  
And much the more, by that he lately wrought,  
When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,  
For which no seruice she too much esteemed:  
Yet dread of shame, and doubt of foule dishonour,  
Made her not yeeld so much, as due she deemed.  
Yet *Britomart* attended duly on her,  
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

It so befell one euening, that they came  
Vnto a Castell, lodged there to bee,  
Where many a Knight, and many a lovely Dame  
Was then assembled, deeds of armes to see:  
Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,  
That many of them mo'd to eye her fore,  
The custome of that place was such, that hee  
Which had no Loue nor Lemman there in store,  
Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

Amongst the rest there was a iolly Knight,  
Who heeing asked for his Loue, avow'd  
That fairest *Amoret* was his by right,  
And offered that to iustifie alowd.  
The war-like Virgine, seeing his so prowd  
And boastfull challenge, waxed inly wroth,  
But for the present did her anger shrowd:  
And said, her Loue to lose she was full loth,  
But either he should neither of them haue, or both.

So forth they went, and both together giusted;  
But that same younker soone was over-throwne,  
And made repent, that he had rashly lusted  
For thing vnlawfull, that was not his owne:  
Yet sith he seemed valiant, though vnknowne,  
She that no lesse was courteous and stout,  
Cast how to salue, that both the custome shoune  
Were kept, and yet that knight not locked out:  
That seem'd full hard t'accord two things so far in doubt.

The Seneschall was call'd to deeme the right:  
Whome she requir'd, that first faire *Amoret*  
Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight,  
That did her win, and free from challenge set:  
Which straight to her was yeelded without let.  
Then sith that strange Knights Loue from him was  
She claim'd that to her selfe, as Ladies det, (quitted,  
He as a Knight might iustly be admitted:  
So none should be out-shur, sith all of Loues were fitted.

With that, her glistering helmet she vnaced;  
Which doth, her golden locks, that were vp-bound  
Still in a knot, vnto her heeles downe traced,  
And like a silken veile in compasse round  
About her back and all her body wound:  
Like as the shining sky in Summers night,  
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,  
Is crested all with lines of firelight,  
That it prodigious seems in common peoples sight.

Such when those Knights and Ladies all about  
Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,  
And euery one gan growe in secret dour  
Of this and that, according to each wit.  
Some thought, that some enchauntment fained it:  
Some, that *Bellona* in that warlike wife  
To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit:  
Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise:  
So diuersly each one did sundry doubts deuise.

But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed  
Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,  
Ten thousand thanks did yield her for her meed,  
And doubly overcome, her ador'd:  
So did they all their former strife accord;  
And eke faire *Amoret*, now freed from feare,  
More franke affection did to her afford,  
And to her bed, which she was wont forbeare,  
Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance there.

V Where, all that night they of their Loues did treat,  
And hard adventures twixt themselves alone,  
That each the other gaue with passion great,  
And grieffe-full pittie privately be-mone.  
The morrow next, so soone as *Titan* shone,  
They both vp-rose, and to their waies them dight:  
Long wandred they, yet neuer met with one  
That to their willes could them direct aright,  
Or to them tydings tell, that more their harts delight.

Lo, thus they rode, till at the last they spide  
Two armed Knights, that toward them did passe,  
And each of them had riding by his side  
A Lady, seeming in so faure a space:  
But Ladies none they were, albee in face  
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare:  
For, vnder maske of beauty and good grace,  
Vile treason and foule falshood hidden were,  
That more to none but to the wary wife appeare.

The one of them, the false *Duesse* hight,  
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew:  
For, she could d'on so many shapen in sight,  
As euer could Chameleon colours new:  
So could she forge all colours, saue the trew.  
The other, no whit better was then shee,  
But that such as she was, she plaine did shew:  
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,  
And daily more offensue vnto each degree.

Her name was *Até*, mother of debate,  
And all dissension, which doth daily growe  
Amongst fraile men, that many a publique state  
And many a priuate oft doth over-throwe.  
Her, false *Duesse*, who full well did knowe  
To be most fit to trouble noble knights  
Vvhich hunt for honour, raised from belowe  
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprites,  
Where she in darknes wastes her curst daies and nights.

Hard by the gates of Hell her dwelling is,  
There where-as all the plagues and harmes abound,  
Vvhich punish wicked men, that walke amiss:  
It is a darksome delue farre vnder ground,  
Vvith thornes and barren brakes enuironed round.  
That none the same may easily out-win;  
Yet many waies to enter may be found,  
But none to issue forth when one is in:  
For, discord harder is to end then to begin.



21  
And all within, the riuen walles were hung,  
With ragged monuments of times fore-past;  
All which, the sad effects of discord sung:  
There were rent robes, and broken scepters plac't,  
Altars defild, and holy things defac't,  
Disheuered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine,  
Great Cities ransackt, and strong Castles ras't,  
Nations captiued, and huge armies slaine:  
Of all which ruines there some reliques did remaine.

22  
There was the signe of antique Babylon,  
Of facall Thebes, of Rome that reigned long,  
Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,  
For memory of which, on high there hong  
The golden Apple (cause of all their wrong)  
For which the three faire Goddesses did strue:  
There also was the name of *Amrod* strong,  
Of *Alexander*, and his Princes fine,  
Which shad to them the spoyle that he had got aliue.

23  
And there the reliques of the drunken fray,  
The which amongst the *Lapishies* befell,  
And of the bloody feast, which sent away  
So many *Cantares* drunken soules to hell,  
That vnder great *Alcides* furies fell:  
And of the dreadfull discord, which did driue  
The noble *Argonauts* to out-rage fell,  
That each of life fought others to depriue,  
All mindles of the Golden-leece, which made the strue.

24  
And eke of priuate persons many moe,  
That were too long a worke to count them all;  
Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgoe;  
Some of borne brethren, prou'd vnaturall;  
Some of deare Louers, foes perpetuall:  
Witness there broken hands there to be seene,  
Their girolonds rent, their bowres depoyled all;  
The monuments whereof there byding beene,  
As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and greene.

25  
Such was her house within; but all without,  
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,  
Which shee her selfe had sowne all about,  
Now growen great, at first of little seedes;  
The seedes of euill words, and factious deedes;  
Which when to ripenesse due they growen are,  
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds  
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious iarre,  
The which most often end in blood-shed and in warre.

26  
And those same cursed seedes doe also serue  
To her for bread, and yeeld her liuing food:  
For, life is to her, when others starue  
Through malicious debate, and deadly food;  
That she may suck their life, and drink their blood,  
VVith which shee from her childhood had been fed.  
For, shee at first was borne of hellish brood,  
And by infernall Furies nourished,  
That by her monstrous shape might easily be red.

27  
Her face most foule and filthy was to see,  
With squinted eyes contrary waies intended,  
And loathly mouth, vnnete a mouth to bee,  
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,  
And wicked words, that God and man offended:  
Her lying tongue was in two parts diuided,  
And both the parts did speake, and both contended;  
And as her tongue, so was her hart diseided,  
That neuer thought one thing, but doubly still was guided.

28  
Als as she double spake, so heard she double,  
With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,  
Fild with false rumors and seditious trouble,  
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,  
That still are led with euery light report.  
And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,  
And much vnlike; th'one long, the other short,  
And both misplac't; that when th'one forward yode,  
The other back retired, and contrary trode.

29  
Likewise vnequall were her handes twaine:  
That one did reach, the other pusht away;  
That one did make, the other mard againe,  
And fought to bring all things vnto decay:  
VVhereby great riches, gathered many a day,  
Shee in short space did often bring to nought,  
And their possessors often did dismay.  
For, all her study was, and all her thought, (wrought)  
How shee might overthrowe the things that Concord

30  
So much her malice did her might surpass,  
That euen th' Almighty selfe shee did maligne,  
Because to man so mercifull he was,  
And vnto all his creatures so benigne,  
Sith shee her selfe was of his grace indigne:  
For, all this worlds faire workmanship shee tride,  
Vnto his last confusion to bring.  
And that great golden chaine quite to diuide,  
With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

31  
Such was that hag, which with *Dueffa* rode;  
And seruing her in her malicious yfe,  
To hurt good knights, was as it were her bande,  
To sell her borrowed beauty to abuse.  
For, though like withered tree, that wanteth iuyce,  
Shee old and crooked were, yet now of late,  
As fresh and fragrant as the Flowre-deluce,  
Shee was become, by change of her estate,  
And made full goodly ioyance to her new found mate.

32  
Her mate hee was a iolly youthfull Knight,  
That bore great sway in armes and chivalrie,  
And was indeed a man of mickle might:  
His name was *Blandamour*, that did defery.  
His fickle mind full of inconstancie,  
And now himselfe hee fixed had right well,  
VVith two companions of like qualitie,  
Faithles *Dueffa*, and false *Paridell*,  
That whether were more false, full hard it is to tell.

Now

33  
Now when this gallant, with his goodly crew,  
From farre elpide the famous *Britomart*,  
Like knight adventurous in outward view,  
With his faire Paragon (his conquest's part)  
Approching nigh, cliscoms his wanton hart  
Was tickled with delight, and iesting said;  
Lo there, Sir *Paridell*, for your desert,  
Good luck presents you with yond louely mayd,  
For pity that ye want a fellow for your ayd.

34  
By that, the louely paire drew nigh to hand:  
Whom when as *Paridell* more plaine beheld,  
Albe in hart hee like affection fond,  
Yet mindfull how hee late by one was feld,  
That did those armes and that same feutchion weld,  
Hee had small lust to buy his Loue so deare:  
But answerd, Sir, him wife I neuer held,  
That hauing once escaped perill nere,  
VVould afterwards afresh the sleeping euill reare.

35  
This knight too late his manhood and his might  
I did assay, that me right dearly cost;  
Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,  
Ne for light Ladies loue, that soone is lost.  
The hot-spurre youth so scornful to be cost,  
Take then to you this Dame of mine, quoth hee,  
And I without your penill or your cost,  
Will challenge yond same other for my fee:  
So forth hee fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could see.

36  
The warlike *Britonnesse* her soone adrest,  
And with such vnouth welcome did receaue  
Her fayned *Paramour*, her forced guest,  
That beeing forc't his saddle soone to leaue,  
Himselfe hee did of his new Loue deceaue:  
And made himselfe th' ensample of his folly,  
Which done, shee passed forth not taking leaue,  
And left him now as sad, as whilome iolly,  
VVell warned to beware with whom hee dar'd to dally.

37  
VVhich when his other company beheld,  
They to his succour ran with ready ayd:  
And finding him vnable once to weld,  
They reared him on horse-back, and vp-stayd,  
Till on his way they had him forth conuayd:  
And all the way with wondrous griefe of mind  
And shame, hee shew'd himselfe to be dismayd,  
More for the Loue which hee had left behind,  
Then that which hee had to Sir *Paridell* resign'd.

38  
Nath'lesse, hee forth did march well as he might,  
And made good semblance to his company,  
Dissembling his diseale and euill plight;  
Till that ere long they chanced to elpy  
Two other knights, that towards them did ply  
With speedy course, as bent to charge them new  
Whom, when as *Blandamour*, approaching nie,  
Perceiv'd to be such as they seem'd in view,  
Hee was full wo, and gan his former griefe renew.

39  
For, th'one of them hee perfectly deside  
To be Sir *Scudamour*, by that hee bore  
That God of Loue, with wings displayed wide;  
VVhom mortally hee hated euermore,  
Both for his worth (that all men did adore)  
And eke because his Loue hee wonne by right:  
VVhich when hee thought, it grieved him full sore,  
That through the bruises of his former fight,  
Hee now vnable was to wreake his old despight.

40  
For-ty, hee thus to *Paridell* bespake,  
Faie Sir, of friendship let me now you pray;  
That as I late adventured for your like,  
The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,  
Ye will me now with like good turne repay,  
And iustifie my cause on yonder Knight.  
Ah Sir! said *Paridell*, doe not dismay  
Your selfe for this; my selfe will for you fight,  
As yee haue done for mee: the left hand rubs the right.

41  
With that, hee put his spurs vnto his steed,  
VVhich speare in rest, and toward him did fare,  
Like flure out of a bowe preuenting speed,  
But *Scudamour* was shortly well aware  
Of his approche, and gan himselfe prepare  
Him to receiue with entertainment meet.  
So furiously they met, that either bare  
The other downe vnder their horses feete,  
That what of them became, themselves did scarcely weet.

42  
As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,  
Forebly driven with contrary tydes,  
Doe meet together, each aback rebowndes  
With roring rage; and dashing on all sides,  
That fillet all the Sea with some, diuides  
The doubtfull current into diuers waies:  
So fell those two, in spight of both their prides;  
But *Scudamour* himselfe did soone vp-raile,  
And mounting light, his foe for lying long vpbraies.

43  
VVho, rolled on an heape, lay still in sownd,  
All carelesse of his taunt and bitter raile:  
Till that the rest him seeing lye on ground,  
Ran hastily, to weet what did him ayle.  
Where, finding that the breath gan him to faile,  
VVith busie care they strove him to awake,  
And doft his helmet, and vndid his maile:  
So much they did, that at the last they brake  
His slumber, yet so mazed, that hee nothing spake.

44  
Which when as *Blandamour* beheld, hee said,  
False fauour *Scudamour*, that hast by sight  
And foule advantage this good knight dismaid,  
A knight much better then thy selfe behight;  
VVell falls it thee that I am not in plight,  
This day, to wreake the damage by thee done:  
Such is thy wont, that still when any Knight  
Is weakned, then thou doost him over-ronne;  
So hast thou to thy selfe false honour often wonne.

Hee



45  
Hee little answer'd, but in manly hart  
His mighty indignation did forbear;  
Which was not yet to seer, but some part  
Thereof did in his frowning face appeare:  
Like as a gleeomy cloud, the which doth beare  
An hideous storme, is by the Northen blast  
Quite over-blowne, yet doth not passe so cleare,  
But that it all the sky doth over-cast  
With darknes dead, and threatens all the world to wast.

46  
Ah! gentle knight, then false *Dueffa* said,  
Why doe ye strue for Ladies loue so fore,  
Whose chiefe desire is loue and friendly ayd  
Amongst gentle Knights to nourish evermore?  
Ne be ye wroth Sir *Scudamore* therefore,  
That she your Loue list loue another knight,  
Ne doe your selfe dislike a whit the more;  
For, loue is free, and led with selfe delight,  
Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or might.

47  
So false *Dueffa*: but vile *Ate* thus;  
Both foolish Knights, I can but laugh at both,  
That strue and storme with strife out of their mouth,  
For her that each of you alike doth loath;  
And loues another, with whom now she go'th  
In louely wise, and sleepes, and sports, and playes;  
Whil't both you heere with many a cursed oth,  
Swear she is yours, and stirre vp bloody frayes,  
To win a Willow-bough, whil't other weares the Bayes.

48  
Vile hag, said *Scudamore*, why doost thou lye?  
And falsly seek'st a vertuous wight to shame?  
Fond Knight, said shee, the thing that with this eye  
I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?  
Then tell, quoth *Blandamour*, and feare no blame,  
Tell what thou saw'st, manly who-so it heares.  
I saw, quoth shee, a stranger Knight, whose name  
I wote not well, but in his shield he beares  
(That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares.

49  
I saw him haue your *Amoret* at will,  
I saw him kisse, I saw him her embrace,  
I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill,  
All many nights, and many by in place,  
That present were to testifie the case,  
Which when as *Scudamore* did heare, his hart  
VVas thrild with toward griefe, as when in chace  
The Parthian strikes a Stag with shiuering dart,  
The beast astonisht stands in middest of his smart.



50  
So stood Sir *Scudamore* when this he heard;  
Ne word he had to speake for great dismay,  
But lookt on *Glauce* grim, who wox affeard  
Of our rage for the words which she heard say,  
Albe virtue she wist them by assay.  
But *Blandamour*, when-as he did espy  
His change of cheere, that anguish did bewray,  
He wox full blithe, as he had got thereby,  
And gan therat to triumph without victorie.

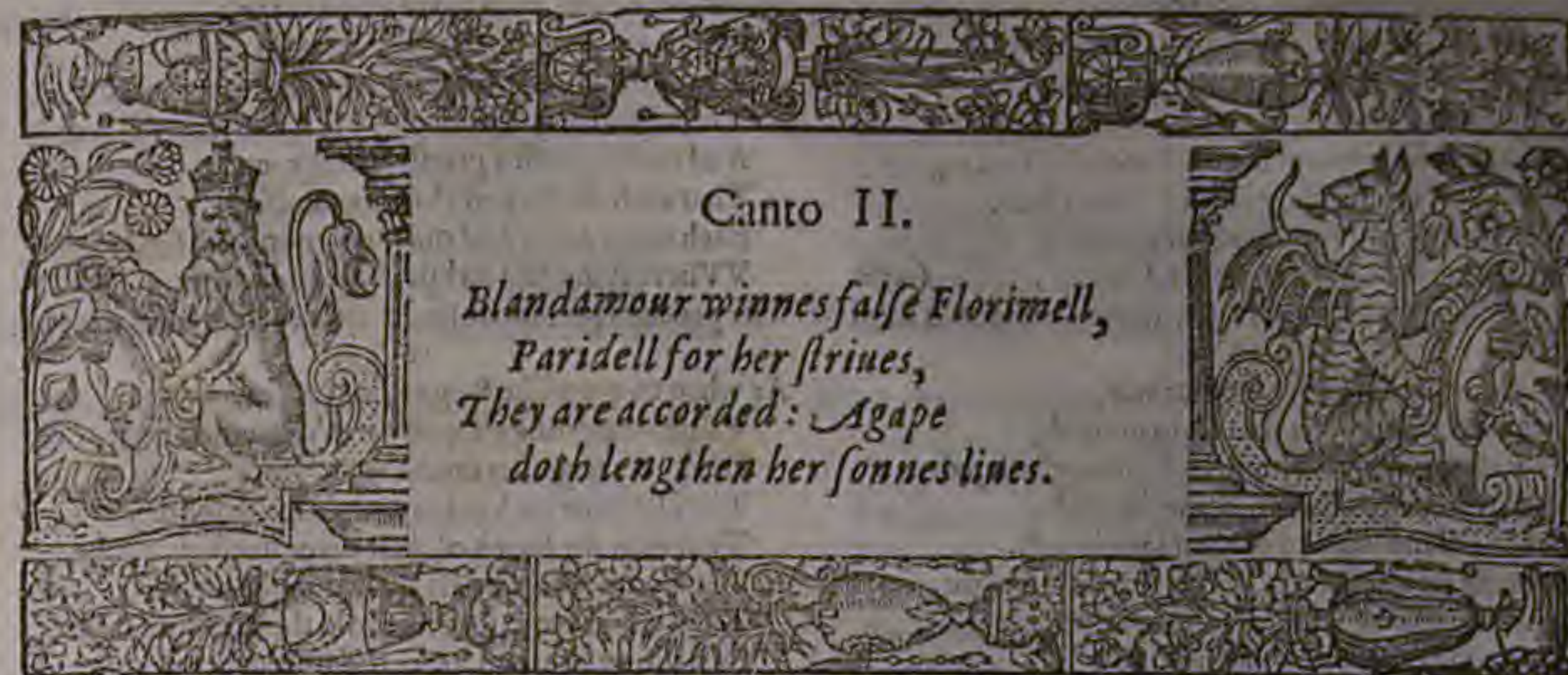
51  
Lo, recreant, said he, the fruitlesse end  
Of thy vaine boast, and spoyle of loue misgotten,  
Whereby the name of knight-hood thou doost shend,  
And all true Louers with dishonour blotten:  
All things not rooted well, will soone be rotten.  
Fie, fie, false knight, then false *Dueffa* cryde,  
Vnworthy life that loue with guile hast gotten;  
Be thou, where-euer thou doe goe or ride,  
Loathed of Ladies all, and of all Knights defide.

52  
But *Scudamore* (for passing great despight)  
Said not to answer, scarcely did refraine,  
But that in all those knights and Ladies sight,  
He for reuenge had guiltelesse *Glauce* slaine:  
But beeing past, he thus began amaine;  
False traytour Squire, false Squire of falsest Knight,  
Why doth mine hand from thine auenge abstaine,  
Whose Lord hath done my Loue this foule despight?  
Why doe I not it wreake, on thee, now in my might?

53  
Discourteous, disloyall *Britomart*,  
Vntue to God, and vnto man vnjust,  
VWhat vengeance due can equall thy desert,  
That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust  
Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust?  
Let vgly shame, and endlesse infamy  
Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust.  
Yet thou false Squire his fault shalt deare aby,  
And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply.

54  
The aged Dame him seeing so enraged,  
Was dead with feare; nath'lesse as need required,  
His flaming furie sought to haue asswaged,  
VVith sober words, that sufferance desired,  
Till time the tryall of her truth expired:  
And euermore sought *Britomart* to cleare.  
But he, the more with furious rage was fired,  
And thrice his hand to kill her did vpeare,  
And thrice he drew it backe: so did at last forbear.

Canto



## Canto II.

*Blandamour* winnes false *Florimell*,  
*Paridell* for her strines,  
They are accorded: *Agape*  
doth lengthen her sonnes lines.

1  
Irebrand of Hell, first kind in *Phlegeton*,  
By thousand Furies, & fro theence out-thrown  
Into this world, to worke confusion,  
And let it all on fire (by force vknown)  
Is wicked Discord; whose small sparks, once blowne,  
None but a God, or god-like man can slake;  
Such as was *Orpheus*, that when strife was grown  
Amongst those famous impes of *Greece*, did take  
His siluer Harpe in hand, and shortly friends them make.

2  
Or such as that celestiaall Psalmist war,  
That when the wicked fiend his Lord tormented,  
With heavenly notes that did all other pass,  
The out-rage of his furious fit relented,  
Such musick is wise words with time concenterd,  
To moderate stiffe mindes, dispos'd to strue:  
Such as that prudent Roman well inuented,  
What time his people into parts did riu,  
Them reconcil'd againe, and to their homes did driue.

3  
Such vs'd wise *Glauce* to that wrathfull Knight,  
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought:  
Yet *Blandamour*, with tearmes of foule despight,  
And *Paridell* her scornd, and set at nought,  
As old and crooked, and not good for ought.  
Both they vnwise, and warelesse of the cuill,  
That by themselves, vnto themselves is wrought,  
Through that false VVitch and that foule aged dreuil,  
The one a fiend, the other, an incarnate deuil.

4  
With whom, as they thus rode accompanide,  
They were encountred of a lustie Knight,  
That had a goodly Lady by his side,  
To whom he made great dalliance and delight.  
It was to weet the bold Sir *Ferranugh* hight,  
He that from *Braccadocchio* whilome rest  
The snowie *Florimell*, whose beauty bright  
Made him seeme happy for so glorious theft;  
Yet was it in due triall but a wandering weft.

5  
Which, when as *Blandamour* (whose facie light  
Was alwaies sitting, as the wauering winde,  
After each beauty that appear'd in sight)  
Beheld, elsfoones it prickt his wanton mind  
With sting of lust that reason's eye did blind,  
That to Sir *Paridell* these words he lent;  
Sir knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,  
Sith so good fortune doth to you present  
So faire a spoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?

6  
But *Paridell*, that had too late a triall  
Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,  
List not to haake, but made this faire denall;  
Last tyme was mine, well proved to my paine:  
This now be yours, God send you better gaine.  
Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in scorne,  
Fiercely forth prickt his steed, as in disdain  
Against that Knight, ere he him well could torne  
By means wherof, he hath him lightly over-borne.

7  
Who, with the suddaine stroke astonisht fore,  
Vpon the ground awhile in slumber lay;  
The whiles, his Loue away the other bore,  
And shewing her, did *Paridell* pray:  
Lo, sluggish Knight, the Victors happy pray:  
So fortune friends the bold. Whom *Paridell*  
Seeing so faire indeed (as he did say)  
His hart with secret envy gan to swell,  
And inly grudge at him, that he had sped so well.

8  
Nath'lesse, proud man himselfe the other deemed,  
Hauing so peerelesse paragon ygor:  
For, sure the fairest *Florimell* him seemed,  
To him was fallen for his happy lot,  
VWhose like a hie on earth he weened not:  
Therefore he her did court, did serue, did wooe,  
With humblest suit that he imagine moe,  
And all things did deuise, and all things doo,  
That might her loue prepare, and liking win thereto.

Sbr



Shee, in regard thereof, him recompenc't  
With golden words, and goodly countenance,  
And such fond fauours sparingly dispenc't:  
Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,  
And coy lookes tempting with loose dalliance;  
Some-times estranging him in sterner wise,  
That hauing cast him in a foolish trance,  
Hee seemed brought to bed in Paradise, (wife.  
And prou'd himselfe most foole, in what he seem'd most

So great a mistresse of her art shee was,  
And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,  
That though therein himselfe he thought to pass,  
And by his false allurements wylie draft,  
Had thousand women of their loue becraft,  
Yet now he was surpriz'd: for, that false spright,  
Which that same Witch had in his forme engraft,  
Was so expert in every subtile sight,  
That it could over-reach the wisest earthly wight.

Yet hee to her did daily service more,  
And daily more deceiu'd was thereby;  
Yet *Paridell* him, enuied therefore,  
As seeming plac'd in sole felicitie:  
So blind is lust, false colours to descry.  
But *Atelooe* discovering his desire,  
And finding now fit opportunity  
To stir vp strife, twixt loue, and spight, and ire,  
Did priuily put coales vnto his secret fire.

By sundry meanes there-to shee prickt him forth:  
Now with remembrance of those spightfull speeches,  
Now with opinion of his owne more worth,  
Now with recounting of like former breaches  
Made in their friendship, as that Hag him teaches:  
And euer when his passion is allayd,  
Shee it reuiues, and new occasion reaches:  
That on a time, as they together way'd,  
He made him open challenge, and thus boldly said:

Too boastfull *Blandamour*, too long I beare  
The open wrongs thou doost mee day by day:  
Well know'st thou, when we friendship first did sweare,  
The covenant was, that euery spoyle or pray  
Should equally be shar'd betwixt vs tway:  
Whereas my part then of this Lady bright,  
VVhom to thy selfe thou takest quite away,  
Render therefore therein to me my right,  
Or answer for thy wrong, as shall fall out in fight.

Exceeding wroth therat was *Blandamour*,  
And gan this bitter answere to him make:  
Too foolish *Paridell*, that fayrest flowre  
Would'st gather fame, and yet no pains would'st take:  
But not so easie will I her forsake;  
This hand her woone, this hand shall her defend,  
With that, they gan their shuering speares to shake,  
And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,  
Forgetfull each to haue been euer others friend.

Their fiery steeds, with so vntamed force,  
Did beare them both to fell avenges end,  
That both their speares with pittilesse remorse,  
Through shield and maile, and habergeon did wend,  
And in their flesh a grieufully passage rend,  
That with the fury of their owne affret,  
Each other horse and man to ground did send;  
VVhere lying still awhile, both did forget  
The perillous present stound, in which their liues were set.

As when two warlike Brigandines at sea,  
VVith murderous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,  
Doe meet together on the watry lea,  
They stemme each other with so fell despight,  
That with the shock of their owne heedles might,  
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh afunder;  
They which from shore behold the dreadfull fight  
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordinance thounder,  
Do greatly stand amaz'd at such vnwonted wonder.

At length, they both vpstart in amaze;  
As men awak'd rashly out of dreame,  
And round about themselves awhile did gaze,  
Till seeing her that *Florimell* did seeme,  
In doubt to whom the victory should deeme,  
There-with their dulle'd sprights they edg'd anew,  
And drawing both their swords with rage extreme,  
Like two mad mastiffes, each on other flew, (chew.  
And shields did share, and mailes did rash, and helmes did

So furiously each other did assaile,  
As if their soules they would at once haue rent  
Out of their breasts, that streames of blood did raile  
Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;  
That all the ground with purple bloud was sprent,  
And all their armours stain'd with bloody gore:  
Yet scarcely once to breathe would they relent;  
So mortall was their malice and so sore,  
Become of fauined friendship which they vow'd afore:

And that which is for Ladies most besitting,  
To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,  
VVas from those Dames so far and so vnfitting,  
As that in stead of praying them surcease,  
They did much more their cruelty encrease;  
Bidding them fight for honor of their loue,  
And rather die then Ladies cause release,  
With which vaine terms so much they did them moue,  
That both resoly'd the last extremities to proue.

There they (I weene) would fight vntill this day,  
Had not a Squire (euen he the Squire of Dames)  
By great adventure trauelled that way:  
VVho seeing both bent to so bloody games,  
And both of old well knowing by their names,  
Drew nigh, to weet the cause of their debate:  
And first, layd on those Ladies thousand blames,  
That did not seeke to appease their deadly hate,  
But gaz'd on their harmes, not pitying their estate.

And

And then, those Knights he humbly did beseech  
To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken:  
Who lookt a little vp at that his speech,  
Yet would not let their battell be broken,  
Both greedy fierce on other to be wroken.  
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,  
And them coniu'd by some well known token,  
That they at last, their wrathfull hands let fall,  
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

First, he desir'd their cause of strife to see:  
They said, it was for loue of *Florimell*.  
Ah! gentle Knights, quoth he, how may that bee?  
And the so farre astray, as none can tell.  
Fond Squire, full angry then said *Paridell*,  
Seest not the Lady there before thy face?  
Hee looked backe, and her awing well,  
Weend as he said, by that her outward grace,  
That fairest *Florimell* was present there in place.

Glad man was he to see that ioyous fight  
(For none aliuie but ioy'd in *Florimell*)  
And lowely to her louting, thus behight:  
Fairest of faire, that fairenelle doost excell,  
This happy day I haue to greet you well,  
In which you safe I see, whom thousand late  
Misdoubt'd lost through mischief that befell;  
Long may you liue in health and happy state.  
Shee little answer'd him, but lightly did aggregate.

Then turning to those Knights, he gan anew:  
And you Sir *Blandamour* and *Paridell*,  
That for this Lady present in your view,  
Haue ray'd this cruell warre and out-rage fell,  
Certes (mee seemes) been not advis'd well:  
But rather ought in friendship for her sake  
To ioyne your force, their forces to repell  
That seeke perforce her from you both to take:  
And of your gotten spoyle, their owne triumph to make.

There-at, Sir *Blandamour*, with count'nance sterne,  
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake:  
Aread, thou Squire, that I the man may learne,  
That dare fro mee thinke *Florimell* to take,  
Not one, quoth he, but many doe partake  
Heerein, as thus: It lately so befell,  
That *Satyrane* a girdle did vp-take,  
Well knowne to appertaine to *Florimell*:  
Which for her sake he wore, as him becomed well.

But, when as shee herselfe was lost and gone,  
Full many Knights, that loued her like deare,  
Ther-at did greatly grudge, that he alone  
That lost fayre Ladies ornament should weare,  
And gan therefore close spight to him to beare:  
Which he to shoo, and stop vile Enuies sting,  
Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where  
A solemne feast, with publike turneyng,  
To which all knights with them their Ladies are to bring.

And of them all, shee that is fairest found,  
Shall haue that golden girdle for reward;  
And of those Knights who is most stout on ground,  
Shall to that fairest Lady be prefard.  
Sith therefore shee herselfe is now your ward,  
To you that ornament of hers pertaines,  
Against all those that challenge it to gird,  
And saue her honour with your venturous paines:  
That shall you win more glory, then ye here find gaines.

When they the reason of his words had hard,  
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,  
And with their honours and their loues regard,  
The furious flames of malice to alluage,  
Tho, each to other did his faith engage,  
Like faithfull friends thenceforth to ioyne in one  
With all their force, and battell strong to wage  
Gainst all those knights, as their professed loue,  
That chaleng'd ought in *Florimell*, saue they alone.

So well accorded, forth they rode together  
In friendly sort, that last'd but awhile;  
And of all old dislikes they made faire weather:  
Yet all was forg'd, and spied with golden foyle,  
That vnder it hid hate and hollow guile.  
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,  
How-euer gay and goodly be the stile,  
That doth ill cause or euill end cure:  
For, vertue is the band, that bindeth hearts most sure.

Thus, as they march'd all in close disguise  
Offaied lout, they chaunc'd to over-take  
Two knights, that linked rode in louely wise:  
As if they secret counsels did partake,  
And each not farre behind him had his Make,  
To weet, two Ladies of most goodly hew,  
That twixt themselves did gentle purpose make,  
Vnmindfull both of that discordfull crew,  
The which with speedy pace did after them pursue.

Who, as they now approach'd nigh at hand,  
Deeming them doughty as they did appeare,  
They sent that Squire afore, to vnderstand  
What mote they be: who viewing them more neare  
Returned ready newes, that those same were  
Two of the prouest Knights in Faery lond,  
And those two Ladies their two Lovers deare,  
Couragious *Cambell*, and stout *Triamond*,  
With *Canacee* and *Cambine*, linked in louely bond.

Whylome, as antique stories tellen vs,  
Those two were foes, the fellonest on ground,  
And battell made, the draddest dangerous  
That euer shrilling trumpet did resound:  
Though now their acts be no where to be found,  
As that renowned Poet them compild,  
With warlike numbers, and Heroick found,  
Dan *Chaucer* (Well of English vnderfild)  
On Fames eternall bead-roll worthy to be fild.

But



33  
But wicked Time, that all good thoughts doth waste,  
And workes of noblest wits to nought out-weare,  
That famous monument hath quite defac't,  
And robb'd the world of treasure endlesse deare,  
The which mote haue enriched all vs here.  
O curst Eld! the canker-worme of writs;  
How may these times (so rude as doth appeare)  
Hope to endure, with workes of heavenly wits  
Are quite deuour'd, & brought to nought by little bits?

34  
Then pardon, O most sacred happy spirit,  
That thy labours lost may thus reuiue,  
And steale from thee the meed of thy due merit,  
That none durst euer whil't thou wast aliue,  
And being dead, in vaine yet many strine:  
Ne dare I like, but through infusion sweet  
Of thine owne spirit (which doth in me suruiue)  
I follow heere the footing of thy feet,  
That with thy meaning to I may the rather meet.

35  
Camellioes sister was faire Canacee,  
That was the learnedst Lady in her dayes,  
Well scene in euery Science that mote bee  
And euery secret worke of Natures wayes,  
In witty riddles, and in wise soothsayes,  
In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and birds:  
And (that augmented all her other praise)  
Shee modest was in all her deeds and words,  
And wondrous chaste of life, yet lov'd of Knights & lords.

36  
Full many Lords, and many Knights her loued,  
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,  
Ne euer was with fond affection moued,  
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly gouernment,  
For dread of blame, and honours blemishment:  
And eke vnto her lookes a law she made,  
That none of them once out of order went;  
But like to warie Centonels well stayd,  
Still watcht on euery side, of secret foes affraid.

37  
So much the more as she refus'd to loue,  
So much the more she loved was and sought,  
That oftentimes vnquiet strife did moue  
Amongst her Lovers, and great quarrels wrought:  
That oft for her in bloody armes they fought,  
Which, when-as Camell (that was stout and wise)  
Perceiv'd would breed great mischief, he bethought  
How to prevent the perill that mote rise,  
And turne both him and her to honour in this wise.

38  
One day, when all that troupe of war-like wooers  
Assembled were, to weet whose she should bee;  
All mighty men, and dreadfull derring doers  
(The harder it to make them well agree)  
Amongst them all this end he did decree;  
That of them all which loue to her did make,  
They by consent should chuse the stoutest three,  
That with himselfe should combat for his sake,  
And of them all, the Victor should his sister take.

39  
Bold was the challenge, as himselfe was bold,  
And courage full of haughty hardiment,  
Approved oft in perils manifold,  
Which hee achieu'd to his great ornament:  
But yet his sisters skill vnto him lent  
Mott confidence and hope of happy speed,  
Conceiued by a ring, which shee him sent;  
That mongst the many vertues (which wee need)  
Had power to staunch all wounds that mortally did bleed.

40  
Well was that rings great vertue knowne to all;  
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might,  
Did all that youthly rout to much appall,  
That none of them durst vnder take the fight:  
More wise they went to make of loue delight,  
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke;  
And yet vn certaine by such outward fight  
(Though for her sake they all that perill tooke)  
Whether she would them loue, or in her liking brooke.

41  
Amongst those Knights, there were three brethren bold  
(Three bolder brethren neuer were yborne)  
Borne of one mother in one happy mold,  
Borne at one burden in one happy morne:  
Thrice happy mother, and thrice happy morne,  
That bore three such, three such not to be fond:  
Her name was *Agape*, whose children werne  
All three as one: the first hight *Priamond*,  
The second, *Diamond*, the youngest, *Triamond*.

42  
Stout *Priamond*, but not so strong to strike;  
Strong *Diamond*, but not so stout a knight;  
But *Triamond* was stout and strong alike:  
On horse-back vs'd *Triamond* to fight,  
And *Priamond* on foot had more delight,  
But horse and foote knew *Diamond* to wield:  
With curtax vs'd *Diamond* to smite,  
And *Triamond* to handle speare and shield,  
But speare and curtax both vs'd *Priamond* in field.

43  
These three did loue each other dearly well,  
And with so firme affection were allide,  
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,  
Which did her powre into three parts diuide;  
Like three faire branches budding far and wide,  
That from one root deriv'd their vitall sap:  
And like that root that doth her life diuide,  
Their mother was, and had full blessed hap,  
These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

44  
Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill  
Of secret things, and all the powres of Nature,  
Which shee by art could vse vnto her will,  
And to her service bind each living creature,  
Through secret vnderstanding of their feature.  
There-to she was right faire, when-so her face  
Shee list discouer, and of goodly stature;  
But shee (as Fays are wont) in priuy place  
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wilde to space.

45  
There, on a day, a noble youthly knight,  
Seeking adventures in the silvage wood,  
Did by great fortune get of her the sight,  
As shee late careless by a cry stall flood,  
Combing her golden locks, as seem'd her good:  
And vnawares vpon her laying hold,  
That stroue in vaine him long to haue withstood,  
Oppressed her, and there (as hath been told) (bold,  
Got these three louely babes, that prov'd three champions

46  
VWhich shee, with her, long fostred in that wood,  
Till that to ripenesse of mans state they grew:  
Then shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,  
They loued armes, and knight-hood did ensue,  
Seeking adventures where they any knew.  
VWhich when their mother saw, she gan to doubt  
Their safetie; least by searching dangers new,  
And rash prouoking perils all about, (stout,  
Their daies mote be abridged through their courage

47  
Therefore, desirous th'end of all their dayes  
To knowe, and them t'enlarge with long extent,  
By wondrous skill, and many hidden wayes,  
To the three fatal Sisters houle she went.  
Farre vnder ground from tract of liuing went,  
Downe in the bottom of the deepe *Abyss*,  
Where *Demogorgon* in dull darknesse pent,  
Farre from the view of Gods and heauens blis,  
The hideous *Chaos* keeps, their dreadfull dwelling is.

48  
There shee them found, all sitting round about  
The direfull distaffe standing in the mid;  
And with vnwearyed fingers drawing out  
The lines of life, from liuing knowledge hid.  
Sad *Clatho* held the rocke, the whiles the thrid  
By grisly *Lachesis* was spun with paine,  
That cruell *Atropos* efdooones vndid,  
VWith curd knife cutting the twist in twaine:  
Most wretched me, whose daies depend on thrids so vain!

49  
Shee them saluting, there by them fare still,  
Beholding how the thrids of life they span:  
And when at last she had beheld her fill,  
Trembling in hart, and looking pale and wan,  
Her cause of comming shee to tell began.  
To whom, fierce *Atropos*; Bold Fay, that durst  
Come see the secret of the life of Man,  
VWell worthy thou to be of *Ioue* accurst,  
And eke thy childrens thrids to be asunder burst.

50  
Where-at she sore affrayd, yet her besought  
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,  
That she might see her childrens thrids forth brought,  
And know the measure of their vtmost date,  
To them ordained by csmall Fate,  
Which *Clatho* graunting, shewed her the same:  
That when she saw, it did her much amaze,  
To see their thrids so thin, as spyders frame,  
And eke so short, that seem'd their ends out shortly came.

51  
She then began them humbly to intreat  
To draw them longer out, and better twine,  
That so their liues might be prolonged late.  
But *Lachesis* thereat gan to repine,  
And said, Fond Dame, that deem'st of things diuine  
As of humane, that they may alured bee,  
And chang'd at pleasure for those fumes of thine.  
Not so; for, what the Fates doe once decree,  
Not all the Gods can change, nor *Ioue* himselfe can free.

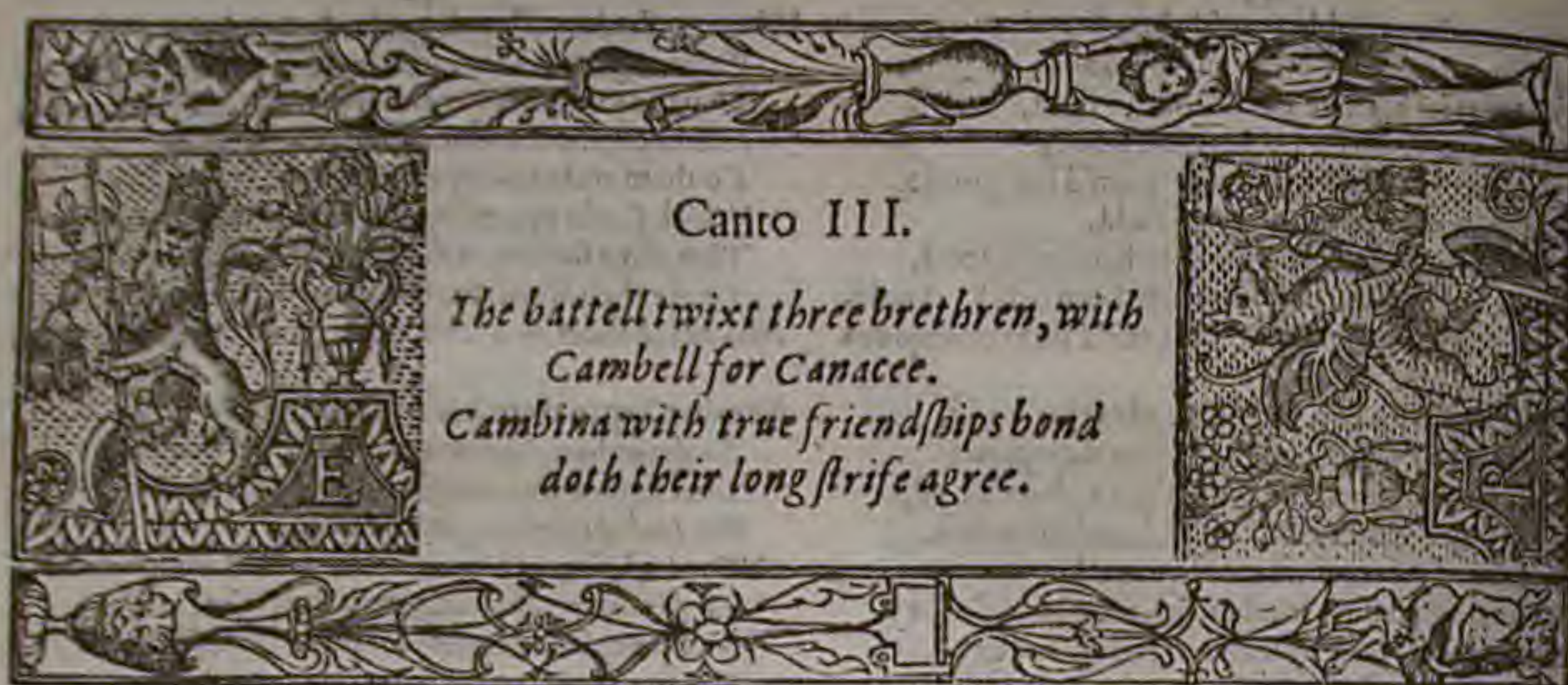
52  
Then sith, quoth she, the terme of each mans life  
For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee,  
Grant this, that when ye shred with fatal knife  
His lue, which is the eldest of the three,  
VWhich is of them the shortest, as I see,  
Efdooones his life may passe into the next:  
And when the next shall likewise ended bee,  
That both their liues may likewise be annex  
Vnto the thrid, that his may so be trebly wext.

53  
They granted it; and then that careful Fay  
Departed thence with full contented mind;  
And comming home, in warlike fresh array  
Them found all three according to their kind:  
But vnto them what destiny was assign'd,  
Or how their liues were eek'd, shee did not tell;  
But euermore, when shee the fit time could find,  
Shee warn'd them to tend their safeties well,  
And loue each other deare, what-euer them befell.

54  
So did they surely during all their dayes,  
And neuer discord did amongst them fall;  
Which much augmented all their other praise:  
And now, t'increase affection naturall,  
In loue of *Canacee* they ioyned all:  
Vpon which ground this true great battell grew  
(Great matter growing of beginning small);  
The which for length I will not here pursue,  
But rather will referre it for a Canto new.







## Canto III.

*The battell twixt three brethren, with  
Cambell for Canacee.  
Cambina with true friendships bond  
doth their long strife agree.*

**Q** Why doe wretched men so much desire  
To draw their dayes vnto the vntmost date,  
And doe not rather wish them soone expire,  
Knowing the misery of their estate,  
And thousand perils which them still awate,  
Tossing them like a boate amid the Maine,  
That euery howre they knocke at Deaths gate?  
And hee that happy seemes, and least in paine,  
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth plaine.

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,  
The which in seeking for her children three  
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine:  
Yet whilst they liued, none did euer see  
More happy creatures then they seem'd to bee,  
Nor more ennobl'd for their curtesie:  
That made them dearely lov'd of each degree;  
Ne more renowned for their chetialrie:  
That made them dreaded much of all men farre and nee.

These three that hardy challenge tooke in hand,  
For Canacee with Cambell for to fight:  
The day was set, that all might vnderstand,  
And pledges pawnd the same to keepe aright.  
That day (the dreaddest day that liuing wight  
Did euer see vpon this world to shine)  
So soone as heuens window shew'd light,  
Thesewarlike Champions, all in armour shine,  
Assembled were in field, the challenge to define.

The field with listes was all about enclos'd,  
To barre the preale of people farre away;  
And at th'one side six ladders were dispos'd,  
To view and terme the deeds of armes that day:  
And on the other side, in fust array,  
Faire Canacee vpon a stately stage  
Was set, to see the forme of that fray,  
And to be seene, as his most worthy wage,  
That could her purchase with his liues aduentur'd gage.

Then entred Cambell first into the list,  
VVith stately steps, and fearlesse countenance,  
As if the conquest his he surely wist.  
Soone after, did the brethren three advance,  
In braue array, and goodly amenance,  
With scutchins gilt, and banners broad displayd:  
And marching thrice in warlike ordinance,  
Thrice louted lowely to the noble Mayd,  
Thewhiles shrill trumpets & loud clarions sweetly playd.

Which doen, the doughty Challenger came forth,  
All arm'd to poynt, his challenge to abet;  
Gainst whom, Sir Priamond with equall worth,  
And equall armes himselfe did forward set.  
A trumpet blew; they both together met,  
VVith dreadfull force, and furious intent,  
Carelesse of perill in their fierce affret,  
As if that life to losse they had forelent,  
And cared not to spare, that should be shortly spent.

Right practicke was Sir Priamond in fight,  
And throughly skild in vse of shield and speare;  
Ne lesse approou'd was Cambelloes might,  
Ne lesse his skill in weapons did appeare,  
That hard it was to weene which harder were,  
Full many mighty strokes on either side  
VVere sent, that seemed death in them to beare:  
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,  
That they avoyded were, and vainly by did slide.

Yet one of many was so strongly bent  
By Priamond, that with vn lucky glance,  
Through Cambells shoulder it vnwardly went,  
That forced him his shield to disaduaunce:  
Much was he grieued with that gracelesse chaunce;  
Yet from the wound no drop of blood there fell,  
But wondrous paine, that did the more enhance  
His haughy courage to auengement fell:  
Smart daunts not mightie harts, but makes them more to well.

With that, his poynant speare he fierce aduentured,  
VVith double force close vnderneath his shield,  
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,  
And there arresting ready way did yield,  
For blood to gush forth on the grassie field;  
That he for paine himselfe n'ote right vp-reare,  
But to and fro in great amazement reel'd,  
Like an old Oake, whose pith and sap is feare,  
At passe of euery storme doth stagger heere and there.

Whom so dismayd when Cambell had espide,  
Againe he droue at him with double might,  
That nought mote stay the Steele, till in his side  
The mortall poynt most cruelly empight:  
Where fast infix'd, whilst he sought by slight  
It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder brake,  
And left the head behind: with which despight  
He all enrag'd, his shivering speare did shake,  
And charging him afresh, thus felly him bespake;

Lo faitour, therethy meed vnto thee take,  
The meed of thy mischallenge and abet:  
Not for thine owne, but for thy sisters sake,  
Haue I thus long thy life vnto thee let:  
But, to forbear, doth not forgieue the det.  
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow;  
And passing forth with furious affret,  
Pearc't through his beuer quite into his brow,  
That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

There-with a sunder in the midst it brast,  
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left;  
The other halfe behind yet sticking fast,  
Out of his head-peece Cambell fiercely rest:  
And with such fury back at him it helst,  
That making way vnto his dearest life,  
His wealand pipe it through his gorgete left:  
Thence streames of purple blood, issuing rife,  
Let forth his weary ghost, and made an end of strife.

His weary ghost, alloyd from fleshy band,  
Did not (as others wont) directly flie  
Vnto her rest in Platoes grieu'd land;  
Ne into ayre did vanish presently,  
Ne changed was vnto a statre in sky:  
But through traduction was effsoones deriued,  
Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,  
Into his other brethren, that suruiued:  
In whom he liu'd anew, of former life deprived.

Whom, when on ground his brother next beheld,  
Though sad and sory for so heavy fight,  
Yet leaue vnto his sorrow did not yield:  
But rather stir'd to vengeance and despight,  
Through secret feeling of his generous spright,  
Rust hercerely forth, the battell to renew,  
As in reuersion of his brothers right;  
And challenging the Virgin as his dew,  
His foe was soone adrest: the trumpets freshly blew.

With that, they both together fiercely met,  
As if that each meant other to deuoure;  
And with their axes both so sorely bet,  
That neither plate nor maile, where-as their powre  
They felt, could once sustaine the hideous stowe,  
But rind were, like rotten wood asunder,  
Whilst through their rifts the ruddy blood did stowe,  
And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,  
That fill'd the lookers on attonee with ruth and wonder.

As when two Tigers prick't with hungry rage  
Hue by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,  
On which they weene their famine to asswage,  
And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,  
Both falling out, doe stirre vp strife-full broyle,  
And cruell battell twixt themselves doe make,  
Whiles neither lets the other touch the foyle,  
But either ideignes with other to partake:  
So cruellly these Knights strove for that Ladies sake.

Full many strokes, that mortally were ment,  
The whiles were enterchanged twixt them two:  
Yet they were all with so good wariment  
Or warded, or avoyded and let goe,  
That still the life stood feareless of her foe:  
Till Diamond, disdeigning long delay  
Of doubtfull fortune wauering to and fro,  
Resolv'd to end it one or other way;  
And heau'd his murderous axe at him with mighty sway.

The dreadfull stroke, in case it had arriued,  
VVhere it was meant (so deadly was it ment)  
The soule had sure out of the body riu'd,  
And stipt all the strife incontinent.  
But Cambells fate that fortune did preuent:  
For, seeing it at hand, he swar'd aside,  
And so gaue way vnto his fell intent:  
Who missing of the marke which he had eyde, (slide)  
Was with the force nigh feld, whilst his right foot did

As when a Vulture greedy of his pray,  
Through hunger long, that hart to him doth lend,  
Strikes at at Heron with all his bodies sway,  
That from his force seemes nought may it defend;  
The wary fowle, that spies him toward bend,  
His dreadfull soule avoydes, it shunning light,  
And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend;  
That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse might,  
He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recovereth flight.

Which faire aduenture when Cambello spide,  
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recouer  
From dangers dread to ward his naked side,  
He can let driue at him with all his power,  
And with his axe him smote in euill howre,  
That from his shoulders quite his head he rest:  
The headlesse trunk, as heedlesse of that stowe,  
Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept,  
Till feeling life to fall, it fell, and deadly slept.



21  
They, which that pitious spectacle beheld,  
Were much amaz'd the headlesse trunk to see  
Stand vp so long, and weapon vaine to weld,  
Vnwetting of the Fates diuine decree,  
For lifes succession in those brethren three,  
For, notwithstanding that one soule was rest,  
Yet had the body not dismembred bee,  
It would haue liued, and reuiued eke;  
But, finding no fit seate, the lifelesse corse it left.

22  
It left; but that same soule which therein dwelt,  
Straight ensuing into *Triamond*, him filld  
With double life, and griefe; which when he felt,  
As one whose inner parts had been yithild  
With point of Steele, that close his hart-bloud spild,  
He highly leapt out of his place of rest,  
And rushing forth into the empty field,  
Against *Cambell* fiercely him addrest  
Who, him affronting, soone to fight was ready prest.

23  
Well mote yewonder, how that noble Knight  
After he had so often wounded bene,  
Could stand on foot, now to renew the fight.  
But had yehen him forth aduancing scene,  
Some new-borne wight ye would him sorely weene:  
So fresh he seemed, and so fierce in fight;  
Like as a Snake, whom weary Winters teend  
Hath worne to nought, now feeling Sommers night,  
Casts off his ragged skin, and freshly doth him dight.

24  
All was through vertue of the ring he wore,  
The which not onely did not from him let  
One drop of blood to fall, but did restore  
His weakened powers, and dulled spirits whet,  
Through working of the stone therein yset.  
Else how could one of equall might with most,  
Against so many no lesse mighty met,  
Once thinke to match three such on equall cost?  
Three such as able were to match a puissant host.

25  
Yet nought thereof was *Triamond* adred,  
Ne desperate of glorious victory.  
But sharply him assayld, and sore bested,  
VVith heapes of strokes, which hear him let flie,  
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the sky:  
Hec stroke, he loust, he found, he hew'd, he lastit,  
And did his iron brand so fast apply,  
That from the same the fiery sparkles flastit,  
As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rock are dashit.

26  
Much was *Cambell* daunted with his blowes:  
So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,  
That he was forc't (from danger of the throwes)  
Backe to retire, and some-what to relent,  
Till th' heat of his fierce fury he had spent:  
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,  
He then affrest, with new encouragement,  
Did him assile, and mightily amate,  
As fast as forward eust, now backward to retrace.

27  
Like as the tyde that comes fro th' Ocean maine,  
Floues vp the Shenan with contrary force,  
And ouer-ruling him in his owne raine,  
Drines backe the current of his kindly course,  
And makes it seeme to haue some other source;  
But when the flood is spent, then back againe  
His borrowed waters forc't to redibourse,  
He sends the sea his owne with double gaue,  
And tribute eke withall, as to his Soueraigne.

28  
Thus did the battell vary to and fro,  
With diuerse fortune doubtfull to be deemed:  
Now this the better had, now had his foe;  
Then he halfe vanquishit, then the other seemed;  
Yet Victors both themselues alwaies esteemed,  
And all the while, the disentrayld bloud,  
Adowne their sides like little riuers streamed;  
That with the wasting of his vitall blood,  
Sir *Triamond* at last, full faint and feeble stood.

29  
But *Cambell* still more strong and greater grew,  
Ne felt his bloud to waste, ne powres emperistit,  
Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new,  
Still when as he enfeebled was, him cherishtit,  
And all his wounds, and all his bruises guarishtit:  
Like as a withered tree through husbands toyle  
Is often scene full freshly to haue florishtit,  
And fruitfull apples to haue borne awhile,  
As fresh as when it first was planted in the soyle.

30  
Through which advantage, in his strength he rose,  
And smote the other with so wondrous might,  
That through the same, which did his hauberk close,  
Into his throat and life it pierced quight,  
That downe he fell, as dead in all mens sight:  
Yet dead he was not, yet he sure did die,  
As all men doe, that lose the liuing spright:  
So did one soule out of his body fly  
Vnto her native home, from mortall milery.

31  
But nathelless, whilst all the lookers on  
Him dead behight, as he to all appear'd,  
All vnawares he started vp anon,  
As one that had out of a dreame been reat'd,  
And fresh assayld his foe; who halfe affear'd  
Of th' yncouth sight, as he some gholt had scene,  
Stood still amaz'd, holding his role sweard;  
Till hauing often by him striken bene,  
He forced was to strike, and saue himselfe from teene.

32  
Yet, from thence-forth, more warily he fought,  
As one in feare the *Syagian* gods offend,  
Ne follow'd on so fast, but rather fought  
Himselfe to saue, and danger to defend,  
Then life and labour both in vaine to spend.  
Which *Triamond* perceiving, weened sure  
He gan to fust, toward the battels end,  
And that he should not long on foote endure;  
A signe which did to him the victory assure.

Whereof

33  
Whereof full blithe, effoones his mighty hand  
He heav'd on high, in mind with that same blowe  
To make an end of all that did withstand:  
VVhich *Cambell* seeing come, was nothing slowe  
Himselfe to saue from that so deadly throwe;  
And at that instant reaching forth his sword,  
Close vnderneath his shield, that scarce did showe,  
Strooke him, as he his hand to strike vp-reard,  
In th' arm-pit full, that through both sides the wound appeard.

34  
Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,  
And falling heauy on *Cambell*'s crest,  
Strooke him so hugely, that in swoone he lay,  
And in his head an hideous wound imprest:  
And sure, had it not happily found rest  
Vpon the brim of his broad plated shield,  
It would haue cleft his braine downe to his breast:  
So both at once fell dead vpon the field,  
And each to other seem'd the victory to yield.

35  
Which when as all the lookers on beheld,  
They weened sure the war was at an end,  
And Iudges rose, and Marshals of the field  
Broke vp the listes, their armes away to send,  
And *Cambell* gan waile her dearest friend.  
All suddenly they both vpstart light,  
The one out of the wound, which him did blend,  
The other breathing now another spright,  
And fiercely each assaying, gan afresh to fight.

36  
Long while they then continued in that wise,  
As if but then the battell had begonne:  
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did despise,  
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne,  
Desirous both to haue the battell donne;  
Ne either cared life to saue or spill,  
Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne.  
So weary, both of fighting had their fill,  
That life it selfe seem'd loathsome, and long safety ill.

37  
Whil' st thus the case in doubtfull balance hong,  
Vnsure to whether side it would incline,  
And all mens eyes and hearts which there among  
Stood gazing, filled were with ruefull tine,  
And secret feare to see their fatal fine;  
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyse,  
That seem'd some perillous tumult to define,  
Confus'd with womens cries, and shouts of boyes,  
Such as the troubled Theaters oft-times annoyes.

38  
Thereat the Champions both stood still a space,  
To weeten what that sudden clamour ment;  
Lo, where they spide with speedy whirling pace,  
One in a charret of strange inuolment,  
Towards them drining like a storme out sent.  
The Charet decked was in wondrous wise,  
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,  
After the Persian Monarks antique guise  
Such as the maker selfe could best by art deuise.

39  
And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)  
Of two grim Lions, taken from the wood,  
In which their powre all others did excell;  
Now made forget their former cruell mood,  
To obey their riders best, as seemed good.  
And therein sat a Lady passing faire  
And bright, that seemed borne of Angels blood,  
And with her beauty, bounty did compare,  
Whether of them in her should haue the greater share.

40  
Thereto she learned was in Magicke leare,  
And all the artes, that subtil wits discouer,  
Hauing therein been trained many a yeare,  
And well instructed by the Fay her mother,  
That in the same she farre exceld all other,  
Who vnderstanding by her mighty art,  
Of th' euill plight, in which her dearest broother  
Now stood, came forth in haste to take his part,  
And pacifie the strife, which could so deadly smart.

41  
And as she passed through th' vnusly preace  
Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,  
Her angry teame breaking their bonds of peace,  
Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,  
For haste did ouer-runne, in dust enrould;  
That thorough rude confusion of the rout,  
Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed bould,  
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,  
And som that wold seem wise, their wonder turn'd to dout.

42  
In her right hand a rod of peace she bore;  
About the which two Serpents weren wound,  
Entrayld mutually in lovely lore,  
And by the tayles together firmly bound,  
And both were with one olive garland crown'd,  
Liketo the rod which *Maias* sonne doth wield,  
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound,  
And in her other hand a cup she held,  
The which was with *Nepenthe* to the lim vp-fill'd.

43  
*Nepenthe* is a drinke of loueraigne grace,  
Deuis'd by the gods, for to assuage  
Hearts griefe, and bitter gall away to chase,  
Which stirs vp anguish and contentious rage;  
In stead thereof, sweet peace and quiet age  
It doth establish in the troubled mind.  
Fewe men, but such as sober are and sage,  
Are by the gods to drinke thereof assyn'd;  
But such as drinke, eternall happinesse do finde.

44  
Such famous men, such Worthies of the earth,  
As *Ioue* will haue aduanced to the skie,  
And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,  
For their high merits and great dignity,  
Are wont, before they may to heauen flie,  
To drinke hereof; whereby, all cares forpast  
Are washt away quite from their memory.  
So did those olde Heroes hereof taste,  
Before that they in blis amongst the gods were plac't.

S 3

Most



45  
Much more of price and of more gracious powre  
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,  
The which *Rinaldo* drinke in happy houre,  
Described by that famous Tuscan penne:  
For, that had might to change the harts of men  
Fro loue to hate, a change of euill choise:  
But this doth harred make in loue to brenne,  
And heavy heart with comfort doth reioyce,  
Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice?

46  
At last, arriuing by the listes side,  
She with her rod did softly smite the raile:  
Which streight flew ope, and gaue her way to ride.  
Eftsoones out of her Coach she gan auaile,  
And passing fairely forth did bid All haile,  
First to her brother, whom she loued deare,  
That so to see him made her hart to quail:  
And next to *Cambell*, whose sad ruefull cheare  
Made her to change her hew, and hidden loue appeare.

47  
They lightly her requit (for, small delight  
They had as then her long to entertaine.)  
And eft them turned both againe to fight,  
Which when she sawe, downe on the bloudy Plaine  
Her selfe she threw, and teares gan shed amaine:  
Amongst her teares unmixing prayers meeke,  
And (with her prayers, reasons to restraine  
From bloudy strife, and blessed peace to seeke)  
By all that vnto them was deare, did them beseeke.

48  
But when as all might nought with them preuaile,  
She smote them lightly with her powrefull wand.  
Then suddenly, as if their harts did faile,  
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,  
And they like men astonisht still did stand,  
Thus whilst their minds were doubtfully distraught,  
And mighty spirits bound with mightier band,  
Her golden cup to them for drinke she raught,  
Whereof full glad for thirst, each drunken hart draught.

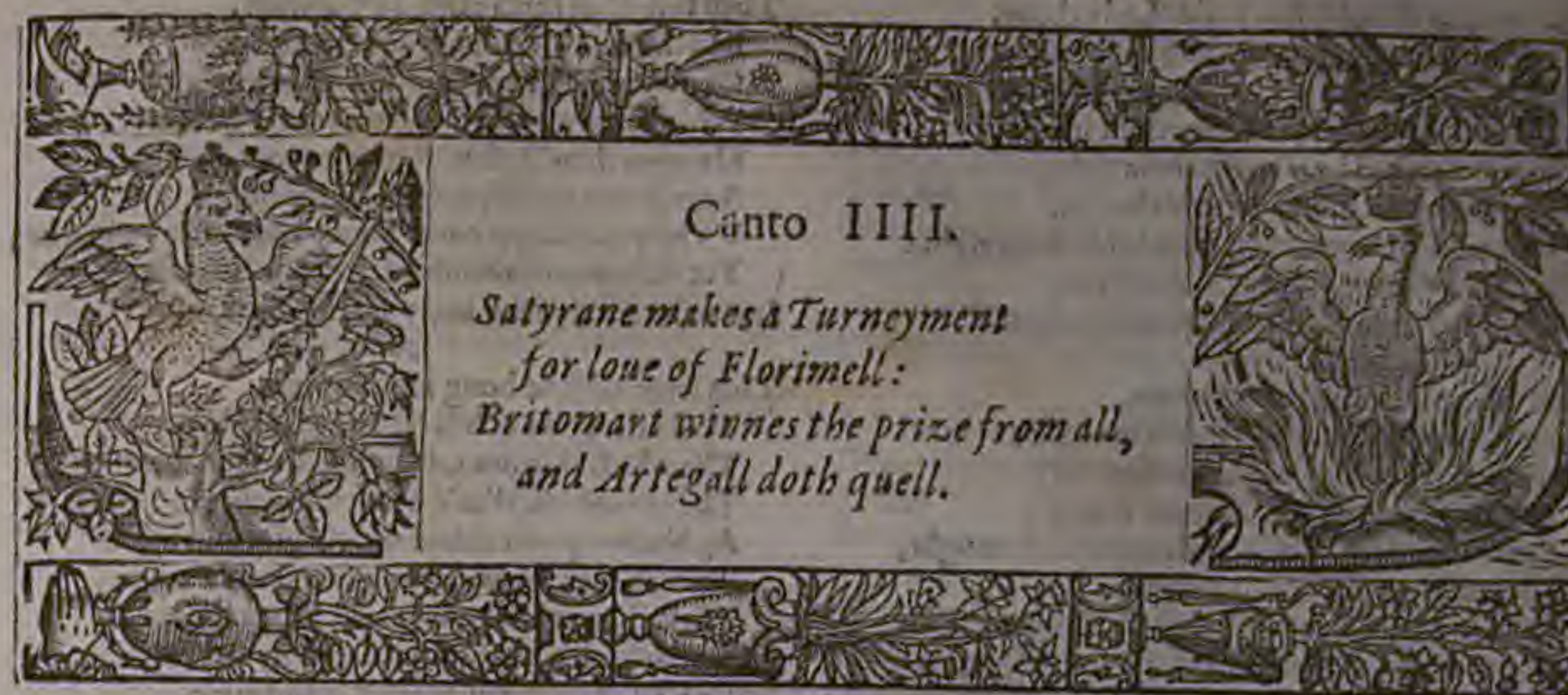
49  
Of which so soone as they once tasted had  
(Wonder it is that sudden change to see,)  
In stead of strokes, each other kissed glad,  
And louely haust from feare of treason free,  
And plighted hands for euer friends to be.  
When all men saw this sudden change of things,  
So mortall foes so friendly to agree,  
For passing ioy, which so great maruaile brings,  
They all gan shout aloud, that all the heauen rings.

50  
All which, when gentle *Canacee* beheld,  
In haste she from her lofty chaire descended,  
To weet what sudden tidings was befall:  
Where when she saw that cruell war so ended,  
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,  
In louely wise she gan that Lady greet,  
Vvhich had so great dismay so well amended;  
And enteraining her with curtesies meet,  
Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet.

51  
Thus when they all accorded goodly were,  
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,  
Thence to depart with glee and glad some cheere,  
Those warlike Champions both together chose,  
Homeward to march, themselves there to repose:  
And wife *Cambina*, taking by her side  
Faith *Canacee* as fresh as morning rose,  
Vnto her Coach remounting, home did ride,  
Admired of all the people, and much glorified.

52  
Where making ioyous feasts, their dayes they spent  
In perfect loue, deuoid of hatefull strife,  
Allide with bands of mutuall complement:  
For, *Triamond* had *Canacee* to wife,  
With whom he led a long and happy life;  
And *Cambell* tooke *Cambina* to his fere,  
The which as life were each to other lief,  
So all alike did loue, and loued were,  
That since their daies such louers were not found elswhere.

Canto



## Canto III.

*Satyrane makes a Turneyment  
for loue of Florimell:  
Britomart winnes the prize from all,  
and Artegall doth quell.*

1  
T often faine (as here it erst befell)  
That mortall foes, do torne to faithfull friends;  
That Friends profest, are chang'd to foemen fell:  
The cause of both, of both their liues depell;  
And th'end of both, likewise of both their ends.  
For, enmity, that of no ill proceeds,  
But of occasion, with th'occasion ends;  
And friendship, which a faint affection breeds,  
Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded seeds.

2  
That well (me seemes) appeares; by that of late  
Twixt *Cambell* and *Sir Triamond* befell;  
As als by this, that now a new debate  
Stir'd vp twixt *Stadamour* and *Paridell*,  
The which by course befalls me here to tell:  
Who, hauing those two other knights espide  
Marching afore, as ye remember well,  
Sent forth their Squire to haue them both deseride,  
And eke those masked Ladies riding them beside.

3  
Who, back returning, tolde as he had seene,  
That they were doughty knights of dreaded name;  
And those two Ladies, their two loues vnto seene;  
And therefore with them without blot or blame,  
To let them pass at will, for dread of shame.  
But *Blandamour* full of van glorious spright,  
And rather staid by his discordfull Dame,  
Vpon them gladly would haue prov'd his might,  
But that he yet was sore of his late lucklesse fight.

4  
Yet nigh approaching, he them foule bespake,  
Disgracing them, himselfe thereby to grace,  
As was his wont, so weening way to make  
To Ladies loue, where-so he came in place,  
And with lewd tearmes their louers to deface,  
Whose sharp prouokement them incens'd so sore,  
That both were bent to avenge his vnto base,  
And gan their shields addresse themselves afore:  
For, euill deeds may better then bad words be bore.

5  
But faire *Cambina*, with perswasions mild,  
Did mitigate the fierceneesse of their mode,  
That for the present they were reconcyl'd,  
And gan to treat of deeds of armes abroad,  
And strange adventures, all the way they rode:  
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,  
Of that great Turney, which was blazed broad,  
For that rich girdle of faire *Florimell*,  
The prize of her, which did in beauty most excell.

6  
To which folke more they all with one consent,  
Sith each of them his Lady had him by,  
Whose beauty each of them thought excellent,  
Agreed to trauell, and their fortunes try.  
So as they passed forth, they did espy  
One in bright armes with ready speare in rest,  
That toward them his counte seem'd to apply,  
Gainst whom *Sir Paridell* himselfe addrest,  
Him weening, ere he nigh approacht, to haue repress.

7  
Which th'other seeing, gan his course relent,  
And vaunted speare eftsoones to disaduance,  
As if he nought but peace and pleasure ment,  
Now faine into their fellowship by chance;  
Whereat they shewed courteous countenance:  
So as he rode with them accompanide,  
His routing eye did on the Lady glance,  
Vvhich *Blandamour* had riding by his side:  
Whom sure he weend, that he somewhere tofore had cyde.

8  
It was to weet, that snowy *Florimell*,  
Which *Ferrau* late from *Braggadochio* wonne:  
Vvhom he now seeing, her remembred well,  
How hauing rest her from the Witches sonne,  
He soone her lost: wherefore he now begonne  
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,  
Vvhom formerly he had in battell wonne,  
And proffer made by force her to reple:  
Which scornfull offer *Blandamour* gau soone despise.

And



And sayd, Sir Knight, sith ye this Lady clame,  
Whom he that hath, were loth to lose so light,  
(For, so to lose a Lady, were great shame)  
Yee shall her winne, as I have done in fight:  
And so she shall be placed here in fight,  
Together with this Hag beside her let,  
That who-so winnes her, may her haue by right:  
But he shall haue the Hag that is yber,  
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get.

That offer pleased all the company,  
So Florimell with *Até* forth was brought;  
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:  
But *Braggadocchio* laid, he neuer thought  
For such an Hag, that seemed worse then nought,  
His person to imperill so in fight.  
But if to match that Lady they had sought  
Another like, that were like faire and bright,  
His life he then would spend to iustifie his right.

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,  
As scorning his vnmanly cowardise:  
And *Florimell* him foully gan reuile,  
That for her sake refus'd to enterprife  
The battell, offered in so knightly wise.  
And *Até* eke provok't him priuily,  
VVith loue of her, and shame of such mesprise.  
But nought he car'd for friend or enemy,  
For, in bale mind nor friendship dwells nor enmity.

But *Cambell* thus did shut vp all in iest,  
Braue Knights and Ladies, certes ye doe wrong  
To stirre vp strife, when most vs needeth rest,  
That we may vs reserve both fresh and strong,  
Against the Turnement which is not long;  
VVhen who-so list to fight, may fight his fill:  
Till then your challenges yee may prolong;  
And then it shall be tried if ye will,  
Whether shall haue the Hag, or hold the Lady still.

They all agreed: so turning all to game,  
And pleasant bord, they past forth on their way,  
And all that while, where-so they rode or came,  
That masked Mock-knight was their sport and play.  
Till that at length vpon th'appointed day,  
Vnto the place of Turnement they came;  
VVhere they before them found in fresh array  
Many a braue knight, and many a dainty dame  
Assembled, for to get the honour of that game.

There this faire crew arriuing, did diuide  
Themselves asunder: *Blandamour* with those  
Of his, on th'one; the rest on th'other side.  
But boastfull *Braggadocchio* rather chose,  
For glory vaine their fellowship to lose,  
That men on him the more might gaze alone.  
The rest themselves in troupes did else dispose,  
Like as it seemed best to eury one;  
The knights in couples marche, with Ladies linkt attone.

Then first of all forth came Sir *Satyrane*,  
Bearing that precious relique in an arke  
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not profane:  
Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,  
He open shew'd, that all men it mote marke;  
A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost  
VVith pearle & precious stone, worth many a marke;  
Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost:  
It was the same which lately *Florimell* had lost.

That same aloft he hong in open view,  
To be the prize of beauty and of might;  
The which estfoones, discovered, to it drew  
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,  
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,  
That all men threw out vowes and willes vaine.  
Thrice happy Lady, and thrice happy knight,  
Them seem'd, that could so goodly riches gaine,  
So worthy of the perill, worthy of the paine.

Then tooke the bold Sir *Satyrane* in hand  
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,  
And vauncing forth from all the other band  
Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,  
Shewing himselfe all ready for the field,  
Gainst whom, there singled from the other side  
A Painim knight, that well in armes was skild,  
And had in many a battell oft been tride,  
Hight *Branchenall* the bold, who fiercely forth did ride.

So furiously they both together met,  
That neither could the others force sustaine.  
As two fierce Bulls, that strue the rule to get  
Of all the heard, meet with so hideous maine,  
That both rebutted, tumble on the Plaine:  
So these two Champions to the ground were feld,  
VVhere in a maze they both did long remaine,  
And in their hands their idle troncheons held,  
VVhich neither able were to wag, or once to weld.

VVhich when the noble *Ferramont* espide,  
Hepricked forth in ayde of *Satyrane*;  
And him against, Sir *Blandamour* did ride  
With all the strength and stiffness that he can.  
But the more strong and stiffer that he ran,  
So much more sorely to the ground he fell,  
That on a heape were tumbled horse and man.  
Vnto whose reskew forth rode *Paridell*;  
But him likewise with that same speare he eke did quell.

VVhich *Braggadocchio* seeing, had no will  
To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,  
Albee his turne were next; but stood there still,  
As one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd.  
But *Triamond*, halfe wroth to see him staid,  
Sternly stept forth, and taught away his speare,  
VVith which so sore he *Ferramont* assaid,  
That horse and man to ground he quite did beare.  
That neither could in haste themselves again vpreare.

Which to avenge, Sir *Damon* him did dight,  
But with no better fortune then the rest:  
For, him likewise he quickly downe did smight;  
And after him, Sir *Douglas* him addrest,  
And after him, Sir *Palinor* forth prest:  
But none of them ag'st his strokes could stand;  
But all the more, the more his praise increas'd,  
For, euer they were left vpon the land,  
Or went away sore wounded of his haples hand.

And now by this, Sir *Satyrane* abraid from the field  
Out of the swoone, in which too long he lay;  
And looking round about, like one dismayd,  
VVhen as he sawe the nicelisse assay,  
Which doughty *Triamond* had wrought that day,  
Vnto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,  
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway,  
For very gall, that rather wholly dead  
Himselfe he wisht haue been, than in to bad a head.

Estfoones he gan to gather vp around  
His weapons, which lay scattered all abroad;  
And as it fell, his steed he ready found.  
On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,  
Like sparke of fire, that from the anville glode,  
Thence where he sawe the vallant *Triamond*  
Chasing, and laying on them heavy load;  
That none his force were able to withstand,  
So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was his hand.

VVith that, at him his beam-like speare he aymed,  
And thereto all his powre and might applyde:  
The wicked Steele for mischief first ordained,  
And hauing now misfortune got for guide,  
Staid not, till it arru'd in his side,  
And therein made a very grieuful wound,  
That streames of bloud his armour all bedide.  
Much was he daunted with that direfull sound,  
That scarce he him vpheld from falling in a wound.

Yet as he might, himselfe he soft with-drew  
Out of the field, that none perceiu'd it plaine.  
Then gan the part of Challengers anew  
To range the field, and Victor-like to raine,  
That none against them battell durst maintaine.  
By that, the gloomy evening on them fell,  
That forced them from fighting to refraine,  
And trumpets sound to cease did them compell.  
So *Satyrane* that day was iudg'd to beare the bell.

The morrow next the Turney gan anew,  
And with the fitt, the hardy *Satyrane*  
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew:  
On th'other side, full many a warlike swaine  
Assembled were, that glorious prize to gaine.  
But mongst them all, was not Sir *Triamond*,  
Vnable he new battell to darraigne,  
Through grievance of his late receiued wound,  
That doubly did him grieue, when-so himselfe he found.

Which *Cambell* seeing, though he could not faue,  
Ne done vadoe, yet for to saue his name,  
And purchase honour in his friends behaue,  
This goodly counterfeinace he did frame.  
The shield and armes well knowne to be the same,  
Which *Triamond* had wrought, vnto the wight,  
And to his friend vnwisht, for doubt of blame,  
If he misdid; he on himselfe did dight,  
That none could him discern, and so went forth to fight.

There *Satyrane* Lord of the field he found,  
Triumphing in great ioy and iollity;  
Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground;  
That much he gan in his glory to enuy.  
And cast to avenge his friends indignitie.  
A mighty speare estfoones at him he bent;  
Who seeing him come on so furiously,  
Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,  
That forcibly to ground, they both together went.

They vp againe themselves can lightly reare,  
And to their tryed swords themselves betake;  
With which they wrought such wondrous marnels  
That all the rest it did amazed make,  
Ne any dar'd their perill to partake;  
Now cuffing close, now chasing to and fro,  
Now hurling round, advantage for to take:  
As two wild Boates together grappling goe,  
Chauling, and forming choler, each against his foe.

So as they court, and turneyd here and there,  
It chapp'd Sir *Satyrane* his steed at last,  
Whether through foundring or through sodain feare,  
To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;  
VVhich vantage *Cambell* did pursue so fast,  
That ere himselfe he had recovered well,  
So sore he fowld him on the compass crest;  
That forced him to leaue his lofty sell,  
And rudely tumbling downe vnder his horse feet fell.

Lightly *Cambello* leapt downe from his steed,  
For to haue rent his shield and armes away,  
That whylome wont to be the Victors meed;  
VVhen all vnwares he felt an hideous way  
Of many swords that load on him did lay.  
An hundred knights had him enclosed round,  
To rescue *Satyrane* out of his pray;  
All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,  
In hope to take him prisoner, where he stood on ground.

He with their multitude was nought dismayd,  
But with stout courage turned vpon them all;  
And with his brondiren round about him layd;  
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:  
Like as a Lion that by chance doth fall,  
Into the hunters toyle, doth rage and rore,  
In royall hart disdainng to be thrall;  
But all in vaine: for what might one doe more?  
They haue him taken captiue, though it grieue him sore.



Whereof when newes to Triamond was brought,  
There as he lay, his wound he soone forgot;  
And starting vp, straight for his armour fought:  
In vaine he fought; for, there he found it not;  
Cambell it away before had got:  
Cambell's armes therefore he on him threw,  
And lightly islew forth to take his lot.  
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew,  
Leading his friend away, full fory to his vew.

Into the thickest of that knightly preace  
He thrust, and smote downe all that was betweene,  
Conied with fervent zeale; ne did he cease,  
Till that he came where he had Cambell leene,  
Like captiue thrall two other Knights atweene,  
There he amongst them cruel hauock makes;  
That they which lead him, soone enforced beene  
To let him loose to saue their proper stakes:  
Who, beeing freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes.

With that he drives at them with dreadfull might,  
Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,  
And in revengement of his owne delphight;  
So both together give a new alarme,  
As if but now the battell waxed warme.  
As when two greedy Wolves do brake by force  
Into an heard, farr from the husband farme,  
They spoyle and ravine without all remorse;  
So did these two through all the field, their foes enforce.

Fiercely they follow'd on their bold emprise,  
Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest;  
Then all with one consent did yield the prize  
To Triamond and Cambell as the best.  
But Triamond to Cambell it releast.  
And Cambell it to Triamond transferd;  
Each labouring to advance the others gest,  
And makes his praise before his owne preferd:  
So that the doome was to another day differd.

The last day came, when all those knights againe  
Assembled were, their deeds of armes to shew.  
Full many deeds that day were shewed plaine:  
But Satyrane boue all the other crewe,  
His wondrous worth declar'd in all mens vew,  
For, from the first he to the last endured:  
And though some while Fortune from him withdrew,  
Yet evermore his honour he recured,  
And with vneweared powre his party still assured.

Ne was there Knight that euer thought of armes,  
But that his utmost prowesse there made knowne,  
That by their many wounds, and carelesse harmes,  
By shivered speare, and swords all vnder strowen,  
By scattered shields was easie to be shewen.  
There might ye see loose steeds at randon ronne,  
Whose lacklesse riders late were overthrowen;  
And Squires make haste to help their Lords fordonne:  
But still the Knights of Maidenhead the better wonne;

Till that there entred on the other side,  
A stranger knight, from whence no man could reed,  
In queyot disguise, full hard to be detride.  
For, all his armour was like saluage weed;  
VVith woody mosse bedight, and all his steed  
With oaken leaues attrapt, that seemed fit  
For saluage wight, and thereto well agreed  
His word which on his ragged shield was writ,  
Saluagesse sans fineffe, shewing secret wit.

Hee at his first in-comming, charg'd his speare  
At him, that first appeared in his sight:  
That was to weet, the stout Sir Sangliers,  
Who well was knowne to be a valiant Knight,  
Approued oft in many a perous fight.  
Him at the first encounter downe he smote,  
And ouer-bore beyond his crouper quight,  
And after him another Knight, that hote  
Sir Brianor, so fore, that none him life behote.

Then ere his hand he reard, he overthrew  
Seven Knights, one after other as they came:  
And when his speare was burst, his sword he drew,  
The instrument of wrath, and with the same  
Far'd like a lion in his bloody game,  
Hewing, and slashing shields, and helmets bright,  
And beating downe what euer nigh him came:  
That euery one gan shun his dreadfull sight,  
No lesse then death it selfe in dangerous affright.

Much wondred all men, what or whence he came,  
That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize;  
And each of other gan enquire his name.  
But when they could not learne it by no wise,  
Most answerable to his wild disguise  
It seemed, him to rearm the saluage knight.  
But certes his right name was otherwise,  
Thogh known to few, that Arthegal he hight, (might)  
The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, and most of

Thus was Sir Satyrane with all his band,  
By his sole manhood and atchieuement stout  
Dismayd, that none of them in field durst stand,  
But beaten were, and chased all about.  
So he continued all that day throughout,  
Till euening, that the Sunne gan downward bend.  
Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout  
A stranger knight, that did his glory shend;  
So, nought may be esteemed happy till the end.

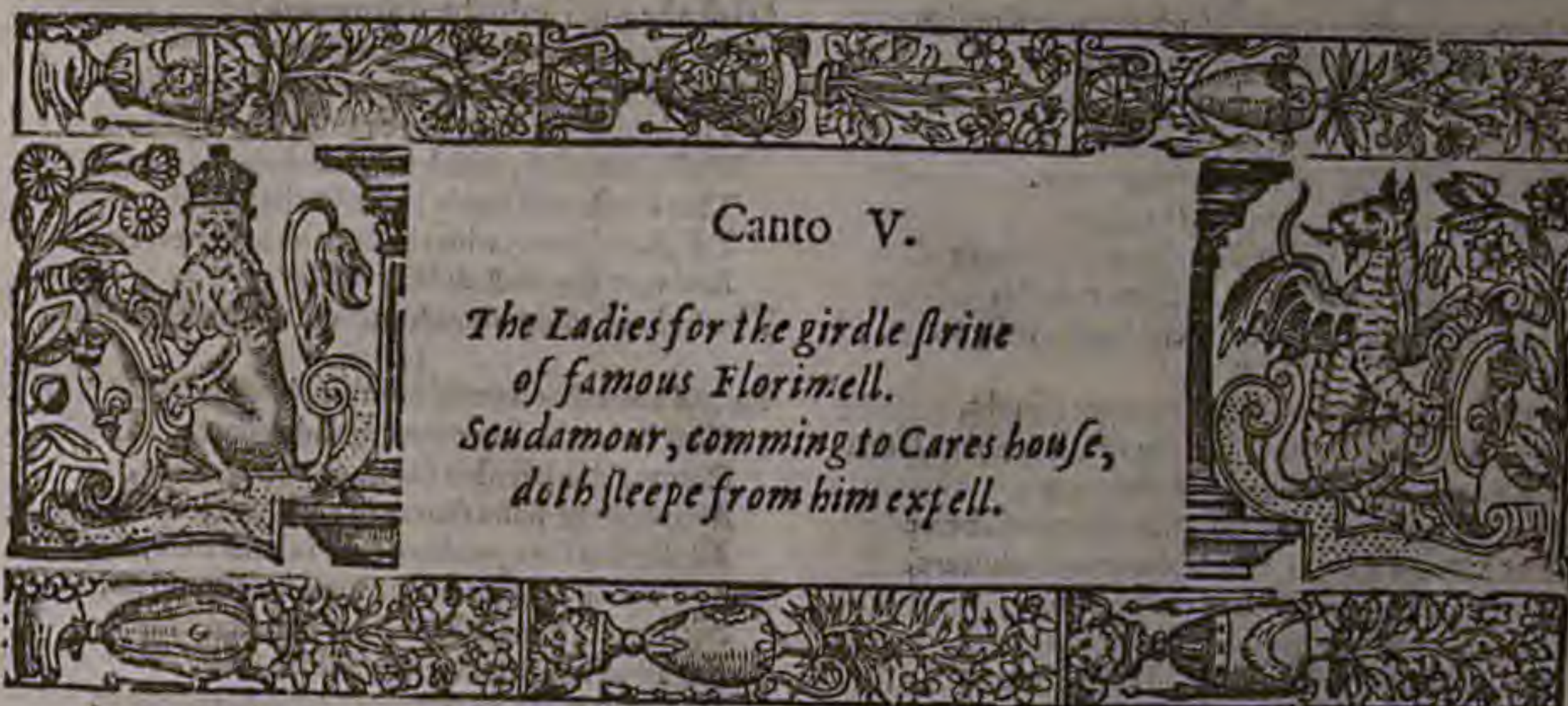
He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare  
At Arthegal, in midst of his pride;  
And therewith smote him on his Vmbriere  
So fore, that tumbled backe, he downe did slide  
Ouer his horses taile about a stride:  
Whence little lust he had to rise againe.  
Which Cambell seeing, much the same enuide,  
And ran at him with all his might and maine;  
But shortly was likewise scene lying on the Plaine.

Whereat full inly wroth was Triamond,  
And cast v'enge the shame doon to his friend:  
But by his friend, himselfe eke soone he fond  
In no lesse need of helpe, then him he wend.  
All which when Blandamour from end to end  
Beheld, he wote therewith displeased fore,  
And thought in mind it shortly to amend:  
His speare he feuted, and at him it bore;  
But with no better fortune, then the rest afore.

Full many others at him likewise ran:  
But all of them likewise dismounted were.  
Ne certes wonder, for, no powre of man  
Could bide the force of that enchanted speare,  
The which this famous Britomart did beare:  
With which she wondrous deeds of arms atchieued,  
And ouerbrew what euer came her neare,  
That all those stranger knights full sore agriued,  
And that late weaker band of challengers relieved.

Like as in sommers day, when raging heat  
Doth burne the earth, and boyled riuers dry,  
That all brute beasts fore't to restrain fro meat,  
Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they may lie,  
And missing it, faine from themselves to sic;  
All trauellers tormented are with paine:  
A warty clowd doth ouercast the skie,  
And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,  
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe:

So did the warlike Britomart restore  
The prize, to knights of Maydenhead that day  
(Which else was like to haue been lost) and bore  
The praye of prowesse from them all away.  
Then shrilling trumpets loudly gan to bray,  
And bade them leaue their labours and long toyle,  
To ioyous feast and other gentle play,  
Where beauties prize should win that precious spoyle:  
Where I with sound of trumpe will also rest awhile.



It hath beene through all ages euer scene,  
That with the praye of armes and chivalry,  
The prize of beauty still hath toynd been;  
And that for reasons speciall priuity:  
For, either doth on other much rely.  
For, he mee seemes most fit the faire to serue,  
That can her best defend from villeny;  
And she most fit his seruice doth deserue,  
That fairest is, and from her faith will neuer swerne.

So fitly now here commeth next in place,  
After the proofe of prowesse ended well,  
The controuerse of beauties soueraigne grace:  
In which the her that doth the most excell,  
Shall fall the girdle of faire Florimell:  
That many wish to win for glory vaine,  
And not for vertuous vse, which some do tell  
That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,  
Which Ladies ought to loue, and seeke for to obtaine.

That girdle gaue the vertue of chaste loue,  
And wiuehood true, to all that did it beare:  
But whosoeuer contrarie doth proue,  
Might not the same about her middle weare,  
But it would loose, or else asunder teare.  
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)  
Dane Pennu girdle, by her steemed deare,  
What time she vs'd to lye in wicely sort;  
But layd aside, when to she vs'd her looser sport.

Her husband Falcan whylome for her sake,  
VVhen first he loued her with heart entire,  
This precious ornament they say did make,  
And wrought in Lemmus with vnquenched fire:  
And afterwards did for her loues first hire,  
Give it to her for euer to remaine,  
Therewith to bind lasciuious desire,  
And loose after ciuious streightly to restrain:  
VVhich vertue it for euer after did retain.



The same one day, when she her selfe dispos'd  
To visite her beloved Paramoure,  
The god of Warre, the from her middle loos'd,  
And left behind her in her secret bowre,  
On *Aridalio* mount, where many an howre,  
She with the pleasant *Graces* wont to play.  
There *Florimell* in her first ages flowre  
Was foster'd by those *Graces*, (as they say)  
And brought with her fro thence that goodly belt away.

This goodly belt was *Celtas* hight by name,  
And as her life by her esteemed deare,  
No wonder then, if that to winne the same  
So many Ladies sought, as shall appeare;  
For, peerlesse she was thought, that did it beare.  
And now by this, their feast all being ended,  
The Iudges which thereto selected were,  
Into the Martian field adowne descended,  
To deeme this doubtful case, for which they all extended.

But first was question made, which of those Knights  
That lately turney'd, had the wager wonne:  
There was it iudged by those worthy wights,  
That *Satyrane* the first day best had donne:  
For, he last ended, having first begonne.  
The second was to *Triamond* belight,  
For that he had the Victor from fordonne:  
For, *Cambell* Victor was in all mens sight,  
Till by mishap he in his fore-mens hand did light.

The third dayes prize vnto the stranger Knight,  
Whom all men rearm'd Knight of the Heben's speare,  
To *Britomart* was given by good right;  
For that with puissant stroke she downe did beare  
The *Salvage* Knight, that Victor was while care,  
And all the rest, which had the belt afore,  
And to the last vnconquer'd did appeare;  
For, last is deemed best. To her therefore  
The fairest Lady was adiudg'd for Paramore.

But therat greatly grudged *Arthegall*,  
And much repyn'd, that both of Victors meede,  
And eke of honour she did him, forfeitall.  
Yet mote he not withstand what was decreed;  
But inly thought, of that despighfull deed.  
Fit time t'awaite avenged for to bee.  
This being ended thus, and all agreed,  
The next ensu'd the Paragon to see  
Of beames prais, and yet the fairest her due fee.

Then first *Cambello* brought vnto their view  
His faire *Cambina*, covered with a veale;  
Which being once with-drawn, most perfect hew  
And passing beauty did espoues reveale.  
That able was weake hearts away to steale.  
Next, did Sir *Triamond* vnto their sight  
The face of his deare *Canace* vnto;  
Whose beames beame espoues did shine so bright,  
That dar'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

And after her did *Paridell* produce  
His false *Duessa*, that she might be seene;  
Who with her forged beauty did seduce  
The harts of some, th'it fairest her did weene;  
As diuerse wits affected diuerse beene.  
Then did Sir *Ferramont* vnto them shew  
His *Lucida*, that was full faire and sheene,  
And after these an hundred Ladies moe  
Appear'd in place, the which each other did out-goe.

All which who-so dare thinke for to enchace,  
Him needeth sure a golden pen I weene,  
To tell the feature of each goodly face.  
For, since the day that they created beene,  
So many heavenly faces were not seene  
Assembled in one place: ne he that thought  
For *Chian* folke to pourtraist bewties Queene,  
By view of all the fairest to him brought,  
So many faire did see, as here he might haue sought.

At last, the most redoubted *Britonnesse*,  
Her lovely *Amoret* did open shewe:  
Whose face discouered, plainly did expresse  
The heavenly pourtraist of bright Angels hew.  
Well weened all, which her that time did view,  
That she should surely beare the belt away,  
Till *Blandamour*, who thought he had the trew  
And very *Florimell*, did her display:  
The sight of whom once seene, did all the rest dismay.

For, all afore that seemed faire and bright,  
Now base and contemptible did appeare,  
Compar'd to her, that shone as *Phaebus* light,  
Amongst the lesser sturres in evening cleare.  
All that her sawe, with wonder raptur were,  
And weend no mortall creature she should be,  
But some celestiall shape, that flesh did beare:  
Yet all were glad there *Florimell* to see;  
Yet thought that *Florimell* was not so faire as shee.

As guilefull Goldsmith that by secret skill,  
With golden foyle doth finely over-spread  
Some base metall, which commend he will  
Vnto the vulgar for good gold insted,  
He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed,  
To hide his falshood, then if it were trew:  
So hard, this Liole was to beared,  
That *Florimell* her selfe in all mens view  
She seem'd to passe: so forged things do fairest shew.

Then was the golden belt by doome of all  
Graunted to her, as to the fairest Dame.  
Which being brought, about her middle small  
They thought to gird, as best it her became;  
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame.  
For, euer as they fastned it, it loos'd  
And fell away, as feeling secret blame.  
Full oft about her waste she it enclos'd;  
And it as oft was from about her waste disclos'd.

That all men wondred at the vocouth sight,  
And each one thought, as to their fancies came,  
But shee her selfe did thinke it done for spight;  
And touch'd was with secret wrath and shame.  
Therewith, as thing deuiz'd her to defame.  
Then many other Ladies likewise tride,  
About their tender loynes to knit the same;  
But it would not on none of them abide,  
But when they thought it fast, it soones it was vntide.

Which when that scornfull *Squire of Dames* did view,  
He loudly gan to laugh and thus to iest;  
Alas for pite that so faire a crew,  
As like cannot be seene from East to West,  
Cannot find one this girdle to inuest.  
Fie on the man, that did it first invent,  
To shame vs all with this, *Engrist* vnblest.  
Let neuer Lady to his loue assent,  
That hath this day so many to vmanly shent.

Therat all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies lowre;  
Till that at last the gentle *Amoret*  
Likewise assaid, to proue that girdles powre;  
And having it about her middle set,  
Did find it fit, withouten breach or let,  
Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie:  
But *Florimell* exceedingly did fere,  
And snatching from her hand halfe angrily  
The belt againe, about her body gan it tie.

Yet nathemore would it her body fit;  
Yet nathelless to her, as her dew right,  
It yielded was by them, that iudged it:  
And she herselfe adjudged to the Knight,  
That bore the Heben's speare, as wonne in fight.  
But *Britomart* would not thereto assent,  
Ne her owne *Amoret* forgoe so light  
For that strange Dame, whose beauties wonderment  
She lesse esteem'd; then th'others vertuous gouernment.

VVhom when the rest did see her to refuse,  
They were full glad, in hope themselves to get her:  
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse.  
But after that, the Iudges did arret her  
Vnto the second best, that lov'd her better;  
That was the *Salvage* Knight: but he was gone  
In great displeasure that he could not get her.  
Then was she iudged *Triamond* his one;  
But *Triamond* lov'd *Canace*, and other none.

Tho, vnto *Satyrane* she was adiudged,  
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed:  
But *Blandamour* therat full greatly grudged,  
And little prais'd his labours eull speed,  
That for to winne the faddell, lost the steed.  
Ne lesse therat did *Paridell* complaine,  
And thought t'appeale from that which was decreed,  
To single combare with Sir *Satyrane*:  
Thereto him *Arthegall*, new discord to maintaine.

And eke with these, full many other Knights  
She through her wicked working did inuente,  
Her to demand, and challenge as their rights,  
Decried for their perils recompense.  
Amongst the rest, with boastfull vaine pretense  
Stept *Braggadochie* forth, and as his thrall  
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne long since:  
Whereto her selfe he did to witnesse call;  
Who being asks accordingly confessed all.

Therat exceeding wroth was *Satyrane*;  
And wroth with *Satyrane* was *Blandamour*;  
And wroth with *Blandamour* was *Erismar*;  
And at them both Sir *Paridell* did loure.  
So all together shird vp strifefull foute,  
And ready were new battell to dartaine.  
Each one profest to be her Paramour,  
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;  
Ne Iudges powre, ne reasons rule mote them restraine.

Which troublous strife when *Satyrane* auiz'd,  
He gan to cast how to appeale the same;  
And to accord them all, this meane deuiz'd:  
First in the midst to set that fairest Dame,  
To whom each one his challenge should disclaime,  
And he himselfe his right would eke reclaime:  
Then looke to whom she voluntary came,  
He should without disturbance her possesse:  
Sweet is the loue that comes alone with willingnesse.

They all agreed: and then that snowy Mayd  
Was in the midst plac'd among them all;  
All on her gazing wisht, and vow'd, and prayd,  
And to the Queene of beauty close did call,  
That she vnto their portion might befall.  
Then when she long had lookt vpon each one,  
As though she wisht to haue pleas'd them all,  
At last, to *Braggadochie* selfe alone  
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

VVhich when they all beheld, they chaf't and rag'd,  
And woxt nigh mad for very hearts despight,  
That from reuenge their willes they scarce allwag'd:  
Some thought from him her to haue refe by might;  
Some proffer made with him for her to fight.  
But he nought ear'd for all that they could say:  
For, he their words as wind esteemed light.  
Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,  
But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

They which remain'd, so soone as they perceiv'd,  
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,  
And follow'd them, in mind her to haue reau'd  
From wight vnworthy of so noble meed.  
In which pursuit how each one did succedd,  
Shall else be told in order, as it fell.  
But now of *Erismar* it here doth need  
The hard aduents and strange hap to tell;  
Since with therest he went not after *Florimell*.



For, soone as thee them sawe to discord set,  
Her list no longer in that place abide;  
But taking with her louely *Amoret*,  
Vpon her first adventure forth did ride,  
To seek her lov'd, making blind Loue her guide.  
Vnucky Mayd to seeke her enemy!  
Vnucky Mayd to seeke him farre and wide,  
Whom, when he was vnto her selfe most nie,  
She through his late disguizement could him not descie.

So much the more her griefe, the more her toyle:  
Yet neither toyle nor griefe, she once did spare,  
In seeking him, that should her paine assuile;  
Where to great comfort in her sad misfate  
Was *Amoret*, companion of her care:  
Who likewise fought her louer long misfate,  
The gentle *Scudamour*, whose heart while care  
That strifefull hag with ielous discontent  
Had filld, that he to fell reuenge was fully bent:

Bent to reuenge on blamelss *Britomart*  
The crime, which cursed *Atre* kindled earst,  
The which like thornes did prick his ielous heart,  
And through his soule like poysoned arrow peart;  
That by no reason it might be reuert,  
For ought that *Glauce* could or doe or say.  
For, aye the more that shee the same reheart,  
The more it gauld, and griu'd him night and day.  
That nought but dire reuenge his anger mote defray.

So as they trauelled, the drouping night  
Covered with cloudy storme and bitter showre,  
That dreadfull seem'd to euery living wight,  
Vpon them fell, before her timely howre;  
That forced them to seeke some couert bowre,  
Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,  
And shrowd their persons from that stormy stowre.  
Not farre away, not meet for any guest  
They spide a little cottage, like some poore mans nest.

Vnder a steepe hill side it placed was;  
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the bankes;  
And fast beside a little brooke did pass  
Of muddy water, that like puddle stanke;  
By which, fewe crooked fallowes grew in ranke:  
Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the sound  
Of many iron hammers beating ranke,  
And answering their weary turnes around,  
That seemed from black-smith dwelt in that desert ground.

There entering in, they found the goodman selfe,  
Full busily vnto his worke ybent;  
Who was to wet, a wretched wearish elfe,  
With hollow eyes and raw-bone cheeks forspent,  
As if he had in prison long bene pent:  
Full black and grisly did his face appeare,  
Besmeard with smoake that nigh his eye-sight blent;  
With rugged beard, and hoary straggled heare,  
The which he neuer wont to combe, or comely sheare.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,  
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:  
VVith blistred hands emongst the cinders brent,  
And fingers filthy, with long nayles prepared,  
Right fit to rend the food, on which he fared.  
His name was *Care*; a black-smith by his trade,  
That neither day nor night, from working spared,  
But to small purpose iron wedges made;  
Those be vnquiet thoughts, that carefull minds invade.

In which his worke he had fixe seruants prest,  
About the Anvile standing euermore,  
VVith huge great hammers, that did neuer rest  
From heaping stroakes, which thereon souled fore;  
All fixe, strong groomes, but one then other more;  
For, by degrees they all were disageed;  
So likewise did the hammers which they bore,  
Like belles in greatnesse orderly succed,  
That he which was the last, the first did farre exceed.

He like a monstrous Giant seem'd in fight,  
Farre passing *Bronteus*, or *Pyrramon* great,  
The which in *Lipari* doe day and night  
Frame thunder-bolts for *Ioues* avengfull threat;  
So dreadfully he did the Anvile beat,  
That seem'd to dust he shortly would it drue:  
So huge his hammer, and so fierce his heat,  
That seem'd a rock of Diamond it could rue,  
And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list strue.

Sir *Scudamour* there entering, much admired  
The manner of their worke and weary paine;  
And hauing long beheld, at last enquired  
The cause and end thereof: but all in vaine;  
For, they for nought would from their work refrain,  
Ne let his speeches come vnto their eare.  
And eke the breathfull bellows blew amaine,  
Like to the Northren wind, that none could heare:  
Those *Pensiuens* did moue; & *Sighes* the bellows were.

VVhich when that Warriour saw, he said no more,  
But in his armour layd him downe to rest:  
To rest, he layd him downe vpon the flore,  
(Whilome for ventrous knights the bedding best)  
And thought his weary limbs to haue redrest.  
And that old aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,  
Her feeble joynts layd eke adowne to rest,  
That needed much her weake age to desire,  
After so long a trauell, which them both did tire.

There lay Sir *Scudamour* long while expecting,  
VVhen gentle sleepe his heavy eyes would close;  
Oft changing sides, and oft new place electing,  
VVhere better seem'd he mote himselfe repose;  
And oft in wrath he thence againe vprose;  
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.  
But wherfore he did himselfe dispose,  
He by no means could wished ease obtaine:  
So euery place seem'd painefull, and each changing

And euermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,  
The hammers found his senses did molest;  
And euermore, when he began to winke,  
The bellows noyle disturb'd his quiet rest,  
Ne suffred sleepe to seile in his brest.  
And all the night the dogs did barke and howle  
About the house, at sent of stranger guest:  
And now the crowing Cocke, and now the Owle  
Lowde shriking him afflicted to the very soule.

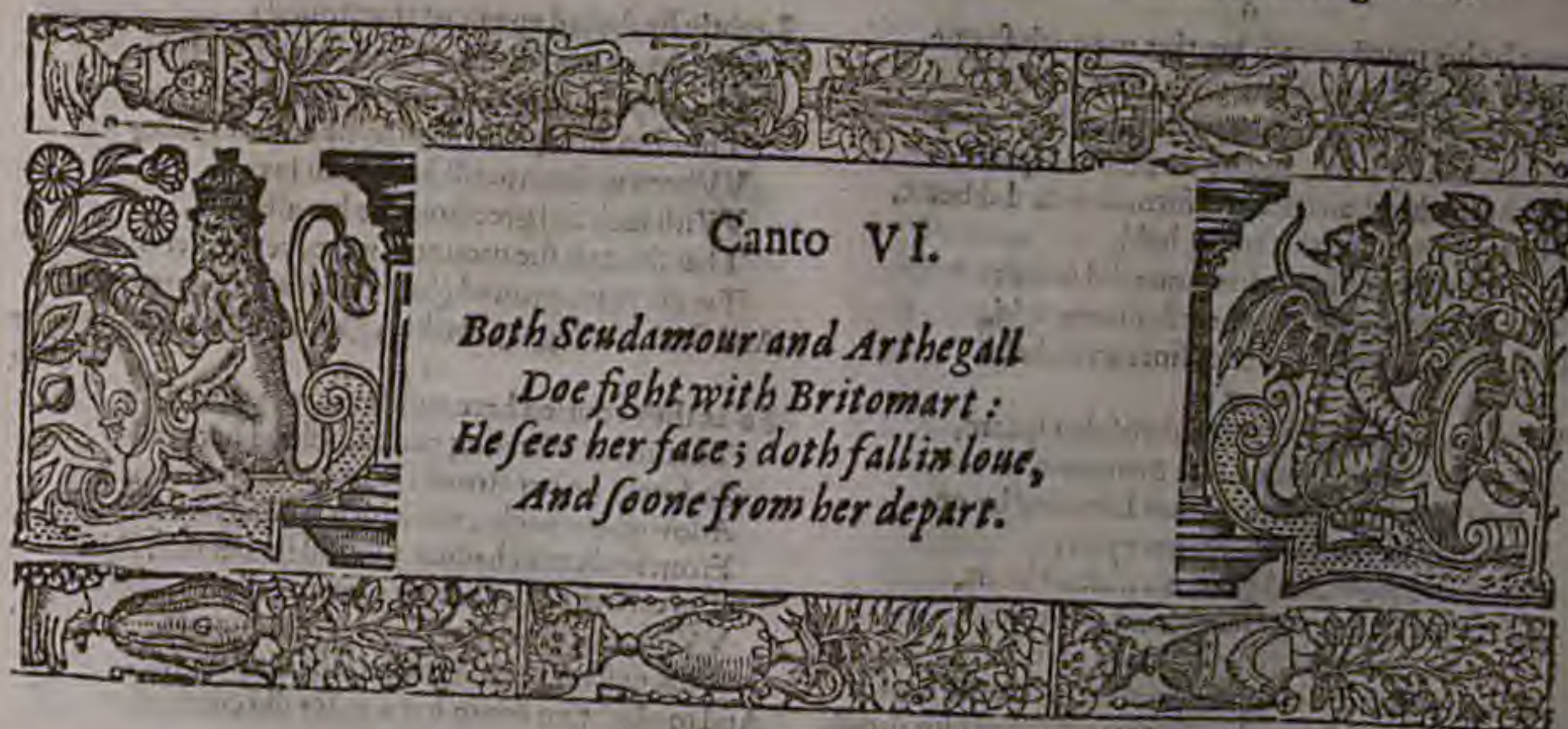
And if by fortune any litle nap,  
Vpon his heavy eye-lids chaunc'd to fall,  
Eftsoones one of those villains him did rap  
Vpon his head-peece with his iron mall;  
That he was soone awaked therewithall,  
And lightly started vp as one affrayd:  
Or as if one him suddenly did call,  
So, oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,  
And then lay mizing long, on that him ill apayd.

So long he mized; and so long he lay,  
That at the last his weary spirit oppress'd  
VVith fleshly weakenes, which no creature may  
Long time resist, gaue place to kindly rest,  
That all his senses did full soone arrest:  
Yet in his soundest sleepe, his daily feare  
His ydle braine gan busily molest,  
And made him dreame those two disloyall were:  
The things that day most minds, at night do most appear.

VVith that, the wicked carle, the master Smith,  
A paire of red-hot iron tonges did take  
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith,  
Vnder his side him nipst; that forc't to wake  
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,  
And started vp avenged for to bee  
On him, the which his quiet slumber brake:  
Yet looking round about him none could see;  
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did flee.

In such disquiet and heare-fretting paine,  
He all that night, that too long night did passe,  
And now the day out of the Ocean maine  
Began to peepe about this earthly masse,  
VVith pearly dewe sprinkling the morning grasse,  
Then vp he rose like heavy lump of lead;  
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,  
The signes of anguish one mote plainly read,  
And ghels the man to be dismayd with ielous dread.

Vnto his fofy steepe he clonbe anone,  
And forth vpon his former voyage fared,  
And with him eke that aged Squire atone;  
VVho, whatsoeuer perill was prepared,  
Both equal paines, and equal perill shared:  
The end wherof and dangerous euent  
Shall for another canticle be spared.  
But heere my weary teeme nigh over-spent  
Shall breath it selfe awhile, after so long a went.



Hat equal torment to the griefe of mind,  
And pynning anguish hid in gentle heart,  
That inly feeds it selfe with thought his vkinde,  
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart:  
VVhat medicine can any Leacher art  
Yeld such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,  
And will to none her maladie impart?  
Such was the wound that *Scudamour* did gride;  
For which, *Dau Phobus* selfe cannot a salve provide.

VVho, hauing left that restless house of *Care*,  
The next day, as he on his way did ride,  
Full of melancholy and sad misfate,  
Through misconceit; all vnawares espide  
An armed knight vnder a forrest side,  
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steed:  
Who, loone as them approaching he descide,  
Gan towards them to pricke with eager speed,  
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischievous deed.



Which, *Scudamour* perceiuing, forth flewed  
To haue encounterd him in equall race;  
But, looke as th' other, nigh approaching, viewed  
The armes he bore, his speere he gan abate,  
And voyd his courtesie; at which so sudden case  
He wondred much. But th' other thus can say:  
Ah! gentle *Scudamour*, vnto your grace  
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,  
Thar almost had against you respaied this day.

Where to thus *Scudamour*, small harme it were  
For any knight, vpon a venturous knight  
VVithout displeasure for to proue his speere,  
But read you Sir, with ye my name haue high  
What is your owne? that I mote your requite;  
Certes, said he, ye mote as now excuse  
Me from discourting you my name aright;  
For time yet lernes that I the same refuse,  
But call ye me the *Saluage Knight*, as others vse.

Then this, Sir *Saluage Knight*, quoth he, areed  
Or, doe you here within this forrest wonne  
(That seemeth well to abseere to your weede)  
Or, haue ye it for some occasion done?  
That rather seemes, with knowne armes ye shonne,  
This other day, said he, a stranger knight  
Shame and dishonour hath vnto me donne;  
On whom I wait to wreak that foule despight,  
When euer he this way shall passe by day or night.

Shame be his meed, quoth he, that meaneth shame,  
But what is he, by whom ye shamed were?  
A stranger knight, said he, vnkowne by name,  
But known by fame, and by an Hebe speere,  
With which, he all that met him, downe did beare.  
He in an open Turney lately held,  
From me the honour of that game did reare;  
And hauing me, all weary cast, downe feld,  
The fayrest Lady rest, and euer since with-held.

VWhen *Scudamour* heard mention of that speere,  
He wist right well, that it was *Britomart*,  
The which from him his fairest Loue did beare,  
Tho, gan he swell in euery inner part,  
For fell despight, and gnaw his ialous heart,  
That thus he sharply said: Now by my head,  
Yet is not this the first vnknighly part,  
Which that same knight, whom by his launce I read,  
Hath done to noble knights, that many makes him dread.

For, lately he my Loue hath fro me rest,  
And eke defiled with foule villany  
The sacred pledge, which in his faith was left,  
In shame of knighthood and fidelity;  
The which ere long full deare he shall able,  
And if to that avenge by you decreed  
This hand may help, or succour ought supply,  
It shall not faile, when so ye shall it need.  
So both to wreak their wrathes on *Britomart* agreed.

VWhiles thus they communed, lo farre away  
A knight fast riding towards them they spide,  
Attir'd in forraigne armes and strange array;  
Whom when they nigh approacht, they plaine descride  
To be the same, for whom they did abide.  
Said then Sir *Scudamour*, Sir *Saluage Knight*,  
Let me this graue, with first I was decide,  
That first I may that wrong to him requite;  
And if I hap to faile, you shall recure my right.

Which beeing yeelded, he his threatfull speere,  
Gan fester, and against her fiercely ran,  
Who, loone as she him saw approaching neare  
VVith to fell rage, herselfe she lightly gan  
To dight, to welcome him, well as she can;  
But entertained him in so rude a wife,  
That to the ground she smote both horse and man;  
VVhence neither greatly halted to arise,  
But on their common harmes together did demize.

But *Artagall*, beholding his mischance,  
New matter added to his former fire;  
And eke auenting his Steele-headed launce,  
Against her rode, full of dispitious ire,  
That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require,  
But to himselfe his felonious intent  
Returning, disappointed his desire,  
VVhiles vnawares his saddle he forwent,  
And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.

Lightly he started vp out of that sound;  
And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade,  
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound  
Thrust to an Hynd within some covert glade,  
VVhom without perill he cannot invade.  
VVith such fell greedines he her assayed,  
That though she mounted were, yet he her made  
To giue him ground (so much his force preuayled)  
And thun his mighty strokes, gainst which no arms

So as they coursed here and there, it chaunc't  
That in her wheeling round, behind her crest  
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunc't  
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest  
From foule mischance; ne did it euer rest,  
Till on her horses hinder parts it fell;  
VWhere biting deepe, so deadly it imprest,  
That quite it chyn'd his back behind the fell.  
And to alight on foote her algates did compell:

Like as the lightning brood from ritten skie,  
Throwne out by angry *Ioue* in his vengeance,  
VVith dreadfull force fallet on some Steele bie;  
Which battring, down it on the Church doth glaunc,  
And teares it all with terrible mischance,  
Yet she no whit dismayd, her steed forlook,  
And casting from her that enchanted launce,  
Vnto her word and shield her soone betooke;  
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

So furiously shee strooke in her first heat,  
VVhiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,  
That she him forced backward to retreat,  
And yelde vnto her weapon way to pals;  
VVhose raging rigour neither Steele nor brass  
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,  
And pour'd the purple blood forth on the grass;  
That all his maile yri'd, and plates yrent,  
Shew'd all his body bare vnto the cruell dent.

At length, when as he saw her hastie heat  
Abate, and panting breath began to faile,  
He through long sufferance growing now more great,  
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assaile,  
Heaping huge strokes, as thicke as shoure of haile,  
And lashing dreadfully at euery part,  
As if he thought her soule to disentraile.  
Ah! cruell hand, and thrice mote cruell hart,  
That work'st such wreek on her, to who theu dearest art.

VWhat iron courage euer could endure,  
To worke such outrage on so faire a creature?  
And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure  
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of Nature,  
The Maker selfe resembling in her feature?  
Certes, some hellish fure, or some fiend  
This mischief fram'd, for their first lones defeature,  
To bathe their hands in blood of dearest friend,  
Thereby to make their lones beginning, their lues end.

Thus long they trac't, and trauest to and fro,  
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursued,  
Still as advantage they espide thereto;  
But toward the end, Sir *Artagall* renewed  
His strength still more, but the still more decrewed.  
At last, his lucklesse hand he heau'd on his,  
Hauing his forces all in one acrewed;  
And there-with strooke at her so hideously,  
That seem'd nought but death mote be her destinie.

The wicked stroke vpon her helmer chaunc't,  
And with the force, which in it selfe it bore,  
Her ventaile shar'd away, and thence forth glaunc't  
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.  
With that, her Angels face (vnlesse afore)  
Like to the ruddy morne appear'd in sight,  
Deawd with silver drops, through sweating sore;  
But somewhat redder then becom'd aright,  
Through toilsome heat, & labour of her weary fight.

And round about the same, her yellow haire  
Hauing through stirring loos'd their wonted band,  
Like to a golden border did appeare,  
Framed in Goldsmiths forge with cunning hand;  
Yet Goldsmiths cunning could not vnderstand  
To frame such tawdrie wire so shame cleare.  
For, it did glister like the golden sand,  
The which *Pasiflois* with his waters shere,  
Throues forth vpon the riunge round about him there.

And as his hand he vp againe did reare,  
Thinking to worke on her his vtmost wreek,  
His powrefull arme benumbd with secret feare,  
From his reuengefull purpose thruoke aback;  
And cruell sword out of his fingers slack  
Fell downe to ground, as if the Steele had sense,  
And felt some ruth, of senie his hand did lacke;  
Or both of them did thinke, obedience  
To doe to so diuine a beauties excellence.

And he himselfe, long gazing there-vpon,  
At last, fell humbly downe vpon his knee,  
And of his wonder made religion,  
Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see,  
Or else vnweeing what it else might bee;  
And pardon her besought his errour fraile,  
That had done out-rage in so high degree:  
Whil'st trembling horribly did his sense assaile,  
And made each member quake, & manly hart to quail.

Nath'lesse, she full of wrath for that late stroke,  
All that long while vp-held her wrathfull hand,  
With fell intent, on him to beene ywroke,  
And looking sterne, full over him did stand,  
Threatning to strike, vnlesse he would withstand;  
And bade him rise, or surely he should die,  
But die or liue, for nought he would vp-stand,  
But her of pardon prayd more earnestly,  
Or wreake on him her will for so great injury.

VWhich when as *Scudamour*, who now abrayd,  
Beheld, where-as he stood not farre aside,  
He was there-with tight wondrously dismayd;  
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine descride  
That peerlesse patterne of Dame Natures pride,  
And heavenly image of perfection,  
He blest himselfe, as one fore terride;  
And turning feare to faint deuotion,  
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

But *Glaucé*, seeing all that chaunc'd there,  
VVith weening how their errour to alloye,  
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,  
And her salew'd with seemely bel-accoyle,  
Joyous to see her safe after long toyle.  
Then her besought, as she to her was deere,  
To graunt vnto those warriors truce awhile;  
VWhich yeelded, they their beuers vp did reare,  
And shew'd themselves to her, such as indeed they were.

VWhen *Britomart* with sharpe avizfull eye  
Beheld the lonely face of *Artagall*,  
Tempred with sterneresse and stouer maiestic,  
Shee gan cōsoloones it to her mind to call,  
To be the same which in her fathers hall  
Long since in that enchanted glasse she saw,  
There-with her wrathfull courage gan appall,  
And haughty spirits meekely to adaw,  
That her enhaunc'd hand shee downe can soft with-draw.



Yet shee is forc't to haue againe vp-held,  
As faining cholere, which was turn'd to cold:  
But euer when his visage she beheld,  
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold  
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countenance bold:  
But when in vaile to fight she oft assay'd,  
Shee arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold;  
Nath'lesse, her tongue not to her will obeyd, (said,  
But brought forth speeches mild, whē she wold haue mis-

But *Scudamour*, now woxen inly glad,  
That all his ielous feare, he false had found,  
And how that Hag his lone abused had,  
With breach of fayth, and loyaltie vnfound,  
The which long time his grieved hart did wound,  
He thus bespake; Certes, Sir *Arthegall*,  
I ioi to see you lout so lowe on ground,  
And now become to liue a Ladies thrall,  
That whylome in your minde wont to despise them all,

Soone as shee heard the name of *Arthegall*,  
Her hart did leape, and all her hart-strings tremble,  
For suddaine ioy, and secret feare withall,  
And all her vitall powres with motion nimble,  
To succour it, themselves gan there assemble;  
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood  
Right plaine appear'd, though she it wold dissemble,  
And fayned still her former angry mood.  
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood:

When *Glaucé* thus gan wisely all vp-knit;  
Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,  
To bespectators of this vncouth fit,  
Which secret fate hath in this Lady wrought,  
Against the course of kind: ne mervaille nought,  
Ne henceforth feare the thing that hitherto,  
Hath troubled both your minds with idle thought,  
Feareng least shee your Loues away should woo:  
Feared in vaine, sith meanes yee see there wants theretoo.

And you Sir *Arthegall*, the salvage knight,  
Henceforth may not disdain, that womans hand  
Hath conquered you anew in second fight:  
For, whylome they haue conquer'd sea and land,  
And heauen it selfe, that nought may them withstand,  
Ne henceforth be rebellious vnto loue,  
That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band  
Of noble mindes deriued from aboue:  
Which, being knit with vertue, neuer will remoue.

And you faire Lady knight, my dearest Dame,  
Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,  
Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame;  
And wiping out remembrance of all ill,  
Graunt him your grace; but so that he fulfill  
The penance, which ye shall to him impart:  
For, Louers heauen must passe by sorrowes hell,  
There at full inly blushed *Britomart*;  
But *Arthegall*, close smyling, ioi'd in secret hart.

Yet durst hee not make loue so suddenly,  
Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw,  
From one to other so quite contrary:  
Besides, her modest countenance he saw  
So goodly graue, and full of Princely aw,  
That it his raging fancie did reframe,  
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds with-draw;  
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faue,  
Like to a stubborne steed whom strong hand would re-

But *Scudamour*, whose hart twixt doubtfull feare  
And feeble hope hung all this while suspense,  
Desiring of his *Amoret* to heare  
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,  
Her thus bespake; But sir, without offence  
Mote I request you tydings of my Loue,  
My *Amoret*, sith you her freed from thence,  
Where she captiued long, great woes did proue;  
That where ye left, I may her seeke, as doth behoue.

To whom, thus *Britomart*: Certes, Sir Knight,  
What is of her become, or whither rest,  
I cannot vnto you read aright.  
For, from that time I from Enchaunters theft  
Her freed, in which yee her all hopelesse left,  
I her preser'd from perill and from feare,  
And euer more from villanie her kept:  
Ne euer was there wight to me more deare  
Then she, ne vnto whom I mote true loue did beare.

Till on a day, as through a desert wilde  
We traueled, both weary of the way,  
VVe did alight, and fate in shadow mild:  
Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay.  
But when as I did out of sleepe abray,  
I found her not, where I her left whyleare,  
But thought she wandred was, or gone astray.  
I call'd her loud, I sought her far and neare;  
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her heare.

VVhen *Scudamour* those heavy tydings heard,  
His hart was thrild with poynt of deadly feare:  
Ne in his face or blood or life appear'd,  
But senselesse stood, like to amaze'd Steare,  
That yet of mortall stroke the sound doth beare:  
Till *Glaucé* thus; Faire Sir, be nought dismayd  
With needlesse dread, till certaintie ye heare:  
For, yet she may be safe, though some what straid;  
It's best to hope the best, though of the worst afraid.

Nath'lesse, he hardly of her cheerefull speech  
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight  
Shew'd change of better cheere: so fore a breach  
That sudden newes had made into his spright;  
But *Britomart* him fairely thus behight;  
Great cause of sorrow, certes Sir ye haue:  
But comfort take: for, by this heauens light  
I vow, you dead or liuing not to leaue,  
Till I her find, and wreake on him that her did reue.

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was.  
So peace being confirm'd amongst them all,  
They tooke their sleeds, and forward thence did pass,  
Vnto some resting place which mote befall;  
All being guided by Sir *Arthegall*.  
Where goodly solace was vnto them made,  
And dailie feasting both in bowre and hall,  
Vntill that they their wounds well healed had,  
And weary limbes recur'd, after late vage bad.

In all which time, Sir *Arthegall* made way  
Vnto the loue of noble *Britomart*:  
And with meeke service and much suit did lay  
Continuall siege vnto her gentle hart;  
Which, being whylome lunc't with lonely dart,  
More eath was new impression to receiue,  
How euer shee her paind with womanish art  
To hide her wound, that none might it perceiue:  
Vaine is the art that seekes it selfe for to deceiue.

So well hee woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,  
VVith faire entreaty and sweet blandishment,  
That at the length, vnto a bay he brought her,  
So as she to his speeches was content  
To lend an eare, and softly to relent.  
At last, through many vowes which forth he pour'd,  
And many othes, shee yielded her content  
To be his Loue, and take him for her Lord,  
Till they with marriage meet might finish that accord.

Tho, when they had long time there taken rest,  
Sir *Arthegall* (who all this while was bound  
Vpon a hard adventure yet in quest)  
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,  
To follow that, which he did long propound;  
And vnto her his congee came to take.  
But her there-with full sore displeas'd he found,  
And loth to leaue her late betrothed Make:  
Her dearest Loue full loth so shortly to forsake.

Yet hee with strong perswasions her asswaged,  
And wonne her will to suffer him depart;  
For which, his faith with her he fast engaged,  
And thousand vowes from bottom of his hart,

That all so soone as he by wit or art  
Could that archieue, where-to he did aspie,  
He vnto her would speedily reuert:  
No longer space there-to he did desire,  
But till the horned Moone three courses did expire.

VVith which, shee for the present was appeased,  
And yielded leaue, how euer malcontent  
Shee inly were, and in her mind displeased,  
So, early on the morrow next he went  
Forth on his way, to which he was ybent;  
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,  
As whylome was the custome ancient  
Mongst Knights, when on adventures they did ride,  
Sawe that shee algaies him awhile accompanie.

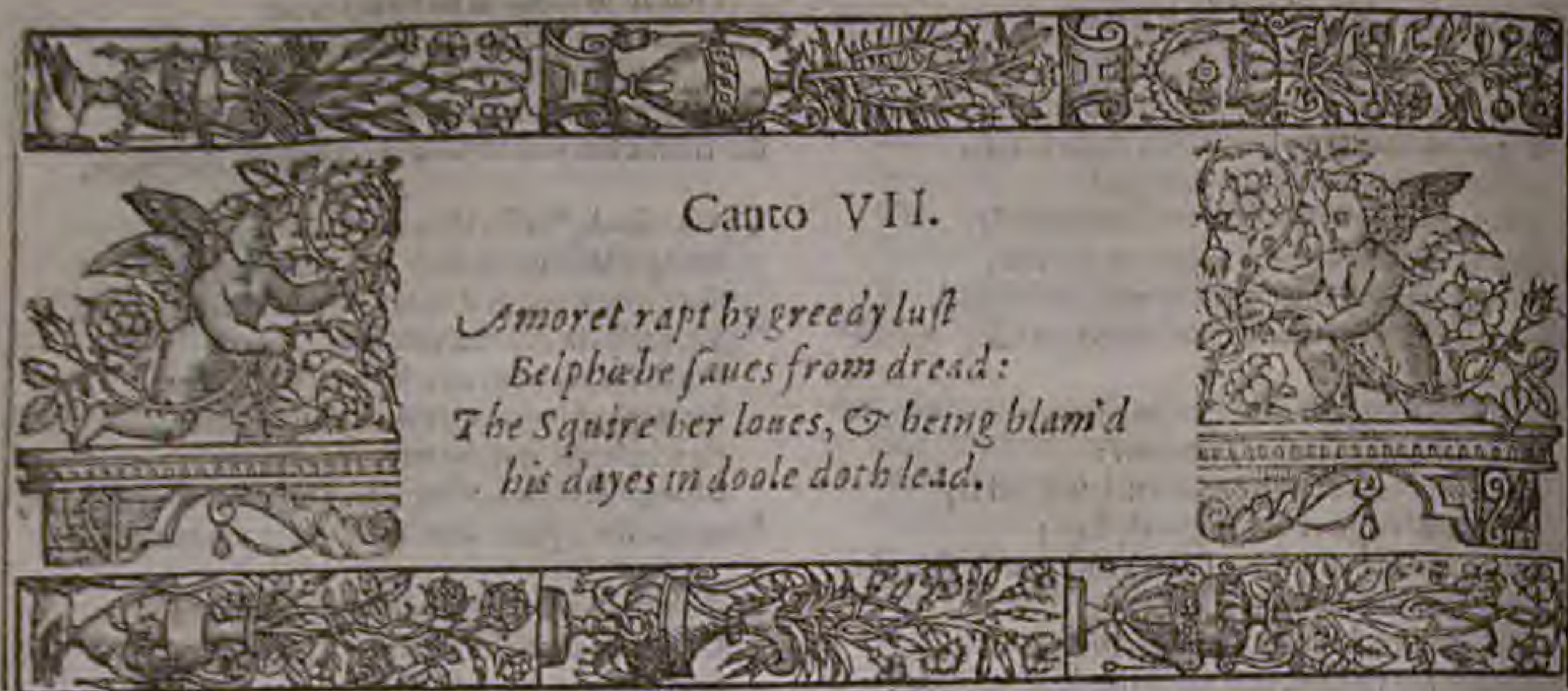
And by the way, shee sundry purpose found  
Of this or that, the time for to delay,  
And of the perils where-to he was bound,  
The feare whereof seem'd much her to affray:  
But all shee did was but to weare out day,  
Full often-times the leaue of him did take;  
And oft againe deuiz'd some-what to say,  
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make:  
So loth shee was his company for to forsake.

At last, when all her speeches shee had spent,  
And new occasion fayl'd her more to finde,  
She left him to his fortunes gouernment,  
And back returned with right heavy mind:  
To *Scudamour*, whom shee had left behind:  
With whom shee went to seeke faire *Amoret*,  
Her second care, though in another kind;  
For vertues onely sake (which doth beget  
True loue and faithfull friendship) shee by her did set.

Backe to that desert forest they retired,  
VVherefore *Britomart* had lost her late;  
There they her sought, and enery where inquired,  
Where they might tydings get of her estate;  
Yet found they none. But by what haplesse fate,  
Or hard misfortune shee was thence conuayd,  
And stolne away from her beloued Mate,  
VVere long to tell; therefore I heere will stay  
Vntill another tide, that I it finish may.







## Canto VII.

*Amoret rapt by greedy lust  
Belphebe saues from dread:  
The Squire her lones, & being blamd  
his dayes in doole doth lead.*

**G**reat God of Loue, that with thy cruell darts  
Dost conquer greatlest conquerors on ground,  
And see'st thy kingdome in the captiue hartes  
Of Kings and Kealers, to thy seruice bound,  
What glory, or what guerdon hast thou found  
In feeble Ladies tyranning so fore;  
And adding anguish to the bitter wound,  
With which their lues thou launcedst long afore,  
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more?

So whylome didst thou to faire *Florimell*,  
And to and so to noble *Britomart*;  
So doost thou now to her of whom I tell,  
The lovely *Amoret*; whose gentle hart  
Thou martyrdest with sorrow and with smart,  
In saluage forests, and in deserts wide,  
VVith Beares and Tiger taking heauy part,  
Withouten comfort, and withouten guide;  
That pittie isto heate the perils which she ride.

So soone as she, with that braue *Britonnesse*,  
Had left that Turneyment for beauties prize;  
They travel'd long; that now for wearinesse,  
Both of the way, and war-like exercise,  
Both through a forest riding, did devise  
T' alight, and rest their weary limbes awhile.  
There, heavy sleepe the eye-lids did surprise  
Of *Britomart* after long tedious toyle,  
That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.

The whiles, faire *Amoret* (of nought affraid)  
Walkt through the wood for pleasure, or for need;  
VVhen suddenly behind her backe she heard  
One rustling forth out of the thickest weed:  
That, ere she back could turne to taken heed,  
Had vnto her snatcht vp from the ground,  
Feebly she shrieked; but so feebly indeed,  
That *Britomart* heard not the shrilling sound,  
There where through weary trauell she lay sleeping found.

It was to weere, a wilde and saluage man;  
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,  
And eke in stature higher by a span,  
All over-growne with haire, that could awshape  
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape  
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore:  
For he had all on ram and on rape  
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleishly gore,  
The signe whereof yet staid his bloody lips afore.

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,  
But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging lowe,  
In which he wont the reliques of his feast  
And cruell spoyle, which he had spar'd, to stowe:  
And over it, his huge great nose did growe,  
Full dreadfully empurpled all with blood;  
And downe both sides, two wide long eares did glowe,  
And raught downe to his waste, when vp he stood,  
More great then th'eares of Elephants by *Indus* flood.

His waste was with a wreath of Ivie greene  
Engirt about, no other garment wore:  
For, all his haire was like a garment seene;  
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,  
Whose knotty logs were sharped all afore,  
And beath'd in fire for Steele to be in sted.  
But whence he was, or of what wombe yore,  
Of beasts, or of the earth, I haue not red:  
But certes was with mulke of Wolues and Tigers fed.

This egly creature, in his armes her snatcht,  
And through the forest bore her quite away;  
VVith cryes and busshes all to rent and scratcht;  
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,  
Which many a knight had long ago many a day.  
He staid not; but in his armes her bearing,  
Ran till he came to the end of all his way,  
Vnto his Cane, farre from all peoples hearing,  
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne thought for

For, she (deare Lady) all the way was dead,  
Whil'st he in armes her bore; but when she felt  
Her selfe downe soult, she waked out of dread,  
Straight into griefe, that her deare hart might melt,  
And est gan into tender teares to melt.  
Then, when she lookt about, and nothing found,  
But darknesse and dead horrore where she dwelt,  
She almost fell asidde into a wound;  
Ne wist whether aboue she were, or vnder ground.

With that, she heart some one close by her side,  
Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine  
Her tender hart in peeces would diuide;  
VVhich she long hushing, softly askt againe,  
VVhat misterwighte it was that so did plaine;  
To whom, thus answer'd was: Ah! wretched wight,  
That seekes to knowe anothers griefe in vaine,  
Vnwetting of thine owne like haplesse plight,  
Selfe to forget to mind another, is ore sight.

Ay me! said shee, where am I, or with whom  
Among the liuing; or among the dead?  
What shall of me vnhappy mayd become?  
Shall death be the end, or ought else worke, a read?  
VVhappie mayd, then answer'd shee, whose dread  
Vnride, is lesse then when thou shalt it try:  
Death is to him that wretched life doth lead,  
Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie,  
That liues a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.

This dismall day, hath thee a caytiue made,  
And vassall to the vilest wretch aliue;  
Whole cursed vface and vgodly trade  
The heauens abhorre, and into darknes drive;  
For on the spoyle of women he doth liue,  
Whose bodies chaste, when euer in his powre  
He may them catch, vnable to gaine-stride,  
He with his shamefull lust doth first deslowre,  
And afterwards themselves doth cruelly deuoure.

Now twenty dayes (by which the sonnes of men  
Diuide their workes) haue past through heauen sheene,  
Since I was brought into this doolefull den;  
During which space, these fery eyes haue seene  
Seauen women by him slaine, and eaten cleene,  
And now no more for him but I alone,  
And this old woman heere remaining beene,  
Till thou can'st lither to augment our mone;  
And of vs three, to morrow he will sure eate one.

Ah! dreadfull tydings which thou doost declare,  
Quoth shee, of all that euer hath been knowne:  
Full many great calamities and rare  
This feeble brest endured hath, but none  
Equal to this, where euer I haue gone.  
But what are you, whom like vn lucky lot  
Hath linkt with me in the same chaine alone?  
To tell, quoth shee, that which ye see, needs not  
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgone.

But what I was, it likes me to rehearse;  
Daughter vnto a Lord of high degree;  
That ioyd in happy peace, all Faies peruerse  
VVith guilefull lones did secretly agree,  
To over-throwe my state and dignitie;  
It was my lot to loue a gentle Swaine,  
Yet was he but a Squire of lowe degree;  
Yet was hee meet, vnlesse mine eye did faine,  
By any Ladies side for Leman to haue laine.

But for his effeminate and disparagement,  
My Sire (who me too dearly well did loue)  
Vnto my choice by no meane would assent,  
But often did my folly fowle reprove;  
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remoue,  
But whether will'd or tilled friend or foe,  
I merelvs'd the utmost end to proue;  
And rather then my Louer band on so,  
Both, Sire, and friends, and all for euer to forgo.

Thenceforth, I sought by secret meanes to worke  
Time to my will; and from his wrathfull fight  
To hide th'intent, which in my hart did lurke,  
Till I thereto had all things ready dight;  
So on a day, vnweeting vnto wight,  
I with that Squire agreed away to flye,  
And in a priuy place, berwixt vs high,  
Within a Grove appointed him to meet;  
To which I boldly came vpon my feeble feet.

But ah! vnhappy howe me thither brought:  
For, in that place where I him thought to find,  
There was I found contrary to my thought,  
Of this accursed Carle of hellish kind;  
The shame of men, and plague of woman-kind;  
Who trussing me, as Eagle doth his pray,  
Me thither brought with him, as swift as wind,  
Where yet vn touched till this present day,  
I rest his wretched thrall; the sad *Amylia*.

Ah! sad *Amylia*, then said *Amoret*,  
Thy ruefull plight I pittie as mine owne,  
But read to me, by what deuise or wit,  
Hast thou in all this time, from him vnknowne,  
Thine honour sau'd, though into thraldome throwne?  
Through help, quoth shee, of this old woman here  
I haue so done, as she to mee hath showne:  
For, euer when he burnt in lustfull fire,  
Shee in my stead supplide his bestiall desire.

Thus, of their euils as they did discourse,  
And each did other much bewaile and mone;  
Loe, where the villaine selfe, their sorowes source,  
Came to the Cane; and rolling thence the stone,  
VVhich wont to stop the mouth thereof, that none  
Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in;  
And spredding over all the flore alone,  
Gan dight himselfe vnto his wonted fane;  
Which ended, then his bloody banquet should beginne.



Which, when as fearefull Amoret perceived,  
She said not th'vmoſt end thereof to try,  
But like a guſſy Gell, whoſe wits are reuſed,  
Ran forth in haſte with hideous out-cry,  
For honour of his ſhamefull villany:  
But after her full lightly he vp-roſe,  
And her purſued as faſt as ſhee did fly:  
Full faſt ſhe ſies, and farre afore him goes,  
Ne feels the thornes & thicketts prick her tender toes.

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale ſhe ſtaies,  
But over-leaps them all, like Roebuck light,  
And through the thickeſt makes her nightſt wayes;  
And euer more when with regardfull ſight  
Shee looking back, eſpies that grieuſly wight  
Approching nigh, ſhe gins to mend her pace,  
And makes her ſcare a ſpurte to haſte her flight:  
More ſwift then *Meryb'* or *Daphne* in her race,  
Or any of the *Thracian* Nymphes in ſaluage chace.

Long ſo ſhe fled, and ſo he follow'd long;  
Ne liuing ayde for her on earth appeares,  
But if the heauens help to redreſſe her wrong,  
Moued with pittie of her plentifull teares.  
It fortun'd *Belphebe* with her Peeres  
The wooddy Nymphes, and with that louely boy,  
VVas hunting then the Libbards and the Beares  
In theſe wilde woods, as was her wonted loy,  
To baniſh ſloth, that oft doth noble minds annoy.

It ſo befell (as oft it falls in chace)  
That each of them from other ſunder were,  
And that ſame gentle Squire arriv'd in place,  
Where this ſame curſed caytiue did appeare,  
Purſuing that faire Lady full of feare:  
And now he her quite over-taken had:  
And now he her away with him did beare  
Vnder his arme, as ſeeming wondrous glad,  
That by his grending laughter mote faire off be rad.

Which dreery ſight the gentle Squire eſpying,  
Doth haſte to croſſe him by the neareſt way,  
Led with that wofull Ladies pitiouſ crying,  
And him aſſayles with all the might he may:  
Yet will not he the louely ſpoyle downe lay,  
But with his craggie club in his right hand,  
Defends himſelfe, and ſaues his gotten pray:  
Yet had it beene right hard him to withſtand,  
But that he was full light, and nimble on the land.

There-to the villaineſd craft in fight;  
For, euer when the Squire his lauelin ſhooke,  
He held the Lady forth before him right,  
And with her body, as a buckler, broke  
The purſuance of his intended ſtroke.  
And if it chaunc'd (as needes it muſt in fight)  
Whil't he on him was greedy to be wroke,  
That any little blowe on her did light,  
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

Which ſubtile ſleight did him enumber much,  
And made him oft, when he would ſtrike, forbear;  
For, hardly could he come the carle to touch,  
But that he her muſt hurt, or hazard neare:  
Yet he his hand ſo carefully did beare,  
That at the laſt he did himſelfe attaine,  
And therein let the pike-head of his ſpeare,  
A ſtreame of cole-blacke bloud thence guſſt amaine,  
That all her ſilken garments did with bloud beſtaine.

With that, he threw her rudely on the flore,  
And laying both his hands vpon his glaue,  
With dreadfull ſtrokes lea'd him ſo fore,  
That forc't him ſhe aback, himſelfe to ſaue:  
Yet he there-with ſo ſelly ſtill did rauce,  
That ſcarce the Squire his hand could once vp-reare,  
But (for advantage) ground vnto him gaue,  
Tracing and traueſing, now here, now there;  
For, bootleſſe thing it was to thinke ſuch blowes to beare.

Whil't thus in battell they embuſed were,  
*Belphebe* (raunging in that foreſt wide)  
The hideous noyle of their huge ſtrokes did heare,  
And drew thereto, making her care her guide,  
Whom, when that theſe approaching nigh eſpide,  
With bowe in hand, and arrowes ready bent,  
He by his former combat would not bide,  
But fled away with ghafly decrement,  
Well knowing her to be his death's ſole inſtrument.

Whom, ſeeing ſhe, ſhee ſpeedily purſued,  
With winged feet, as nimble as the wind;  
And euer in her how ſhee ready ſhewed  
The arrow, to his deadly marke deſign'd:  
As when *Latanus* daughter, cruell kind,  
In vengeance of her mothers great diſgrace,  
With fell deſpight her cruell arrowes tind  
Gainſt wofull *Nobels* vnhappy race,  
That all the gods did mone her miſerable caſe.

So well ſhe ſped her, and ſo far ſhe ventred,  
That ere vnto his helliſh den he raught,  
Euen as he ready was there to haue entred,  
Shee ſent an arrow forth with mighty draught,  
That in the very doore him over-caught,  
And in his nape arming, through it thirld  
His greedy throat, there-with in two diſtraught,  
That all his vitall ſpirits there-by ſpild,  
And all his hairy breſt with gory bloud was ſild.

Whom, when on ground ſhe groueling ſaw to roule,  
She ran in haſte his life to haue bereft:  
But ere ſhe could him reach, the ſinfull ſoule,  
Hauing his carion corſe quite ſenſeleſſe left,  
Was ſied to hell, ſurcharg'd with ſpoyle and theft,  
Yet ouer him ſhe there long gazing ſtood,  
And oft admir'd his monſtrous ſhape, and oft  
His mighty limbes, whil't all with filthy blood  
The place there, over-flowne, ſeem'd like a ſudden flood.

Thence, forth ſhe paſt into his dreadfull den,  
Where nought but darkſome drearines ſhe found,  
Ne creature ſaw, but barked now and then  
Some little whiſpering, and loſt groaning ſound.  
VVith that, ſhe aſk't, what ghoſts there vnder ground  
Lay hid in horroure of eternall night?  
And bade them, if ſo be they were not bound,  
To come and ſhew themſelues before the light,  
Now freed from feare and danger of that diſmall wight.

Then forth the ſad *Aemylia* iſſued,  
Yet trembling euer ſoynt through former feare;  
And after her the Hag, there with her mew'd,  
A foule and lothſome creature did appeare:  
A Leman fit for ſuch a Louer deare.  
That moon'd *Belphebe* her no leſſe to hate,  
Then for to rue the others heavy cheare;  
Of whom ſhe gan enquire of her eſtate.  
VVho all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

Thence ſhe them brought, toward the place where latg  
She left the gentle Squire with *Amoret*:  
There ſhee him found by that new louely Mate,  
Who lay the whiles in ſwoune, full ſadly ſet,  
From her faire eyes wiping the dewy wet,  
VVhich ſoftly ſild, and kiſſing them arweene,  
And handling ſoft the hurts, which ſhe did get.  
For, of that Carle ſhe ſorely bruz'd had bene,  
Als of his owne rafh hand one wound was to be ſcene.

VVhich when ſhe ſaw, with ſuddaine glauncing eye,  
Her noble hart with ſight thereof was ſild  
With deepe diſdaine, and great indignity,  
That in her wrath ſhe thought them both haue thirld,  
With that ſelfe arrow, which the Carle had kild:  
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance ſore,  
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld,  
Is this the faith, ſhe ſaid, and ſaid no more,  
But turn'd her face, and fled away for euer more.

Hee, ſeeing her depart, aroſe vp light,  
Right ſore agriued at her ſharpe reproofe,  
And follow'd faſt: but when he came in ſight,  
He durſt not nigh approche, but kept aloofe,  
For dread of her diſpleaſures vmoſt proofe.  
And euer more, when he did grace intreat,  
And framed ſpeeches fit for his behoofe,  
Her mortall arrowes ſhe at him did threat,  
And forc't him backe with foule diſhonour to retreat.

At laſt, when long he follow'd had in vaine,  
Yet found no eaſe of griefe, nor hope of grace,  
Vnto thoſe woods he turned back againe,  
Full of ſad anguiſh, and in heavy caſe:  
And finding there ſit ſolitary place  
For wofull wight, choſe out a gloomy glade,  
Where hardly eye mote ſee bright heauens face  
For moſſie trees, which couered all with ſhade  
And ſad melancholy: there he his cabin made.

His wonted war-like weapons all he broke  
And threw away, with vow to vie no more,  
Ne thence-forth euer ſtrike in battell ſtroke,  
Ne euer word to ſpeake to woman more:  
But in that wilderneſſe (of men ſorlorne,  
And of the wicked world forgotten knight)  
His hard miſhap in dolour to deplore,  
And waſte his wretched dayes in wofull plight:  
So on himſelfe to wreake his follies owne deſpight.

And eke his garment, to be there-to meet,  
He wilfully did cut and ſhape anew;  
And his faire locks, that wont with oymment ſweet  
To be embauil'd, and ſweat out dainty dew,  
He let to growe, and grieuſly to concrew,  
Vncomb'd, vncur'd, and careleſſy voſhed:  
That in ſhort time his face they over-grew,  
And ouer all his ſhoulders did diſperſed,  
That who he whylome was, vneath was to be red.

There he continued in this carefull plight,  
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,  
Through wilfull penury conſumed knight,  
That like a pined ghof he ſoone appeares,  
For, other foode then that wilde foreſt beares,  
Ne other drinke there did he euer taſte  
Then running water, tempered with his teares,  
The more his weakened body ſo to waſte:  
That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at laſt.

For, on a day (by fortune as it fell)  
His owne deare Lord Prince *Arthur* came that way,  
Seeking adventures where he mote heare tell;  
And as he through the wandring wood did ſtray,  
Hauing eſpide this cabin far away,  
He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne:  
VVeeing therein ſome holy Hermit lay,  
That did reſort of ſinfull people ſhun, (ſun.)  
Or elſe ſome vwood-man, throwed there from ſcorching

Arriving there, he found this wretched man,  
Spending his dayes in dylour and deſpaire;  
And through long faſting woxen pale and wan,  
All over-growne with rude and rugged haire:  
That albeit his owne deare Squire he were,  
Yet he him knew not, ne auid at all;  
But like ſtrange wight, whom he had ſeen no where,  
Saluting him, gan into ſpeech to fall,  
And pittie much his plight, that liu'd like out-caſt thrall.

But to his ſpeech he answered no whit,  
But ſtood ſtill mute, as if he had been dum,  
Ne ſigne of ſenſe did ſhew, ne common wit,  
As one with griefe and anguiſh over-cum,  
And vnto euer thing did anſwere Mum:  
And euer when the Prince vnto him ſpoke,  
He loued lowely, as did him becum,  
And humble homage did vnto him make,  
Midſt ſorrow ſhewing ioyous ſemblance for his ſake.



At which his vncouth guise and visage quaint,  
The Princee did wonder much, yet could not ghesse  
The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;  
Yet weend by secret signes of manlinesse,  
Which close appeared in that rude brutishnesse  
That he whylome some gentle Swaine had beene,  
Trained vp in feates of armes and knightlinesse;  
Which he obseru'd, by that he him had seene  
To wield his naked sword, and try the edges keene.

And eke by that he saw on euery tree,  
How he the name of one engrauen had,  
Which likely was his liefest Loue to bee,  
For whom he now so sorely was bestad;

VVhich was by him *BELPHOREE* rightly rad,  
Yet who was that *Belphebe*, he nē wist;  
Yet saw he often how he waxed glad,  
When he it heard, and how the ground he kist,  
VVherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist.

Tho, when he long had marked his demeanor,  
And saw that all he said and did, was waine,  
Ne ought more make him change his wonted tenor,  
Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his paine,  
He left him there in languor to remaine,  
Till time for him should remedy prouide,  
And him restore to former grace againe,  
Which, for it is too long here to abide,  
I will deferre the end vntill another tide.

## Canto VIII.

*The gentle Squire recouers grace:  
Slaunder her guests doth staine:  
Corlambo chafeth Placidas,  
and is by Arthur slaine.*

Ell said the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this,  
Which to this gentle Squire did happen late;  
That the displeasure of the mighty is  
Then death it selfe more dread and desperate:  
For, nought the same may calme, ne mitigate,  
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay  
VVith suffer, nee soft, which rigour can abate,  
And haue the sterne remembrance wip't away  
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infected lay.

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,  
VVhose tender hart the faire *Belphebe* had  
VVith one sterne looke so daunted, that no ioy  
In all his life, which afterwards he had,  
He euer tasted; but with penance sad,  
And penitence sorrow, pin'd and wore away,  
Ne euer laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad;  
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,  
As blasted bloom through heat doth languish & decay;

Till on a day (as in his wonted wise  
His doole he made) there chaunc'd a Turtle-Doue  
To come, where he his dolours did deuise,  
That likewise late had lost her dearest Loue;

VVhich losse, her made like passion also proude,  
Who seeing his sad plight, her tender hart  
VVith deare compassion deeply did emmoue,  
That she gan mone his vnderleued smart,  
And with her dolefull accent, beare with him a part.

Shee, sitting by him, as on ground he lay,  
Her mournfull notes full pittiously did frame,  
And thereof made a lamentable lay,  
So sensibly compyl'd, that in the same  
He seemed oft he heard his owne right name.  
With that, he forth would poure so plentiful teares,  
And beat his breast vnworthy of such blame,  
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,  
That could haue pearc't the harts of Tigers & of Beares.

Thus, long this gentle bird to him did vse,  
VVithouten dread of perill to repaire  
Vnto his woone; and with her mournfull Muse  
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,  
That much did ease his mourning and misfere:  
And every day, for guerdon of her song,  
He part of his small feast to her would share;  
That at the last, of all his woe and wrong,  
Companion shee became, and so continued long.

Vpon a day, as shee him fate beside,  
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,  
Which yet with him as reliques did abide  
Of all the bounty, which *Belphebe* threw  
On him, whilst goodly grace shee did him shew:  
Amongst the rest, a iewell rich he found,  
That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,  
Shap't like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,  
And with a little golden chaine about it bound.

The same he tooke, and with a riband new  
(In which his Ladies colours were) did bind  
About the Turtles necke, that with the view  
Did greatly solace his engriued mind.  
All vnawares the bird, when shee did find  
Her selfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,  
And flew away, as lightly as the wind:  
Which suddaine accident him much dismayd,  
And looking after long, did marke which way shee straid.

But, when as long he looked had in vaine,  
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,  
His weary eye returned to him againe,  
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,  
That both his iewell he had lost so light,  
And eke his deare companion of his care.  
But that sweet bird departing, flew forth right  
Through the wide region of the wastfull ayre,  
Vntill shee came where wooned his *Belphebe* faire.

There found shee her (as then it did betide)  
Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,  
After late weary toyle, which shee had tride  
In saluage chafe, to rest as seem'd her meet.  
There shee alighting, fell before her feet,  
And gan to her, her mournfull plaint to make,  
As was her wont: thinking to let her weete  
The great tormenting griefe, that for her sake  
Her gentle Squire through her displeasure did partake.

Shee, her beholding with attentive eye,  
At length did marke about her purple brest  
That precious iewell, which shee formerly  
Had knowne right well, with colour'd ribband drest:  
There, with the rose in haste, and her adrest  
With ready hand it to haue rest away.  
But the swift bird obeyd not her behest,  
But swar'd aside, and there againe did stay;  
Shee follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

And euer when shee nigh approach't, the Dove  
Would sit a little forward, and then stay  
Till shee drew neare, and then againe remoue;  
So tempting her still to pursue the pray,  
And still from her escaping soft away:  
Till that at length, into that forest wide  
Shee drew her farte, and led with slowe delay.  
In the end, shee her vnto that place did guide,  
Where, as that wofull man in languor did abide.

Essoones shee flew vnto his fearelesse hand,  
And there a pittious ditty new deuiz'd,  
As if shee would haue made him vnderstand,  
His sorrowes cause to be of her despis'd.  
Whom when shee saw in wretched weeds disguiz'd,  
With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,  
Like ghost late risen from his Graue agryz'd,  
Shee knew him not, but pittied much his case,  
And wisht it were in her to do him any grace.

He her beholding, at her feet downe fell,  
And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,  
And wash't the same with water, which did well  
From his moist eyes, and like two streames proceed;  
Yet spake no word, whereby shee might ared  
What miserie wight he was, or what he ment:  
But as one daunted with her presence dread,  
Onely fewe reful lookes vnto her sent,  
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

Yet nathemore, his meaning shee ared,  
But wondred much at his so felcouth case;  
And by his persons secret seemlihed  
Well weend, that he had been some man of place,  
Before misfortune did his hew deface:  
That being mou'd with ruth shee thus bespake;  
Ah! wofull man, what heauens hard disgrace,  
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,  
Or selfe disliked life, doth thee thus wretched make?

If heauen, then none may it redresse or blame,  
Sith to his power we all are subiect borne:  
If wrathfull wight, then soule rebuke and shame  
Be theirs, that haue so cruell thee forlorne;  
But if through inward griefe, or wilfull scoine  
Of life it be, then better doe auise.  
For, he whose dayes in wilfull woe are worne,  
The grace of his Creator doth despise,  
That will not vse his gifts for thanklesse nigardise.

When so he heard her say, essoones he brake  
His suddaine silence, which he long had pent,  
And sighing inly deepe, he thus bespake;  
Then haue they all themselves against me bent:  
For heauen (first author of my languishment)  
Enuying my too great felicity,  
Did closely with a cruell one consent,  
To clowd my dayes in doolefull misery,  
And make me loath this life, still longing for to die.

Ne any but your selfe, O dearest dreed,  
Hath done this wrong; to wreake on worthlesse wight  
Your high displeasure, through mildceming bred:  
Then when your pleasure is to deeme aright,  
Ye may redresse, and me restore to light.  
Which fory words, her mighty hart did mare  
With mild regard, to see his ruefull plight,  
That her in-buroing wrath shee gan abate,  
And him receiu'd againe to former fauours state.



18  
In which, he long time afterwards did lead  
A happy life, with grace and good accord;  
Fearelesse of Fortunes change, or Envyes dread,  
And eke all middlelesse of his owne deare Lord  
The noble Prince, who neuer heard one word  
Of trydings, what did vnto him betide,  
Or what good fortune did to him afford;  
But through the endlesse world did wander wide,  
Him seeking euer more, yet no where him descride;

19  
Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,  
He chanc'd to come where those two Ladies late,  
*Amelia* and *Amoret* abode,  
Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate;  
The one right feeble, through the euill rate  
Of foode, which in her durrelle she had found:  
The other, almost dead and desperate  
Through her late hurts, & through that haplesse wound,  
With which the Squire in her defence her sore astound.

20  
Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rewe  
The euill case in which those Ladies lay,  
But most was moued at the pitious view  
Of *Amoret*, so neere vnto decay,  
That her great danger did him much dismay.  
Eftsoones that pretious liquor forth he drew,  
Which he in store about him kept alway,  
And with few drops thereof did softly deaw  
Her wounds, that vnto strength restor'd her loone anew.

21  
Tho, when they both recovered were right well,  
He gan of them inquire, what euill guide  
Them thither brought; and how their harmes befell.  
To whom they told all that did them betide,  
And how from thraldome vile they were vntide  
Of that same wicked Carle, by Virgins hand;  
Whose bloody corse they shew'd him there beside,  
And eke his Cause, in which they both were bond:  
At which he wondred much, when al those signs he fond.

22  
And euer more, he greatly did desire  
To knowe, what Virgin did them thence vnbind;  
And oft of them did earnestly inquire,  
Where was her won, and how he mote her find.  
But when as nought according to his mind  
He could out-learne, he them from ground did reare  
(No seruice lothsome to a gentle kind)  
And on his war-like beast them both did beare,  
Himselfe by them on foot, to succour them from feare.

23  
So, when that forest they had passed well,  
A little cottage sawe away they spide,  
To which they drew, ere night vpon them fell;  
And entering in, found none therein abide,  
But one old woman sitting there beside,  
Vpon the ground in ragged rude attire,  
With filchy locks about her scatter'd wide,  
Gnawing her nailes for seluells and for ire,  
And there-out sucking venom to her parts entire.

24  
A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,  
And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse:  
For she was stufft with rancour and despight  
Vp to the throat; that oft with bitternesse  
It forth would breake, and gush in great excessse,  
Pouring out streams of poyson and of gall,  
Gainst all that truth or vertue doe professe;  
Whom she, with leasings lewdly did miscall,  
And wickedly back-bite: Her name men *Slander* call.

25  
Her nature is, all goodnesse to abuse,  
And causelesse crimes continually to frame;  
With which the guiltlesse persons may accuse,  
And steale away the crowne of their good name:  
Ne neuer Knight so bold, ne euer Dame  
So chaste and loyall liu'd, but she would striue  
With forged cause them falsely to defame:  
Ne euer thing so well was doon aliue,  
But she with blame would blot, & of due praise deprime.

26  
Her words were not as common words are ment,  
T' expresse the meaning of the inward mind;  
But noysome breath, and poysonous spirit sent  
From inward parts, with cankred malice kind,  
And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind;  
Which, passing through the eares, would pearce the braine,  
And wound the foule it selfe with griefe vnkind:  
For, like the stings of *Aspes*, that kill with smart,  
Her spightfull words did prick, and wound the inner part.

27  
Such was that Hag, vnto host such guests,  
Whom greatest Princes Court would welcome see;  
But need (that answers not to all request)  
Bade them not looke for better entre-taine;  
And eke that age despised nicenesse vaine,  
Enu'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,  
Which them to war-like discipline did traine,  
And manly limbs endur'd with little care,  
Against all hard mishaps, and fortunelesse misfare.

28  
Then all that euening (welcomed with cold  
And chearelesse hunger) they together spent;  
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did scold  
And raile at them with grudgefull discontent,  
For lodging there without her owne consent:  
Yet they endured all with patience milde,  
And vnto rest themselves all onely lent,  
Regardlesse of that queane so base and vilde,  
To be vnjustly blam'd, and bitterly reuilde.

29  
Heere well I weene, when as these times bered  
With mil-regard, that some rash witted wight,  
Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,  
These gentle Ladies will misdeeme too light,  
For thus conuersing with this noble Knight;  
Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare  
And hard to find, that heat of youthfull spright  
For ought will from his greedy pleasure spare,  
More hard for hungry steed t' abstaine from pleasure bare.

30  
But antique age, yet in the infancy  
Of time, did liue then like an innocent,  
In simple truth and blamelesse chastity,  
Ne then of guile had made experiment;  
But voyd of vile and treacherous intent,  
Held vertue for it selfe in soueraine awe:  
Then loyall loue had ioyall regiment,  
And each vnto his lust did make a lawe,  
From all forbidden things his liking to with-drawe.

31  
The Lion there did with the Lambe consort,  
And eke the Dove late by the Faulcons side;  
Ne each of either feared fraude or tort,  
But did in safe security abide,  
Withouten perill of the stronger pride:  
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old  
(Whereof it hight) and hauing shortly tride  
The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,  
And dared of all finnes the secrets to vnfold.

32  
Then beauty, which was made to represent  
The great Creators owne resemblance bright,  
Vnto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,  
And made the baite of bestiall delight:  
Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in sight;  
And that which wont to vanquish God and Man,  
Was made the vassall of the Victors might;  
Then did her glorious flowre waxe dead and wan,  
Despis'd and troden downe of all that over-ran.

33  
And now it is so vtterly decayd,  
That any bud thereof doth scarce remaine,  
But if few plants (prefer'd through heauenly ayde)  
In Princes Court do hap to sprout againe,  
Dew'd with her drops of bounty soueraine,  
Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,  
Sprung of the auncient stocke of Princes traine,  
Now th' onely remnant of that royall breed,  
Whose noble kind at first was sure of heauenly feed.

34  
Tho, soone as day discovered heauens face  
To sinfull men with darknesse ouer-dight,  
This gentle crew, gan from their eye-lids chace  
The drowzie humour of the dampish night,  
And did themselves vnto their journey dight.  
So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,  
That them to view had been an vnconth sight;  
How all the way the Prince on foot-pale traced,  
The Ladies both on horse, together fast embraced.

35  
Soone as they thence departed were afore,  
That shamefull Hag (the slander of her sex)  
Them follow'd fast, and them reuiled sore,  
Him calling thiefe, them whores; that much did vex  
His noble hart: there-to she did annex  
False crimes and facts, such as they neuer ment,  
That those two Ladies much asham'd did wax:  
The more did she pursue her lewd intent,  
And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poyson spent.

36  
At last, when they wer passed out of sight,  
Yet she did not her spightfull speech forbear;  
But after them did barke, and still back-bite,  
Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:  
Like as a cure doth felly bite and teare  
The stone, which passed stranger at him threw;  
So she them seeing past the reach of care,  
Against the stones and trees did raile anew,  
Till she had duld the sting, which in her tongue end grew.

37  
They, passing forth, kept on their ready way,  
With easie steps so soot as foote could stride,  
Both for great teelelesse, which did oft assay  
Faile *Amoret*, that scarcely she could ride;  
And eke through heavy armes, which sore annoyd  
The Prince on foot, not wonted so to fare:  
Whole steady hand was faime his steed to guide,  
And all the way from trotting hard to spare,  
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

38  
At length, they spide, where towards them with speed  
A Squire came galloping, as he would flie;  
Bearing a little Dwarf before his steed,  
That all the way full loud for ayde did cry,  
That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brazen sky:  
Whom after did a mighty man pursue,  
Riding vpon a Dromedare on hie,  
Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,  
That would haue maz'd a man in his dreadfull face to view.

39  
For, from his fearefull eyes two fieric beames  
More sharpe then points of needles did proceed,  
Shooting forth faire away two flaming beames,  
Full of sad powre, that poysonous bale did breed  
To all, that on him lookt without good heed,  
And secretly his enemies did slay:  
Like as the Bulshisk, of serpents feed,  
From powrefull eyes close venom doth conuey  
Into the lookers hart, and killeth faire away.

40  
He all the way did rage at that same Squire,  
And after him full many threatnings threw,  
With curses vaine in his avengfull ire:  
But none of them (so fast away he flew)  
Him ouer-tooke, before he came in view.  
Where, when he saw the Prince in armour bright,  
He cald to him aloud, his case to rew,  
And teskew him through succour of his might,  
From that his cruell foe, that him pursu'd in sight.

41  
Eftsoones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies twaine  
From lofty steed, and mounting in their stead  
Came to that Squire, yet trembling euer vaine:  
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread;  
Who, as he gan the same to him aread,  
Lo, hard behind his backe his foe was prest,  
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head:  
That vnto death had doen him vnredrest,  
Had not the noble Prince his ready broke repress.



Who, thrusting boldly twixt him and the blowe,  
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare  
Vpon his shield; which lightly he did throwe  
Ouer his head, before the harme came neare.  
Nath'lesse, he fell with so despitous dreare  
And heavy sway, that hard vnto his crowne  
The shield it droue, and did the covering reare:  
There, with both Squire & Dwarf did tumble downe  
Vnto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse swoune.

Where-at, the Prince full wrath, his strong right hand  
In full avengement heaued vp on hie,  
And strooke the Pagan with his steely brand  
So fore, that to his saddle-boaw thereby  
He bowed lowe, and so awhile did lie:  
And sure, had not his massie iron mace  
Betwixt him and his hurt been happily,  
It would haue cleft him to the giuing place:  
Yet as it was, it did astonish him long space.

But, when he to himselfe return'd againe,  
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare:  
And vow by *Mahomet* that he should be flaine.  
With that, his murderous mace he vp did reare,  
That seemed nought the soule thereof could beare,  
And there-with smote at him with all his might.  
But ere that it to him approached neare,  
The royall child, with ready quicke foresight,  
Did slum the prooffe thereof, and at auoyded light.

But ere his hand he could recure againe,  
To ward his body from the balefull stound,  
He smote at him with all his might and maine,  
So furiously, that ere he wist, he found  
His head before him tumbling on the ground.  
The whiles, his babbling tongue did yet blaspheme  
And curse his God, that did him so confound:  
The whiles his life ran forth in bloody streame,  
His soule descended downe into the Stygian reame.

Which when that Squire beheld, he woxe full glad  
To see his foe breathe out his spright in vaine:  
But that same Dwarf right sory seem'd and sad,  
And howl'd aloud to see his Lord there flaine,  
And rent his haire, and scratcht his face for paine.  
Then gan the Prince at leisure to inquire  
Of all the accident, there hapned plaine,  
And what he was, whose eyes did flame with fire:  
All which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

This mighty man, quoth he, whom you haue slaine,  
Of an huge Giantesse whylome was bred:  
And by his strength, rule to himselfe did gaine  
Of many Nations into thraldome led,  
And mighty kingdomes of his force adred:  
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloody fight,  
Ne hosts of men with banners brode dispred,  
But by the powre of his infectious sight,  
With which he killed all that came within his might.

Ne was he euer vanquished afore,  
But euer vanquish't all with whom he fought:  
Ne was there man so strong, but he downe bore,  
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought  
Vnto his bay, and captiued her thought.  
For, most of strength and beautie his desire  
Was spoyle to make, and waste them vnto nought,  
By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire  
From his false eyes, into their harts and parts entire.

Therefore *Corlumbo* was he call'd aright,  
Though namelesse there his body now doth lie,  
Yet hath he left one daughter, that is hight  
The faire *Pæana*; who seemes outwardly  
So faire, as euer yet saw living eye:  
And, were her vertue like her beautie bright,  
She were as faire as any vnder sky.  
But (ah!) she giuen is to vaine delight,  
And eke too loole of life, and eke of loue too light.

So as it fell, there was a gentle Squire  
That lov'd a Lady of high parentage;  
But for his meane degree might not aspire  
To match so high: her friends with counsell sage,  
Diswad'd her from such a disparage.  
But shee, whose hart to loue was wholly lent,  
Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,  
But firmly following her first intent,  
Resolv'd with him to wend, gainst all her friends' consent.

So twixt themselves they pointed time and place:  
To which, when he according did repaire,  
An hard mishap and disadventurous case  
Him chaunc'd; in stead of his *Aemylia* faire  
This Giants sonne, that lies there on the laire  
An headlesse heape, him vnawares there caught;  
And, all dismay'd through mercilesse despair,  
Him wretched thrall into his dungeon brought,  
Where he remaines, of all vnsuccour'd and vnought.

This Giants daughter came vpon a day  
Vnto the prison in her ioyous glee,  
To view the thralls which there in bondage lay:  
Amongst the rest she chaunced there to see  
This lovely swaine, the Squire of lowe degree:  
To whom she did her liking lightly cast,  
And wooed him her Paramour to bee:  
From day to day she woo'd and pray'd him fast,  
And for his loue, him promist libertie at last.

He, though affide vnto a former Loue,  
To whom his faith he firmly meant to hold,  
Yet seeing not how thence he mote remoue,  
But by that means, which fortune did vnfold,  
Her graunted loue, but with affection cold,  
To win her grace his libertie to get.  
Yet she him still detaines in captiue hold:  
Fearing least if she should him freely set,  
He would her shortly leaue, and former loue forget.

Yet so much fauour shee to him hath hight  
About the rest, that he sometimes may space  
And walke about her gardens of delight,  
Hauing a Keeper still with him in place:  
Which Keeper is this Dwarf, her deareling bafe,  
To whom the keyes of every prison dore  
By her committed be, of speciall grace,  
And at his will may whom he list restore,  
And whom he list reuele to be afflicted more.

Whereof when tydings came vnto mine eare  
(Full iolly sory for the feruent zeale,  
Which I to him as to my soule did beare)  
I thither went; where I did long conceale  
My selfe, till that the Dwarf did me reueale,  
And told his Dame, her Squire of lowe degree  
Did secretly out of her prison steale:  
For, me he did mistake that Squire to bee:  
For, neuer two so like did living creature see.

Then was I taken, and before her brought:  
Who, through the likenesse of my outward hew,  
Being likewise beguiled in her thought,  
Gao blame me much for beeing so vntrue,  
To seeke by flight her fellowship to eschew,  
That lov'd me deare, as dearest thing aliue.  
Thence shee commaunded me to prison new;  
Whereof I glad, did not gaine-say nor strive,  
But suffred that same Dwarf to her dungeon driue.

There did I find mine onely faithfull friend  
In heavy plight and sad perplexitie;  
Whereof I sory, yet my selfe did bend,  
Him to recomfort with my company.  
But him the more agre'd I found thereby:  
For, all his ioy, he said, in that distresse,  
Was mine and his *Aemylia* libertie.  
*Aemylia* well he lov'd, as I mote ghesse:  
Yet greater loue to me then her he did professe.

But I, with better reason him aviz'd,  
And shew'd him, how through error & misthought  
Of our like persons each to be disguiz'd,  
Or his exchange, or freedome might be wrought.  
Where-to full loth was he, ne would for ought  
Consent, that I, who stood all fearelesse free,  
Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,  
Till fortune did perforce it so decree:  
Yet ouer-rul'd, at last he did to me agree.

The morrow next, about the wonted howre,  
The Dwarf call'd at the doore of *Amyas*,  
To come forth with vnto his Ladies howre.  
In stead of whom, forth came I *Placidus*,

And vnderstode, forth with him did passe.  
There, with great ioyance and with gladforme glee,  
Of faire *Pæana* I receiu'd was,  
And oft imbrac't, as if that I were hee,  
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great loue to mee.

Which I, that was not bent to former Loue,  
As was my friend, that had her long refus'd,  
Did well accept, as well it did behoue,  
And to the present need it wisely vs'd.  
My former hardnesse, first, I faire excus'd;  
And after, promist large amends to make.  
With such smooth termes, her error I abus'd,  
To my friends good, more then for mine owne sake,  
For whole sole liberty, I loue and life did stake.

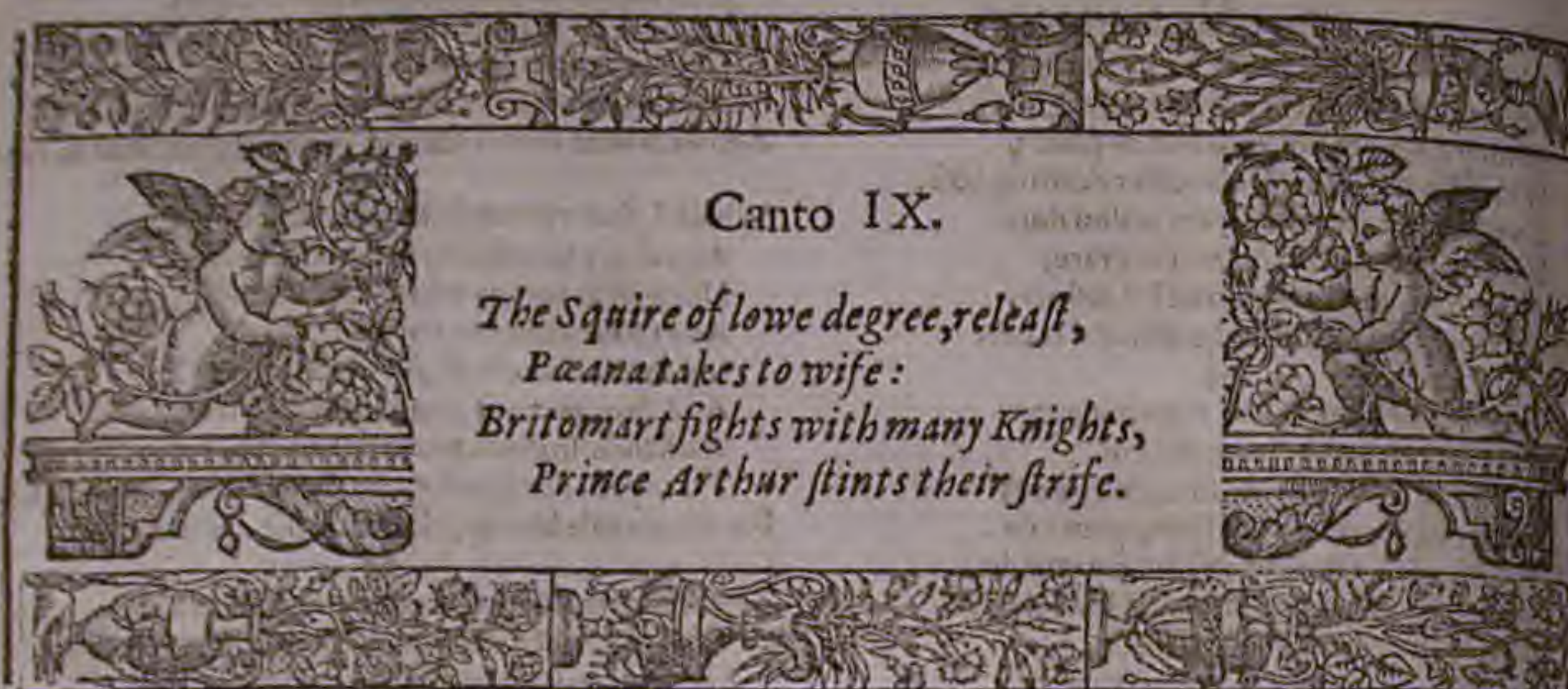
Thence-forth, I found more fauour at her hand;  
That to her Dwarf, which had me in his charge,  
She bade to lighten my too heavy band,  
And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.  
So on a day, as by the flowrie marge  
Of a fresh streame I with that Elfie did play,  
Finding no meanes how I might vs enlarge,  
But if that Dwarf I could with me conuay,  
I lightly snatcht him vp, and with me bore away.

There-at he strickt aloud, that with his cry  
The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,  
And me pursw'd; but nathemore would I  
Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,  
But haue perforce him hither brought away.  
Thus as they talk'd, loe, where nigh at hand  
Those Ladies two (yet doubtfull through dismay)  
In presence came, desirous to vnderstand  
Tydings of all, which there had happed on the land.

Where, soone as sad *Aemylia* did espy  
Her captiue Louers friend, young *Placidus*,  
All mindlesse of her wonted modesty,  
She to him ran, and him with straight embras  
Enfolding said, And liues yet *Amyas*?  
He liues, quoth he, and his *Aemylia* loues.  
Then lesse, said she, by all the woe I paies,  
With which my weaker patience fortune proues,  
But what mishap thus long him fro my selfe remoues?

Then gan he all his story to reuew,  
And tell the course of his captiuitie;  
That her deare hart full deeply made to reu,  
And sigh full sore, to heare the misery,  
In which so long he mercilesse did lie.  
Then, after many teares and sorrowes spent,  
She deare besoughe the Prince of remedy:  
Who there-to did with ready will consent,  
And well perform'd, as shall appeare by his event.





## Canto IX.

*The Squire of lowe degree, releast,  
Pæana takes to wife:  
Britomart fights with many Knights,  
Prince Arthur stints their strife.*

And is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,  
When all three kinds of loue together meet,  
And do dispart the hart with powre extreame,  
Whether shall weigh the ballance downe; to  
The deare affection vnto kindred sweet,  
Or raging fire of loue to woman-kind,  
Or zeale of friends combin'd with vertues meet.  
But of the m all, the band of vertuous mind  
Me seemes the gentle hart, should most assured bind.

For naturall affection soone doth cesse,  
And quenched is with Cupids greater flame;  
But faithfull friendship doth them both suppress,  
And them with maiestie discipline doth tame,  
Through thoughts aspiring to eternall fame.  
For, as the soule doth rule the earthly mass,  
And all the seruice of the body frame;  
So loue of soule doth loue of body passe.  
No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meanest brasse.

All which who list by trial to assay,  
Shall in this story find approued plaine;  
In which this Squires true friendship more did sway,  
Then eyther care of Parents could retrain;  
Or loue of fairest Lady could constrain.  
For, though Pæana were as faire as morne;  
Yet did this trusty Squire with proud disdain,  
For his friends sake her offred fauours scorn;  
And she her selfe her fire, of whom she was borne.

Now after that Prince Arthur graunted had,  
To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swaine,  
Who now long time had lyen in prison sad;  
He gaue aduise how best he mote detain;  
That enterprize for greatest glories gaine.  
That headlesse Tyrants trunk he reard from ground,  
And hauing grapt the head to it againe,  
Vpon his vncle's hart it firmly bound,  
And made it so to ride, as it aliue was found.

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and layd  
Before the rider as he captiue were,  
And made his Dwarfes (though with vnwilling ayd)  
To guide the beast, that did his maister beare,  
Till to his Castle they approched neere.  
Whom, when the watch that kept continuall ward  
Saw coming home; all voyd of doubtfull feare,  
He running downe, the gate to him vpbard;  
Whom straight the Prince ensuing, in together fard.

There he did find in her delicious bower,  
The faire Pæana playing on a Rote,  
Complaining of her cruell Paramoure,  
And singing all her sorrow to the note,  
As she had learned readily by rote;  
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight,  
The Prince halfe rapt began on her to dote:  
Till better him bethinking of the right,  
He her vnwares attach'd, and captiue held by might.

Whence being forth produc't, when she perceiued  
Her owne deare Sire, she cald to him for ayde;  
But when of him no answer she receiued,  
But saw him sentlesse by the Squire vp-staid,  
Shee weened well, that then she was betraid:  
Then gan she loudly cry, and weep, and wade;  
And that faire Squire of treason to vpbraid;  
But all in vaine, her plaints might not preuaile;  
Ne none there was to reskew her, ne none to baile.

Then tooke he that same Dwarfes, and him compeld  
To open vnto him the prison dore,  
And forth to bring those thralls that there he held.  
Thence, forth were brought to him about a score  
Of Knights and Squires to him vnknown afore;  
All which he did from bitter bondage free,  
And vnto former liberty restore.  
Amongst the rest, that Squire of lowe degree  
Came forth full weake and wan, not like himselfe to be.

Whom soone as faire Amylla beheld,  
And Placidus they both vnto him ran,  
And him embracing fast betwixt them held;  
Seiuing to comfort him all that they can,  
And kissing oft his visage pale and wan;  
That faire Pæana them beholding both,  
Gan both enuy, and bitterly to ban;  
Through zealous passion weeping inly wroth,  
To see the sight perforce, that both her eyes were loth.

But when awhile they had together been,  
And diuersly contented of their case;  
She, though full oft she both of them had scene  
Asunder, yet not euer in one place,  
Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,  
Which was the captiue Squire she lov'd so deare;  
Deceiued through great likeness of their face,  
For they so like in person did appeare,  
That she vnto discerned, whether whether were.

And eke the Prince, when as he them auized,  
Their like resemblance much adured there,  
And maz'd how Nature had so well disguized  
Her worke, and counterfet her selfe so neare;  
As if that by one patterne scene somewhere,  
She had them made a Paragone to be;  
Or, whether it through skill, or error were,  
Thus gazing long, at them much wondred he;  
So did the other Knights and Squires, which him did see.

Then gan they ransacke that same Castle strong,  
In which he found great store of hoorded treasure;  
The which, that tyrant gathered had by wrong  
And tortious powre, without respect, or measure,  
Vpon all which the Briton Prince made seisure,  
And afterwards continu'd there awhile,  
To rest himselfe, and solace in soft pleasure  
Those weake Ladies after weary royle;  
To whom he did diuide part of his purchast spoile.

And for more ioy, that captiue Lady faire  
The faire Pæana he enlarged free;  
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire;  
To feast and frolicke; so oathemore would she  
Shew glad some countenance nor pleasant glee;  
But grieved was for losse both of her fire,  
And eke of Lordship, with both land and fee;  
But most she touch'd was with griefe entire,  
For losse of her new Loue, the hope of her desire.

But her the Prince through his well-wonted grace,  
To better traines of mildnesse did entreat,  
From that fowle rudenesse, which did her defect;  
And that same bitter cosface, which did eat  
Her tender heart, and made retrain from meat;  
He with good thewes and speeches well applide,  
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heart,  
For, though she were most faire, and goodly did;  
Yet she it all did mar, with cruelty and pride.

And for to shut vp all in friendly loue,  
Sith loue was hilt the ground of all her griefe,  
That trusty Squire he wisely well did moue  
Not to despise that Dame, which lov'd him late,  
Till he had made of her some better price,  
But to accept her to his wedded wife.  
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe  
Of all her land and Lordship during life;  
He yeelded, and her tooke; so stinted all their strife.

From that day forth, in peace and ioyous blisse,  
They liv'd together long without debate;  
Ne priuate iare, ne spite of enemis  
Could shake the safe assurance of their state,  
And she, whom Nature did so faire create  
That she mote match the fairest of her dayes,  
Yet with lewd loue and lust intemperate  
Had it defile; so thenceforth reformed her waies, (praise)  
That all men much admitt'd her change, and spake her

Thus when the Prince had perfectly compild  
These paires of friends in peace and settled rest;  
Himselfe, whose minde did trauell as with childe  
Of his old loue, conceiv'd in secret breast,  
Resolued to pursue his former quest;  
And taking leave of all, with him did beare  
Faithfull Amoret, whom Fortune by request  
Had left in his protection whileare,  
Exchanged out of one into another feare.

Feare of her safety did her not constrain,  
For, well she wist now in a mighty hand,  
Her person late in perill did remaine,  
Who able was, all dangers to withstand.  
But now in feare of shame she more did stand,  
Seeing her selfe all toly succourless,  
Left in the Victors powre, like vassall bond;  
Whose will her weaknesse could no way repress,  
In case his burning lust should breake into excess.

But cause of feare sure had she none at all  
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore  
The course of loose affection to foretell,  
And howe lesse lust to rule with reason's lore;  
That all the while he by his side her bore,  
She was as safe as in a Sanctuary.  
Thus many miles they two together wore,  
To seeke their Loues disperied diuerty,  
Yet neyther shew'd to other their hearts priuety.

At length they came, where-as a troupe of Knights  
They saw together skirmishing, as seem'd;  
Six they were, all full of fell despight;  
But faire of them the battell best beleem'd,  
That which of them was best, mote not be deem'd.  
Those foure were they, from whom false Florimell  
By Braggadochio lately was redeem'd;  
To weere, sterne Dragoon, and lewd Claribell,  
Lowe-huys Blandamour, and lustfull Paridell.



21  
Drewn delight was all to single life,  
And vnto Ladies loue would lend no leasure:  
The more was *Claribell* enraged rife  
With feruent flames, and loued out of measure:  
So eke lov'd *Blandamour*, but yet at pleasure  
Would change his liking, and new Lemans proue:  
But *Paridell* of loue did make no threasure,  
But lusted after all that him did moue.  
So diuersly these foure disposed were to loue.

22  
But those two other, which beside them stood,  
Were *Britomart*, and gentle *Scudamour*,  
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull mood,  
And wondred at their impacable stoure,  
Whose like they neuer saw till that same houre:  
So dreadfull strokes each did at other driue,  
And layd on load with all their might and powre,  
As if that euery dint the ghost would riuie  
Out of their wretched corles, and their liues depriue:

23  
As when *Dan Acolus* in great displeasure,  
For losse of his deare Loue by *Neptune* hent,  
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threasure,  
Vpon the Sea to wreake his fell intent;  
They breaking forth with rude vnruliment,  
From all foure parts of heauen, doe rage full sore,  
And tolle the deepes, and teare the firmament,  
And all the world confound with wide vpror,  
As if in stead thereof, they *Chaos* would restore.

24  
Cause of their discord, and so fell debate,  
Was for the loue of that same snowy maid,  
Whom they had lost in Turneyment of late;  
And seeking long to weet which way she straid,  
Met here together: where, through lewd vpbraide  
Of *Ate* and *Duesse* they fell out;  
And each one taking part in others aid,  
This cruell conflict raised there-about,  
Whose dangerous successe depended yet in doubt.

25  
For, sometimes *Paridell* and *Blandamour*  
The better had, and bet the others backe;  
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,  
And on their foes did worke full cruell wrack:  
Yet neither would their fiend-like fury slack,  
But euermore their malice did augment;  
Till that vneath they forced were for lack  
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,  
And rest themselves, for to recouer spirits spent.

26  
There gan they change their sides, and new parts take;  
For, *Paridell* did take to *Drewn* side,  
For old despight, which now forth newly brake  
Gainst *Blandamour*, whom alwayes he couide:  
And *Blandamour* to *Claribell* relide.  
So all aresh gan former fight renew:  
As when two Barkes, this caried with the tide,  
That with the wind, contrary courses few,  
If wind and tide doe change, their courses change anew.

27  
Thence-forth, they much more furiously gan fare,  
As if but then the battell had begonne;  
Ne helmets bright, ne hawberks strong did spare,  
That through the elists the vermeil bloud out sporne,  
And all adowne their riuens sides did ronne.  
Such mortall malice, wonder was to see  
In friends profest, and so great out-rage donne:  
But sooth is said, and true in each degree,  
Faint friends when they fall out, most cruell foe-men bee.

28  
Thus they long while continued in fight,  
Till *Scudamour*, and that same Briton maid,  
By fortune in that place did chance to light:  
Whom soone as they with wrathfull eye bewraide,  
They gan remember of the foule vp-braide,  
The which that Britonnesse had to them donne,  
In that late Turney for the snowy maid;  
Where she had them both shamefull fordonne,  
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

29  
Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire  
Of full reuenge, in their malicious mood,  
They from themselves gan turne their iurious ire,  
And cruell blades yet steeming with hot blood,  
Against those two let driue, as they were wood:  
Who wondring much at that so suddaine fir,  
Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstood;  
Ne yielded foot, ne once abacke did stir,  
But being doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

30  
The war-like Dame was on her part assaid  
Of *Claribell* and *Blandamour* at once;  
And *Paridell* and *Drewn* fiercely layd  
At *Scudamour*, both his professed fone.  
Foure charged two, and two furcharged one:  
Yet did those two themselves so brauely beare,  
That th' other little gained by the looe,  
But with their owne repayed duely were,  
And vniuersally such gaine was gotten deare.

31  
Full often-times did *Britomart* assay  
To speake to them, and some emparlance moue;  
But they for nought their cruell hands would stay,  
Ne lend an eare to ought that might behoue.  
As when an eager mastiffe once doth proue  
The taste of bloud of some engored beast,  
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove  
From greedy hold of that his bloody feast:  
So little did they hearken to her sweet behest.

32  
Whom when the Briton Prince asafarre beheld  
With ods of so vnrquall match opprest,  
His mighty hart with indignation sweld,  
And inward grudge fild his he: sick brest:  
Eftsoones himselfe he to their ayde addrest;  
And thrusting fierce into the thickest preale,  
Diuided them, how euer loth to rest,  
And would them faine from battell to surcease,  
With gentle words perfwading them to friendly peace.

33  
But they so farre from peace or patience were,  
That all at once at him gan fiercely ire,  
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;  
Like to a storme, which bovers vnder sky  
Long here and there, and round about doth stie,  
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile, and sleet,  
First, from one coast, till nought thereof be dry;  
And then another, till that likewise sleet;  
And so from side to side, till all the world it weet.

34  
But now their forces greatly were decayd,  
The Prince yet being fresh vntoucht afore;  
Who them with speeches milde gan first diswade  
From such foule out-rage, and them long forbore:  
Till seeing them through suffrance harmed more,  
Himselfe he bent their furies to abate:  
And layd at them so sharply and so sore,  
That shortly them compelled to retreat,  
And being brought in danger, to relent too late.

35  
But now his courage being thoroughly fired,  
He meant to make them knowe their follies prise,  
Had not those two him instantly desired  
T' assuage his wrath, and pardon their misprise,  
At whose request he gan himselfe aduise  
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat  
In milder termes, as list them to deuise:  
Mongst which, the cause of their so cruell heat  
He did them aske: who all that passed gan repeat.

36  
And told at large, how that same errant Knight,  
To weete, faire *Britomart*, them late had foyled  
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight,  
Both of their publique praise had them despoiled,  
And also of their priuate Loues beguiled;  
Of two, full hard to read the harder theft.  
But shee, that wrongfull challenge soone asfoyled,  
And shew'd that she had not that Lady rest  
(As they suppos'd) but her had to her liking left.

37  
To whom, the Prince thus goodly well replied;  
Certes, sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame,  
To rip vp wrong, that battell once hath tried;  
Wherein the honour both of Armes ye shame,

And eke the loue of Ladies foule defame;  
To whom the world this franchise euer yedded,  
That of their loues choice they might freedom claime:  
And in that right, should by all Knights be shadded:  
Gainst which me seems this war ye wrongfully haue wel-

38  
And yet quoth she, a greater wrong remains:  
For, I thereby my former Loue haue lost;  
Whom seeking euer since with endlesse paines,  
Hath me much sorrow and much travell cost:  
Aye me! to see that gentle mayd so lost.  
But *Scudamour*, then sighing deepe, thus said;  
Certes, her losse ought me to sorrow most,  
Whose right she is, where-euer she be straid,  
Through many perils won, and many fortunes waide.

39  
For, from the first that I her loue profest,  
Vnto this houre, this present lucklesse houre,  
I neuer ioyed happinesse nor rest;  
But, thus turmoild from one to other stoure,  
I waste my life, and do my dayes deuoure  
In wretched anguish, and incessant woe,  
Passing the measure of my feeble powre,  
That liuing thus, a wretch, and loosing so,  
I neyther can my loue, ne yet my life forgo.

40  
Then good she *Claribell* him thus bespake;  
Now were it not for *Scudamour* to you  
Dislikefull paine, so sad a taske to take,  
Mote we entreat you, with this gentle crew  
Is now so well accorded all anew;  
That as we ride together on our way,  
Ye will account to vs in order dew.  
All that aduenaire, which ye did assay  
For that faire Ladies loue: past perils well away.

41  
So gan the rest him likewise to require;  
But *Britomart* did him importune hard,  
To take on him that paine: whose great desire  
He glad to satisfie, himselfe prepar'd  
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd,  
In that atchievement, as to him befell:  
And all those dangers vnto them declar'd:  
Which sith they cannot in this Canto well  
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.







## Canto X.

*Scudamour doth his conquest tell  
of vertuous Amoret:  
Great Venus temple is describ'd,  
and Louers life forth set.*

**R**ue he it said, what-euer man it said,  
That loue with gall & hony doth abound:  
But if the one be with the other way'd,  
For euery dram of hony therein found,  
A pound of gall doth ouer it redound.  
That I too true by triall haue approued:  
For, since the day that first with deadly wound  
My hart was launc't, and learned to haue loued,  
I neuer ioyed bowre, but still with care was moued.

And yet such grace is giuen them from aboue,  
That all the cares and euill which they meet,  
May nought at all their settled mindes remoue,  
But seeme gainst common sense to them most sweet:  
As hostling in their martyrdome vnmeet.  
So all that euery yet I haue endured,  
I count as nought, and tread downe vnder feet,  
Sith of my Loue at length I rest assured,  
That to disloyaltie she will not be allured.

Long were to tell the traucell and long toyle,  
Through which this shield of loue I late haue wonne,  
And purchased this peerlesse beauties spoyle,  
That harder may be ended, then begonne.  
But since you so desire, your will be donne.  
Then harke, ye gentle Knights and Ladies free,  
My hard mishaps, that ye may learne to shonne;  
For, though sweet Loue to conquer glorious bee,  
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

What time the fame of this renowned prise  
Flew first abroad, and all mens eares possest,  
I hauing armes then taken, gan a vise  
To winne me honour by some noble gest,  
And purchas'd me some place amongst the best.  
I boldly thought (to young mens thoughts are bold)  
That this same braue emprise for me did rest,  
And that both shield and she whom I beheld,  
Might be my lucky lot; sith all by lot we hold.

So, on that hard adventure forth I went,  
And to the place of perill shortly came:  
That was a temple faire and auncient,  
Which of great mother *Venus* bare the name;  
And farre renowned through exceeding fame,  
Much more then that, which was in *Paphos* built,  
Or that in *Cyprus* (both, long since this same)  
Though all the pillours of the one were gilt,  
And all the others pauement were with *Ivory* spilt.

And it was seated in an Island strong,  
Abounding all with delices most rare,  
And wall'd by Nature gainst invaders wrong,  
That none mote haue access, nor inward fare,  
But by one way, that passage did prepare.  
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wise,  
With curious Corbes, and pendants grauen faire,  
And (arched all with porches) did arise  
On stately pillours, fram'd after the *Dorick* guise.

And for defence thereof, on th' other end  
There reared was a Castle faire and strong,  
That warded all which in or out did wend,  
And flanked both the bridges sides along,  
Gainst all that would it fume to force or wrong.  
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights;  
All twenty tride in warres experience long;  
Whose office was, against all manner wights,  
By all means to maintaine that Castles ancient rights.

Before that Castle was an open Plaine,  
And in the midst thereof a pillour placed;  
On which this shield, of many sought in vaine,  
The shield of *Loue*, whose guerdon me hath graced,  
Was hangd on high, with golden ribbands laced;  
And in the Marble stone was written this,  
With golden letters goodly well enched,  
Blessed the man that well can use his blisse  
Whose euer be the shield faire *Amoret* be his.

Which

Which when I read, my heart did inly yearne,  
And pant with hope of that adventures hap:  
Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,  
But with my speare vpon the shield did rap,  
That all the Castle ringed with the clap.  
Straight forth issew'd a Knight all arm'd to prooffe,  
And brauely mounted to his most mishap:  
Who, staying nought to question from aloofe,  
Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunst from his horses hoofe.

Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)  
And by good fortune shortly him valed.  
His loones out springing two more of equall mould;  
But I them both with equall hap defeated:  
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,  
And lest them groining there vpon the Plaine:  
Then preacing to the pillour, I repeated  
The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,  
And taking downe the shield, with me did it retaine.

So forth without impediment I past,  
Till to the Bridges viter gate I came:  
The which I found sure lockt and chained fast,  
I knockt, but no man answerd me by name;  
I call'd, but no man answerd to my clame.  
Yet I perseuer'd still to knocke and call;  
Till at the last I spide within the same,  
Where one stood peeping through a creuis small;  
To whom I call'd aloud, halfe angry there-withall.

That was to weet, the Porter of the place,  
Vnto whose trust the charge thereof was lent:  
His name was *Doubt*, that had a double face,  
Th' one forward looking, th' other backward bent,  
Therein resembling *Ianus* auncient,  
Which had in charge the ingate of the yeare:  
And euermore his eyes about him went,  
As if some proued perill he did feare,  
Or did misdoubt some ill, whose cause did not appeare.

On th' one side he, on th' other side *Delay*,  
Behind the gate, that none her might espy;  
Whose manner was all passengers to stay,  
And entertaine with her occasions fly;  
Through which some lost great hope vnheedly,  
Which neuer they recover might againe;  
And others quite excluded forth, did ly  
Long languishing there in vnspiced paine,  
And seeking often entrance, afterwards in vaine.

Me when as he had priuily espide,  
Bearing the shield which I had conquer'd late,  
He kend it straight, and to me opened wide:  
So in I past, and straight he clos'd the gate.  
But being in, *Delay* in close awaite  
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,  
Feining full many a fond excuse to prate,  
And time to steale the treasure of mans day:  
Whose smallest minute lost, no riches render may.

But by no means my way I would forflowe,  
For ought that tuer she could doe or say;  
But from my lofty steed dismounting lowe,  
Past forth on foot, beholding all the way  
The goodly works, and stones of rich assay,  
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,  
(That like on earth no where I reckon may)  
And vnderneath, the riuer rolling still  
With murmure soft, that seem'd to serue the workmans

Thence, forth I passed to the second gate,  
The Gate of good desert, whose goodly pride  
And costly frame, were long here to relate.  
The same to all stood alwayes open wide:  
But in the Porch did euermore abide  
An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold,  
That stopp'd the entrance with his spacious stride,  
And with the terror of his countenance bold  
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.

His name was *Danger*, draddled ouer all,  
Who day and night did watch and dully ward,  
From fearefull cowards, entrance to forstall,  
And faint-hart-fooles, whom shew of perill hard  
Could terrifie from Fortunes faire award:  
For, oftentimes, faint harts, at first espiall  
Of his grim face, were from approaching fear'd;  
Vnworthy they of grace, whom one demall  
Excludes from fairest hope, withouten further triall.

Yet many doughty Warriours, often tride  
In greater perils to be stout and bold,  
Durst not the sternesse of his looke abide;  
But soone as they his countenance did behold,  
Began to faint, and feeble their courage cold.  
Again, some other, that in hard assayes  
Were cowards knowe, and little count did hold,  
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like wayes,  
Crept in by stooping lowe, or scaling of the kayes.

But I, though meekest man of many moe,  
Yet much disdaining vnto him to lout,  
Or creepe betwene his legs, so in to goe,  
Resolv'd him to assault with maahood stout,  
And either beat him in, or drive him out.  
His loones advancing that enchanted shield,  
With all my might I gan to lay about:  
Which when he saw, the glaue which he did wield  
He gan forth-with to ayle, and way vnto me yield.

So, as I coted, I did backward looke,  
For feare of harme, that might lie hidden there;  
And lo, his hind-parts (whereof heed I tooke)  
Much more deformed, fearfull vgly were,  
Then all his former parts did eare appeare.  
For, hatred, murder, treason, and despight,  
With many moe, lay in ambushment there,  
Awaiting to entrap the warelesse wight,  
Which did not them preuent with vigilant fore-sight.

Ther



Thus having past all perils, I was come  
Within the compasse of that Islands space;  
The which did seeme unto my simple doome,  
The onely pleasant and delightfull place,  
That ever troden was of footings trace.  
For, all that Nature by her mother wit  
Could frame in earth, and forme of substance base,  
Was there; and, all that Nature did omit,  
Art (playing second Natures part) supplied it.

No tree, that is of count, in greene-wood growes,  
From lowest Juniper to Cedar tall;  
No flowre in field, that dainty odour throwes,  
And deckes his branch with blossomes over all;  
But there was planted, or grew naturall:  
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,  
But there more find to please it selfe withall;  
Nor hart could wish for any queint device,  
But there it present was, and did traile sense entice.

In such luxurious plenty of all pleasure,  
It seem'd a second para life to bee,  
So laushtly enricht with Natures treasure,  
That if the happy soules, which do possesse  
Th' Elysian fields, and live in lasting blisse,  
Should happen this with living eye to see,  
They soone would loathe their lesser happinesse,  
And wish to life return'd againe I ghesse.  
That in this ioyous place they mote haue ioyance free.

Fresh shadowes, fit to shroude from sunny ray;  
Fairst lawns, to take the sunne in season dew;  
Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs did play;  
Soft rumbling brookes, that gentle slumber drew;  
High reared mounts, the lands about to view;  
Low looking dales, disloigned from common gaze;  
Delightfull bowres, to solace Lovers trow;  
Falle Labyrinths, fond runners eyes to daze;  
All which, by Nature made, did Nature selfe amaze.

And all without were walkes and alleys dight,  
With diuers trees, enrang'd in even rankes;  
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,  
And shady seats, and sundry flowering bankes;  
To sit and rest the walkers weary shankes:  
And therein thousand payres of Lovers walkt,  
Praying their god, and yielding him great thanks,  
Ne euer ought but of their true Lovers talkt,  
Ne euer for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

All these together by themselves did sport  
Their sportfull pleasures, and sweet lous content,  
But farre away from these, another sort  
Of Lovers linked in true harts consent:  
Which loued not as these, for like intent,  
But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,  
Farre from all fraude, or fained blandishment;  
Which in their spirits kindling zealous fire,  
Beate thoughts and noble deeds did euer more inspire.

Such were great Hercules, and Hylas deare;  
True Jonathan, and David trustie tryde;  
Stout Theseus, and Perithous is feare;  
Pyrrhus, and Orestes by his side;  
Milde Titus, and Gesippus without pride;  
Damon and Pythias, whom death could not seuer;  
All these, and all that euer had bene tyde  
In bands of friendship, there did liue for euer:  
Whose liues, although decay'd, yet lous decayed neuer.

Which, when as I, that neuer tasted blisse,  
Nor happy howre, beheld with gaze full eye,  
I thought there was none other heauen then this;  
And gan their endlesse happinesse enuy.  
That being free from leare and ialousie,  
Might frankly there their lous desire possesse;  
Whil'ft I, through paines and perious iopardy,  
Was forc'd to seeke my lifes deare patronsse: (stresse)  
Much dearer be the things, which come through hard dis-

Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,  
Might not my steps with-hold, but that forth-right  
Vnto that purpos'd place I did me draw,  
Where-as my Loue was lodged day and night:  
The temple of great Venus, that is high  
The Queene of beauty, and of lous the mother,  
There worshipped of euery living wight;  
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all othes  
That euer were on earth, all were they let together.

Not that same famous Temple of Diane,  
Whose height all Ephesus did ouer see,  
And which all Asia longht with vowes profane,  
One of the worlds leauen wonders said to bee,  
Might match with this by many a degree:  
Nor that, which that wise King of Turie framed,  
With endlesse cost, to be th'Almighties see;  
Nor all that else through all the world is named  
To all the Heathen Gods, might like to this be clamed.

I, much admiring that so goodly frame,  
Vnto the porch approacht, which open stood;  
But therein sate an amiable Dame,  
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,  
And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood:  
Strange was her tire; for on her head a Crowne  
Shee wore, much like vnto a Danisk hood,  
Poudred with pearle and stone; and all her gowne  
Enwouen was with gold, that raught full lowe adowne.

On eyther side of her, two young men stood,  
Both strongly arm'd, as feareing one another;  
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,  
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,  
Though of contrary natures each to other:  
The one of them high Lous, the other Hate.  
Hate was the elder, Lous the younger brother;  
Yet was the younger his ouer in his state,  
Then th'elder, and him maystred still in all debate.

Nath'lesse, that Dame so well them tempred both,  
That she them forced hand to ioyne in hand,  
Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,  
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,  
Vnwilling to behold that louely band.  
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,  
That her commaundment he could not withstand,  
But bit his lip for felonous despight,  
And gnasht his iron tuskes at that displeasing sight.

Concord thence cleeped was in common reed,  
Mother of blessed Peace, and Friendship true;  
They both her twins, both borne of heauenly seed,  
And she herselfe likewise diuinely grew;  
The which right well her works diuine did shew:  
For, strength, and wealth, and happinesse she lends,  
And strife, and warre, and anger does subdew:  
Of little much, of foes she maketh friends,  
And to afflicted minds, sweet rest and quiet sends.

By her the heauen is in his course contained,  
And all the world in state vnmooued stands,  
As their Almighty Maker first ordained,  
And bound them with inviolable bands;  
Else would the waters ouer-flowe the lands,  
And fire deuoure the ayre, and hell them quight;  
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.  
Shee is the nurse of pleasure and delight,  
And vnto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

By her I entring, halfe dismayed was;  
But shee in gentle wise me entertayned,  
And twixt her selfe and Lous did let me pass:  
But Hatred would my entrance haue restrained,  
And with his club me threatned to haue brayned,  
Had not the Lady, with her powerfull speech,  
Him from his wicked will vneath restrained;  
And th'other eke his malice did impeach,  
Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach.

Into the inmost Temple thus I came,  
Which flaming all with Frankencense I found,  
And odours rising from the altars flame.  
Vpon an hundred Marble pillars round,  
The rooffe yf high was reared from the ground,  
All deckt with crownes, and chains, & girlonds gay,  
And thousand precious gifts worth many a pound,  
The which sad Lousers for their vowes did pay: (May)  
And all the ground was strow'd with flowres, as fresh as

An hundred Altars round about were set,  
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,  
That with the steme thereof the Temple sweet,  
Which rould in clowdes, to heauen did aspire,  
And in them bore true Lousers vowes entire:  
And eke an hundred brazen cauldrons bright,  
To bathe in ioy and amorous desire,  
Euery of which was to a Damzell hight;  
For, all the Priests were Damzels, in soft linnen dight.

Right in the midst the Goddess selfe did stand,  
Vpon an altar of some costly masse,  
Whose substance was vneath to vnderstand:  
For, neither precious stone, nor durtfull brasse,  
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;  
But much more rare and precious to esteeme,  
Pure in aspect, and like to crytall glasse,  
Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme;  
But beeing faire and bricke, likest glasse did seeme.

But it in shape and beauty did excell  
All other Idols which the heathen adore,  
Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill  
Phidias did make in Paphos Ile of yore,  
With which that wretched Greeke that life forlore,  
Did fall in lous: yet this much fairer shined,  
But couer'd with a slender veile afore;  
And both her feet and legs together twined  
Were with a snake, whose head & taile were fast cobined.

The cause why she was couer'd with a veile,  
Was hard to knowe, for that her Priests the same  
From peoples knowledge labour'd to conceale,  
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,  
Nor any blemish which the worke mote blame;  
But for (they say) she hath both kinds in one,  
Both male and female, both vnder one name:  
Shee fire and mother is her selfe alone;  
Begets, and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

And all about her necke and shoulders flew  
A flock of little louses, and sports, and ioyes;  
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;  
Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrelltriall boyes,  
But like to Angels playing heauenly toyes;  
The whil'ft their elder brother was away,  
Cupid, their eldest brother; he enioyes  
The wide kingdome of lous with lordly sway;  
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

And all about her altar, scattered lay  
Great sorts of Lousers pittiously complaining;  
Some of their losse, some of their lous delay,  
Some of their pride, some paragons disdainning,  
Some feareing fraude, some fraudulently fayning,  
As euery one had cause of good or ill.  
Amongst the rest, some one through louses constrainning  
Tormented sore, could not containe it still,  
But thus brake forth, that all the Temple it did fill:

Great Venus, Queene of beauty and of grace,  
The ioy of Gods and men, that vnder skie  
Dooft fairest shine, and most adorne thy place,  
That with thy smiling looke doost pacifie  
The raging seas, and mak'st the stormes to flie:  
Thee goddess, thee the winds, the clowdes do seue,  
And when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,  
The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,  
And heauens laugh, & all the world shewes ioyous cheer.



Then doth the dale earth throw forth to thee  
Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres:  
And then all living wights, loone as they see  
The Spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,  
They all do learne to play the Paramours:  
Fast do the merry birds, thy pretty pages,  
Prisely prickd with thy lustfull powres,  
Chunge loud to thee out of their leany cages,  
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play  
Their pleasant frisks, and loath their wonted food:  
The Lions rore, the Tigres loudly bray,  
The raging Bulls rebellow through the wood,  
And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepest flood,  
To come where thou doost draw them with desire:  
So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,  
Soone as with fury thou doost them inspire,  
In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

So all the world by thee at first was made,  
And daily yet thou doest the same repaire:  
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,  
Ne ought on earth that louely is and faire,  
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre.  
Thou art the root of all that ioyous is,  
Great god of men and women, queene of th'ayre,  
Mother of laughter, and well-spring of blis,  
O graunt that of my loue at last I may not misse.

So did he say: but I with murmure soft,  
That none might heare the sorrowe of my heart,  
Yet inly groaning deep and sighing oft,  
Belought her to grant ease vnto my smart,  
And to my wound her gracious help impart.  
Whil'st thus I spake, behold with happy eye  
I spyde, where at the Idoles feet apart  
A beuie of faire damzels close did lie,  
Wayting when as the Antheme should be sung on hie.

The first of them did seem of riper yeares,  
And grauer countenance then all the rest:  
Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,  
Yet vnto her obeyed all the best.  
Her name was *Womanhood*, that she exprest  
By her sad semblant and demaure wile:  
For, fixed still her eyes did fixed rest,  
Ne rovd' at random after gazers guile,  
Whose luring bayts oft-times doe heedlesse hearts entise.

And next to her fate goodly *Shamefastnes*,  
Ne euer durst her eyes from ground vpreare,  
Ne euer once did looke vp from her desse,  
As if some blame of euill she did feare,  
That in her cheekes made roles oft appeare:  
And her against, sweet *Chastity* was placed,  
Whose eyes like twinkling stars in euening cleare,  
Were deckt with smyles, that all sad humors chased,  
And darted forth delights, the which her goodly grazed.

And next to her fate sober *Modesty*,  
Holding her hand vpon her gentle heart:  
And her against fate comely *Curtisie*,  
That vnto euery person knew her part:  
And her before was feared ouerthwart  
Soft *Silence*, and submisle *Obedience*,  
Both linkt together neuer to dispart,  
Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,  
Both girlonds of his Saints against their foes offence.

Thus fate they all around in seemely rate:  
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,  
Euen in the lap of *Womanhood* there fate,  
The which was all in lilly white arrayd,  
With siluer streames amongst the linnen stray'd;  
Like to the morne, when first her shining face  
Hath to the gloomy world it selfe bewray'd:  
That same was fairest *Amoret* in place,  
Shining with beauties light, and heavenly vertues grace.

Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb,  
And wade in doubt, what best were to be done:  
For, sacrilege me seem'd the Church to rob;  
And folly seem'd to leaue the thing vdonno,  
Which with so strong attempt I had begonne.  
Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,  
Which Ladies loue I heard had neuer worne  
Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,  
And by the lilly hand her labour'd vp to reare.

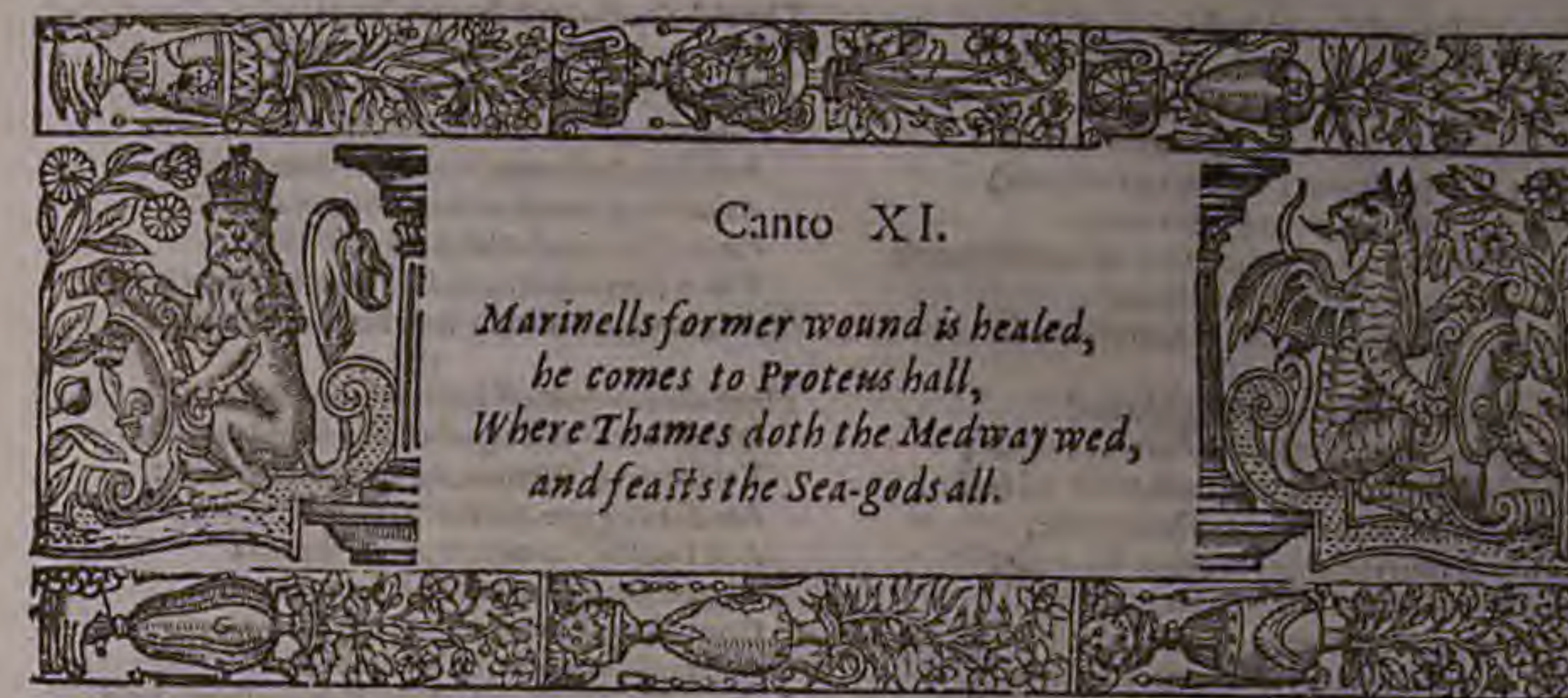
Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,  
And sharpe rebuke, for beeing ouer-bold:  
Saying it was to Knight vnto only shame,  
Vpon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,  
That vnto *Venus* seruices was sold.  
To whom I thus: Nay but it fitteth best,  
For *Cupid*'s man with *Venus* mayd to hold:  
For, ill your goddess seruices are drest  
By Virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.

With that my shield I forth to her did shoue,  
Which all that while I closely had conceald:  
On which when *Cupid* with his killing bowe  
And cruell shafts emblazond she beheld,  
At sight thereof she was with terror queld,  
And said no more: but I which all that while  
The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,  
Like wary Hynd within the weedy foyle,  
For no intreaty would forgoe so glorious spoyle.

And euermore vpon the goddess face  
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence:  
Whom when I saw with amiable grace  
To laugh on me, and fauour my pretence,  
I was emboldned with more confidence:  
And nought for nicenesse nor for enuy sparing,  
In pretence of them all forth led her thence,  
All looking on, and like astonisht starrs,  
Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them daring.

Shee often prayd, and often me besought,  
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,  
Sometime with witching smyles: but yet for nought,  
That euer she to me could lay or doe,  
Could shee her wished freedome fro me wooe:  
But forth I led her through the Temple gate,  
By which I hardly past with much adoe:  
But that same Lady which me friended late  
In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

No lesse did danger threaten me with dread,  
VWhen as he law me, maugre all his powre,  
That glorious spoile of beauty with me lead,  
Then *Cerberus*, when *Orpheus* did recoure  
His Leman from the *Stygian* Princes boure.  
But euermore my shield did me defend,  
Against the storme of euery dreadfull stoure:  
I trustfully with my Loue I thence did wend,  
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.



Behold for pittie! that I haue thus long  
Left a faire Lady languishing in paine:  
Now weal-away, that I haue doen such wrong,  
To let faire *Florimell* in bands remaine,  
In bands of loue, and in sad thraldoms chaine:  
From which, vnlesse some heavenly powre her free  
By miracle, not yet appearing plaine,  
She lenger yet is like captiu'd to bee:  
That euen to thinke thereof, it inly pitties mee:

Heere neede you to remember, how ere-while  
Vnlovely *Proteus*, missing to his mind  
That Virgins loue to win by wit or wile,  
Her threw into a dungeon deep and blind,  
And there in chaires her cruelly did bind,  
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw:  
For, when as neither gifts nor graces kind,  
Her constant mind could moue at all he saw,  
He thought her to compell by cruelty and awe.

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke  
The dungeon was, in which her bound he left,  
That neither yron barres, nor bruzen lock  
Did need to gard from force, or secret theft  
Of all her Louers, which would her haue rest.  
For, wall'd it was with waues, which rag'd and ro'd  
As they the cliffe in peeces would haue clef:  
Besides, ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd  
Did waite about it, gaping grieisly, all beger'd.

And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,  
And darknesse drad, that neuer viewed day:  
Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,  
In which old *Styx* her aged bones alway  
(Old *Styx*, the Grandame of the Gods) doth lay.  
There did this luckles mayd three months abide,  
Ne euer euening saw, ne mornings ray,  
Ne euer from the day the night deuide,  
But thought it all one night, that did no houres diuide.

And all this was for loue of *Marinell*,  
Who her despis'd (ah! who would her despise?)  
And womens loue did from his hart expell,  
And all those ioyes that weake mankind entise.  
Nath'lesse, his pride full dearly he did prize:  
For, of a womans hand it was ywroke,  
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,  
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke  
Which *Britomart* him gaue, when he did her prouoke.

Yet farre and neere the Nymph his mother sought,  
And many salues did to his sore apply,  
And many herbes did vse. But when as nought  
Shee saw could ease his rankling maladie,  
At last, to *Tryphon* thee for helpe did hie  
(This *Tryphon* is the Sea-gods surgeon hight)  
Whom shee besought to find some remedy:  
And for his paines, a whistle him belight,  
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.



7  
So well that Leach did harken to her request,  
And did so well employ his carefull paine,  
That in short space his hurts he had redrest;  
And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:  
In which he long time after did remaine  
There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall;  
Who sore against his will did him retaine,  
For feare of perill, which to him mote fall,  
Through his too venturous prowesse proued ouer all.

8  
It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there  
To all the Sea-gods and their fruitfull seed,  
In honour of the spousalls, which then were  
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.  
Long had the Thames (as we in records reed)  
Before that day her wooed to his bed;  
But the proud Nymph, would for no worldly meed,  
Nor no entreaty to his loue be led;  
Till now at last relenting, she to him was wed.

9  
So both agreed, that this their bridale feast  
Should for the gods in Proteus house be made;  
To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,  
As well which in the mighty Ocean trade,  
As that in riuers swim, or brookes doe wade.  
All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,  
And hundred mouthes, and voice of brals I had,  
And endlesse memory, that mote excell,  
In order as they came, could I recount them well.

10  
Helpe therefore, O thou sacred imp of Ioue,  
The nourling of Dame Memory his deare,  
To whom those rolles, layd vp in heauen aboue,  
And records of antiquitie appeare,  
To which no wit of man may comen neare;  
Help me to tell the names of all those floods,  
And all those Nymphes, which then assembled were  
To that great banquet of the watry Gods,  
And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

11  
First, came great Neptune, with his three-forkt Mace,  
That rules the Seas, and makes them rise or fall;  
His drawy locks did drop with brine apace,  
Vnder his Diademe imperiall:  
And by his side, his Queene with Coronall,  
Faie Amphitrite, most diuinely faie,  
Whose luory shoulders weren covered all,  
As with a robe, with her owne silver haire:  
And deckt with pearls, which th' Indian seas for her pre-

12  
These marched faire afore the other crew;  
And all the way before them as they went,  
Triton his trumpet shrill before them blew,  
For goodly triumph and great iollyment,  
That made the rocks to roare, as they were rent.  
And after them the royall issue came,  
Which of them sprung by lineall descent:  
First, the Sea-gods, which to themselves doe claime  
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waues to tame.

13  
Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood,  
By whom those old Heroës wonne such fame;  
And Glaucus, that wise soothsayes vnderstood;  
And tragick Inoes sonne, the which became  
A God of Seas through his mad mothers blame,  
Now hight Palemon, and is Saylers friend;  
Great Brontes, and Astræus, that did shame  
Himselfe with incest of his kin ynkend;  
And huge Orion, that doth tempests still portend.

14  
The rich Ceteus, and Eurytus long;  
Neleus and Pelias, louely brethren both;  
Mighty Chrysæor, and Caius strong;  
Eurypius, that calmes the waters wroth;  
And faie Euphemus, that vpon them goth  
As on the ground, without dismay or dread:  
Fierce Eryx, and Alebius, that know'th  
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;  
And sad Asopus, comely with his hoarie head.

15  
There also, some most famous founders were  
Of puissant Nations, which the world possesse;  
Yet sonnes of Neptune, now assembled here:  
Auncient Ogyses, euen th' auncientest,  
And Inachus, renown'd about the rest;  
Phœnix, and Aon, and Pelasgus old,  
Great Belus, Phœax, and Agenor, best;  
And mighty Albion, father of the bold  
And warlike people, which the Britaine Ilands hold.

16  
For, Albion, the sonne of Neptune was;  
Who for the proofe of his great puissance,  
Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pass  
Into old Gull, that now is cleeped France,  
To fight with Hercules, that did aduance  
To vanquish all the world with matchlesse might:  
And there his mortall part by great mischance  
Was slaine: but that which is th' immortall spright  
Liues still: and to this feast with Neptunes seed was dignified.

17  
But what doe I their names seeke to reherse,  
Which all the world haue with their issue filld?  
How can they all in this so narrow verse  
Contained be, and in small compasse hild?  
Let them record them, that are better skild,  
And know the monuments of passed times:  
Onely what needeth, shall be here fulfilld,  
T' expresse some part of that great equipage,  
Which from great Neptune doe deriue their parentage.

18  
Next, came the aged Ocean, and his Dame,  
Old Tetys, th' oldest two of all the rest:  
For, all the rest, of those two Parents came,  
Which after ward both sea and land possesse:  
Of all which, Nerens, th' eldest and the best,  
Did first proceed, then which none more vp-right,  
Ne more sincere in word and deed profess,  
Most void of guile, most free from foule despight,  
Dooing himselfe, and teaching others to doe right.

19  
Thereto he was expert in prophecies,  
And could the ledde of the Gods vnfold,  
Through which, when Paris brought his famous prise  
The faie Tindarid lasse, he him foretolde,  
That her all Greece with many a champion bold  
Should fetch againe, and finally destroy  
Proud Priams towne. So wise is Nerens old,  
And so well skild; nath' lesse he takes great ioy  
Olt-times amongst the wanton Nymphes to sport & toy.

20  
And after him the famous riuers came,  
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:  
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;  
Long Rhodanus, whose source springs from the skie;  
Faie Ilter, flowing from the Mountaines hie;  
Diuine Scamander, purpled yet with blood  
Of Greekes and Troians, which therein did die;  
Pactolus, glistring with his golden flood,  
And Tigris fierce, whose streams of none may be with-

21  
Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates,  
Deepe Indus, and Mazander intricate,  
Slow Penus, and tempestuous Phasides,  
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate:  
Oraxes, feared for great Cyrus fate;  
Tybris, renowned for the Romaines fame,  
Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late;  
And that huge Riuer, which doth beare his name  
Of warlike Amazons, which do possesse the same.

22  
Ioy on those warlike women, which so long  
Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold;  
And shame on you, O men, which boast your strong  
And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and bold,  
Yet quail in conquest of that land of gold.  
But this to you, O Britons, most pertainer,  
To whom the right heereof it selfe hath sold;  
The which, for sparing little cost or paines  
Lose so immortall glory, and so endlesse gaines.

23  
Then was there heard a most celestiall sound  
Of dainty musick, which did next ensue  
Before the spouse: that was Arion crown'd:  
Who playing on his harpe, vnto him drew  
The cares and harts of all that goodly crew,  
That euen yet the Dolphin, which him bore  
Through the Aegean seas from Pirates view,  
Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,  
And all the raging Seas, for ioy forgot to rore.

24  
So went he playing on the watry Plaine,  
Soone after whom the louely Bridegroom came,  
The noble Thamias, with all his goodly traine;  
But him before there went, as best became,  
His auncient parents, namely th' auncient Thame,  
But much more aged was his wife then hee,  
The Ouze, whom men do this rightly name:  
Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee;  
And almost blind througheld, that scarce her way could

25  
Therefore on either side she was sustained  
Of two small grooms, which by their names were  
The Charne and Charwell, two small streames, which  
Themselues her footing to direct aright,  
Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight:  
But Thame was stronger, and of better stay;  
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,  
VVith head all hoary, and his beard all gray,  
Deawed with silver drops, that trickled downe away.

26  
And eke he somewhat seem'd to stonpe afore  
With bowed back, by reason of the load,  
And auncient heavy burden, which he bore  
Of that faie Cuttie, wherein make-abode  
So many learned imps, that shoot abroad,  
And with their branches spred all Britany,  
No lisse then do her elder sisters broode.  
Ioy to you both, ye double nursery,  
Of Arts: but Oxford thine doth Thame most glorifie:

27  
But he their sonne full fresh and iolly was,  
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,  
On which the waues, glistring like Cry stall glasse,  
So cunningly enwouen were, that few  
Could weenen, whether they were false or trew,  
And on his head like to a Coronet  
He wore, that seemed strange to common view,  
In which were many Towres and Castles set,  
That went compass round as with a golden fret.

28  
Like as the mother of the gods, they say,  
In her great iron chariot wonts to ride,  
When to Ioues palace she doth take her way;  
Old Cybele, arrayd with pompous pride,  
Wearing a Diademe embattild wide  
With hundred turrets, like a Turbant:  
VVith such an one was Thamias beautified;  
That was to weete, the famous Troynouant,  
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resident.

29  
And round about him many a pretty Page  
Attended duely, ready to obey:  
All little Ruers, which owe vassallage  
To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay:  
The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gray,  
The morish Cole, and the soft sliding Breane,  
The wanton Lee, that oft doth lose his way,  
And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane  
Ten thousand fishes play, and deck his pleasant streame.

30  
Then came his neighbour floods, which nigh him dwell,  
And water all the English soile throughout;  
They all on him this day attended well;  
And with meet seruice waited him about;  
Ne one did dauid lowe to him to lout:  
No not the stately Seuerne prudd' at all,  
Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout;  
But both him honor'd as their principall,  
And let their swelling waters lowe before him fall.



31  
There was the speedy Tamar, which diuides  
The Cornish, and the Deuonish confines;  
Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,  
And meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines:  
And Dart, nigh choakt with sands of tinny mines,  
But Avoon marched in more stately path,  
Proud of his Adamants, with which he shines  
And glitters wide, as als' of wondrous Bath,  
And Brilow faire, which on his waues he builded bath.

32  
And there came Stoure with terrible aspect,  
Bearing his fixe deformed heads on hie,  
That doth his course through Blandford Plains direct,  
And washeth Winbourne meads in season drie.  
Next him, went Wylbourne with passage flye,  
That of his wylneffe his name doth take,  
And of himselfe doth name the flue thereby:  
And Mole, that like a nousling Mole doth make  
His way still vnder ground, till Thamis he ouertake.

33  
Then came the Rother, decked all with woods  
Like a wood God, and flowing fast to Rhy:  
And Sture, that parteth with his pleasant floods  
The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,  
And Clare, and Harwich both doth beautifie:  
Him follow'd Yar, lost washing Norwich wall,  
And with him brought a presentioyfully  
Of his owne fish vnto their festiuall, (call.  
Whose like none else could shew, the which they Ruffins

34  
Next these, the plentious Ouze came far from land,  
By many a City, and by many a Towne,  
And many Rivers taking vnder hand  
Into his waters, as he passeth downe;  
The Cle, the Were, the Quant, the Sture, the Rowne,  
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flir,  
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a Crowne  
He doth adorn, and is adorn'd of it  
Vvith many a gentle Musc, and many a learned wit.

35  
And after him, the fatall Welland went,  
That if old sawes proue true (which God forbid)  
Shall drowne all HOLLAND with his excrement,  
And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,  
Then shine in learning, more then euer did  
Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames,  
And next to him the Nene downe loitly slid;  
And bountious Trent, that in him selfe hee leames  
Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty fundry streames.

36  
Next these came Tyne, along whose stony banke  
That Romane Monarch built a brazen wall,  
Which mote the feeble Britons strongly flanke  
Against the Picts, that swarmed ouer all,  
Which yet thereof Qualseuer they doe call:  
And Tweede the limet betwixt Logris land  
And Albany: and Eden though but small,  
Yet often stained with blood of many a band  
Of Scots and English both, that tynd on his strand.

37  
Then came those fixe sad brethren, like forlorne,  
That whylome were (as antique fathers tell)  
Sixe valiant Knights, on one faire Nymph yborne,  
Vvwhich did in noble deedes of armes excell,  
And wooned there, where now Yorke people dwell;  
Still Vre, swift Weise, and Oze the most of might,  
High Swale, vnquiet Nyde, and troublous Skell;  
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,  
Slew cruelly, and in the riuier drowned quight.

38  
But past not long, ere Brutus warlike sonne  
Loctinus them aueng'd, and the same date,  
Vvwhich the proud Humber vnto them had donne,  
By equall doome repaid on his owne pate:  
For, in the selfe same riuier, where he late  
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe;  
And nam'd the Riuier of his wretched fate:  
Whose bad condition yet it doth reaine,  
Of toiled with his stormes, which therein still reaine.

39  
These after, came the stony shallow Lone,  
That to old Loncafter his name doth lend;  
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone  
Did call diuine, that doth by Chester tend;  
And Conway, which out of his streame doth send  
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall,  
And Lindus that his pikes doth most commend,  
Of which the auocient Lincolne men doe call,  
All these together marched toward Proteus hall.

40  
Nethence the Irish Riuers absent were,  
Sith no lesse famous then the rest they be,  
And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome neere,  
Why should they not likewise in lone agree,  
And ioy likewise this solemne day to see:  
They saw it all, and present were in place;  
Though I them all according their degree,  
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,  
Nor read the saluage cosities, thorough which they passe.

41  
There was the Liffie, rolling downe the lea,  
The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,  
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,  
The pleasant Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,  
Swift Awnidulle, which of the English man  
Is call'd Blacke water, and the Liffie deepe,  
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran,  
Strong Alo tomling from Slewlogher steep,  
And Mulla mine, whose waues I whilom taught to weep.

42  
And there the three renowned brethren were,  
Vvwhich that great Giant Elomus begot  
Of the faire Nymph Rhyssa wandring there.  
One day, as shee to thunne the season hot,  
Vnder Slewblome in shady groue was got,  
This Giant found her, and by force deflow'd:  
Vvhereof conceiuing, shee in time forth brought  
These three fixe sons, which being thence forth powrd  
In three great riuers ran, and many countie scowrd.

The

43  
The first, the gentle Shur, that making way  
By sweet Clonmell, adorne rich Waterford;  
The next, the stubborne Newre, whose waters gray  
By faire Kilkenny and Rossepointe boord;  
The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord  
Great heapes of Salmons in his deepe bosome:  
All which long fundred, doe at last accord  
To ioyne in one, ere to the sea they come,  
So flowing all from one, all one at last become.

44  
There also was the wide embayed Mayre,  
The pleasant Bandon crown'd with many a wood,  
The spreading Lee, that like an Island faire  
Encl. leth Corke with his diuided flood;  
And balefull Oure, late staynd with English blood:  
With many more, whose names no tongue can tell.  
All which that day in order seemely good  
Did on the T hamis attend, and waited well  
To doe their duefull seruice, as to them befell.

45  
Then came the Bride the louing Medua came,  
Clad in a vesture of vnknown geare,  
And vnouth fashion, yet her well became;  
That seem'd like silver, sprinkled here and there  
With glittering spangs, that did like starres appeare,  
And wav'd vpon, like water Chamelot,  
To hide the metall, which yet euery where  
Bewrayd it selfe, to let men plainly wot,  
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was not.

46  
Her goodly locks adowne her backe did flowe  
Vnto her waste, with flowres besattered,  
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throwe  
To all about, and all her shoulders spred  
As a new spring; and likewise on her head  
A Chapelet of fundry flowres she wore,  
From vnder which the deawy humour, shed,  
Did trickled downe her haire, like to the hore  
Congealed little drops, which doe the morne adore.

47  
On her, two pretty handmaids did attend,  
One call'd the Theise, the other call'd the Crane;  
Which on her waited, things amisse to mend,  
And both behind vpheld her spreading traine;  
Vnder the which, her feet appeared plaine,  
Her silver feet, faire wash't against this day:  
And her before there passed Pages twaine,  
Both clad in colours like, and like array,  
The Doune & eke the Frith, both which prepar'd her way.

48  
And after these the Sea Nymphs marched all,  
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,  
Whom of their site Nereides men call,  
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare;

The gray-cyde Doris: all which, fifty are;  
All which shee there on her attending had.  
Swift Prote, milde Eucrate, Thetis laire,  
Soft Spio, sweet Endore, Sao Lad,  
Light Doto, wanton Glaucé, and Galené glad;

49  
White hand Eunice, proud Dinamé,  
Ioyous Thalia, goodly Amphitrite,  
Lonely Pasithee, kinde Eulimé,  
Light foote Cymothoe, and sweet Melite,  
Fairest Phersa, Phao lilly white,  
Vvondred Agaué, Poru, and Nesea,  
With Erato that doth in loue delight,  
And Panope, and wife Protomedea,  
And Inow-neckt Doris, and milkewhite Galahaea;

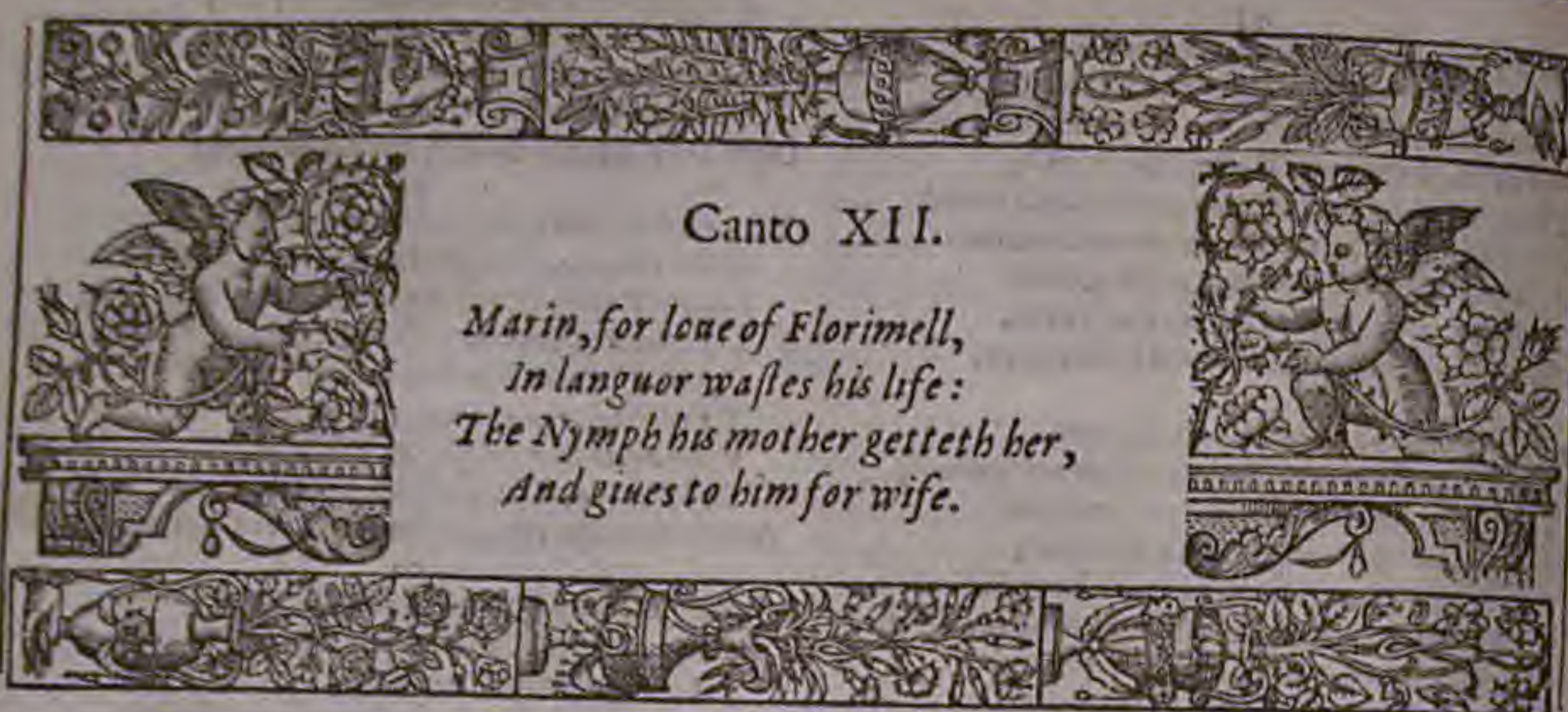
50  
Speedy Hippothoe, and chaste Alce,  
Large Lissanassa, and Pronea lige,  
Euagore, and light Pentaporea,  
And shee, that with her least word can assuage  
The surging seas, when they doe forest rage,  
Cymodocé, and stout Autonoe,  
And Neso, and Eione well in age,  
And seeming still to smile, Glauconomé,  
And shee that light of many belis Polynomé;

51  
Fresh Alimeda, deckt with girland greene;  
Hypnoes, with salt bedew'd wreits:  
Laomedea, like the cyllall sheene;  
Ligore, much prayd for wife behests;  
And Psamathe, for her broad snowy breasts;  
Cymo, Eupompé, and Themisté iust;  
And shee that vertue loues and vice detests,  
Euarna, and Menippé true in trust,  
And Nemertes learned well to rule her lust.

52  
All these the daughters of olde Nereus were,  
Vvwhich haue the sea in charge to them assignde;  
To rule his tides, and surges to vp-rete,  
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to vp-binde,  
And sailers saue from wreckes of wrathfull winde,  
And yet besides, three thousand more there were  
Of th'Oceans seede, but Ioue and Phaeus kind;  
The which in floods and fountaines doe appeare,  
And all mankind do nourish with their waters cleare.

53  
The which, more eath it were for mortall wight,  
To tell the lands, or count the starres on hye,  
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right,  
But well I wote, that these which I descry,  
Vvvere present at this great solemnity:  
And there amongst the rest, the mother was  
Of lucklesse Marinell, Cymodocé;  
Which, for my Muse her selfe now tyred has,  
Vnto an other Canto I will ouer-pas,





What an endlesse worke haue I in hand,  
To count the Seas abundant progeny!  
Whole fruitfull seed far passeth those in land,  
And also those which woo in th'azure sky.  
For, much more eath to tell the stars on hy,  
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,  
Then to recount the Seas posteritie:  
So fertile be the floods in generation,  
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their nation.

Therefore the antique Wizards well inuented,  
That *Pinus* of the foamy Sea was bred;  
For that the Seas by her are most augmented;  
Winnesse th' exceeding fry, which there are fed,  
And wondrous sholes, which may of none be read,  
Then blame me not, if I haue eir'd in count  
Of gods, of Nymphs, of Rivers yet vnread:  
For, though their numbers do much more surmount,  
Yet all those same were there, which earst I did recount.

All those were there, and many other more,  
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,  
That *Proetus* house they fill'd even to the dore;  
Yet were they all in order, as befell,  
According their degrees, dispos'd well,  
Amongst the rest, was faire *Cynodolus*,  
The mother of vn-lucky *Marinell*,  
Who thither with her came, to learne and see  
The manner of the gods when they at banquet be.

But for he was halfe mortall, beeing bred  
Of mortall fire, though of immortall wombe,  
He might not with immortall food be fed,  
Ne with th'et'ernal gods to banquet come;  
But walkt abroad, and round about did roame,  
To view the building of that vn-couth place,  
That seem'd vnlike vnto his earthly home:  
Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,  
There vnto him betid a disaduenturous case.

Vnder the hanging of an hideous cliefe,  
He heard the lamentable voice of one,  
That pitiously complaynd her carefull grieffe,  
Which neuer she before disclos'd to none,  
But to her selfe her sorrowe did bemone.  
So feelingly her case she did complaine,  
That ruth it moued in the rocky stone,  
And made it seeme to feele her grievous paine,  
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the Maie.

Though vaine I see my sorrowes to vnfold,  
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare;  
Yet hoping grieffe may lessen beeing tolde,  
I will them tell though vnto no man neare:  
For, heauen that vnto all lends equall care,  
Is farre from hearing of my heavy plight;  
And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,  
Cares not what euils hap to wretched wight;  
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.

Yet loe, the seas I see by often beating,  
Do pearce the Rocks, and hardest marble weares:  
But his hard rocky heart for no entreating  
Will yeeld; but when my pitious plaints he heares,  
Is hardned more with my abundant teares,  
Yet though he neuer list to me relent,  
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,  
Yet will I neuer of my loue repent,  
But ioy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

And when my wearie ghost with grieffe out-worne,  
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,  
Let then this plaint vnto his eares be borne,  
That blame it is to him, that armes profess,  
To let her die, whom he might haue redrest.  
There did she pause, inforced to giue place,  
Vnto the passion, that her heart oppress.  
And after she had wept and wayl'd a space,  
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case;

Yee

Ye gods of seas, if any gods at all  
Haue care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,  
By one or other way me wofull thrall,  
Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,  
In which I daily dying am too long.  
And if ye deeme me death, for louing one  
That loues not me, then doe it not prolong,  
But let me dy and end my daies atone,  
And let him liue vnlov'd, or loue him selfe alone.

But if that life ye vnto me decree,  
Then let me liue, as Louers ought to doe,  
And of my lifes deare Loue beloned be:  
And if he should through pride your doom vndoe,  
Do you by dures him compell thereto,  
And in this prison put him heere with me:  
One prison fittest is to hold vs two:  
So had I rather to be thrall, then free;  
Such thrall-dome or such freedome let it surely bee.

But o vaine iudgement, and conditions vaine,  
The which the prisoner poynts vnto the free!  
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,  
He where he list goes loose, and laughs at me.  
So euer loose, so euer happy be,  
But where so loose or happy that thou art,  
Know *Marinell* that all this is for thee.  
With that she wept and wail'd, as if her heart  
Would quite haue burst through great abundance of her

All which complaint when *Marinell* had heard,  
And vnderstood the cause of all her care  
To come of him, for vsing her so hard,  
His stubborn heart, that neuer felt misfare,  
Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie rare:  
That euen for grieffe of minde he oft did grone,  
And inly wish, that in his powre it were  
Her to redress: but since he meanes found none,  
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

Thus whilst his stony heart was toucht with tender ruth,  
And mighty courage something mollified,  
Dame *Pinus* sonne that tameth stubborn youth  
With iron bit, and maketh him abide,  
Till like a Victor on his backe he ride,  
Into his mouth his mastering bridle threw,  
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride:  
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,  
And learne to loue, by learning louers paines to rew.

Now gan he in his grieved minde deuise,  
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge;  
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wise  
To *Proetus* selfe to sue for her discharge:  
But then he fear'd his mothers former charge  
Gainst womens loue, long giuen him in vaine.  
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe  
Her forth to fetch, and *Proetus* to constraîne:  
But soone he gan such folly to forethinke againe.

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,  
And with him beare, where none of her might knowe.  
But all in vaine: for why he found no way  
To enter in, or issew forth belowe;  
For, all about that rocke the sea did flowe.  
And though vnto his will she giuen were,  
Yet without ship or boat her thence to rowe,  
He wist not how, her thence away to beare;  
And danger well he wist long to continue there.

At last, when as no meanes he could inuent,  
Backe to himselfe, he gan returne the blame,  
That was the author of her punishment;  
And with vile curses, and reproachfull shame  
To damne himselfe by euery euill name,  
And deeme vnworthy of of loue or life,  
That had despis'd so chaste and faire a Dame,  
Which him had sought through trouble & long strifes;  
Yet had refus'd a god that her had sought to wife.

In this sad plight he walkt here and there,  
And romed round about the rock in vaine,  
As he had lost himselfe, he wist not where;  
Oft listening if he mote her heare againe;  
And still bemoaning her vnworthy paine:  
Like as an Hynde whose calfe is false vnwares  
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,  
An hundred times about the pit side fares,  
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaued cares.

And now by this, the feast was thoroughly ended,  
And euery one gan homeward to resort:  
Which seeing, *Marinell* was sore offended,  
That his departure thence should be so short,  
And leaue his Loue in that sea-walled fort,  
Yet durst he not his mother disobay;  
But her attending in full seemely sort,  
Did march amongst the many all the way:  
And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

Being returned to his mothers bowre,  
In solitary farre from wight,  
He gan record the lamentable flowre,  
In which his wretched Loue lay day and night,  
For his deare sake, that ill deserv'd that plight:  
The thought whereof emper'd his heart so deep,  
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;  
Ne daily food did take, ne nightly sleepe,  
But pyn'd, & mourn'd, & languish'd, and alone did weepe.

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew  
Gan fade, and liuely spirits deaded quight:  
His cheek-bones rawe, and eye-pits hollow grew,  
And brawny armes had lost their knownen might,  
That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.  
Ere long, so weake of limbe, and sicke of loue  
He waxe, that lenger he n'ote stand vp-right,  
But to his bed was brought, and layd aboue,  
Like ruefull ghost, vnable once to stirre or moue.

Which



21  
Which when his mother sawe, she in her mind  
VVas troubled love, or wilt well what to weene.  
Ne could by search nor any means out find  
The secret cause and nature of his teene,  
VVhereby the might apply some medicine;  
But weeping day and night did him attend,  
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne:  
Which grieved her more, that she it could not mend;  
To see an helpelesse euill, double griefe doth lend.

22  
Nought could she read the roote of his disease,  
Ne weene what mister malady it is,  
Whereby to seeke some means it to appease.  
Most did she thinke, but most she thought amiss,  
That that same former fatall wound of his  
Whyleare by Tryphen was not thoroughly healed,  
But closely rankled vnder th' onfice:  
Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,  
That loue it was, which in his heart lay vntreuealed.

23  
Therefore to Tryphen she againe doth haste,  
And him doth chide as false and fraudulent,  
That fayld the trust, which she in him had plac'd,  
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent:  
VWho now was false into new languishment  
Of his old hurt, which was not thoroughly cured,  
So backe he came vnto her Patient;  
Where searching every part, her well assured,  
That no old sore it was, which his new paine procured;

24  
But that it was some other malady,  
Or griefe vnkowne, which he could not discern:  
So left he her withouten remedy.  
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and yerne,  
And inly troubled was, the truth to learne.  
Vnto himselfe she came, and him belought,  
Now with faire speeches, now with threatnings sterne,  
It ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,  
It to reueale: who still her answered, there was nought.

25  
Nath'lesse, she rested not so satisfide:  
But leauing watry gods, as booning nought,  
Vnto the sunny heauen in haste she hide,  
And thence Apollo king of Leaches brought.  
Apollo came, who soone as he had sought  
Through his disease, did by and by out find,  
That he did languish of some inward thought,  
The which afflicted his engrieved mind;  
Which loue he read to be, that leads each living kind.

26  
VVhich when he had vnto his mother told,  
She gan thereto fret, and greatly grieue.  
And coming to her sonne, gan first to scold,  
And chide at him, that made her misbelieve:  
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieue,  
And wooe with faire intreaty, to disclose,  
Which of the Nymphs his heart so sore did mieuue.  
For, sure the weend it was some one of thole,  
Which he had lately seen, that for his Loue he chose.

27  
Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,  
That warn'd him of womens loue beware;  
VVhich beeing meant of mortall creatures lead,  
For loue of Nymphs she thought she need not care,  
But promist him what-euer wight she were,  
That she her loue to him would shortly gaine.  
So, he her told: but soone as she did heare  
That Florimell it was, which wrought his paine,  
Shee gan ashest to chafe, and grieue in euery vaine.

28  
Yet since she sawe the streight extremitie,  
In which his life vnluckily was laid,  
It was no time to scan the prophetic,  
VVhether old Proteus true or false had said,  
That his decay should happen by a mayd.  
It's late, in death, of danger to aduise,  
Or loue forbid him, that is life denyd:  
But rather gan in troubled mind deuise,  
How she that Ladies liberty might enterprize.

29  
To Proteus selfe to sue, she thought it vaine,  
VWho was the roote and worker of her woe:  
Nor vnto any meane to complaine,  
But vnto great king Neptune selfe did goe,  
And on her knee before him falling lowe,  
Made humble sute vnto his maiestie  
To grant to her, her sonnes life, which his foe  
A cruell Tyrant had presumptuously  
By wicked doom condemn'd, a wretched death to die.

30  
To whom god Neptune softly smyling, thus:  
Daughter, me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,  
Gainst one that hath both wronged you, and vs:  
For, death's award I weend did appertaine  
To none, but to the Seas sole Sovereaine.  
Read therefore who it is, which this hath wrought,  
And for what cause; the truth discouer plaine.  
For, neuer wight so euill did or thought,  
But would some rightfull cause pretend, though rightly

31  
To whom she answerd; Then it is by name,  
Proteus, that hath ordain'd my sonne to die;  
For that a waite, the which by fortune came  
Vpon your seas, he claym'd as property:  
And yet nor his, nor his in equity,  
But yours the waite by high prerogatiue.  
Therefore I humbly craue your Maiestie,  
It to repleue, and my sonne repleue:  
So shall you by one gift saue all vs three aliue.

32  
He graunted it: and straight his warrant made,  
Vnder the Sea-gods scale autentically,  
Commanding Proteus straight to enlarge the mayd,  
Which wandring on his seas imperiall  
He lately tooke, and sitheince kept as thrall.  
Which she receiuing with meet thankfulness,  
Departed straight to Proteus therewithall:  
Who, reading it with inward loathfulness,  
Was grieved to restore the pledge, he did possesse.

Ycc

33  
Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,  
But vnto her deliuer'd Florimell.  
Whom she receiuing by the lilly hand,  
Admir'd her beauty much, as she more well:  
For, she all liuing creatures did excell:  
And was right ioyous that she gotten had  
So faire a wife for her sonne Marinell.  
So home with her she streight the virgin lad,  
And shew'd her to him, then beeing sore bestad.

34  
VWho soone as he beheld that angels face,  
Adorn'd with all diuine perfection,  
His cheared heart effsoones away gan chace  
Sad death, reuiued with her sweet inspection,

And feeble spirit inly felt refection;  
As withered weed through cruell winters time,  
That feelles the warmth of sunny beames reflection,  
Liftes vp his head, that did before decline,  
And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sunshine.

35  
Right so him selfe did Marinell vpreare,  
VVhen he in place his dearest Loue did spy;  
And though his limbs could not his body beare,  
Ne former strength returne so suddenly,  
Yet chearefull signes he shew'd outwardly.  
Ne lesse was she in secret heart affected,  
But that she masked it with modesty,  
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected:  
Which to another place I leaue to be perfected.

The end of the fourth Booke.

Canto







THE  
FIFT BOOKE OF  
THE FAERY QVEENE:

CONTAYNING  
The Legend of ARTHEGALL.

OR  
*Of Iustice.*

**S**oft as I, with state of present time,  
The Image of the antique world compare,  
When as mans age was in his freshest prime,  
And the first blossom of faire vertue bare,  
Such oddes I finde twixt those, and these which are,  
As that, through long continuance of his course,  
Me seemes the world is runne quight out of square,  
From the first point of his appointed course,  
And being once amisse growes daily worse and worse.

For, from the golden age, that first was named,  
It's now as earst become a stony one;  
And men themselves, the which at first were framed  
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,  
Are now transformed into hardest stone:  
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)  
Were throwne by Pyrrha and Deucalione:  
And if then those may any worke be red,  
They into that ere long will be degenerated.

Let none then blame me, if in discipline  
Of vertue and of ciuill vses lore,  
I do not forme them to the common line  
Of present dayes, which are corrupted sore.

But to the antique vice, which was of yore,  
When good was onely for it selfe desired,  
And all men sought their owne, and none no more;  
When Iustice was not for most meed out-hyred,  
But simple Truth did raigne, and was of all admired.

For, that which all men then did vertue call,  
Is now cald vice; and that which vice was hight,  
Is now hight vertue, and so vs'd of all:  
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,  
As all things else in time are changed quight.  
No wonder; for the heauens reuolution  
Is wandred farre, from where it first was pight,  
And so do make contrary constitution  
Of all this lower world, toward his dissolution.

For, who so list into the heauens looke,  
And seatch the courses of the rowling spheares,  
Shall find that from the point, where they first tooke  
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares  
They all are wandred much; that plaine appears  
For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore  
Phryxus and Helle from their stepdames tears,  
Hath now forgot, where he was plac'd of yore,  
And shoul'dred hath the Bull, which faire Europa bore.

And



And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne  
So hardly baited those two twinnes of Ioue,  
That they haue crusht the Crab, and quite him borne  
Into the great Nemean Lions groue.  
So now all strange, and do at random route  
Out of their proper places farre away,  
And all this world with them amisse do moue,  
And all his treasures from their course astray,  
Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.

Ne is that same great glorious lamp of light,  
That doth enlumine all those lesser fyres,  
In better case, ne keeps his course more right,  
But is mismanag'd with the other Spheres.  
For since the teame of fourteene hundred yeares  
That Ioued Ptolomee his height did take,  
He is declined from that marke of theirs,  
Nigh thirty minutes, to the Southerne lake;  
That makes me feare in time he will vs quite forsake.

And if to those Egyptian wisards old,  
Which in Star-read were wont haue best insight,  
Faith may be giuen, it is by them told,  
That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes light,  
Foure times his place he shifted hath in light,  
And twice hath risen, where he now doth West,  
And wettid twice, where he ought rise aight.  
But most is Mars amisse of all the rest,  
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be best.



## Canto I.

Arthegall trayn'd in Iustice lore  
Irenas quest pursued:  
He doth auenge on Sanglier  
his Ladies bloud embrewed.

Though vertue then were held in highest price,  
In those old times, of which I doe entreat,  
Yet then likewise the wicked seed of vice  
Began to spring; which shortly grew full great,  
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat.  
But euen more some of the vertuous race  
Rose vp inspired with herosike heat,  
That crop't the branches of the Gent base,  
And with strong hand their fruitfull ranknes did deface.

For during Saturnes ancient raigne, it is said,  
That all the world with goodnesse did abound,  
All loued vertue, no man was affrayd  
Of force, no fraud in wight was to be found:  
No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trumpets sound,  
Peace vniuersall raignd mongst men and beastes,  
And all things freely grew out of the ground:  
Iustice late high ador'd with solemne feasts,  
And to all people did diuide her drad bechaits;

Most sacred vertue she of all the rest,  
Resembling God in his imperall might;  
Whose soueraine power is herein most exprest,  
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,  
And all his workes with iustice hath bedight.  
That powre he also doth to Princes lend,  
And makes them like himselfe in glorious fight,  
To sit in his owne seat, his cause to end,  
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

Drad soueraine goddess, that doest highest sit  
In seate of iudgement, in th' Almighies stead,  
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit  
Doest to thy people righteous doome arend,  
That furthest Nations fill with awefull dread,  
Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,  
That dare discourse of so diuine a read,  
As thy great iustice pray'd ouer all;  
The instrument whereof loe here thy Arthegall.

Such first was Barchus, that with furious might  
All th' East, before vntam'd, did ouerronne,  
And wrong repress'd, and establish't right,  
Which lawlesse men had formerly fordonne.  
There Iustice first her Princely rule begonne.  
Next, Hercules his like ensample shewed,  
Who all the West with equall conquest woone,  
And monstrous tyrants with his club subdued;  
The club of Iustice drad, with kingly powre endued.

And

And such was he, of whom I haue to tell,  
The Champion of true Iustice, Arthegall.  
Whom (as ye lately more remember well)  
An hard aduenture, which did then befall,  
Into redoubted perill forth did call;  
That was, to succour a distressed Dame,  
Whom a strong tyrant did vniustly thrall,  
And from the heritage, which she did claime,  
Did with strong hand withhold: Grantorte was his name.

Wherefore the Lady, which Irena hight,  
Did to the Faery Queene her way addresse;  
To whom complainyng her afflicted plight,  
She her besought of gracious redresse,  
That soueraine Queene, that mighty Emperesse,  
Whose glory is to ayde all suppliants pore,  
And of weake Princes to be Patronesse,  
Chose Arthegall to right her to restore;  
For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous lore.

For, Arthegall in iustice was vpbrought  
Euen from the cradle of his infancy,  
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught  
By faite Affrae, with great industry,  
Whil' he here on earth she liued mortally.  
For, till the world from his perfection fell  
Into all filth and foule iniquity,  
Affrae here mongst earthly men did dwell,  
And in the rules of iustice them instructed well.

Whiles through the world she walked in this sort;  
Vpon a day she found this gentle childe,  
Amongst his peeres playing his childist sport:  
Whom seeing sit, and with no crime defilde,  
She did allure with gifts and speeches milde,  
To wend with her. So thence him farre she brought  
Into a caue from company exile,  
In which she noursht him, till yeares he raught,  
And all the discipline of iustice there him taught.

There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong  
In equall ballaunce with due recompence,  
And equity to measure out along,  
According to the line of conscience,  
When so it needes with rigour to dispence.  
Of all the which (for want there of mankind)  
She caus'd him to make experience  
Vpon wild beastes, which she in woods did find,  
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

Thus she him trained, and thus she him taught,  
In all the skill of deeming wrang and right,  
Vntill the ripeness of mans yeares he raught;  
That euen wilde beastes did feare his awefull fight,  
And men admird his ouer-ruling might;  
Ne any liv'd on ground, that durst withstand  
His dreadfull beast, much lesse him match in fight,  
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,  
When-to he list in wrath lift vp his steely brand.

Which steely brand, to make him dradded more,  
She gaue vnto him, gotten by her sight  
And earnest search, where it was kept in store  
In Ioues eternall house, vniust of wight,  
Since he himselfe it vs'd in that great fight  
Against the Titans, that whylome rebelled  
Gainst highest heauen; Chrysaor it was hight;  
Chrysaor, that all other swords excelled,  
Well prou'd in that same day, when Ioue those Giants

For, of most perfect metall it was made,  
Temper'd with Adamant amongst the same,  
And garnisht all with gold vpon the blade  
In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,  
And was of no lesse vertue, then of fame.  
For, there no substance was so firme and hard,  
But it would pierce or cleaue, where-so it cam;  
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward,  
But where-soeuer it did light, it throughly shurd.

Now, when the world with sinne gan to abound,  
Affrae loathing longer here to sojourn,  
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,  
Return'd to heauen, whence she detin'd her race;  
Where she hath now an euerslasting place,  
Mongst those twelve signes, which nightly we do see  
The heauens bright-shining bandrike to enchease;  
And is the Virgin, fixt in her degree:  
And next her selfe, her righteous ballaunce hanging bee.

But when she parted hence, she left her groom  
An yron man, which did on her attend  
Alwayes, to excecure her stedfast doome,  
And willed him with Arthegall to wend,  
And do what-euer thing he did intend.  
His name was Talus, made of yron mould,  
Immoueable, resistlesse, without end;  
Who, in his hand, an yron flail did holde,  
With which he thresh'd out falshood, & did truth vnfolde.

He now went with him in this new inquest,  
Him for to ayde, if ayde he chaunc't to need,  
Against that cruell Tyrant, which oppress  
The faire Irena with his foule misdeed,  
And kept the Crowne in which she should succeed.  
And now together on their way they bin,  
When as they saw a Squire in squallid weed,  
Lamenting fore his sorrowfull sad time,  
With many bitter teares shed from his blabbred cyme.

To whom as they approached, they espide  
A fory sight, as euer seene with eye;  
An headlesse Lady lying him beside,  
In her owne bloud all wallow'd wofully;  
That her gay clothes did in discolour die.  
Much was he moued at that ruefull sight;  
And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly.  
He askt, who had that Dame so fouly dight;  
Or whether his owne hand, or whether others wight?

Y

A



15  
Ah! two were, and weak away, quoth he,  
Bursting forth teares, like springs out of a banke,  
That ever I this dismall day did see:  
Full faine was I from thinking such a prank;  
Yet little losse it were, and muckle thanke,  
If I should grant that I have doen the same,  
That I more drinke the cup, whereof she dranke:  
But that I should dy guilty of the blame,  
The which another did, who now is fled with shame.

16  
Who was it then, said *Arthegall*, that wrought?  
And why? do it declare unto me trew.  
A Knight, said he, if Knight he may be thought,  
That did his hand in Ladies blood imbrow,  
And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.  
This day as I in folace fare hereby  
With a faire Loue, whose losse I now do rew,  
There came this Knight, having in company  
This lucklesse Lady, which now here doth headlesse lie.

17  
He, whether mine seem'd fayer in his eye,  
Or that he wored weary of his owne,  
Would change with me; but I did it deny:  
So did the Ladies both as may be knowne.  
But he, whose spirit was with pride vp-blowne,  
Would not so rest contented with his right,  
But having from his couiser her downe throwne,  
Fro me rest mine away by lawlesse might,  
And on his fteed her set, to beare her out of sight.

18  
Which when his Lady sawe, she follow'd fast,  
And on him catching hold, gan loud to crie  
Not so to leave her, nor away to cast,  
But rather of his hand beought to die.  
With that, his sword he drew all wrathfully,  
And at one stroke crop't off her head with scorne,  
In that same place, whereas it now doth lie.  
So he my losse away with him hath borne, (mourn)  
And left me here, both his and mine owne Loue to

19  
Arise, said he, which way then did he make?  
And by what markes may he be knowne againe?  
To hope, quoth he, him loone to overtake,  
That hence so long departed, is but vaine:  
But yet he prick'd ouer yonder plaine;  
And as I marked, bore vpon his shield,  
By which its easie him to knowe againe,  
A broken sword within a bloudy field;  
Expressing well his nature which the same did wield.

20  
No sooner sayd, but straight he after sent  
His yron page, who him pursw'd so light,  
As that it seem'd about the ground he went:  
For, he was swift as swallow in her flight,  
And strong as Lion in his lordly might.  
It was not long, before he overtook  
Sir *Sanglier*; (so cleped was that Knight)  
Whom at the first he ghesse'd by his looke,  
And by the other markes, which of his shield he tooke.

21  
He bade him stay, and backe with him retire;  
Who full of scorne to be commanded so,  
The Lady to alight did eft require,  
Whil' he reformed that vncivill foe:  
And straight at him with all his force did goe.  
Who mou'd no more therewith, then when a rocke  
Is lightly striken with some stones throwe;  
But to him leaping, lent him such a knocke,  
That on the ground he laid him like a senseless blocke.

22  
But ere he could himselfe recure againe,  
Him in his Iron paw he seized had;  
That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine,  
He found himselfe vnwist, so ill besad,  
That him he could not wag. Thence he him lad,  
Bound like a beast appointed to the stall:  
The sight whereof the Lady fore adrad,  
And fain'd to fly for feare of being thral;  
But he her quickly staid, and forc't to wend withall.

23  
When to the place they came, where *Arthegall*  
By that same carefull Squire did then abide,  
He gently gan him to demaund of all,  
That did betwixt him and that Squire betide.  
Who with sterne countenance and indignant pride  
Did answer, that of all he guiltlesse stood,  
And his accuser thereupon decide:  
For, neyther he did shed that Ladies blood,  
Nor tooke away his Loue, but his owne proper good.

24  
Well did the Squire perceiue himselfe too weake,  
To answer his defiance in the field,  
And rather chose his challenge off to breake,  
Then to approue his right with speare and shield.  
And rather guilty chose himselfe to yield.  
But *Arthegall* by signes perceiuing plaine,  
That he it was not which that Lady kild,  
But that strange Knight, the faire Loue to gaine,  
Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout to straine;

25  
And said, Now sure this doubtfull causes right  
Can hardly but by Sacrament be tride,  
Or else by ordele, or by bloudy fight;  
That ill perhaps mote fall to eyther side.  
But if ye please, that I your cause decide,  
Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,  
So ye will sweare my iudgement to abide.  
Thereto they both did frankly condescend,  
And to his doome with listfull eares did both attend.

26  
Sith then, said he, ye both the dead deny,  
And both the liuing Lady claime your right,  
Let both the dead and liuing equally  
Dinided be betwixt you here in sight,  
And each of either take his share aright.  
But looke who does dissent from this my read,  
He for a twelue moneths day shall in despite  
Beare for his penance that same Ladies head;  
To witnesse to the world, that she by him is dead.

Well

27  
Well pleased with that doome was *Sanglier*,  
And offred straight the Lady to be slaine.  
But that same Squire, to whom she was more dere,  
When as he sawe she should be cut in twaine,  
Did yield, she rather should with him remaine  
Alive, then to himselfe be shared dead:  
And rather then his Loue should suffer paine,  
He chose with shame to beare that Ladies head.  
True loue despiseth shame, when life is cald in dread.

28  
Whom when so willing *Arthegall* perceau'd;  
Not so thou Squire, he said, but thine I deeme  
The liuing Lady, which from thee he reau'd:  
For, worthy thou of her doost rightly seeme.  
And you, Sir Knight, that lone so light esteeme,  
As that ye would for little leaue the same,  
Take here your owne, that doth you best beforme,  
And with it beare the burden of defame;  
Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abroad your shame.

29  
But *Sanglier* disdain'd much his doome,  
And sternly gan repine at his behest;  
Ne would for ought obey, as did become,  
To beare that Ladies head before his breast.  
Vnill that *Talus* had his pride repress,  
And forced him, maulgre, it vp to reare.  
Who, when he saw it bootlesse to resist,  
Heooke it vp, and thence with him did beare;  
As rated *Spaniell* takes his burden vp for feare.

30  
Much did that Squire Sir *Arthegall* adore,  
For his great iustice, held in high regard;  
And (as his Squire) him offred euer more  
To serue; for want of other meet reward,  
And wend with him on his aduenture hard.  
But he thereto would by no meanes consent;  
But leaving him, forth on his journey far'd:  
Ne wight with him but onely *Talus* went;  
They two enough t' encounter an whole Regiment.



31  
Ought is more honorable to a Knight,  
Ne better doth beseeeme braue cheualry,  
Then to defend the feeble in their right,  
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry.  
Whilome those great Heroes got thereby  
Their greatest glory, for their rightfull  
And place deserued with the Gods on hie. (deeds,  
Herein the noblesse of this Knight exceeds,  
Who now to perils great for iustice sake proceeds.

32  
To which as he now was vpon the way,  
He chanc'd to meet a Dwarfie in hasty course;  
Whom he requir'd his forward halle to stay,  
Till he of tydings mote with him discourse.  
Loth was the Dwarfie, yet did he stay perforce,  
And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,  
As to his memory they had recourse:  
But chiefly of the fairest *Florimell*,  
How she was found againe, and spouse to *Marinell*.

33  
For, this was *Derry*, *Florimell*'s owne Dwarfie;  
Whom having lost (as ye have heard whyleare)  
And finding in the way the cattred scarle,  
The fortune of her life long time did feare.  
But, of her health when *Arthegall* did heare,  
And safe returne, he was full iolly glad;  
And askt him where, and when her bridle cheare  
Should be tolemis'd: for, if time he had,  
He would be there, and honour to her spouse all ad.

34  
Within three dayes, quoth he, as I do heare,  
It will be at the Castle of the *Strond*;  
What time if nought me let, I will be there  
To doe her seruice, so as I am bound.  
But in my way a little here beyond,  
A curd cruell *Sarazin* doth wonne,  
That keeps a Bridges passage by strong hond,  
And many errant Knights hath there fordoone;  
That makes all men for feare that passage for to fordoone.

Y 3

What



What miste wight, quoth he, and how far hence  
Is he, that doth to travellers such harmes?  
He is, said he, a man of great defence;  
Expert in battell and in deeds of armes;  
And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,  
With which his daughter doth him still support;  
Having great Lordships got and goodly farmes,  
Through strong oppression of his powre extort;  
By which he still them holds, & keeps with strong effort.

And daily hee his wrongs encreaseth more:  
For, never wight he lets to passe that way,  
Over his Bridge, albee he rich or poore,  
But he him makes his pailige-penny pay:  
Else he doth hold him back, or beat away.  
Thereto he hath a groom of euill guise,  
Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,  
Which pils and pils the poore in pitious wise;  
But he himselfe vpon the rich doth tyrannize.

His name is hight *Pallens*, rightly so  
For that he is so puissant and strong,  
That with his powre he all doth ouer-go,  
And makes them subiect to his mighty wrong;  
And some by sleight he eke doth vnderfong.  
For, on a bridge he custometh to fight,  
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;  
Add in the same are many trap-fals pight,  
Through which the rider downe doth fall through ouer-

And vnderneath the same a river flowes,  
That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall;  
Into the which whom-so he ouer-throwes,  
All destitute of helpe, doth headlong fall:  
But he himselfe, through practice vsuall,  
Leaps forth into the flood, and there assayes  
His foe, confuted through his suddaine fall,  
That horse and man he equally distmaies,  
And eyther both them drowns, or trayterously slayes.

Then doth he take the spoyle of them at will,  
And to his daughter brings, that dwels thereby:  
Who all that comes doth take, and there-with fill  
The coffers of her wicked treasury,  
Which she with wrongs hath heaped vp so hy,  
That many Princes she in wealth exceeds,  
And purchast all the countrey lying by  
With the renew of her plentiful meedes;  
Her name is *Munera*, agreeing with her deedes.

There-to shee is full faire, and rich attired,  
With golden hands and siluer fette beside,  
That many Lords haue her to wife desired:  
But shee them all despiseth for great pride.  
Now by my life, said he, and God to guide,  
None other way will I this day betake,  
But by that Bridge, where-as he doth abide:  
Therefore me thither lead. No more he spake,  
But thitherward forth-right his ready way did make.

Vnto the place he came within awhile,  
Where on the Bridge he ready armed saw  
The Sarazin, awayting for some spoyle.  
Who as they to the passage gan to draw,  
A villaine to them came with scull all raw,  
That passage-money did of them require,  
According to the custome of their law.  
To whom he answerd wroth, lo, there thy hire;  
And with that word him strook, that streight he did expire.

Which, when the Pagan saw, he wexed wroth,  
And straight himselfe vnto the fight addrest;  
Ne was Sir *Arthegall* behind: so both  
Together ran with ready speares in rest.  
Right in the midst, where-as they brest to brest  
Should meet, a trap was letten downe to fall  
Into the flood: straight leapt the Carle vnblest,  
Well weening that his foe was false withall:  
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

There being both together in the flood,  
They each at other tyrannously flew;  
Ne ought the water cooled their hot blood,  
But rather in them kindled choler new.  
But there the Paynim, who that vse well knew  
To fight in water, great advantage had,  
That often-times him nigh he ouer-threw:  
And eke the courser, where-vpon he rad,  
Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his back bestrad.

Which oddes when as Sir *Arthegall* espide,  
He saw no way, but close with him in haste;  
And to him driving strongly downe the tide,  
Vpon his iron collar griped fast,  
That with the straint, his weland nigh he brast.  
There they together strove and struggled long,  
Eyther the other from his speed to cast,  
Ne euer *Arthegall* his guile strong  
For any thing would slack, but still vpon him hong.

As when a Dolphin and a Seale are met,  
In the wide champaign of the Ocean Plain,  
With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,  
The masterdome of each by force to gaine,  
And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraigne:  
They snuff, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they  
That all the sea (disturbed with their traine) (rore),  
Doth frie with some about the surges hore:  
Such was betwixt these two the troublefome vprore.

So *Arthegall*, at length, him fore't forsake  
His hortes backe, for dread of being drownd,  
And to his handy swimming him betake.  
Eftsoones himselfe he from his hold vnbound,  
And then no ods at all in him he found:  
For, *Arthegall* in swimming skilfull was,  
And durst the depeth of any water sound.  
So ought each Knight, that vse of perill has,  
In swimming be expert, through waters force to pass.

Then

Then very doubtfull was the warres euent,  
Vncertaine whether had the better side:  
For, both were skild in that experiment,  
And both in armes well traid and thoroughly tride.  
But *Arthegall* was better breath'd beside,  
And towards th' end, grew greater in his might,  
That his faint foe no longer could abide  
His puillance, ne beare himselfe vp-right,  
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

But *Arthegall* purlew'd him still so neare,  
With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,  
That as his head he gan a little reare  
Above the brinke, to tread vpon the land,  
He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand,  
It bit the earth for very fell despight,  
And gashted with his teeth, as if he band  
High God, whose goodnesse he despai'd quight,  
Or curst the hand, w<sup>ch</sup> did that vengeance on him dight.

His corps was caried downe along the Lee,  
Whose waters with his filthy blood it stained:  
But his blasphemous head, that all might see,  
He pitcht vpon a pole on high ordain'd;  
Where many yeeres it afterwards remained,  
To be a mirror to all mighty men,  
In whose right hands great power is contained,  
That none of them the feeble over-ten,  
But alwaies doe their powre within iust compass pen.

That done, vnto the Castle he did wend,  
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,  
Guarded of many which did her defend:  
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,  
And with reprochfull blasphemy defide,  
Beaten with stones downe from the battilment,  
That he was forced to with-draw aside;  
And bade his seruant *Talus* to inuent  
Which way he enter might, without endangerment.

Eftsoones his Page drew to the Castle gate,  
And with his iron flaile at it let fly,  
That all the Warders it did sore amate,  
The which ere-while spake so reprochfully,  
And made them stoupe, that looked curst so hid:  
Yet still he bet, and bounst vpon the dore,  
And thundred strokes thereon so hideously,  
That all the peece he shaked from the flore,  
And filled all the house with feare and great vp-rore.

With noise whereof, the Lady forth appeared  
Vpon the Castle wall; and when she saw  
The dangerous state in which she stood, she feared  
The sad effect of her nere ouerthrowe;  
And gan intreat that iron man belowe,  
To cease his out-rage, and him faire besought,  
Sith ney ther force of stones which they did throwe,  
Nor powre of charmes, which she against him wrought,  
Might otherwise preuaile, or make him cease for ought.

But, when as yet she saw him to proceed,  
Vnmou'd with prayers, or with pitious thought,  
She meant him to corrupt with goodly meed;  
And caus'd great sacks, with endlesse riches fraught,  
Vnto the battilment to be vp-brought,  
And powred forth over the Castle wall,  
That she might win som time (though dearly bought)  
Whil'st he to gathering of the gold did fall.  
But he was nothing mou'd, nor tempter there, withall.

But still continu'd his assault the more,  
And layd on load with his huge iron flaile,  
That at the length he has yrent the dore,  
And made way for his mailster to assaile.  
Who being entred, nought did then auale  
For wight, against his powre the selfes to reare:  
Each one did flie; their harts began to faile,  
And hid themselves in corners here and there;  
And eke their dame, half dead, did hide her selfe for feare.

Long they her sought, yet no where could they find her,  
That sure they ween'd she was escap't away:  
But *Talus*, that could like a lime-hound wind her,  
And all things secret wisely could bewray,  
At length found out where as shee hidden lay  
Vnder an heap of gold. Thence he her drew  
By the faire locks, and foully did array,  
Withouten pittie of her goodly bew,  
That *Arthegall* himselfe her seemelesse plight did rew.

Yet for no pittie would he change the course  
Of Iustice, which in *Talus* hand did lie;  
Who rudely hal'd her forth without remorse,  
Still holding vp her suppliant hands on hie,  
And kneeling at his feet submissively,  
But her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,  
And eke her feet, those feet of siluer try  
(Which louge vnrighteousnesse and iustice fold)  
Chopt off; & nayld on high, that all might them behold.

Her selfe then tooke he by the slender waste,  
In vaine loude crying, and into the flood  
Over the Castle wall adowne her cast,  
And there her drowned in the dirty mud:  
But the streame washt away her guilty blood,  
Therewith, all that mucky pelfe he tooke,  
The spoyle of peoples euill gotten good,  
The which her sire had serap't by hooke and crooke,  
And burning all to ashes, pour'd it downe the brooke.

And lastly, all that Castle quite he rased,  
Even from the sole of his foundation,  
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,  
That there mote be no hope of reparation,  
Nor memory thereof to any nation.  
All which when *Talus* thoroughly had performed,  
Sir *Arthegall* vndid the euill fashion,  
And wicked customes of that Bridge reformed,  
Which done, vnto his former journey he retourned.

10



In which they meane'd mickle weary way,  
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew;  
By which as they did trauell on a day,  
They saw before them, far as they could view,  
Full many people gathered in a crew;  
Whose great assembly they did much admire,  
For neuer there the like resort they knew.  
So towards them they coasted, to enquire  
What thing so many nations met, did there desire.

There they beheld a mighty Giant stand  
Vpon a rock, and holding forth on hie  
A huge great paire of ballaunce in his hand,  
With which he boulded in his furquedry,  
That all the world he would weigh equally,  
If ought he had the same to counterpoys.  
For want whereof, he weighed van ty,  
And filld his ballaunce full of idle toys:  
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boyes.

He said, that he would all the earth vp-take,  
And all the sea diuided each from euer:  
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,  
And one of th' ayre, without or wind, or weather:  
Then would he ballaunce heauen and hell together,  
And all that did within them all containe;  
Of all whose weight he would not misse a feather.  
And looke what surplus did of each remaine,  
He would to his owne part restore the same againe.

For why, he said, they all vnequall were,  
And had encroched vpon others share;  
Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)  
Had worne the earth: so did the fire the ayre;  
So all the rest did others parts empaire.  
And so were Realmes and Nations run awry.  
All which he vnderooke for to repaire,  
In sort as they were formed auunciently;  
And all things would reduce vnto equality.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flock,  
And cluster thicke vnto his leasings vane;  
Like foolish flies about an hony crock,  
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,  
And vncoutrilled freedom to obtaine.  
All which, when *Artegall* did see, and heare,  
How he miste the simple peoples traine,  
To feignfull wife he drew vnto him neare,  
And thus vnto him spake, without regard or feare;

Thou that presumst to weigh the world anew,  
And all things to an equall to restore,  
In stead of right, me seemes great wrong doost shew,  
And far about thy forces pitch to sore.  
For ere thou limit what is lesse or more  
In every thing, thou oughtest first to knowe,  
What was the poyle of every part of yore:  
And looke then how much it doth ouer-flowe,  
Or faile thereof, so much is more then iust to trowe.

For, at the first, they all created were  
In goodly measure, by their Makers might;  
And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,  
That not a dram was missing of their right.  
The earth was in the middle centre pight,  
In which it doth immoueable abide,  
Hem'd in with waters, like a wall in fight:  
And they with ayre, that not a drop can slide:  
All which the heauens containe, & in their courses guide.

Such heauenly iustice doth among them raine,  
That euery one do knowe their certaine bound,  
In which they do these many yeares remaine;  
And amongst them all no change hath yet been found.  
But if thou now shouldst it weigh them new in pound,  
We are not sure they would so long remaine:  
All change is perillous, and all chauce vnfound.  
Therefore leaue off to weigh them all againe,  
Till we may be assur'd they shall their course retaine.

Thou foolish Elfe, said then the Giant wroth,  
Seest not how badly all things present bee,  
And each estate quite out of order go'th?  
The sea it selfe doost thou not plainly see  
Encroche vpon the land there vnder thee;  
And th' earth it selfe how daily it's increast,  
By all that dying to it turned bee?  
Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,  
And from the most, that some were given to the least?

Therefore, I will throwe downe those Mountaines hie,  
And make them leuell with the lowly Plaine:  
These towring rocks, which reach vnto the skie,  
I will thrust downe into the deepest Main,  
And as they were, them equalize againe.  
Tyrants that make men subiect to their law,  
I will suppress, that they no more may raigne;  
And Lordings curbe, that commons over-aw;  
And all the wealth of rich men, to the poore will draw.

Of things vnseene how canst thou deeme aright,  
Then answered the righteous *Artegall*,  
Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?  
What though the sea with waues continuall  
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all:  
Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought;  
For, whatsoeuer from one place doth fall,  
Is with the tide vnto another brought:  
For, there is nothing lost, that may be found, if sought.

Likewise, the earth is not augmented more,  
By all that dying into it do fade,  
For, of the earth they formed were of yore;  
How-euer gay their blossome or their blade  
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.  
What wrong then is it, if that when they die,  
They turne to that whereof they first were made?  
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:  
All creatures must obey the voyce of the most Hie.

They

They liue, they die, like as he doth ordaine,  
Ne euer any asketh reason why.  
The hills do not the lowly dales disdain;  
The dales do not the lofty hills enuy.  
He maketh Kings to sit in souerainty;  
He maketh subiects to their powre obey;  
He pulleth downe, he setteth vp on hie;  
He giues to this, from that he takes away;  
For, all we haue is his: what he list doe, he may.

What-euer thing is done, by him is donne,  
Ne any may his mighty will with-stand;  
Ne any may his soueraine power shonne,  
Ne looke that he hath bound with stedfast band.  
In vaine therefore doost thou now take in hand,  
To call to count, or weigh his works anew,  
Whose counsels depth thou canst not vnderstand,  
Sith of things subiect to thy daily view  
Thou doost not knowe the causes, nor their courses dew.

For, take thy ballaunce (if thou be so wise)  
And weigh the wind that vnder heauen doth blowe;  
Or weigh the light, that in the East doth rise;  
Or weigh the thought, that from mans mind doth flowe;  
But, if the weight of these thou canst not shoue,  
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall,  
For, how canst thou those greater secrets knowe,  
That doost not knowe the least thing of them all?  
Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the small.

There-with the Giant much abashed said,  
That he of little things made reckoning light;  
Yet the least word that euer could be said  
Within his ballaunce, he could weigh aright.  
Which is, said he, more heauy then in weight,  
The right or wrong, the false or else the trew?  
He answered, that he would try it straight.  
So he the words into his ballaunce threw:  
But straight the winged words out of the ballaunce flew.

Wroth wext he then, and said, that words were light,  
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide.  
But he could iustly weigh the wrong or right.  
Well then, said *Artegall*, let it be tri'd.  
First in one ballaunce set the true asside.  
He did so first, and then the false he laid  
In th' other scale; but still it downe did slide,  
And by no means could in the weight be staid.  
For, by no means the false will with the true be way'd.

Now take the right likewise, said *Artegall*,  
And counterpoise the same with so much wrong.  
So first the right he put into one scale;  
And then the Giant strove with puissance strong  
To fill the other scale with so much wrong.  
But: all the wrongs that he therein could lay,  
Might not it please; yet did he labour long.  
And wat, and chaunt, and prou'd euery way:  
Yet all the wrongs could not a little right downe lay.

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,  
And almost would his ballaunces haue broken:  
But *Artegall* him fairely gan asswage,  
And said: be not vpon thy ballaunce wroken:  
For, they do nought but right or wrong betoken;  
But in the mind the doome of right must bee;  
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,  
The care must be the ballaunce, to decree  
And iudge, whether with truth or falshood they agree.

But set the truth and set the right aside  
(For, they with wrong or falshood will not fare)  
And put two wrongs together to be tri'd,  
Or else two falses, of each equall share;  
And then together doe them both compare;  
For, truth is one, and right is euer one.  
So did he, and then plaine it did appeare,  
Whether of them the greater were atone.  
But right late in the midst of the beame alone.

But he the right from thence did thrust away,  
For, it was not the right which he did seeke;  
But rather strove extremities to wey,  
Th' one to diminish, th' other for to kee.  
For, of the meane he greatly did misleeke.  
Whom when so lewdly minded *Talus* found,  
Approching nigh vnto him cheeke by cheeke,  
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,  
And down the rock him throwing, in the sea him drown'd.

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest drives  
Vpon a rocke with horrible dismay,  
Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces rines,  
And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray,  
Does make her selfe misfortunes pittious pray:  
So downe the cliffe the wretched Giant tumbled;  
His battred ballaunces in peeces lay,  
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled:  
So was the high aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

That when the people, which had there about  
Long waied, saw his suddaine desolation,  
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,  
And mutining, to stirre vp ciuill faction,  
For certaine losse of so great expectation.  
For, well they hoped to haue got great good,  
And wondrous riches by his inuouation.  
Therefore resolving to reuenge his blood,  
They rose in armes, and all in battell-order stood.

Which lawlesse multitude him comming to  
In war-like wise, when *Artegall* did view,  
He much was troubled, ne wist what to do.  
For, loth he was his noble hands to embrew  
In the base blood of such a rascall crew:  
And otherwhile, if that he should retire,  
He fea'd least they with shame would him persue.  
Therefore he *Talus* to them sent, to inquire  
The cause of their array, and true for to deliue.

But



But loone as they him nigh approaching spide,  
They ran with all their weapons him assay,  
And rashly strooke at him on every side:  
Yet ought they could him hurt ne ought dismay.  
But when at them he with his blade gan lay,  
He like a faine of flies them ouerthrew;  
Ne any of them durst come in his way.  
But here and there before his preface flew,  
And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his view:

As when a Fawcon hath with nimble flight  
Flowne at a fush of Ducks, fore by the brooke,  
The trembling fowle dum aid with dreadfull light  
Of death, the which them almost ouer-tooke.  
Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke,  
Amongst the flags and covert round about.  
When Talus saw they all the field forlooke,  
And none appear'd of all that rascall rout,  
To Arthegall he turn'd, and went with him throughout.



Canto III.  
*The sponsals of faire Florimell,  
where turney many knights:  
There Braggadochio is vncast  
in all the Ladies fights.*

After long stormes and tempests ouer-blowne,  
The sun at length his ioyous face doth cleare:  
So when as fortune all her spight hath showne,  
Some listful boures at last must needs appeare.  
Elle should afflicted wights oft-times despire.  
So comes it now to Florimell by tourne,  
After long torowes suffered why leare,  
In which captiu'd shee many moneths did mourne,  
To taste of ioy, and to wone pleasures to retourne.

Who, being freed from Proteus cruell band  
By Marinell, was vnto him affide,  
And by him brought againe to Faerie land;  
Where he her spous'd, and made his ioyous bride.  
The time and place was blazed farre and wide;  
And tolemne feasts and giufts ordain'd therfore,  
To which there did resort from every side  
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store:  
Ne any Knight was absent that braue courage bore.

To tell the glory of the feast that day,  
The goodly seruice, the deuils full fights,  
The Bridgroomes state, the Brides most rich aray,  
The pride of Ladies, and the worth of Knights,  
The royall banquets, and the rare delighs,  
Were worke first for an Herauld, not for me:  
But for so much as to my lot here lights,  
That with this present treaste doth agree,  
True vertue to aduance, shall here recounted bee.

When all men had with full satiety  
Of meats and drinks their appetites suffiz'd,  
To deeds of armes and prooffe of cheualrie  
They gan themselves adressed, full rich aguz'd,  
As each one had his furnitures deuiz'd.  
And first of all illu'd Sir Marinell,  
And with him sixe knights more, which enterpriz'd  
To challenge all in right of Florimell,  
And to maintaine, that shee all others did excell.

The first of them was hight Sir Orimont,  
A noble Knight, and tride in hard assayes:  
The second had to name Sir Bellisant,  
But second vnto none in prowesse praise;  
The third was Brunell, famous in his dayes;  
The fourth Ecafor, of exceeding might;  
The fift Armediad, skild in louely layes;  
The sixt was Lantacke, a redoubted Knight:  
All sixe well scine in armes, and prou'd in many a fight.

And them against came all that list to giust,  
From euery coast, and country vnder sunne:  
None was debat'd, but all had leue that list.  
The trumpets found; then all together runne,  
Full many deeds of armes that day were donne,  
And many Knights vnhorst, and many wounded,  
As fortune fell; yet little lost or wonne:  
But all that day the greatest praise redounded  
To Marinell, whole name the Heraulds loud redounded.

The

The second day, so soone as morrow light  
Appear'd in heauen, into the field they came,  
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,  
With diuerse fortune fit for such a game,  
In which all stroue with perill to win fame.  
Yet whether side was Victor, note be ghest:  
But at the last, the trumpets did proclame  
That Marinell that day deserued best.  
So they departed were, and all men went to rest.

The third day came, that should due trial lend  
Of all the rest, and then this war-like crew  
Together met, of all to make an end.  
There Marinell great deeds of armes did shew;  
And through the thickest like a Lion flew,  
Rashing off helmes, and riuing plates asunder,  
That euery one his danger did eschew.  
So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thunder,  
That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder.

But what on earth can alwayes happy stand?  
The greater prowesse greater perils find.  
So farre he past amongst his enemies band,  
That they haue him enclosed to behind,  
As by no meanes he can himselfe out-wind.  
And now perforce they haue him prisoner taken;  
And now they doe with captiue bands him bind;  
And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,  
Vntill some succour had in time him ouertaken.

It fortun'd, whilst they were thus ill beset,  
Sir Arthegall into the Tilt-yard came,  
With Braggadochio, whom he lately met  
Vpon the way, with that his snowy Dame.  
Where, when he vnderstood by common fame,  
What euill hap to Marinell betid,  
He much was mou'd at so vnworthy shame,  
And straight that boaster prayd, with whom he rid,  
To change his shield with him, to be the better hid.

So forth he went, and soone them ouer-hent,  
Where they were leading Marinell away,  
Whom he assaid with dreadlesse hardiment,  
And forc't the burden of their prize to stay.  
They were an hundred Knights of that array;  
Of which th' one halfe vpon himselfe did set,  
The other stayd behind to gard the pray.  
But he ere long the former fittie bet;  
And from the other fittie, soone the prisoner fet.

So backe he brought Sir Marinell againe;  
Whom hauing quickly arm'd againe anew,  
They both together ioyned might and maine,  
To set assest on all the other crew.  
Whom with sore haueck soone they ouerthrew,  
And chased quite out of the field, that none  
Against them durst his head to perill shew.  
So were they left Lords of the field alone:  
So Marinell by him was rescu'd from his fone.

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe  
To Braggadochio did his shield restore:  
Who all this while behind him did remaine,  
Keeping there close with him in pretious store  
That his false Ladie, as ye heard afore.  
Then did the trumpets found, and fudges rose,  
And all these Knights, which that day armour bore,  
Came to the open hall, to listen whose  
The honour of the prize should be adiudg'd by those.

And thither also came in open light  
Faire Florimell, into the common hall,  
To greet his guerdon vnto euery Knight,  
And best to him, to whom the best should fall.  
Then for that stranger Knight they loud did call,  
To whom that day they shoud the giuison yield;  
Who came not forth: but for Sir Arthegall  
Came Braggadochio, and did shew his shield,  
Which bore the Sunne, broad blazed in a golden field.

The fight whereof did all with gladnesse fill:  
So vnto him they did addeeme the prize  
Of all that Triumph. Then the trumpets shrill  
Don Braggadochios name resounded thrice:  
So courage lent a cloake to cowardise.  
And then to him came fairest Florimell,  
And goodly gan to greet his braue emprise,  
And thousand thanks him yield, that had so well  
Approvd that day, that shee all others did excell.

To whom the boaster, that all Knights did blot,  
With proud disdain did scornefull answer make;  
That what he did that day, he did it not  
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake;  
Whom on his perill he did vndertake,  
Both her, and eke all others to excell:  
And further did vncomly speeches crake.  
Much did his words the gentle Lady quell,  
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he did tell.

Then forth he brought his snowy Florimell,  
Whom Trompart had in keeping there beside,  
Couered from peoples gazement with a veile.  
Whom when discouered they had throughly eyde,  
With great amazement they were stupefide;  
And said, that surely Florimell it was,  
Or, if it were not Florimell so tride,  
That Florimell her selfe shee then did passe.  
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

Which when as Marinell beheld likewise,  
He was there-with exceedingly dismayd;  
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to deuile:  
But like as one, whom fiends had made affraid,  
He long astonisht stood: ne ought he said,  
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eyes  
He gaz'd still vpon that snowy maid:  
Whom euer as he did the more auize,  
The more to be true Florimell he did surmise.



19  
As when two sunnes appeare in th' azure sky,  
Mounted in Phœbus charet fiery bright;  
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,  
And both adorn'd with lamps of flaming light,  
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,  
Not knowing Natures worke, nor what to weene,  
Are capt with wonder, and with rare affright:  
So stood Sir *Marinell* when he had seene  
The semblant of this faire by his faire beauties Queene.

20  
All which, when *Arthegall* (who all this while  
Stood in the preate close couer'd) well adiewed,  
And saw that boasters pride and gracelesse gale,  
He could no longer beare, but forth flewed,  
And vnto all himselfe there open shewed:  
And to the boaster said: Thou lostell base,  
Thou hast with borrowed plumes thy selfe endowed,  
And others worth with leasings dost deface,  
When they are all restor'd, thou shalt rest in disgrace.

21  
That shield which thou dost beare, was it indeed  
Which this dayes honour shew'd to *Marinell*?  
But not that arme, nor thou the man I reed,  
Which dost that seruice vnto *Florimell*.  
For prooffe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell,  
What strokes, what dreadfull stoutest fird this day:  
Or shew the wounds which vnto thee befell;  
Or shew the sweat, with which thou diddest sway  
So sharp a battell, that so many did dismay.

22  
But this the sword, which wrought those cruell stounds,  
And this the arme, the which that shield did beare,  
And these the signes (so shewed forth his wounds)  
By which that glory gotten doth appeare,  
As for this Lady which he sheweth here,  
Is not (I wger) *Florimell* at all;  
But some faire Prision, fit for such a fere,  
That by misfortune in his hand did fall.  
For prooffe whene'er, he had them *Florimell* forth call.

23  
So forth the noble Lady was ybrought,  
Adorn'd with honour and all comely grace:  
Where so her bashtull shamesfastnesse wrought  
A great increase in her faire blushing face;  
As Roses did with Lillies interlace,  
For, of those words, the which that boaster threw,  
Shewly yet conceiv'd great disgrace.  
Whom when as all the people such did view,  
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did shew.

24  
Then did he let her by that snowy one,  
Like the true Saint beside the Image set;  
Of both their beauties to make paragone,  
And trall, whether should the honour get.  
Sir *Guyon* way so loone as both together met,  
Th' enchanted *Danzell* vanish into nought:  
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,  
Ne of that goodly hew remained ought,  
But th' empty girdle, which about her waste was wrought.

25  
As when the daughter of *Thaumas* faire,  
Hath in a watry clowd displayed wide  
Her goodly boaw, which paints the liquid ayre,  
That all men wonder at her colours pride;  
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,  
The glorious picture vanissheth away,  
Ne any token doth thereof abide:  
So did his Ladies goodly forme decay,  
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

26  
Which when at all, that present were, beheld,  
They stricken were with great astonishment;  
And their faine hearts with tealelesse horror queld,  
To see the thing that seem'd so excellent,  
So stolen from their fancies wonderment:  
That what of it became, none understood.  
And *Braggadocchio* selfe with dreiment  
So daunted was in his despayring mood,  
That like a lifelesse corse in motion he stood.

27  
But *Arthegall* that golden belt vp-tooke,  
The which of all her spoyle was onely left;  
Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,  
But *Florimell* a woe girdle, from her rest,  
While she was flying like a weary weft,  
From that foule monster, which did her compell  
To perus great; which he vobuckling eft,  
Presented to the latest *Florimell*.  
Who round about her tender waste it fitted well.

28  
Full many Ladies often had assayed,  
About their middles that faire belt to knit;  
And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd:  
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,  
Till *Florimell* about her fastned it.  
Such power it had, that to no womans waste  
By any skill or labour it would fit,  
Vntill that shee were continent and chaste,  
But it would loose or breake, that many had disgrac'd.

29  
Whil't thus they busied were bout *Florimell*,  
And boastfull *Braggadocchio* to defame,  
Sir *Guyon* (as by fortune then befell)  
Forth from the thickest preace of people came,  
His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to clame;  
And with one hand seizing on his golden bit,  
With th' other drew his sword: for, with the same  
He meant the thiefe there deadly to haue smit:  
And had he not been held, he nought had faill'd of it.

30  
Thereof great hurly burly moued was  
Throughout the hall, for that same war-like horse,  
For *Braggadocchio* would not let him passe;  
And *Guyon* would him algates haue perforce,  
Or it approue vpon his canon corse,  
Which troublous sūre when *Arthegall* perceiv'd,  
He nigh them drew, to stay th' auengers force;  
And gan inquire, how was that steed bereau'd,  
Whether by might extort, or else by flight deceau'd.

Who

31  
VWho, all that pittious story, which befell  
About that wofull couple, which were slaine,  
And their young bloody babe to him gan tell;  
VWith whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,  
His horse purloyned was by subtil traine:  
For which he challenged the thiefe to fight,  
But he for nought could him there-to constraine:  
For, as the death he hated such despight,  
And rather had to lose, then try in armes his right.

32  
VWhich, *Arthegall* well hearing, though no more  
By law of armes there neede ones right to try,  
As was the wont of war-like Knights of yore,  
Then that his foe should him the field deny:  
Yet further right by tokens to delery,  
He askt, what prime tokens he did beare,  
If that, said *Guyon*, may you satisfie,  
VWithin his mouth a blacke foot doth appeare,  
Shap't like a horses shooe, who list to seeke it there.

33  
VWhereof to make due trill, one did take  
The horse in hand, within his mouth to looke:  
But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,  
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,  
That neuer word from that day forth he spoke.  
Another that would seeme to haue more wit,  
Him by the bright embrodered head-stall tooke:  
But by the shoulder him so sore he bit,  
That he him maimed quite, and all his shoulder split.

34  
Ne he his mouth would open vnto wights,  
Vntill that *Guyon* selfe vnto him spake,  
And called *Braggadocchio* (so was he right):  
VWhose voyce so soone as he did undertake,  
Eft-soones he stood as still as any stake,  
And suffred all his secret marke to see:  
And when-as he him nam'd, for joy he brake  
His hands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,  
And friskt, and song aloft, and louted lowe on knee.

35  
Thereby Sir *Arthegall* did plaine ascead,  
That vnto him the horse belongd, and said:  
Lo, there Sir *Guyon*, take to you the steed,  
As he with golden laddie is arraid:  
And let that lostell, plainly now displaid,  
Hence fare on foote, till he an horse haue gained.  
But the proud boaster gan his doome vpbraide,  
And him reuill'd, and rated, and disdain'd,  
That iudgement so vniust against him had ordain'd.

36  
Much was the Knight incesst with his lewd word,  
To haue reuenged that his villany:  
And thrice did lay his hand vpon his sword,  
To haue him slaine, or deadly doen aby,  
But *Guyon* did his choler pacifie,  
Saying, Sir Knight, it would dishonour bee  
To you, that are our iudge of equity,  
To wreake your wrath on such a Cattle as hee:  
It's punishment enough, that all his shame doe see.

37  
So did he munitate Sir *Arthegall*:  
But *Talus* by the backe the boaster bent,  
And drawing him out of the open hall,  
Vpon him did inflict this punishment.  
First, he his beard did shauie, and foully shent:  
Then from him rest his shield, and it reuervt,  
And blotted out his armes with falshood bleat,  
And himselfe baffuld, and his armes vberst.  
And broke his sword in twaine, & all his armour spent.

38  
The whiles, his guiltfull groome was fled away:  
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flee.  
VWho over-taking him, did disaray,  
And all his face deform'd with infamy,  
And out of Court him scourged openly,  
So ought all faytours, that true knight-hood shame,  
And armes dishonour with base villany,  
From all braue knights be banish'd with defame:  
For, oft their lewdnes blotterth good deserts with blame.

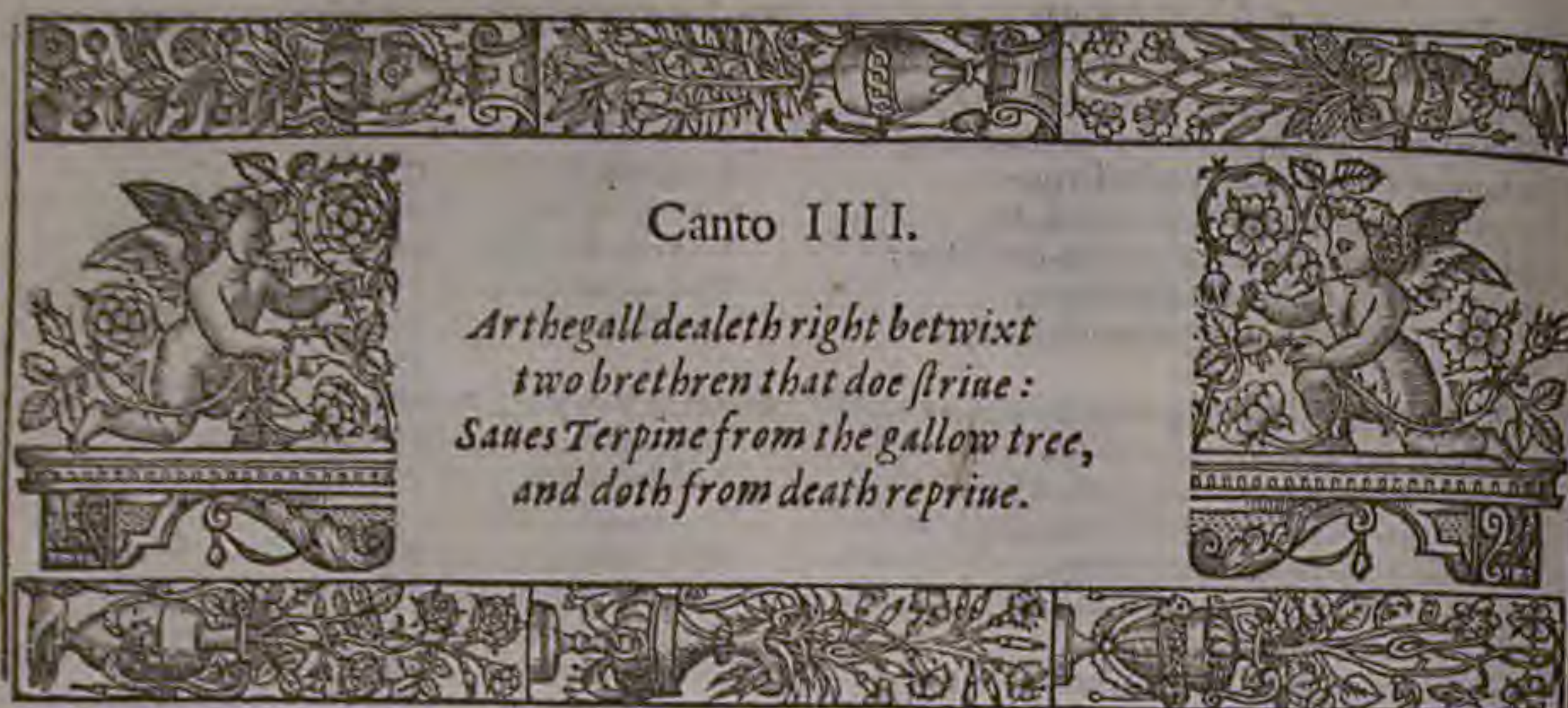
39  
Now, when these counterfeiters were thus vncafed  
Out of the lore-side of their forgery,  
And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,  
All gan to iell and gibe full merily  
At the remembrance of their knavery.  
Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,  
To thinke with how great vauit of brauery  
He them abused, through his subtil slights,  
And what a glorious shew he made in all their fights.

40  
There leaue we them in pleasure and repast,  
Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,  
And taking rury of time fore-past,  
With all deare delices and rare delights,  
Fit for such Ladies and such loonly knights:  
And time we heere to this faire furrowes end  
Our weary yokes, to gather fether sprights,  
That when as time to *Arthegall* shall tend,  
We on his first adventure may him forward send.

Cant.







## Canto IIII.

Arthegall dealeth right betwixt  
two brethren that doe strine:  
Saues Terpine from the gallow tree,  
and doth from death reprim.

**W**ho-so vpon himselfe will take the skill  
True Iustice vnto people to diuide,  
Had need of mighty hands, for to fulfill  
That which he doth with righteous doome  
And for to maister wrong & puffed pride. (decide,  
For, vaine it is to deeme of things aright,  
And makes wrong-doers iustice to deride,  
Valeis it be perform'd with dreadlesse might,  
For, powre is the right hand of Iustice truly hight.

Therefore why lo me to knights of great emprise,  
The charge of iustice giuen was in trust,  
That they might execute her iudgements wise,  
And with their might beat downe licentious lust,  
Which proudly did impugne her sentence iust.  
VWhereof no brauer precedent this day  
Remaines on earth, preter'd from iron rust  
Of rude oblivion, and long times decay,  
Then this of Arthegall, which heere we haue to say.

VWho, hauing lately left that louely paire,  
Enlinked fast in wedlocks loyall bond,  
Bold Marinell with Florimell the faire,  
With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,  
Departed from the Castle of the Strand,  
To followe his aduentures first intent,  
VWhich long agoe he taken had in hond:  
Ne wight with him for his assistance went,  
But that great iron groome, his gard & gouernment.

VWith whom, as he did passe by the sea shore,  
He chaunc't to come, where-as two comely Squires,  
Both brethren, whom one wombe together bore,  
But stirred vp with different desires,  
Together stroue, and kindled wrathfull fires:  
And them beside, two seemely Damzels stood,  
By all meanes seeking to alluage their ires,  
Now with fair words; but words did litle good: (mood  
Now with surp threat; but threats the more increast their

And there before them stood a Coffer strong,  
Fast bound on euery side with iron bands,  
But seeming to haue suffred mickle wrong,  
Either by beeing wreckt vpon the sands,  
Or beeing carried farre from forraigne lands.  
Seem'd that for it these Squires at odds did fall,  
And bent against themselves their cruell hands.  
But euermore those Damzels did forestall  
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.

But firmly first they were, with dint of sword,  
And battrailes doubtfull prooue their rights to try,  
Ne other end their furie would afford,  
But what to them Fortune would iustifie.  
So stood they both in readinesse there-by,  
To ioyne the combate with cruell intent:  
VWhen Arthegall, arriuing happily,  
Did stay awhile their greedy bickerment,  
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

To whom the elder did this answer frame;  
Then weete ye Sir, that we two brethren be,  
To whom our Sire, Milesio by name,  
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,  
Two Ilands, which ye there before you see  
Not farr in sea; of which the one appeares  
But like a little Mount of small degree;  
Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,  
As that same other Ile, that greater breadth now beares.

But tract of time, that all things doth decay,  
And this deuouring Sea that nought doth spare,  
The most part of my Land hath wast away,  
And throwne it vp vnto my brothers share:  
So his encreased, but mine did empiere.  
Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,  
That further maid, hight Philtera the faire,  
With whom a goodly dowre I should haue got,  
And should haue ioynd been to her in wedlocks knot.

Then

Then did my younger brother Amidas,  
Loue that same other Damzell, Luy bright,  
To whom but litle dowre allotted was:  
Her vertue was the dowre, that did delight  
What better dowre can to a Dame be hight:  
But now when Philtera saw my lands decay,  
And former liuelod faile, she left me quight,  
And to my brother did ellope straight way:  
Who taking her from me, his owne Loue left astray.

Shee, seeing then her selfe forsaken so,  
Through dolorous despaire, which she conceiued,  
Into the Sea her selfe did headlong throwe,  
Thinking to haue her griefe by death bereaued.  
But see how much her purpose was deceiued.  
Whil't thus, amidst the billowes beating of her,  
Twixt life and death, long to and fro she weaued,  
She chaunc't vnto light vpon this coffer,  
Which to her in that danger hope of life did offer.

The wretched mayd, that earst desir'd to die,  
When as the paine of death she tasted had,  
And but halfe seene his vgly vilsonie,  
Gan to repent that she had beene so mad,  
For any death to change life though most bad:  
And catching hold of this Sea-beaten chest,  
The lucky Pylor of her passage sad,  
After long tossing in the seas distrest,  
Her weary Burke at last vpon mine Ile did rest.

VWhere I by chance then wandring on the shore,  
Did her espy, and through my good endeuour,  
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned fore,  
Her to haue swallow'd vp, did help to saue her.  
Shee then in recompence of that great fauour,  
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me  
The portion of that good which Fortune gaue her,  
Together with her selfe in dowry free:  
Both goodly portions; but of both, the better shee.

Yet in this coffer, which she with her brought,  
Great treasure thence we did find contained:  
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought:  
But this same other Damzell since hath fained,  
That so herselfe that treasure appertained:  
And that shee did transport the same by sea,  
To bring it to her husband new ordained,  
But suffred cruell shipwrack by the way,  
But whether it be so or no, I cannot say.

But whether it indeed be so or no,  
This doe I say, that what so good or ill,  
Or God, or Fortune vnto me did throwe  
(Not wronging any other by my will)  
I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still:  
And though my land he first did winne away,  
And then my Loue (though how I little skill)  
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray:  
But I will it defend, whil't euer that I may.

So hauing said, the younger did enswear:  
Full true it is, what-so about our land  
My brother here declared hath to you:  
But not for it this odds twixt vs doth stand,  
But for this treasure throwne vpon his strand:  
Which well I proue, as shall appeare by trial,  
To be this Mauder, with whom I fastned hand,  
Knowne by good markes, and perfect good espial:  
Therefore it ought be rendred her without denial.

When they thus ended had, the Knight began;  
Certes, your strife were easie to accord,  
Would ye remit it to some righteous man.  
Vnto your selfe, said they, we giue our word,  
To bide that iudgement ye shall vs afford.  
Then for assurance to my doome to stand,  
Vnder my foote let each lay downe his sword,  
And then you shall my sentence vnderstand:  
So each of them layd down his sword out of his hand.

Then Arthegall, thus to the younger said:  
Now tell me Amidas, if that yemay,  
Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd  
Vnto your party, and plucked from his away,  
By what good right doe you with-hold this day?  
VWhat other right, quoth he, should you esteeme,  
But that the sea it to my share did lay?  
Your right is good, said he, and so I deeme,  
That what the sea vnto you sent, your owne should seeme.

Then turning to the elder, thus he said:  
Now Bracidas, let this likewise be shorne:  
Your brothers treasure, which from him is straid,  
Beeing the dowrie of his wife well knowne,  
By what right doe you claime to be your owne?  
What other right, quoth he, should you esteeme,  
But that the sea hath it vnto me throwne?  
Your right is good, said he, and so I deeme,  
That what the sea vnto you sent, your owne should seeme.

For, equall right in equall things doth stand:  
For, what the mighty Sea hath once possesst,  
And plucked quite from all possellers hand,  
Whether by rage of waues, that neuer rest,  
Or else by wrecke, that wretches hath distrest,  
He may dispose by his imperiall might,  
As thing as randome left, to whom he list.  
So Amidas, the land was yours first hight,  
And so the treasure yours is Bracidas by right.

When he thus sentenc'd thus pronounced had,  
Both Amidas and Philtera were displeased:  
Bot Bracidas and Luy were right glad,  
And on the treasure by that iudgement seized:  
Scarcely their discord by this doome appeased,  
And each one had his right. Then Arthegall  
VWhen as their sharp contention he had ceased,  
Departed on his way, as with a fall,  
To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call.

Z s

So



21  
So, as he travelled vpon the way,  
He chaunc't to come, where happily he spide  
A rout of many people farre away;  
To whom his course he hastily applide,  
To weet the cause of their assemblance wide.  
To whom when he approached neere in fight  
(An vncooth sight) he plainly then descride  
To be a troupe of women, war-like dight,  
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight.

22  
And in the midst of them he saw a Knight,  
With both his hands behind him pinniond hard;  
And round about his neck an halter tight,  
As ready for the gallow tree prepar'd:  
His face was couer'd, and his head was bar'd,  
That who he was, vneath was to descry;  
And with full beaury hart with them he bar'd,  
Griev'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,  
That be of womens hands to bafe a death should die.

23  
But they like tyrants, mercilesse the more,  
Reioyced at his miserable case,  
And him reviled, and reproched sore  
With bitter taunts, and tearmes of vile disgrace.  
Now when as *Arthegall*, arriv'd in place,  
Did aske, what cause brought that man to decay,  
They round about him gan to swaine apace,  
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,  
And to have wrought vnvares some villanous assay.

24  
But he was soone aware of their ill mind,  
And drawing backe, deceived their intent;  
Yet though himselfe did shame on woman-kind  
His mightie hand to shend, he *Talus* sent  
To wreck on them their follies hardiment:  
Who with few fowces of his yron stile,  
Disperst all their troupe incontinent,  
And sent them home to tell a pittious tale  
Of their vaine prowesse, turned to their proper bale.

25  
But that same wretched man, ordaynd to die,  
They left behind them, glad to be so quit:  
Him *Talus* tooke out of perplexitie,  
And horrou of foule death for Knight vnfit,  
Who more then losse of life ydraded it;  
And him restoring vnto liuing light,  
So brought vnto his Lord, where he did sit,  
Beholding all that womanish weake fight:  
Whom soone as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight.

26  
Sir *Terpine*, haplesse man, what make you here?  
Or have you lost your selfe, and your discretion,  
That ever in this wretched case ye were?  
Or have ye yielded you to proude oppression  
Of womens powre, that boast of mens subiection?  
Or else, what other deadly dimal day  
Is false on you, by heauens hard direction,  
That ye were runne to fondly farr astray,  
As for to lead your selfe vnto your owne decay?

27  
Much was the man confounded in his mind,  
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,  
That all astonisht hee him selfe did find,  
And little had for his excuse to say,  
But onely thus: Most haplesse well ye may  
Me iustly tearme, that to this shame am brought,  
And made the scorne of knighthood this same day,  
But who can scape, what his owne fate hath wrought?  
The worke of heauens will surpasse humane thought.

28  
Right true: but faulty men vse oftentimes  
To attribute their folly vnto fate,  
And lay on heauen the guilt of their owne crimes.  
But tell, Sir *Terpine*, ne let you amate  
Your misery, how fell ye in this state.  
Then fith ye needs, quoth he, will know my shame,  
And all the ill which chaunc'd to me of late,  
I shortly will to you rehearse the same,  
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

29  
Being desirous (as all Knights are wont)  
Through hard adventures deeds of armes to try,  
And after fame and honour for to hunt,  
I heard report that farr abroad did lie,  
That a proud Amazon did late descie.  
All the brave Knights that hold of Maidenhead,  
And vnto them wrought all the villany  
That she could forge in her malicious head,  
Which some hath put to shame, and many done be dead.

30  
The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate,  
Is for the like of *Bellodant* the bold,  
To whom she bore most feruent loue of late,  
And wooed him by all the waies she could:  
But when she saw at last, that he would  
For ought or nought be wanne vnto her will,  
She turn'd her loue to hatred manifold,  
And for his sake, vow'd to doe all the ill  
Which she could do to knights: which now she doth fulfill.

31  
For, all those Knights, the which by force or guile  
She doth subdue, she foully doth intreat.  
First, she doth them of war-like armes despoile,  
And clothe in women's weeds: and then with threat  
Doth them compell to worke, to earene their meat,  
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wing;  
Ne doth she giue them other thing to eate,  
But bread and water, or like feeble thing,  
Them to disabie from reuenge adventuring.

32  
But, if through stout disdain of manly mind,  
Any her proud obsequence will withstand,  
Vpon that gibbet, which is there behind,  
She cauleth them be hangd vp out of hand;  
In which condition I right now did stand.  
For, being overcome by her in fight,  
And put to that ase seruice of her band,  
I rather chole to die in liues despight,  
Then lead that shameful life, vnworthy of a Knight.

How

33  
How high that Amazon (*And Arthegall*)?  
And where, and how far hence does she abide?  
Her name, quoth he, they *Radigund* doe call,  
A Princeesse of great powre, and greater pride,  
And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tride,  
And sundry battels, which she hath achieved  
With great successe, that her hath glorified,  
And made her famous, more then is believed;  
Ne would I it have ween'd, had I not late it prised.

34  
Now sure, said he, and by the faith that I  
To Maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,  
I will not rest, till I her might doe try,  
And venge the shame, that she to Knights doth shoue,  
Therefore Sir *Terpine* from you lightly throwe  
This squalid weede, the patterne of despaire,  
And wend with me, that ye may see and knowe,  
How Fortune will your ruin'd name repaire, (paire.  
And Knights of Maydenhead, whole praise she wold em-)

35  
With that, like one that hopeles was retri'd  
From deathes dore, at which he lately lay,  
Those iron fetters, wherewith he was gi'd,  
The badges of reproach, he threw away,  
And nimble did him dight to guide the way  
Vnto the dwelling of that Amazone,  
Which was from thence not past a mile or tway;  
A goodly City, and a mighty one,  
The which of her owne name she called *Radegone*.

36  
Where they arriving, by the watchman were  
Descried straight; who all the City warn'd,  
How that three warlike persons did appeare,  
Of which the one him seem'd a Knight all armed,  
And th'other two well likely to haue harmed.  
Eftsoones the people all to harnelle ran,  
And like a sort of bees in clusters swarmed:  
Ere long, their Queene her selfe, arm'd like a man,  
Came forth into the rout, and them r'array began.

37  
And now the Knights, being arriv'd neare,  
Did beat vpon the gates to enter in,  
And at the Porter scorn'd them so few,  
Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,  
To tear his flesh in peeces for his sin.  
Which when as *Radigund* their conning heard,  
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:  
She bade that straight the gates should be vnbard,  
And to them way to make, with weapons well prepar'd.

38  
Soone as the gates were open to them set,  
They pressed forward, entrance to haue made.  
But in the middle way they were met  
With a sharpe shoure of arrowes, which them stayd,  
And better had aduise, ere they assayd,  
Vnknown perill of bold womens pride.  
Then all the rout vpon them rudely layd,  
And heaped strokes to fast on every side,  
And mowes hayld so thicke, that they could not abide.

39  
But *Radigund* her selfe, when she espide  
Sir *Terpine*, from her direfull doome acquit,  
So cruell doale amongst her maides diuide.  
To avenge that shame, they did on him commit;  
All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit,  
Like a fell Lionesse at him she flew,  
And on his head-peece him so fiercely smit,  
That to the ground him quite she overthrew,  
Dismayd so with the stroke, that he no colours knew.

40  
Soone as she sawe him on the ground to grouell,  
Shee lightly to him leapt; and in his neck  
Her proud foot setting, at his head did senell,  
VVeening at once her wrath on him to wreak,  
And his contempt, that did her iudgement break:  
As when a Beare hath leiz'd her cruell clawes  
Vpon the carcase of some beast too weake,  
Proudly stands ouer, and a while doth pause,  
To heare the pitious beast pleading her plaintiffe cause.

41  
Whom when as *Arthegall* in that distresse  
By chance beheld, he left the bloody slaughter,  
In which he swam, and ran to his redresse,  
There her assaying fiercely fresse, he taught her  
Such an huge stroke, that it of sense distraught her:  
And had she not it warded warily,  
It had depri'd her mother of a daughter.  
Nath'lesse for all the powre she did apply,  
It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly eye;

42  
Like to an Eagle in his kingly pride,  
Soring through his wide Empire of the aire,  
To weather his broad sayles, by chance hath spide  
A Goshaue, which hath seized for her share  
Vpon some fowle, that should her feast prepare;  
With dreadfull force he lies at her bylie,  
That with his souce, which none endure dare,  
Her from the quarry he away doth drue,  
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth riuie.

43  
But soone as she her sense recoverd had,  
She fiercely towards him her selfe gan dight,  
Through vengefull wrath & ideigefull pride halfe mad;  
For, neuer had she suffred such despight,  
But ere she could ioyne hand with him to fight,  
Her warlike mayds about her flockt so fast,  
That they disperst them, mangle their might,  
And with their troopes did far alunder cast:  
But amongst the rest the fight did vntill evening last.

44  
And every while, that mighty yron man,  
With his strange weapon, neuer wont in warre,  
Them sorely vex, and count, and ouer-ran,  
And broke their bowes, and did their shooting marre,  
That none of all the many once did dare  
Him to assault, nor once approach him neare;  
But like a sort of sheepe disperst farr  
For dread of their deuouring enemy,  
Through all the fields and vales did before him flie.  
But



45  
But when as daies faire shiny beame, yelowded  
With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,  
Ward man and beast in quiet rest be throwded,  
Bold Radigund (with sound of trump on hight)  
Caus'd all her people to foretake from fight;  
And gathering them vnto her cities gate,  
Made them all enter in before her sight,  
And all the wounded, and the weake in state,  
To be conuayed in, ere she would once retrace.

46  
When thus the field was voyded all away,  
And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight  
(Weary of toyle and trauell of that day)  
Caus'd his pavilion to be richly pyght  
Before the Citie gate, in open sight;  
Where he himselfe did rest in safety,  
Together with his Terpin all that night;  
But Tals vs'd in times of leopordie  
To keepe a nightly watch, for dread of treachery.

47  
But Radigund full of heart-gnawing griefe,  
For the rebuke which she tust in'd that day,  
Could take no rest, ne would receive reliefe;  
But tosted in her troublous mind, what way  
She mote reuenge that blot, which on her lay.  
There she resolu'd, her selfe in single fight  
To try her Fortune, and his force assay,  
Rather then see her people spoyled quight,  
As she had seene that day a disastrous fight.

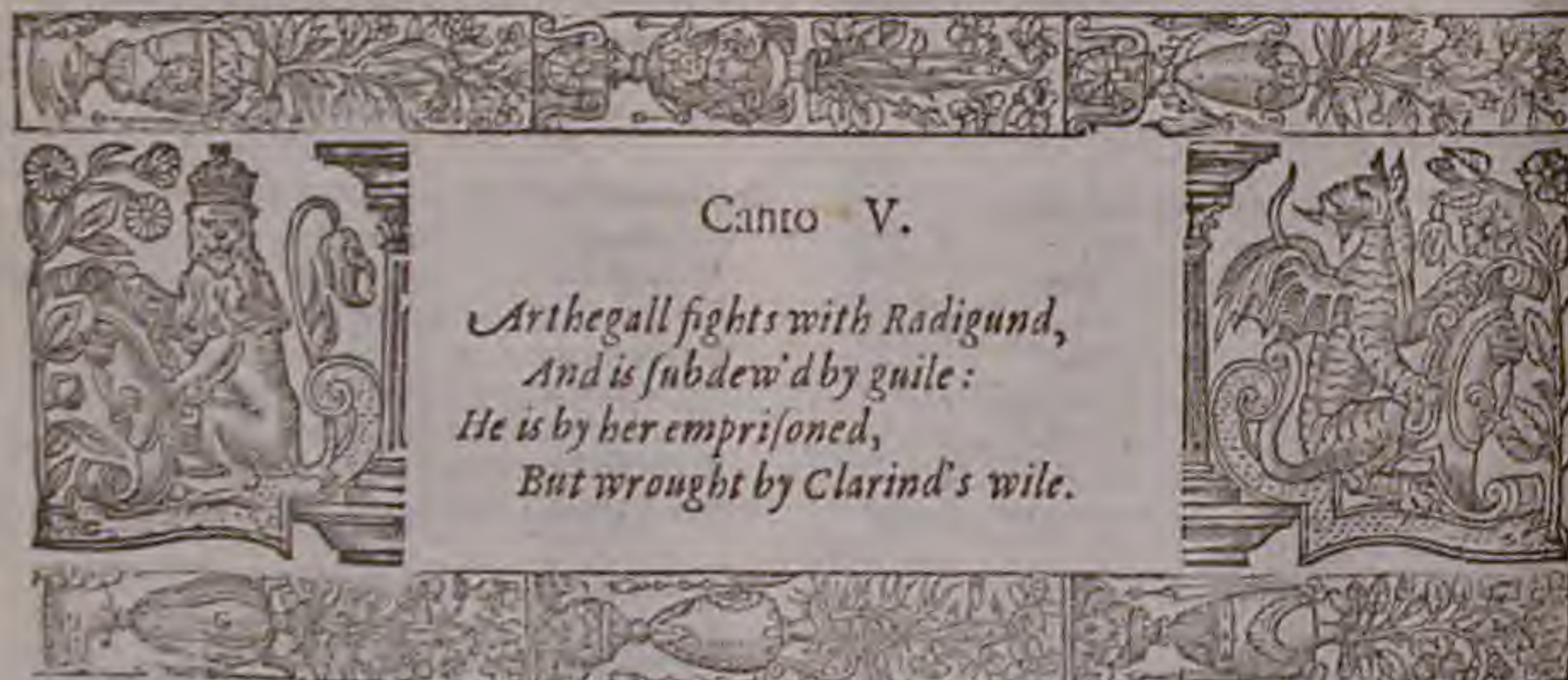
48  
She called forth to her a trusty mayd,  
Whom she thought fittest for that businesse,  
Her name was Clarind, and thus to her sayd;  
Goe damzell quickly, do thy selfe addresse

To do the message, which I shal expresse,  
Goe thou vnto that stranger Faery Knight,  
Who yesterday droue vs to such distresse;  
Tell, that to morrow I with him will fight,  
And try in equall field, whether hath greater might.

49  
But these conditions doe to him propound,  
That if I vanquish him, he shall obay  
My lawe, and euer to my lore be bound;  
And to will I, if me he vanquish may,  
What euer he shall like to doe or lay:  
Goe straight, and take with thee, to witnesse it,  
Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array,  
And beare with you both wine and unicates fit,  
And bid him eate; henceforth he oft shal hungry sit.

50  
The Damzell streight obeyd: and putting all  
In readinesse, forth to the Towne-gate went;  
Where sounding loud a Trumpet from the wall,  
Vnto those warlike Knights she warning sent.  
Then Tabu, forth issuing from the tent,  
Vnto the wall his way did fearelesse take,  
To weeten what that trumpets sounding ment:  
Where that same Damzell loudly him bespake,  
And shew'd, that with his Lord shee would emparlance

51  
So he them streight conducted to his Lord;  
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,  
Till they had told their message word by word:  
Vvwhich he accepting well, as he could weete,  
Them fairely entertayn'd with curtesies meet,  
And gaue them gifts and things of deare delight,  
So backe againe they homeward turn'd their feete.  
But Arthegall himselfe to rest did dight,  
That he mote fresher be againt the next daies fight.



52  
So soon as day, forth dawning from the East,  
Nights humid curtaine from the heavens with-  
And early calling forth both man & beast, drew  
Commanded them their daily works renew,

These noble warriors, mindfull to pursue  
The last dayes purpose of their vowed fight,  
Themselves thereto prepar'd in order dew:  
The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight;  
And th' Amazon, as best it lik'd her selfe to dight.

All

53  
All in a Camis light of purple filke  
Woven vpon with siluer, subtly wrought,  
And quilted vpon satin white as milke,  
Trailed with ribbands diuersly distraught,  
Like as the workeman had their courses taught;  
Which was short tucked for light motion  
Vp to her ham: but when she list, it raught  
Downe to her lowest heele, and thereupon  
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

54  
And on her legs she painted buskins wore,  
Basted with bends of gold on euery side,  
And mailles betwene, and laced close afore:  
Vpon her thigh her Cemtare was tide,  
With an embrodered belt of muckell pride;  
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt  
Vpon the bolle with stones, that shined wide,  
As the faire Moone in her most full aspect,  
That to the Moone it mote be like in each respect.

55  
So forth she came out of the Citie gate,  
With stately port and proud magnificence,  
Guarded with many damzels, that did waite  
Vpon her person for her sure defence,  
Playing on shauimes and trumpets, that from hence  
Their sound did reach vnto the heavens hight,  
So forth into the field she marched thence,  
Vvhere was a rich Pavilion ready pyght,  
Her to receiue, till time they should begin the fight.

56  
Then forth came Arthegall out of his tent,  
All arm'd to point, and first the lists did enter:  
Soone after eke came she, with fell intent,  
And countenance fierce, as hauing fully bent her,  
That battels vmost triall to aduenter.  
The Lists were closed fast, to barre the rout  
From rudely pressing to the middle center;  
Vvwhich in great heapes them circled all about,  
Waiting, how Fortune would resolve that dangerous

57  
The Trumpets sounded, and the field began;  
With bitter strokes it both began and ended.  
She at the first encounter on him ran  
Vvith furious rage, as if shee had intended  
Out of his breast the very heart haue rended:  
But he that had like tempests often tride,  
From that first flawe, himselfe right well defended.  
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide;  
She hew'd, she foynd, she lapt, she laid on euery side.

58  
Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,  
Vveening at last to win aduantage new;  
Yet still her cruelty encreased more,  
And though powre sayld, her courage did accrew:  
Which taying, he gan fiercely her putlew;  
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat  
The stubborn metall seeketh to subdew,  
Soone as he feelles it mollifie with heat,  
With his great Iron sledge doth strongly on it beat.

59  
So did Sir Arthegall vpon her lay,  
As if she had an Iron anvil beene,  
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,  
Out of her steely armes were flasing seene,  
That all on fire yee would her surely weene,  
But with her shield so well her selfe she warded,  
From the drad danger of his weapon keene,  
That all that while her life she safely guarded:  
But he that helpe from her againt her will discarded,

60  
For, with his trenchant blade at the next blowe,  
Halfe of her shield he shored quite away,  
And halfe her side it selfe did naked shoue,  
And thenceforth vnto danger opened way.  
Much was she moued with the mighty sway  
Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew,  
And like a greedy Beare vnto her pray,  
With her sharpe Cemtare at him she flew,  
That glancing downe his thigh, the purple blood forth

61  
Threat she gan to triumph with great boast,  
And to vpbraid that chance which him mis-fell,  
As if the prize she gotten had almost,  
With spightfull speeches, sitting with her well;  
That his great heart gan inwardly to swell  
With indignation, at her vaunting vaine,  
And at her strooke with puissance fearefull fell;  
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,  
That shattered all to peeces round about the Plaine,

62  
Hauing her thus disarmed of her shield,  
Vpon her helmet he againe her strooke,  
And downe she fell vpon the grassie field,  
In senselesse swoone, as if her life forsooke,  
And pangs of death her spirit overtooke.  
Whom when he sawe before his foote prostrated,  
He to her lept, with deadly dreadfull looke,  
And her sunshiny helmet loone vnaced,  
Thinking at once both head and helmet to haue rased.

63  
But when as he discovered had her face,  
He saw his senses strange astonishment,  
A miracle of Natures goodly grace,  
In her faire visage void of ornament,  
But bath'd in blood and sweat together ment;  
Vvwhich, in the rudenesse of that euill plight,  
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:  
Like as the Moone in foggy winter night,  
Doth seem to be herselfe, though darkned be her light.

64  
At sight thereof his cruell minded heart  
Empeaced was with pittifull regard,  
That his sharp sword he threw from him apart,  
Cursing his hand that had that visage mard:  
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,  
But ruth of beauty will it mollifie.  
By this, vpstarting from her swoone, she start'd  
A while about her with confused eye:  
Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenly.

Soone



14  
Soone as the knight she chere by her did spy,  
Standing with empty hands all weaponlesse,  
Which fresh assault upon him she did see,  
And gan renew her former crueltie:  
And though he still retyr'd, yet nathelless  
With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd:  
And more increase her outrage merciesse,  
The more that he with meeke intreaty prayd,  
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to haue stayd.

15  
Like as a Pumaucke hauing spide in sight,  
A gentle Falcon sitting on a hill,  
Whole other wing now made vnmee for flight,  
Was lately broken by some fortune ill:  
The foolish Kyte, led with licentious will,  
Doth beat vpon the gentle bird in vaine,  
With many tale stoups her troubling still:  
Euen so did Radigund with bootlesse paine  
Annoy this noble Knight, and sorely him constraîne.

16  
Nought could he do, but shun the drad despight  
Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retire,  
And with his single shield, well as he might,  
Beare-off the burden of her raging ire:  
And euermore he gently did desire,  
To stay her strokes, and he himselfe would yield:  
Yet would she heark, ne let him once respire,  
Till he to her deliuered had his shield,  
And to her mercy him submitted in plaine field.

17  
So was he overcome, not overcome,  
But to her yeelded of his owne accord:  
Yet was he iustly damnd by the doome  
Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse word,  
To be her thrall, and seruice her afford.  
For, though that he first victory obtayned,  
Yet after by abandoning his sword,  
He wilfull lost, that he before attained.  
No fauer conquest, then that with goodwill is gayned.

18  
Tho. with her sword on him she flailing strooke,  
In signe of true subiection to her powre,  
And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke.  
But Terpine borne to a more vnhappy howre,  
As he, on whom the lucklesse starres did lowre,  
She caus'd to be attach'd, and forthwith led  
Vnto the crooke, to abide the balefull flowre,  
From which he lately had throughly reiskew fled:  
Where he fell shamefully was hang'd by the head.

19  
But when they thought, on Tules hands to lay,  
He with his rop hale amongst them thondred,  
That they were faine to let him scape away,  
Glad from his company to be so fondred:  
Whole presence all their troups so much encombred,  
That heapes of thole, which he did wound and slay,  
Besides the rest dismayd, might not be numbred:  
Yet all that while he would not once assay  
To reiskew his owne Lord, but thought it iust to bay.

20  
Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,  
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame  
And caus'd him to be disarm'd quight:  
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,  
With which whylome he gotten had great fame:  
In stead whereof she made him to be dight  
In womans weeds, that is to Manhood shame,  
And put before his lap an apron white,  
In stead of Curriets and bales fit for fight.

21  
So being clad, she brought him from the field,  
In which he had been trayned many a day,  
Into a long large chamber, which was field  
With monuments of many knights decay,  
By her subdew'd in victorious fray:  
Amongst the which she caus'd his warlike armes  
Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame bewray:  
And broke his sword, for feare of further harmes,  
With which he wont to shure vp battailous alarmes.

22  
There entred in, he round about him law  
Many braue Knights, whose names right wel he knew,  
There bound to bay that Amazons proud law,  
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,  
That his big hart loth'd to vncomey view.  
But they were forc't, through penurie and pine,  
To doe those workes, to them appointed dew:  
For, nought was giuen them to sup or dine,  
But what their hands could earn by twirling linnen twine.

23  
Amongst them all, she plac'd him most lowe,  
And in his hand a distaffe to him gaue,  
That he thereon should spin both flaxe & tow:  
A fordid office for a mind so braue.  
So hard it is to be a womans slaue,  
Yet he it tooke in his owne selfes despight,  
And thereto did himselfe right well beaue,  
Her to obey, fith he his faith had plight,  
Her vassall to become, if she him wonne in fight.

24  
Who had him seene, imagine mote thereby,  
That whylome hath of Hercules been tolde,  
How for Iolas sake he did apply  
His mighty hands, the distaffe vile to holde,  
For his huge club, which had subdew'd of old  
So many monsters, which the world annoyed:  
His Lions skin chaung'd to a pall of gold,  
In which forgetting warres he onlyoyed  
In combats of sweet Loue, & with his mistress toyed.

25  
Such is the cruelty of women-kind,  
VWhen they haue shaken off the shamefast hand,  
With which wise Nature did them strongly bind  
To bay the hearts of mans well ruling hand,  
That then all rule and reason they withstand,  
To purchase a licentious liberty:  
But vertuous women wisely vnderstand,  
That they were borne to bafe humility,  
Vnto the heauens them list to lawfull souerainty,

Thus

26  
Thus there long while continu'd *Arthegall*,  
Seruing proud *Radigund* with true subiection:  
How-euer it his noble heart did gall,  
To bay a womans tyrannous direction,  
That might haue had of life or death election:  
But hauing chosen, now he might not chaunge,  
During which time, the warlike Amazon,  
Whole wandring fancie after lust did raunge,  
Can cast a secret liking to this captiue strange.

27  
Which long concealing in her couert brest,  
She chaw'd the cud of louers carefull plight:  
Yet could it not to thoroughly digest,  
Being fast fix'd in her wounded spight,  
But it tormented her both day and night:  
Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord,  
To serue the lowely vassall of her might,  
And of her seruant make her soueraine Lord:  
So great her pride, that she such balencis much abhord.

28  
So much the greater still her anguish grew,  
Through stubborne handling of her loue-sick hart:  
And still the more she strove it to subdew,  
The more she still augmented her owne smart,  
And wyde made the wound of th'hidden dart.  
At last, when long she struggled had in vaine,  
She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind conuert  
To meeke obeylance of loues mighty raine,  
And him intreat for grace, that had procur'd her paine.

29  
Vnto her selfe in secret shee did call  
Her fiercest handmaid whom she most did trust,  
And to her said *Clarinda*, whom of all  
I trust alive, fith there fostred first:  
Now is the time, that I vnmely must  
Thereof make tryall, in my greatest need:  
It is so hapned, that the heauens vniust,  
Spighing my happy freedome, haue decreed,  
To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to breed.

30  
With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,  
To hide the blush which in her visage role,  
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,  
Decking her cheek with a vermilion role:  
But loone she did her countenance compose,  
And to her turning, thus began againe:  
This griefs deep wound I would to thee disclose,  
Thereto compelled through heart-murdering paine,  
But dread of shame my doubtful lips doth still restraîne.

31  
Ah my deare dread (said then the faithfull Mayd),  
Can dread of ought your drearlesse heart withhold,  
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,  
And dare euen Deaths most dreadfull face behold?  
Say on, my soueraine Lady, and be bold,  
Doth not your hand-mayds life at your foote lie?  
Therewith much comforted, she gan unfold  
The cause of her conceiv'd malady:  
As one that would confesse, yet faine would it deny.

32  
*Clarinda*, said shee, thou seest yond *Fayrie Knight*,  
Whom not my valour, but his owne braue trande  
Subiect bath to my vnequal might:  
What right is it, that he should thealosome kinde,  
For lending life to me a wretch vnkind,  
That for such good him recompence with ill?  
Therefore I can, how I may him vnhinde,  
And by his freedome get his free good-will:  
Yet lo, as bound to me he may continue still.

33  
Bound vnto me, but not with such hard bands  
Of strong compulsion, and streight violence,  
As now in miserable state he stands:  
But with sweet loue and pure beneuolence,  
Void of malicious minde, or foule offence,  
To which if thou caest win him any way,  
VWithout discovery of my thoughtes pretence,  
Both goodly meed of him it purchase may,  
And eke with gratefull seruice me right well pay.

34  
Which that thou maist the better bring to passe,  
Loe here this Ring, which shall thy warrant be,  
And token true to old *Eumenias*,  
From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,  
That in and out thou mayst haue passage free.  
Goe now, *Clarinda*, well thy wits aduise,  
And all thy forces gather vnto thee:  
Armies of lovely lookes, and speeches wise,  
With which thou caust euen *Ioue* himselfe to loue entise.

35  
The trusty mayd, conceiuing her intent,  
Did with pure promise of her good endeavour,  
Giue her great comfort, and some hearts content,  
So from her parting, she thenceforth did labour  
By all the meanes she might, to curry fauour  
With th' *Elfin Knight*, her Ladies best beloued:  
With daily shew, of courteous kind behaviour,  
Euen at the marke-white of his hart she roued,  
And with wide glancing words, one day shee thus him

36  
(proued)  
Vnhappy Knight, vpon whose hopelesse state  
Fortune, enuying good, hath telly frownded,  
And cruel heauens haue heapt an heauy fate:  
I rewe that thus thy better dayes are drown'd  
In sad despair, and all thy tenes iswown'd  
In stupid sorrow, fith thy iust merite  
Might eke haue with felicity been crown'd:  
Looke vp at last, and wake thy doled spirit,  
To thinke how this long death thou mightest disberit.

37  
Much did he maruell at her vncouth speech,  
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceiue:  
And gan to doubt, least she him sought to appeale  
Of treason or some guilefull traine did weale,  
Through which she might his wretched life bereaue.  
Both which to batte, he with this answere met her:  
Faie Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceiue)  
Of my mishaps, art mou'd to with me better,  
For such your kind regard, I can but rest your deities.

Yes



Yet weete well, that to a courage great  
It is no lesse befeiting, well to beare  
The storme of Fortunes browne, or heauens threat,  
Then to the sunshine of her countenance cleare  
Timely to roye, and carry comely cheare.  
For, though this cloud haue now me ouer-cast,  
Yet doe I not of better times despaire;  
And, though (vnlke) they should for euer last,  
Yet in my trubs assurance I rest fixed fast.

But what forstony minde (she then replide)  
But if in his owne powre occasion lay,  
Would to his hope a window open wide,  
And to his fortunes helpe make ready way?  
Vnworthy sure, quoth he, of better day,  
That will not take the offer of good hope,  
Adeke pursue, if he attaine it may.  
Which speeches she applying to the scope  
Of her attonce, this further purpose to him shope;

Then why dost not, thou ill aduizd man,  
Make meanes to winne thy liberty forlorne,  
And try if thou by faire entreaty can  
Moue *Radigund*? who though she still haue worne  
Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne  
Of Beares and Tigris, nor so salvage minded;  
As that, albe all loue of men she scorne,  
She yet forgets, that she of men was kyndred:  
And looth off teene, that proudest hearts base loue hath

Certes *Clarinda*, not of cankerd will;  
Sayd hee, nor obstinate disdainfull mind,  
I haue forborne this duty to fulfill:  
For, well I may this weene, by that I finde,  
That shee a Queene and come of Princely kinde,  
Both worthy is for to be sewd vnto,  
Chiefly by him, whose life her lawe doth bind,  
And eke of powre her owne doome to vndo,  
And als of Princely grace to be enclin'd thereto.

But want of meanes hath been mine onely let  
From seeking fauour, where it doth abound;  
Which if I might by your good office get,  
I to your selfe should rest for euer bound,  
And ready to deserue what grace I found.  
She feeling him thus bite vpon the bait,  
Yet doubting lest his hold was but vnfound;  
And not well fastened, would not strike him strait,  
But drew him on with hope, fit leasure to awayt.

But foolish Mayd, whilst heedlesse of the hook,  
She thus oft-times was bearing off and on,  
Through slippery footing, fell into the brooke,  
And there was caught to her confusion,  
For, seeking thus to false the Amazon,  
She wounded war with her deeces owne dart,  
And gan thenceforth to cast affection,  
Conceiued close in her beguiled heart,  
To *Artibegall*, through pny of his causelasse snare.

Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound,  
Ne to him selfe, for doubt of beeing slayned,  
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,  
For feare her mistis should haue knowledge gayned,  
But to her selfe it secretly retained,  
VVithin the closet of her couert brest:  
The more thereby her tender heart was payned,  
Yet to await sic time shee weened best,  
And fairely did dissemble her sad thoughts vnrest.

One day, her Lady, calling her apart,  
Gan to demand of her some tydings good,  
Touching her loues successe, her lingring smart,  
Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,  
As one adaw'd and halfe confus'd stood;  
But quickly she it ouer-past, so soone  
As she her face had wip't, to fresh her blood:  
Tho, gan she tell her all, that she had donce,  
And all the wayes she sought his loue for to haue wonce.

But sayd, that he was obstinate and sterne,  
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine;  
Ne would be taught with any teares, to learne  
So fond a lesson, as to loue againe.  
Die rather would he in penurious paine,  
And his abridged dayes in dolour waste,  
Then his foer-loue or liking entertaine:  
His resolution was both first and last,  
His body was her thrall, his heart was freely plac't.

Which when the cruell Amazon perceiued,  
She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,  
For very fell despight, which she conceiued,  
To be so scorned of a base borne thrall,  
Whose life did lie in her least eye-lids fall;  
Of which she vow'd with many a curst threat,  
That she therefore would him ere long forsall,  
Nath'lesse when calmed was her furious heat,  
She chang'd that threatfull mood, & mildly gan entreat.

What now is left *Clarinda*? what remains,  
That we may compasse this our enterprize?  
Great shame to lose so long employed paines;  
And greater shame to abide so great milprize,  
With which he dares our offers thus despize,  
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,  
And more my gracious mercy by this wize,  
I will awhile with his first folly beare,  
Till thou haue tri'de again, & tempt'd him more nere.

Say, and do all, that may thereto prouaile;  
Leave naught vnpromist, that may him perswade;  
Life, freedom, grace, and gifts of great auale,  
With which the gods themselves are milder made:  
Thereto adde art, euen womens witty trade,  
The art of mighty words; that men can charme;  
With which in case thou canst him not inuade,  
Let him feeble hardnesse of thy heavy arme:  
Who wil not stoupe with good, shall be made stoupe with Some

Some of his diet doe from him withdrawe;  
For, I him find to be too proudly fed.  
Giue him more labour, and with streighter lawe,  
That he with worke may be forwearied.  
Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,  
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;  
And lay vpon him, for his greater dread,  
Cold iron chaines, with which let him be tide;  
And let, what-euer he desires, be him denide.

When thou hast all this done, then bring me newes  
Of his demeanour: thenceforth not like a Louer,  
But like a Rebell stout I will him vse.  
For, I resolue this siege not to giue ouer,  
Till I the conquest of my will recover.  
So she departed, full of griefe and idaine,  
VVhich inly did to great impatience moue her.  
But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe  
Vnto the prison, where her hart did thrall remaine.

There all her subtill nets she did vnfold,  
And all the engins of her wit display;  
In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,  
And of his innocence to make her pray.  
So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,  
That both her Lady, and her selfe withall,  
And eke the knight attonce she did betray:  
But most the Knight, whom she with guilefull call  
Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

As a bad Nurse, which faying to receiue  
In her owne mouth the food, meant for her child,  
With-holds it to her selfe, and doth deceiue  
The infant, so for want of nourture spoyld:  
Euen so *Clarinda* her owne Dame beguill'd,  
And turn'd the trust, which was in her affide,  
To feeding of her primate fire, which boyld  
Her inward breast, and in her entrayles fryde  
The more that she it sought to couer and to hide.

For, comming to this knight, she purpose faiced,  
How earnest suit she earlt for him had made  
Vnto her Queene, his freedome to haue gayned;  
But by no meanes could her thereto perswade:  
But that in stead thereof, she sternly bade  
His misery to be augmented more,  
And many iron bands on him to lade,  
All which nath'lesse she for his loue forbore:  
So praying him t'accept her seruice euermore.

And more then that, she promist that she would,  
In case she might finde fauour in his eye,  
Deuize how to enlarge him out of hold,  
The Fairy glad to gaue his liberty,  
Can yeeld great thanks for such her cortesie;  
And with faire words (fit for the time and place)  
To feede the humour of her malady,  
Promist, if shee would free him from that case,  
He wold by all good means he might, deserue such grace.

So daily he faire semblant did her shew,  
Yet neuer meant he in his noble mind,  
To his owne absent Loue to be vntrue:  
Ne euer did deceitfull *Clarinda* finde  
In her false hart, his bondage to vnbinde;  
But rather how she mote him faster tye,  
Therefore vnto her mistresse most vnkinde  
She daily told, her loue he did defie;  
And him she told, her Dame his freedome did deny.

Yet thus much friendship she to him did shoue,  
That his scarce diet somewhat was amended,  
And his worke lessened, that his loue mote growe:  
Yet to her Dame him still she discommended,  
That she with him mote be the more offended.  
Thus he long while in thraldome there remained,  
Of both beloued well, but little frended;  
Vntill his owne true Loue his freedome gayned,  
Which in another Canto will be best contained.







## Canto VI.

*Talus brings newes to Britomart,  
Of Arthegalls mishap:  
Shee goes to seeke him, Dolon meets,  
Who seekes her to entrap.*

Some men, I wote, will deeme in *Arthegall*  
Great weakenes, and report of him much ill,  
For yielding to himselfe a wretched thrall,  
To th' insolent command of womens will;  
That all his former praise doth fowly spill,  
But he the man, that say or doe so dare,  
Be well aduiz'd, that he stand stedfast still:  
For, neuer yet was wight so well aware,  
But he at first or last was trapt in womens snare.

Yet is the strenghtesse of that captiue state,  
This gentle knight himselfe so well behaued,  
That notwithstanding all the subtil bait,  
With which those Amazons his loue still craued,  
To his owne Loue his loyalty he saued:  
Whole character in th' Adamantine mould  
Of his true heart so firmly was engraued,  
That no new Ioues impression euer could  
Bereauie thence: such blot his honour blemish should.

Yet his owne Loue, the noble *Britomart*,  
Scarce so conceiu'd in her ialous thought,  
What time sad rydings of his balefull smart  
In womens bondage, *Talus* to her brought;  
Brought in vntimely houre, ere it was sought.  
For, after that the vtmost date, asynde  
For his returne, she waited had for nought,  
She gan to cast in her mildoubtfull minde  
A thousand feares, that loue-sick fancies faue to finde.

Sometimes she feared, lest some chard mishap  
Had him mistooke in his aduenturous quest;  
Sometime lest his false foe did him entrap  
In trayturous trayne, or had vnwares oppress:  
But most she did her troubled mind molest,  
And secretly afflicke with ialous feare,  
Lest some new Ioue had him for her possesst;  
Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,  
To thinke of him so ill: yet could she not forbear.

One while shee blam'd her selfe; another while  
She him condemn'd, as truffle and vntrew:  
And then, her griefe with error to beguile,  
She fow'd to count the time agone anew,  
As if before she had not counted trew.  
For houres, but dayes; for weekes that passed were,  
She told but moneths, to make them seem more few:  
Yet when she reckned them, still drawing neare,  
Each hour did seem a moneth, & euery moneth a yere.

But when as yet she saw him not returne,  
Shee thought to send some one to seek him out;  
But none she found so fit to serue the turne  
As her owne selfe, to ease her selfe of doubt.  
Now she deuiz'd amongst the warlike rout  
Of errant Knights, to seeke her errant knight;  
And then againe redoubt'd to hunt him out  
Amongst loose Ladies, lapped in delight:  
And then both Knights couide, & Ladies eke did spight.

One day, when as she long had sought for ease  
In euery place, and euery place thought best,  
Yet found no place, that could her liking please,  
She to a window came, that opened West,  
Towards which coast her Loue his way addrest.  
There looking forth, she in her hart did find  
Many vaine fancies, working her vntrest:  
And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then wind,  
To beare vnto her Loue the message of her mind.

There as shee looked long, at last she spide  
One comming towards her with hasty speede:  
Well wend she then, ere him she plainte descride,  
That it was one sent from her Loue indeed.  
Who when he nigh approacht, she mote arede  
That it was *Talus*, *Arthegall* his groomer;  
Whereat her heart was hid with hope and drede;  
Ne would she stay, till he in place could come,  
But ran to meet him forth, to knowe his rydings some.

Euen

Euen in the dore him meeting, she began;  
And where is hid thy Lord, and how farre hence?  
Declare at once, yad hath he lost or wun?  
The yron man, albe he wanted sense  
And sorrowes feeling, yet with conscience  
Of his ill newes, did only chill and quake;  
And stood still mute, as one in great suspence,  
As if that by his silence he would make  
Her rather reade his meaning, then him selfe it spake.

Till she againe thus said; *Talus* be bold,  
And tell what-euer it be, good or bad,  
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold,  
To whom he thus at length; The rydings sad,  
That I would hide, will needs, I see be rad.  
My Lord (your Loue) by hard mishap doth lie  
In wretched bondage, wofully bestad.  
Ayme, quoth she, what wicked destiny  
And is he vanquish't by his tyrant enemy?

Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe;  
But by a Tyrannesse, he then replide,  
That him captiue hath in haplesse woe.  
Cease thou bad newes-man: badly doest thou hide  
Thy Masters shame, in harlots bondage side.  
The rest my selfe too readily can spell.  
With that, in rage she turn'd from him aside  
(Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell)  
And to her chamber went like solitary Cell.

There she began to make her monesfull plaint  
Against her Knight, for being so vntrew;  
And him to touch with falshood fowle attaint,  
That all his other honour ouerthrew.  
Of did she blame her selfe, and often rew,  
For yielding to a strangers loue so light,  
Whole life and manners strange she neuer knew;  
And euermore she did him sharply twight  
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly plight.

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast,  
How to reuenge that blot of honour blent;  
To fight with him, and goodly die her last:  
And then againe she did her selfe torment,  
Inflicting on her selfe his punishment.  
A while she walkt, and chaust; a while she threw  
Her selfe vpon her bed, and did lament:  
Yet did she not lament with loud alow,  
As women wont, but with deep sighes, and singults few.

Like as a wayward child, whose sounder sleepe  
Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,  
With froward will doth set himselfe to weepe;  
Ne can he bide for all his nurses might,  
But kicks, and squalls, and shriekes for selfe despight:  
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misling;  
Now seeking darknesse, and now seeking light;  
Then crawing sucke, and then the sucke refusing:  
Such was this Ladies fit, in her Loues fond accusing.

But when she had with such vnquiet fits  
Her selfe there close afflicted long in vaine,  
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,  
She vnto *Talus* forth return'd againe,  
By change of place seeking to ease her paine;  
And gan enquire of him, with milder mood,  
The certaine cause of *Arthegall* detain:  
And what he did, and in what state he stood,  
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

Ah weal-away! said then the yron man,  
That he is not the while in state to woo;  
But lies in wretched thraldome, weak and wan,  
Not by strong hand compelled thereto,  
But his owne doome, that none can now vndoo.  
Sayd I not then, quoth she, ere-while aright,  
That this is things compact betwixt you two,  
Me to deceiue of faith vnto me plight,  
Since that he was not forc't, nor overcome in fight?

With that, he gan at large to her dilate  
The whole discourte of his captiuitie sad,  
In sort as ye haue heard the same of late.  
All which, when she with hard endurance had  
Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad,  
With Iodaine stounds of wrath and griefe attone:  
Ne would abide, till she had answer made;  
But straight her selfe did dight, and armor don;  
And mourning to her steed, bad *Talus* guide her on.

So forth she rode vpon her ready way,  
To seeke her Knight, as *Talus* her did guide:  
Sadly she rode, and neuer word did say,  
Nor good nor bad, ne euer lookt aside,  
But still right downe, and in her thought did hide  
The felowship of her heart, right fully bent  
To fierce auengement of that womans pride,  
Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,  
And to great honour with so fowle reproach had blent.

So as she thus melancholicke did ride,  
Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine,  
She chaunc't to meet, toward the euen-tide  
A Knight, that softly paled on the Plaine,  
As if him selfe to solace he were faine.  
Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent  
To peace, then needlesse trouble to constraime,  
As well by view of that his vestiment,  
As by his modest semblant, that no euill ment.

He, comming neere, gan gently her salute  
With courteous words, in the most comely wise;  
Who though desirous rather to rest mute,  
Then teame to entertaine of common guise,  
Yet rather then the kindnesse would despise,  
She would her selfe displease, so him requite.  
Then gan the other further to deuize  
Of things abroad, as next to hand did light,  
And many things demand, to which she answer'd light.

A 2

For



For little lost had she to talke of ought,  
 Or ought to heare, that mote delightfull bee;  
 Her moue was whole possesed of one thought,  
 That gaue none other place. Which when as hee  
 By outward signes (as well he might) did see,  
 He list no longer to vie loathfull speech,  
 But her belought to take it well in gree.  
 Such study damp had dimd the beaues reach,  
 To lodge w<sup>th</sup> him that night, vnto his good cause impeach.

The Championesse, now seeing night at dore,  
 Was glad to yeeld vnto his good request:  
 And with him went without gaine-laying more.  
 Not farre away, but little wide by West,  
 His dwelling was, to which he him addrest;  
 Where soone arriving they receiued were  
 In seimely wise as them beleemed best:  
 For, he their Host them goodly well did cheare,  
 And talke of pleasant things, the night away to weare.

Thus passing th' evening well, till time of rest,  
 Then Britomart vnto a bowre was brought;  
 Where groomes awayted her to haue vnrest.  
 But she ne would vndressed be for ought,  
 Ne doffe her armes, though he her much besought.  
 For she had vow'd, she said, not to forgoe  
 Those waile weeds, till she reuenge had wrought  
 Of a late wrong vpon a mortall foe;  
 Which she would lute performe, beside her weale or woe.

Which when her Host percei'd, right discontent  
 In minde he grew, for feare lest by that art  
 He should his purpose misse, which close he ment:  
 Yet taking leaue of her, he did depart.  
 There all that night remained Britomart,  
 Restless, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe griued,  
 Not suffering the least twinkling sleepe to start  
 Into her eye, which th' hart mote haue reliued;  
 But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight repleued.

Ye guilty eyes, said she, the which with guile  
 My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray  
 My life now to, for which a little while  
 Ye will not watch? false watches, weal-away,  
 I wote when ye did watch both night and day  
 Vnto your losse: and now needs will ye sleepe?  
 Now ye haue made my heart to wake alway,  
 Now will ye sleepe? ah! wake, and rather wepe,  
 To think of your nights want, that should ye waking keep.

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night  
 In wayfull plaints, that none was to appease;  
 Now walking soft, now sitting still vpright,  
 As sundry change her seemed best to ease.  
 Ne lesse did Talus suffer sleepe to seaze  
 His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,  
 Lying without her dore in great d'cale;  
 Like to a Spaniell wayting carefully  
 Lest any should betray his Lady treacherously.

What time the native Bel-man of the night,  
 The bird that warn'd Peter of his fall,  
 First rings his silver bell 't' each sleepey wight,  
 That should their minds vp to deuotion call,  
 She heard a wondrous noyse belowe the hall,  
 All sodainly the bed, where she should lie,  
 By a false trap was let adowne to fall  
 Into a lower roome, and by and by  
 The lost was rais'd againe, that no man could it spie.

With sight whereof she was dismayd right sore,  
 Perceiuing well the treason, which was ment:  
 Yet stirr'd not at all for doubt of more,  
 But kept her place with courage confident,  
 Wayting what would ensue of that euent.  
 It was not long, before she heard the sound  
 Of armed men, comming with close intent  
 Towards her chamber; at which dreadful sound  
 She quickly caught her sword, & shield about her bound.

With that, there came vnto her chamber dore  
 Two Knights, all armed ready for to fight;  
 And after them full many other more,  
 A rascall rout, with weapons rudely dight.  
 Whom soone as Talus spide by glimse of night,  
 He started vp, therewhere on ground he lay,  
 And in his hand his thresher ready keight.  
 They, seeing that, let driue at him straight way,  
 And round about him preace in riotous array.

But soone as he began to lay about  
 With his rude iron flails, they gan to flie,  
 Both armed Knights, and eke voarmed rout:  
 Yet Talus after them apace did plie,  
 Where-euer in the darke he could them spy;  
 That here and there like scattered sheep they lay.  
 Then backe returning, where his Dame did lie,  
 He to her told the story of that fray,  
 And all that treason there intended did bewray.

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning  
 To be auenged for so fowle a deede,  
 Yet being forc't 't' abide the daies returning,  
 She there remain'd, but with right wary heed,  
 Least any more such practice should proceed.  
 Now mote ye knowe (that which to Britomart  
 Vnknown was) whence all this did proceed:  
 And for what cause so great mischieuous smart  
 Was meant to her, that neuer euill meant in heart.

The goodman of this house was Dolon hight,  
 A man of subtil wit and wicked minde,  
 That whilome in his youth had been a Knight,  
 And armes had borne, but litle good could finde,  
 And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde  
 Of life: for, he was nothing valourous,  
 But with sleights and wiles did vnderminde  
 All noble Knights, which were aduenturous,  
 And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

He had three sonnes, all three like fathers sonnes,  
 Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,  
 Of all that on this earthly compals wonnes:  
 The eldest of the which was slaine ere while  
 By Arthegall, through his owne guilty wile;  
 His name was Guizer: whose vntimely fate  
 For to reuenge, full many treasons vile  
 His father Dolon had deuiz'd of late  
 With these his wicked sons, and shewd his cancred hate.

For sure he weend, that this his present guest  
 Was Arthegall, by many tokens plaine;  
 But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,  
 Which still was wont with Arthegall remaine;  
 And therefore meant him surely to haue slaine.  
 But by Gods grace, and her good heedinsse,  
 She was preferu'd from that traytous traine.  
 Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,  
 Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eye-lids to oppresse.

Tomorrow next, so soone as dawning houre  
 Discouered had the light to liuing eye,  
 She forth islew'd out of her loathed bowre,  
 With full intent 't' auenge that villany,  
 On that vile man, and all his family.  
 And comming down to seeke them, where they wond,  
 Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie:  
 Each rowme she sought, but them all empty fond:  
 They all were fled for feare; but whether, neither koud.

She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,  
 But tooke her steed; and thereon mounting light,  
 Gan her addresse vnto her former way.  
 She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,  
 But that she sawe, there present in her sight,  
 Those two false brethren, on that perillous Bridge,  
 On which Pollente with Arthegall did fight.  
 Streight was the passage like a ploughed ridge,  
 That if two met, the one mote needs fall ouer the lidge.

There they did thinke themselues on her to wreake:  
 Who as she nigh vnto them drew, the one  
 These vile reproches gan vnto her speake:  
 Thou recreant false traytour, that with lone  
 Of arms hast knighthood stolne, yet Knight art none,  
 No more shall now the darknesse of the night  
 Defend thee from the vengeance of thy sone;  
 But with thy bloud thou shalt appease the spright  
 Of Guizer, by thee slaine, and murthered by thy flight.

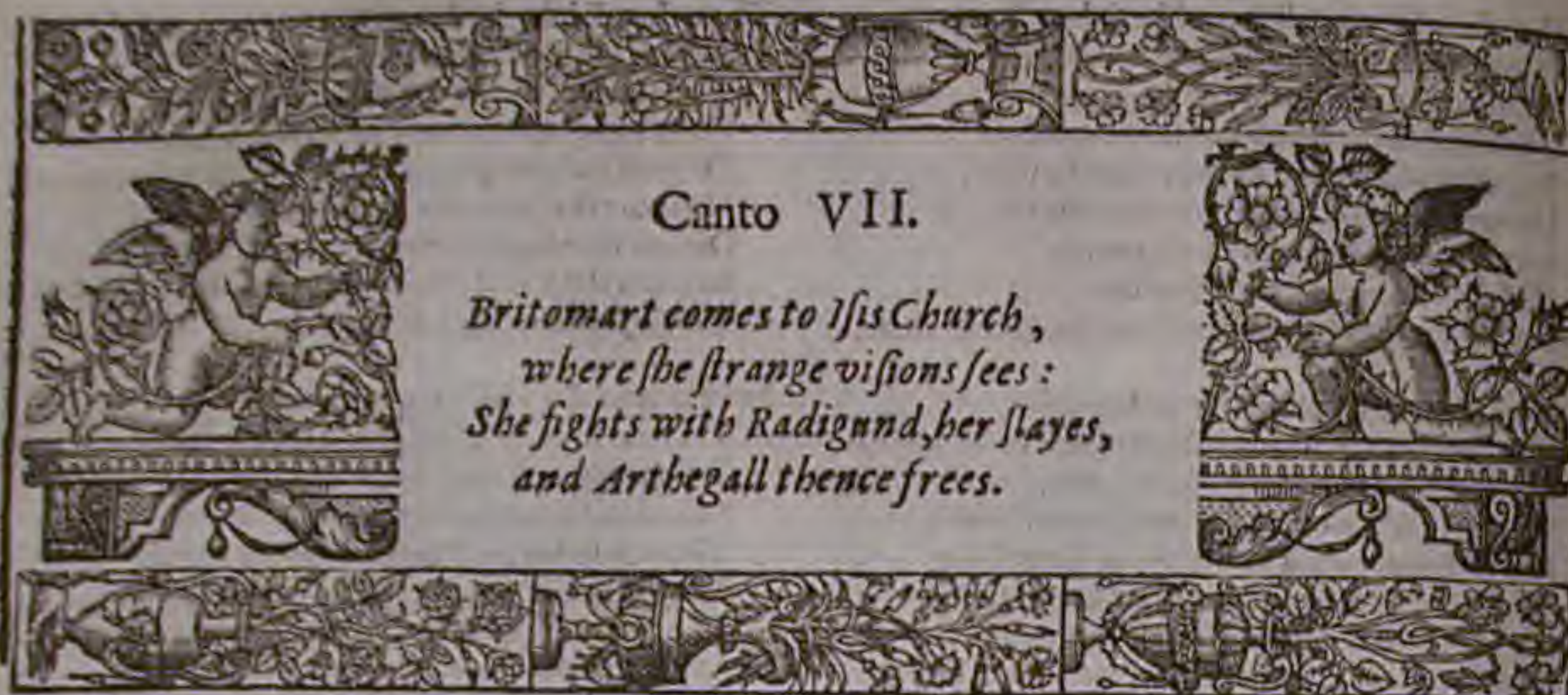
Strange were the wordes in Britomart's eare;  
 Yet staid she not for them, but forward fared,  
 Till to the perillous bridge she came: and there  
 Talus deli'd, that he might haue prepared  
 The way to her, and those two losels feared.  
 But she therat was wroth, that for despight  
 The glancing sparkles through her beuer glared,  
 And from her eyes did flash out fiery light,  
 Like coales, that through a siluer Center sparkle bright.

She staid not to aduize which way to take;  
 But putting spurs vnto her fiery beast,  
 Thorough the midst of them she way did make,  
 The one of them, which most her wrath increast,  
 Vpon her speare she bore before her breast,  
 Till to the Bridges further end she past;  
 Where falling downe, his challenge he releast:  
 The other ouer side the Bridge she cast  
 Into the Riuer, where he drunk his deadly last.

As when the flashing Leuiathan to light  
 Vpon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare,  
 That way betwixt them none appeares in sight;  
 The Engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare  
 Th' one from the earth, & through the aire doth beare;  
 The other it with force doth ouerthrowe,  
 Vpon one side, and from the roots doth reare:  
 So did the Championesse those two there strowe,  
 And to their fire their carcasses left to bestowe.







<sup>1</sup> Ought is on earth more sacred or diuine,  
That gods and men doe equally adore,  
Then this same vertue, that doth right define:  
For th'heavens thes' loes, whence mortal me im-  
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore (plore  
Of highest love, who doth true iustice deale  
To his inferior gods, and euermore  
Therewith contains his heavenly Common-weale:  
The skill whercof to Princes hearts he doth reueale.

<sup>2</sup> Well therefore did the antique world inuent,  
That Iustice was a god of foueraigne grace,  
And altars vnto him, and temples lent,  
And heavenly honors in the highest place;  
Calling him great *Osyris*, of the race  
Of th' old Egyptian Kings, that whilome were;  
With fained colours shading a true case:  
For, that *Osyris*, whilest he liued here,  
The iustest man alike, and truest did appeare.

<sup>3</sup> His wife was *Isis*, whom they likewise made  
A goddess of great power and foueraignty,  
And in her person cunningly did shade  
That part of Iustice, which is Equity,  
Whereof I haue to treat here presently.  
Vnto whose temple when as *Britomart*  
Arriu'd, shee with great humility  
Did enter in, ne would that might depart;  
But *Talus* mote not be admitted to her part.

<sup>4</sup> There she receiu'd was in goodly wize  
Of many Priests, which duely did attend  
Vpon the rites and daily sacrifice,  
All clad in linnen robes with siluer hemd;  
And on their heads with long lockes comely kemd  
They wore rich Mitres shaped like the Moone,  
To shew that *Isis* doth the Moone portend;  
Like as *Osyris* signifies the Sunne,  
For that they both like race in equall iustice runne.

<sup>5</sup> The Championesse, them greeting, as she could,  
Was thence by them into the Temple led;  
Whose goodly building when she did beholde,  
Borne vpon stately Pillors, all dispredd  
With shining golde, and arched ouer-head,  
She wondred at the workmans passing skill,  
Whose like before she neuer saw nor red;  
And thereupon long while stood gazing still,  
But thought that she thereon could neuer gaze her fill.

<sup>6</sup> Thence, forth vnto the Idoll they her brought,  
The which was framed all of siluer fine,  
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,  
And clothed all in garments made of line,  
Hemd all about with fringe of siluer twine.  
Vpon her head she wore a crowne of gold,  
To shewe that she had powre in things diuine;  
And at her feet a Crocodile was rold,  
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

<sup>7</sup> One foote was set vpon the Crocodile,  
And on the ground the other fast did stand,  
So meaning to suppress both forged guile,  
And open force: and in her other hand  
She stretched forth a long white slender wand.  
Such was the goddess; whom when *Britomart*  
Had long beheld, her selfe vpon the land  
She did prostrate, and with right humble heart  
Vnto her selfe her silent prayers did impart.

<sup>8</sup> To which, the Idoll as it were inclining,  
Her wand did moue, with amiable looke,  
By outward shew her inward sense defining.  
Who, well perceiving, bow her wand she shooke,  
It as a token of good fortune tooke,  
By this, the day with dampe was ouer-cast,  
And ioyous light the house of *Ioue* forooke:  
Which when she sawe, her helmet she valac't,  
And by the Altars side her selfe to slumber plac't.

For

<sup>9</sup> For other beds the Priests there vsed none,  
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,  
And bake their sides vpon the cold hard stone,  
T'enture themselves to sufferance thereby;  
And proud rebellious flesh to mortifie.  
For, by the vow of their religion,  
They tied were to stedfast chastite,  
And continence of life; that, all forgon,  
They mote the better tend to their deuotion.

<sup>10</sup> Therefore they mote not taste of fleshy food,  
Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud containe,  
Ne drinke of wine: for, wine, they say, is blood;  
Euen the bloud of Giants, which were slaine  
By thundring *Ioue* in the Phlegrean Plaine.  
For which the earth (as they the story tell)  
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine  
Had damnd her sonnes, which gainst them did rebell,  
With inward griefe and malice did against them swell.

<sup>11</sup> And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed  
Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought  
The fruitfull Vine; whose liquor bloudy red,  
Hauing the minds of men with fury fraught,  
Mote in them stirre vp old rebellious thought,  
To make new warre against the Gods againe:  
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought  
The fell contagion may thereof restraine;  
Ne, within reasons rule, her madding mood containe.

<sup>12</sup> There, did the war-like Maid her selfe repose,  
Vnder the wings of *Isis* all that night;  
And with sweet rest her heavy eyes did close,  
After that long dayes toyle and weary plight.  
Where, whil't her earthly parts with soft delight  
Of senselesse sleepe did deeply drowned lie,  
There did appeare vnto her heavenly spright  
A wondrous vision, which did close imply  
The course of all her fortune and posteritie.

<sup>13</sup> Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifice  
To *Isis*, deckt with Mitre on her head,  
And linnen stole, after those Priestesses guise,  
All suddainly she saw transfigured  
Her linnen stole to be of Scarlet red,  
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold;  
That euen she her selfe much wondered  
At such a change, and ioyed to behold  
Her selfe, adorn'd with gems and iewels manifold.

<sup>14</sup> And in the midst of her felicity,  
An hideous tempest seemed from belowe,  
To rise through all the Temple suddainly,  
That from the Altar all about did blowe  
The holy fire, and all the embers strowe  
Vpon the ground: which, kindled primly,  
Into outrageous flames vnwares did growe,  
That all the Temple put in iecopardy  
Of flaming, and her selfe in great perplexity.

<sup>15</sup> With that, the Crocodile, which sleeping lay  
Vnder the Idols feet in senselesse bowre,  
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,  
As being troubled with that stormy stowre;  
And gaping greedy wide, did straight deuoure  
Both flames and tempest: with which growen great,  
And swolne with pride of his owne peerlesse powre,  
He gan to threaten her likewise to eate;  
But that the goddess with her rod him backe did beat.

<sup>16</sup> Tho, turning all his pride to humble mecke,  
Himselfe before her feet he lowly threw,  
And gan for grace and loue of her to seeke:  
Which she accepting, he so neere her drew,  
That of his game shee soone enwomb'd grew,  
And forth did bring a Lion of great might,  
That shortly did all other beasts lubbew,  
With that, she waked, full of fearfull fright,  
And doubtfully dismayd through that so vncomly sight.

<sup>17</sup> So, there vpon long while she musing lay,  
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie,  
Vntill she spide the lampe of lightsome day,  
Vp-lifted in the porche of heauen hie.  
Then vp she rose fraught with melancholy,  
And forth into the lower parts did pass;  
Where-as the Priests she found full busily  
About their holy things, for morrow Mals:  
Whom she saluting faire, faire saluted was.

<sup>18</sup> But by the change of her vnhearefull looke,  
They might perceiue she was not well in plight;  
Or that some pensiuenesse to hart she tooke,  
Therefore thus one of them (who seem'd in sight  
To be the greatest, and the grauest wight)  
To her bespake; Sir Knight, it seemes to me,  
That thorough euill rest of this last night,  
Or ill apaid, or much dismayd ye bee,  
That by your change of cheare is easie for to see.

<sup>19</sup> Certes, said she, with ye so well haue spide  
The troublous passion of my pensue minde,  
I will not seeke the same from you to hide,  
But will my cares vnfold, in hope to find  
Your ayde, to guide me out of error blind.  
Say on, quoth he, the secret of your hart:  
For, by the holy vow which me doth bind,  
I am adu'd, best counsell to impart  
To all, that shall require my comfort in their smart.

<sup>20</sup> Then gan she to declare the whole discourse  
Of all that vision which to her appear'd,  
As well as to her minde it had recourse,  
All which when he vnto the end had heard,  
Like to a weake faint-harted man he fared,  
Through great astonishment of that strange sight;  
And with long locks vp-standing, stiffly stard,  
Like one adaw'd with some dreadfull spright:  
So,ild with heavenly fury, thus he her behight.

A 2 3

Mazniick



21  
Magnifick Virgin, that in queint disguise  
Of Britissh armes doost marke thy royall blood,  
So to pursue a perillous emprise,  
How could'st thou ween, through that disguised hood,  
To hide thy state from being understood?  
Can from th'immortall Gods ought hidden bee?  
They doe thy linage, and thy Lordly brood;  
They doe thy Sire, lamenting sore for thee;  
They doe thy Loue, forlorne in womens thraldom see.

22  
The end whereof, and all the long euent,  
They doe to thee in this same dreame discover.  
For that same Crocodile doth represent  
The righteous Knight, that is thy faithfull Louer,  
Like to *Ossyn* in all iust endeuer.  
For that same Crocodile *Ossyn* is,  
That vnder *Iffs* feet doth sleepe for euer:  
To shew that clemencie oft, in things amiss,  
Restraines those sterne behests, and cruell doomes of his.

23  
That Knight shall all the troublous stormes assuage,  
And raging flames, that many foes shall reare,  
To hinder thee from the iust heritage  
Of thy Sires Crowne, and from thy Country deare.  
Then shalt thou take him to thy loued fere,  
And ioine in equall portion of thy Realme:  
And afterwards, a sonne to him shalt beare,  
That Lion-like shall shew his powre extreame.  
So blesse thee God, and giue thee ioyance of thy dreame.

24  
All which when she vnto the end had heard,  
She much was eased in her troublous thought,  
And on those Priests bestowed rich reward:  
And royall gifts of gold and silver wrought,  
She for a present to their goddesse brought.  
Then taking leaue of them, she forward went,  
To seeke her Loue, where he was to be fought;  
Ne rested till she came without relet:  
Vnto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

25  
Whereof when newes to *Radigund* was brought,  
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,  
She was confused in her troublous thought:  
But fild with courage and with ioyous glee,  
As glad to heare of armes, the which now she  
Had long surceast, she bade to open bold,  
That she the face of her new foe might see.  
But when they of that iron man had told, (hold,  
Which late her folke had slaine, shee bade them forth to

26  
So, there without the gate (as seemed best)  
She caused her Pavilion be pight;  
In which stout *Britomart* her selfe did rest,  
Whiles *Talus* watched at the dore all night.  
All night likewise, they of the towne in fright,  
Vpon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.  
The morow next, so soone as dawning light  
Bade down away the damps of drouzie sleepe,  
The war-like Amazon out of her bowre did peepe;

27  
And caused straight a Trumpet loud to shrill,  
To warne her foe to battell soone be prest:  
Who, long before awoke (for she full ill  
Could sleepe all night, that in inquiet brest  
Did closely harbour such a ialous guest)  
Was to the battell whylome ready dight.  
Eftsoones that warriouresse with haughty crest  
Did forth issue, all ready for the fight:  
On th' other side her foe appeared soone in sight.

28  
But ere they reared hand, the Amazone  
Began the straight conditions to propound,  
With which the vsed still to tie her fone;  
To serue her so, as she the rest had bound.  
Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd  
For high disdain of such indignity,  
And would no longer treat, but bade them sound,  
For her no other tearmes should euer tie  
Then what prescribed were by lawes of Cheualrie.

29  
The Trumpets sound, and they together run  
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smote;  
Ne eyther sought the other strokes to shun,  
But through great furie both their skill forgot,  
And practicke vse in armes; ne spared not  
Their daintie parts, which Nature had created  
So faire and tender, without stain or spot,  
For other vses then they them translated;  
Which they now hackt & hew'd, as if such vse they hated.

30  
As when a Tigre and a Lionesse  
Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,  
Both challenge it with equall greedinesse:  
But first the Tigre clawes thereon did lay;  
And therefore loth to loose her right away,  
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stand:  
To which the Lion strongly doth gain-say,  
That she to hunt the beaust first tooke in hand;  
And therefore ought it haue, where euer she it fond.

31  
Full fiercely layd the Amazon about,  
And dealt her blowes vnmercifully fore:  
Which *Britomart* withstood with courage stout,  
And them repaid againe with double more.  
So long they fought, that all the grassie flore  
Was fild with blood, which from their sides did flowe,  
And gushed through their armes, that all in gore  
They trode, and on the ground their liues did strowe.  
Like fruitles seed, of which vntimely death should growe.

32  
At last, proud *Radigund* with fell despight,  
Hauing by chaunce espyde aduantage neare,  
Let driue at her with all her dreadfull might,  
And thus vpbaying, said; This token beare  
Vnto the man whom thou doost loue so deare;  
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gauest.  
Which spightfull words, she fore engruen'd to heare,  
Thus answer'd; Lewdly thou my Loue deprauest.  
Who shortly must repent that now so vainly brauest.  
Nath'lesse,

33  
Nath'lesse, that stroke so cruell passage found,  
That glauncing on her shoulder plate, it bit  
Vnto the bone, and made a grisly wound,  
That she her shield through raging smart of it  
Could scarce vphold; yet soone she it requit.  
For, hauing force increast through furious paine,  
She her so rudely on the helmet smit,  
That it empiereed to the very braine,  
And her proud person lowe prostrated on the Plaine.

34  
Where being layd, the wrathfull Britonnesse  
Stayd not till she came to her selfe againe,  
But in reuenge both of her Loues distresse,  
And her late vile reproche, though vaunted vaine,  
And also of her wound, which sore did paine,  
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft.  
Which dreadfull sight, when all her war-like traine  
There present saw, each one (of sense bereft)  
Fed fast into the towne, and her sole Victor left.

35  
But yet, so fast they could not home retreat,  
But that swift *Talus* did the foremost win;  
And pressing through the preace vnto the gate,  
Pelmeil with them at once did enter in.  
There then a pittious slaughter did begin:  
For, all that euer came within his reach,  
He with his iron slaie did thresh so thin,  
That he no worke at all left for the Leach:  
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may empeach.

36  
And now by this, the noble Conqueresse  
Her selfe came in, her glory to partake;  
Where though reuengefull vow she did professe,  
Yet when she saw the heaps which he did make  
Of slaughtered carcasses, her hart did quake  
For very ruth, which did it almost ruse,  
That she his fury willed him to slake:  
For, else he sure had left not one aliue,  
But all in his reuenge of spirit would deprive.

37  
Tho, when she had his execution stayd,  
She for that iron prison did enquire,  
In which her wretched Loue was captiue layd:  
Which breaking open with indignat ire,  
She entred in to all the parts entire.  
Where when she saw that lothly vncouth sight,  
Of men disguis'd in womanish attire,  
Her hart gan grudge, for very deepe despight  
Of so vnmanly maske, in misery midlight.

38  
At last, when-as to her owne Loue she came,  
Whom like disguise no lesse deformed had,  
At sight thereof abasht with secret shame,  
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad,  
To haue beheld a spectacle so sad:  
And then too well belien'd, that which to-fore  
Ialous (suspect as true vntruly drad,  
Which vaine conceits now flourish no more,  
She fought with ruth to salue his sad misfortunes fore.

39  
Not so great wonder and astonishment,  
Did the most chaste *Penelope* possesse,  
To see her Lord, that was reported drent,  
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,  
Come home to her in pittious wretchednesse,  
After long trauell of full twenty yeares,  
That she knew not his fauours likenesse,  
For many yeares, and many hoary haire:  
But stood long staring on him, mongst vacertaine feares.

40  
Ah! my deare Lord, what light is this, quoth she,  
What May-game hath misfortune made of you?  
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be  
Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t' embrew  
In blood of Kings, and great boasts to subdew?  
Could ought on earth so wondrous change haue  
As to haue robd you of that manly hew? (wrought,  
Could so great courage stooped haue to ought?  
Then farewell fleshly force; I see thy pride is nought.

41  
Thence, forth she straight into a bowre him brought,  
And caus'd him thole vncomely weeds vndight;  
And in their steede for other rayment sought,  
Whereof there was great store, and armours bright,  
Which had bene reit from many a noble Knight;  
Whom that proud Amazon subdew'd had,  
Whil't Fortune fauour'd her successe in fight:  
In which when-as she him anew had clad,  
She was reui'd, and ioy'd much in his semblance glad.

42  
So, there awhile they afterwards remained,  
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:  
During which space she there as Princeps reigned,  
And changing all that forme of common weale,  
The liberty of women did repeale,  
Which they had long vsurpt; and them restoring  
To mens subiection, did true Iustice deale:  
That all they, as a goddesse her adoring,  
Her wisdom did admire, and harkned to her loving.

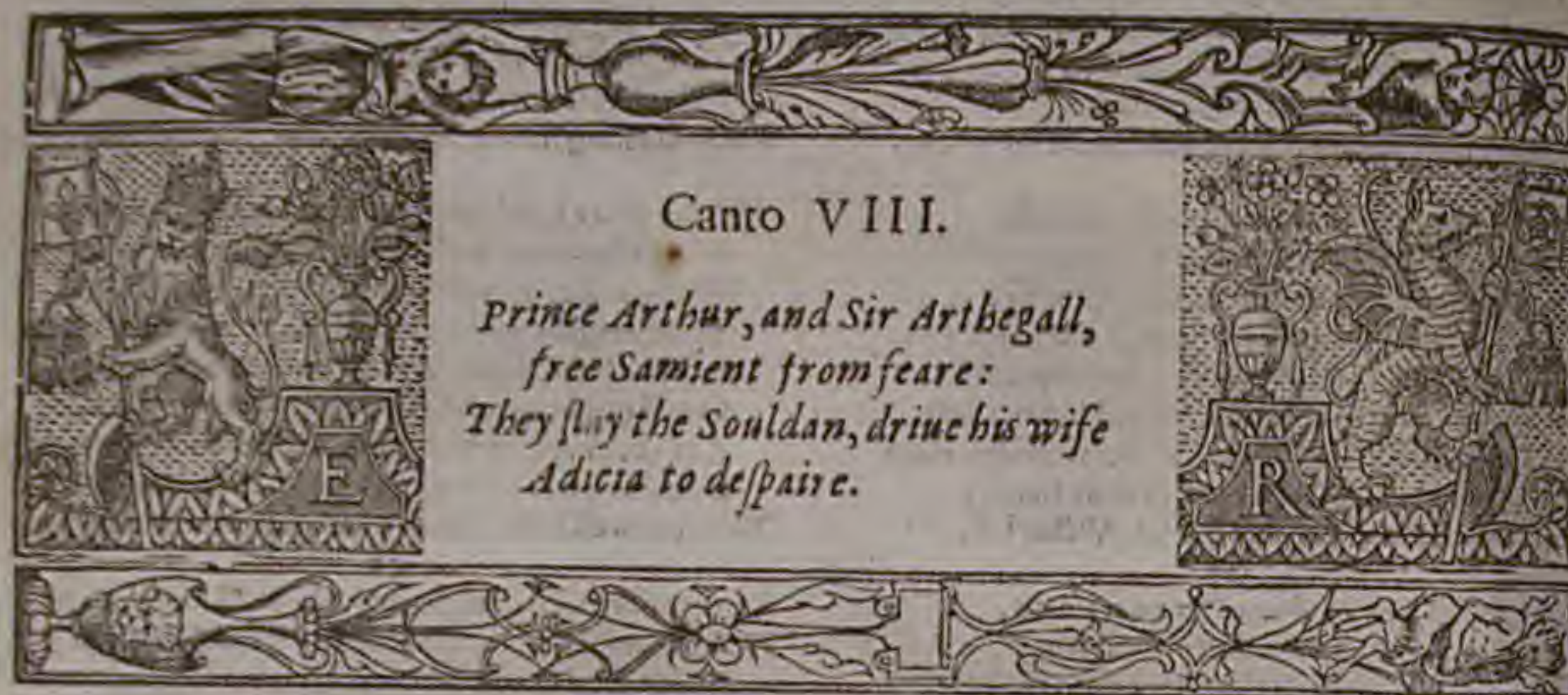
43  
For, all those Knights, which long in captiue shade  
Had throwed been, she did from thraldome free;  
And Magistrates of all that Citie made,  
And gaue to them great liuing and large fee:  
And that they should for euer faithfull bee,  
Made them sweare fealty to *Arthegall*.  
Who when him selfe now well recur'd did see,  
He purpos'd to proceed, what-so befall,  
Vpon his first aduerture, which him forth did call.

44  
Full sad and sorrowfull was *Britomart*  
For his departure, her new cause of griefe;  
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,  
Seeing his honour, which she rendred chiefe,  
Consisted much in that aduentures priefe.  
The care whereof, and hope of his successe  
Gaue vnto her great comfort and reliefe,  
That womanish complaints she did repress,  
And tempered for the time her present heavinesse.



There she continu'd for a certaine space,  
Till through his want her woe did more increase:  
Then hoping that the change of ayre and place  
Would change her paine, and sorrow some-what cease,

She parted thence, her anguish to appease.  
Meane-while, her noble Lord Sir *Arthegall*  
Went on his way, ne euer howre did cease,  
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:  
That for another Canto will more fully fall.



## Canto VIII.

Prince Arthur, and Sir Arthegall,  
free Samient from feare:  
They slay the Souldan, drive his wife  
Adicia to despair.

**N**ought vnder heauē so strongly doth allure  
The sense of man, & all his mind possesse,  
As beauties lovely bait, that doth procure  
Great warriors oft their rigour to repress,  
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;  
Drawn with the powre of an hart-robbling  
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,  
(eye,  
That can with melting pleasure mollifie  
Their hardened harts, cou'd to bloud and cruelty.

So whylome learn'd that mighty Iewish swaine,  
Each of whose locks did match a man in might,  
To lay his spoyle before his Lemans train:  
So also did that great Oeteen Knight  
For his Loues like his Lions skin vndight:  
And so did wast-like *Antony* neglect  
The worlds whole rule, for *Cleopatra* sight.  
Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aspect,  
To captiue men, and make them all the world reiect.

Yet could it not sterne *Arthegall* retaine,  
Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,  
Which he had vnderstane to *Gloriane*;  
But left his Loue (as he her strong request)  
Fair *Britemart*, in languor and vncert,  
And rode himselfe vpon his first intent:  
Ne day nor night did euer idly rest;  
Ne wight but onely *Talus* with him went,  
The true guide of his way and vertuous gouernment.

So travelling he chanc'd faire off to heed  
A Damzell flying on a palfrey fast  
Before two Knights, that after her did speed  
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chace,

In hope to haue her ouerhent at last:  
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre out-went,  
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle agast,  
With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent;  
And euer as she rode, her eye was backward bent.

Soone after these, he saw another Knight,  
That after those two former rode apace,  
With speare in rest, and pricks with all his might:  
So ran they all, as they had been at bace,  
They being chased, that did others chafe.  
At length, he saw the hindmost ouertake  
One of those two, and force him turne his face:  
How euer loth he were his way to flake,  
Yet mote he algaies now abide, and answer make.

But th' other still pursu'd the fearefull Maid;  
Who still from him as fast away did flie,  
Ne once for ought her speedy passage staid,  
Till that at length she did before her spie  
Sir *Arthegall*, to whom she straight did hie  
With gladfull halte, in hope of him to get  
Succour against her greedy enemy:  
Who, seeing her approche, gan forward set  
To saue her from her feare, and him from force to let.

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,  
Being impatient of impediment,  
Continu'd still his course, and by the way  
Thought with his speare him quite haue ouer-went.  
So, both together ylike felly bent,  
Like fiercely met. But *Arthegall* was stronger,  
And better skild in Tilt and Turnament,  
And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer (wronger)  
Then two speares length; so mischief ouermarcht the

And

And in his fall, misfortune him mistooke;  
For, on his head vnhappy he pight,  
That his owne weight, his necke asunder broke,  
And left there dead. Meane-while, the other Knight  
Defeated had the other faytour quight,  
And all his bowels in his body brast:  
Whom leauing there in that despitous plight,  
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast  
His other fellow Pagan, which before him past.

In stead of whom, finding there ready preft  
Sir *Arthegall*, without discretion  
He at him ran, with ready speare in rest:  
Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,  
Against him made againe. So both anon  
Together met, and strongly eyther strooke  
And broke their speares; yet neyther has forgon  
His horses back, yet to & fro long shooke, (quooke,  
And tottred like two towres, which through a tempest

But when againe they had recovered sense,  
They drew their swords, in mind to make amends  
For what their speares had faild of their pretence.  
Which when the Damzell, who those deadly ends  
Of both her foes had scene, and now her friends  
For her beginning a more fearefull fray;  
She to them runnes in haste, and her haire rends,  
Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,  
Vnill they both do heare, what she to them will say.

They stayd their hands, when she thus gan to speake;  
Ah! gentle Knights, what meane ye thus vnwise  
Vpon your selues anothers wrong to wreake?  
I am the wrongd, whom ye did enterprise  
Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise:  
Witness the Paynims both, whom ye may see  
There dead on ground. What doe ye then denise  
Of more reuenge? if more, then I am shee,  
Which was the roote of all: end your reuenge on mee.

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about,  
To weet if it were true as she had told;  
Where, when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,  
Eftsoones they gan their wrathfull hands to hold,  
And Ventails reare, each other to behold.  
Tho, when as *Arthegall* did *Arthur* view,  
So faire a creature, and so wondrous bold,  
He much admired both his hart and hew,  
And touched with intire affection, nigh him drew;

Saying, sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,  
That all vnweeting haue you wrongd thus sore:  
Suffring my hand against my hart to stray:  
Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore  
Yield for amends my selfe yours euermore,  
Or what-so penance shall by you be red,  
To whom the Prince; Certes, me needeth more  
To craue the same, whom error so misled,  
As that I did mistake the liuing for the ded.

But sith ye please, that both our blames shall die,  
Amends may for the trespasse soone be made,  
Sith neither is endamag'd much thereby.  
So can they both themselves full eath perswade  
To faire accordance, and both faulits to shade,  
Eyther embracing other louingly,  
And swearing faith to cyther on his blade,  
Neuer thence-forth to nourish enmity,  
But eyther others cause to maintaine mutually.

Then *Arthegall* gan of the Prince enquire,  
What were those Knights which there on ground were  
And had receiu'd their follies worthy hire, (layd,  
And for what cause they chafed so that Maid.  
Certes, I wote not well, the Prince then said;  
But by aduerture found them firing so,  
As by the way vnweetingly I strайд:  
And so, the Damzell selfe, whence all did growe,  
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion knowe.

Then they that Damzell called to them nie,  
And asked her, what were those two her sone,  
From whom she erst so fast away did flie;  
And what was she her selfe to woe begone,  
And for what cause pursu'd of them atone,  
To whom she thus; Then wote ye well, that I  
Do serue a Queene, that not far hence doth wone,  
A Princesse of great powre and maiestie,  
Famous through all the world, and honour'd far and nie:

Her name *Mercilla* most men vnto call;  
That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,  
For her great bounty knowne ouer all,  
And fountaine grace, with which her royall Crowne  
She doth support, and strongly beateh downe  
The malice of her foes, which her enuy,  
And at her happinesse do fret and frowne:  
Yet she her selfe the more doth magnifie,  
And euen to her foes her mercies multiply.

Mongst many which maligne her happy state,  
There is a mighty man, which wounes hereby,  
That with most fell despight and deadly hate,  
Seeks to subvert her Crowne and dignity;  
And all his powre doth there vnto apply:  
And her good Knights (of which so braue a band  
Serues her, as any Princesse vnder sky)  
He eyther spoyle, if they against him stand,  
Or to his part allures, and bribeth vnder hand.

Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill  
Which he vnto her people does each day,  
But that he seekes by traytrous traines to spill  
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay:  
That O ye heauens defend, and turne away  
From her, vnto the miscreant himselfe,  
That neyther hath religion nor fay,  
But makes his God of his vngodly selfe,  
And Idols serues; so let his Idols serue the Elfe.

T



20  
To all which cruel tyrannie, they say,  
He is preuokt, and stirr'd vp day and night  
By his bad wife that hight *Adicia*,  
Who countels him (through confidence of might)  
To breake all bonds of law, and rules of right.  
For, she her selfe professeth mortall foe  
To iustice, and against her still doth fight,  
Working to all that loue her, deadly woe,  
And making all her Knights and people to doe so.

21  
Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best,  
With that his wife in friendly wile to deale,  
For first of strife, and stablishment of rest  
Both to her selfe, and to her Common-weale,  
And all fore-past displeasures to repeale.  
So me in wellage vnto her she sent,  
To treat with her by way of enterdeale,  
Of final peace and faise attonement,  
Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

22  
All times haue wont safe passage to afford  
To messengers, that come for causes iust:  
But this proud Dame, dildayning all accord,  
Not onely into bitter tearmes forth brust,  
Reuiling me, and rayling as she lust;  
But lastly, to make prooue of vmost shame,  
Me like a dogge she out of dores did thrust,  
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,  
That neuer did her ill, ne once deserued blame.

23  
And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,  
When I was gone, soone after me she sent  
These two false Knights, whom there yet lying see,  
To be by them dishonoured and shent:  
But thank be God, and your good hardiment,  
They haue the price of their owne folly payd.  
So said this Damzell, that hight *Samient*;  
And to those Knights for their so noble ayd,  
Her selfe most gratfull shew'd, and heaped thanks repaid.

24  
But they, now hauing throughly heard and seene  
All those great wrongs, the which that maid explained  
To haue beene done against her Lady Queene,  
By that proud Dame, which her so much distained,  
Were moued much thereto, and twixt them faigned,  
With all their force to worke auengement strong  
Vpon the Souldan selfe, which it maintained;  
And on his Lady, th'author of that wrong,  
And vpon all those Knights that did to her belong.

25  
But, thinking best by counterfet disguise  
To their deileigne to make the easier way,  
They did this complot twixt themselves deuise:  
First that *Arthegall* should him array,  
Like one of those two Knights which dead there lay.  
And then that Damzell, she said *Samient*,  
Should as his purchast prize with him conuay  
Vnto the Souldans Court, her to present  
Vnto his scornfull Lady, that for her had sent.

26  
So, as they had deuiz'd, *Arthegall*  
Him clad in th'armour of a Pagan Knight;  
And taking with him, as his vanquish't thrall,  
That Damzell, led her to the Souldans right.  
Where, soone as his proud wife of her had sight  
(Forth of her window as she looking lay)  
Shee weened straight it was her Paynim Knight;  
Which brought that Damzell, as his purchast pray;  
And sent to him a Page, that mote direct his way.

27  
Who, bringing them to their appointed place,  
Offer'd his seruice to disarme the Knight;  
But he, refusing him to let volace,  
For doubt to be discouered by his fight,  
Kept himselfe still in his strange armour dight.  
Soone after whom, the Prince arriv'd there;  
And tending to the Souldan in despight  
A bold defiance, did of him requere  
That Damzell, whom he held as wrongfull prisonere.

28  
Where-with, the Souldan all with furie fraught,  
Swearing, and banoing most blasphemously,  
Commanded straight his armour to be brought;  
And mounting straight vpon a Charet hie,  
With iron wheelcs and hooks arm'd dreadfully,  
And drawne of cruell steeds, which he had fed  
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyrannie  
He slaughter'd had, and ere they were halfe dead,  
Their bodies to his beasts for prouender did spred;

29  
So, forth hee came all in a coate of plate,  
Burnisht with bloody rust; whiles on the Greene  
The Briton Prince him ready did await,  
In glistering armes right goodly well becene,  
That shone as bright, as doth the heauen sheene;  
And by his stirrup *Talus* did attend,  
Playing his Pages part, as he had beene  
Before directed by his Lord; to th'end  
He should his faile to finall execution bend.

30  
Thus goe they both together to their gear,  
With like fierce minds, but meanings different:  
For, the proud Souldan with presumptuous cheare,  
And countenance sublime and insolent,  
Sought onely slaughter and auengement:  
But the braue Prince for honour and for right,  
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regment,  
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:  
More in his causes truth he trusted then in might.

31  
Like to the *Thracian* Tyrant, who they say  
Vnto his horses gaue his guests for meat,  
Till he himselfe was made their greedy pray,  
And torne in peeces by *Aleides* great,  
So thought the Souldan in his folles threat,  
Eyther the Prince in peeces to haue torne  
With his sharpe wheelcs, in his first rages heat,  
Or vnder his fierce horses feet haue borne  
And trampled downe in dust his thoughtles disdain'd

But

32  
But the bold child that perill well espying,  
If he too rashly to his Charet drew,  
Gaue way vnto his horses speedy flying,  
And their resistlesse rigour did eschew.  
Yet, as he palled by, the Pagan threw  
A shiuering dart with so impetuous force,  
That had he not it shund with heedfull view,  
It had himselfe transfix'd, or his horse,  
Or made them both one masse withouten more remorse.

33  
Of drew the Prince vnto his Charet nigh,  
In hope some stroke to fasten on him neare;  
But he was mounted in his seat so high,  
And his wing-footed couriers him did beare  
So fast away, that ere his ready speare  
He could aduance, he faire was gone and past.  
Yet still he him did follow euery where,  
And followed was of him likewise full fast;  
So long as in his steeds the flaming breath did last.

34  
Again, the Pagan threw another dart,  
Of which he had with him abundant store,  
On euery side of his embattel'd cart,  
And of all other weapons lesse or more,  
Which warlike vles had deuiz'd of yore.  
The wicked shaft guided through th'ayle wide,  
By some bad spirit, that it to mischief bore,  
Sayd not, till through his curat it did glide,  
And made a grievous wound in his enriuen side.

35  
Much was he grieued with that haplesse throe,  
That opened had the well-spring of his blood;  
But much the more that to his hateful foe  
He mote not come, to wreake his wrathfull mood.  
That made him raue, like to a Lion wood,  
Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand  
Can not come neere him in the covert wood,  
Where he with boughes hath built his shady stand,  
And fenc't himselfe about with many a flaming brand.

36  
Still when he sought to approach vnto him nie,  
His Charet wheelcs about him whirled round,  
And made him ba:ke againe as fast to flie;  
And eke his steeds, like to an hungry hound,  
That hunting after game hath carrion found,  
So cruelly did him pursue and chase,  
That his good steed, all were he much renownd  
For noble courage, and for hardy race,  
Dur'd not endure their sight, but fled from place to place.

37  
Thus, long they trac't, and trauest to and fro,  
Seeking by euery way to make some breach:  
Yet could the Prince not nigh vnto him goe,  
That one sure stroke he might vnto him reach,  
Whereby his strengthes assay he might him teach.  
At last, from his victorious shield he drew  
The veile, which did his powrefull light empeach;  
And comming full before his horses view,  
As they vpon him prest, it plaine to them did shew.

38  
Like lightening flash, that hath the gazer burn'd,  
So did the sight thereof their sense distray,  
That backe againe vpon themselves they turn'd,  
And with their rider ran perforce away:  
Ne could the Souldan, ne the on flying stay,  
With raines, or wonted rule, as well he knew.  
Nought feared they, what he could doe or say,  
But in onely feare that was before their view;  
From which, like mazed Deere, dismayfully they flew.

39  
Fast did they flie, as them their feet could beare,  
High ouer hilles, and lowely ouer dales,  
As they were follow'd of their former feare.  
In vaine the Pagan bannes, and swears, and railes,  
And back with both his hands vnto him hailes  
The resly raines, regarded now no more:  
He to them calles and speakes, yet nought auails;  
They heare him not, they haue forgot his lore,  
But go which way they list, their guide they haue forlore.

40  
As when the fiery-mouthed steeds, which drew  
The Sunnes bright waine to *Phaetons* decay,  
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion view,  
With vgly craples crawling in their way,  
The dreadfull sight did them so sore affray,  
That their well known courses they forwent;  
And leading th'eu' burning lampe astray,  
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,  
And left their scorched path yet in the firmament.

41  
Such was the fury of these head-strong steeds,  
Soone as the Infants sun-like shield they saw,  
That all obedience both to words and deeds  
They quite forgot, and scorn'd all former law;  
(draw  
Through woods and rocks, and mountains they did  
The iron Charet, and the wheelcs did teare,  
And tost the Paynim, without feare or awe;  
From side to side they tost him here and there,  
Crying to them in vaine, that n'ould his crying heare.

42  
Yet still the Prince pursu'd him close behind,  
Of making offer him to smite, but found  
No easie meane according to his mind.  
At last, they haue all ouer-throwne to ground  
Quite topside turcy, and the Pagan hound  
Amongst the iron hookcs and grapples keene,  
Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound;  
That no whole pece of him was to be seene,  
But scatter'd all about, and strow'd vpon the Greene.

43  
Like as the cursed sonne of *Thesus*,  
That following his chace in dewy morne,  
To flie his *Stepdames* loue outrageous,  
Of his owne steeds was all to peeces torne,  
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne;  
That for his like *Diana* did lament,  
And all the wooddy Nymphs did waile and moune:  
So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,  
That of his shape appear'd no litle monument.

Only



44  
Ooely his shield and armour, which there lay,  
Though nothing whole, but all to brus'd and broken,  
He vp did take, and with him brought away,  
That more remaine for an eternall token  
To all, amongst whom this story should be spoken,  
How worthily, by heauens high decree,  
Iustice that day of wrong her selfe had wroken;  
That all men which that spectacle did see,  
By like ensample more for euer warned bee.

45  
So, on a tree before the Tyrants dore,  
He caused them be hung in all mens sight;  
To be a monument for euer more,  
Which when his Lady from the Castles hight  
Beheld, it much appall'd her troubled sight:  
Yet not as women wont in dolefull fit,  
She was dismay'd, or faint'd through affright,  
But gathered vnto her her troubled wit,  
And gan estoones dewse to be aueng'd for it.

46  
Straight downe she ranne, like an enraged cow,  
That is berobbed of her youngling dere,  
With knife in hand, and fatally did vow,  
To wrake her on that mayden messenger,  
Whom she had caus'd be kept as prisoner  
By *Arthegall*, misween'd for her owne Knight,  
That brought her hacket, And comming presort there,  
She at her ran, with all her force and might,  
All flaming with reuenge and furious despight.

47  
Like raging *Ino*, when with knife in hand  
She threw her husbands murder'd infant out;  
Or fell *Medea*, when on *Colchicke* strand  
Her brothers bones she scattered all about;  
Or as that madding mother, amongst the rout  
Of *Bacchus* Priests her owne deare flesh did teare,  
Yet neyther *Ino*, nor *Medea* stout,  
Nor all the *Mænades* so furious were,  
As this bold woman, when she saw that Damzell there.

48  
But *Arthegall*, being thereof aware,  
Did stay her cruell hand, ere she her raught,  
And as she did her selfe to strike prepare,  
Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught:  
With that, like one enfeign'd or distraught,  
She forth did come, whither her rage her bore,  
With frantick passion, and with fury fraught;  
And breaking forth out at a postern dore,  
Vnto the wilde wood ran, her dolours to deplore.

49  
As a mad bitch, when as the frantick fit  
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,  
Deth runne at randon, and with furious bit  
Snatching at euery thing, doth wrake her wrath  
On man and beast that commeth in her path,  
There they do say, that she transformed was  
Into a Tigre, and that *Tigres* seath  
In cruelty and outrage she did put,  
To proue her surname true, that she imposed has.

50  
Then *Arthegall*, himselfe discouering plaine,  
Did issue forth gainst all that war-like rout  
Of Knights and armed men, which did maintaine  
That Ladies part, and to the Souldan lout:  
All which he did assault with courage stout,  
All were they nigh an hundred Knights of name,  
And like wilde Goates them chased all about,  
Flying from place to place with coward shame,  
So that with finali force them all he ouercame.

51  
Then caused he the gates be opened wide;  
And there the Prince, as Victor of that day,  
With triumph entertain'd and glorified,  
Presenting him with all the rich array,  
And royall pompe, which there long hidden lay,  
Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious wrong  
Of that proud Souldan, whom he earst did slay,  
So, both, for rest there hauing stand not long,  
Marcht with that mayd; fit matter for another song.

Canto



## Canto IX.

*Arthur and Arthegall catch Guile,  
whom Talus doth dismay:  
They to Mercillaes palace come,  
and see her rich array.*

1  
That Tigre, or what other saluage wight  
Is so exceeding ferocious and fell, (might)  
As wrong, when it hath arm'd it selfe with  
Not fit amongst men, that do with reason mel,  
But amongst wilde beasts and saluage woods to dwell;  
VWhere still the stronger doth the weake deuoure,  
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell,  
Are dradded most, and feared for their powre:  
Fit for *Adicia*, there to build her wicked bowre.

2  
There let her wonne farre from resort of men,  
Where righteous *Arthegall* her late exiled,  
There let her euer keepe her damned den,  
Where none may be with her lewd parts defiled,  
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoiled:  
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late  
We did him leaue, after that he had foyled  
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate  
Had viterly subverted his vnrighteous state.

3  
Where, hauing with Sir *Arthegall* a space  
Well solac'd in that Souldans late delight,  
They both resolving now to leaue the place,  
Both it and all the wealth therein beight  
Vnto that Damzell in her Ladies right,  
And so would haue departed on their way,  
But shee them woo'd by all the meanes she might,  
And earnestly besought, to wend that day  
With her, to see her Lady thence not farre away.

4  
By whose entreatie both they overcommen,  
Agree to goe with her, and by the way  
(As often fall's) of sundry things did commen,  
Amongst which, that Damzell did to them bewray  
A strange adventure, which not farre thence lay;  
To weere, a wicked villaine, bold and stout,  
Which wonned in a rock not farre away,  
That robbed all the Country there about. (out)  
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it

5  
Thereto, both his owne wilke wit, she said,  
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,  
Both vnassailable, gaue him great ayde:  
For he so crafty was to forge and face,  
So light of hand, and nimble of his tale,  
So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,  
That could deceiue one looking in his face:  
Therefore by name *Malengin* they him call,  
Well knowen by his feates, and famous ouer all.

6  
Through these his flights he many doth confound:  
And eke the rocke, in which he wons to dwell,  
Is wondrous strong, and hewen far vnder ground  
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell:  
But some doe say, it goeth downe to hell,  
And all within, it full of windings is,  
And hidden wayes, that scarce an hound by smell  
Can follow out those false foot-steps of his,  
Ne none can back returne, that once are gone amiss.

7  
Which when those knights had heard, their harts gan  
To vnderstand that villaines dwelling place, (yearene,  
And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,  
And by which way they towards it should trace,  
Were not, said she, that it should let your pace  
Towards my Ladies presence by you meant,  
I would you guide directly to the place.  
Then let not that, said they, stay your intent,  
For, neither will one foot, till we that Carle haue hent.

8  
So, forth they past, till they approached nie  
Vnto the rock where was the villaine won.  
Which when the Damzell neere at hand did spy,  
She ward the Knights thereof: who there-upon  
Gan to aduize, what best were to be done.  
So both agreed to send that mayd afore,  
Where she might sit right to the deu alone,  
Wayling, and raising pittifull vtore,  
As if she did some great calamity deplore.



<sup>9</sup> VVith noyse whereof, when as the caytiue Carle  
Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,  
They in awaite would closely him ensteele,  
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,  
And so would hope him easily to foile.  
The Damzell straight went, as she was directed,  
Vnto the rock; and there, vpon the soile  
Hauing her selfe in wretched wise abiected,  
Gan weep and wail, as if great griefe had her affected.

<sup>10</sup> The cry whereof, entering the hollow Caue,  
Escoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,  
VVith hope of her some wishfull boot to haue.  
Full dreadfull wight he was, as euer went  
Vpon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,  
And long curld locks, that downe his shoulders flag-  
And on his backe an vncooth vestiment (ged,  
Made of strange stuffe, but all to worne and ragged;  
And vnderneath, his breech was all to torne and ragged.

<sup>11</sup> And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,  
VVhose top was arm'd with many an iron booke,  
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,  
Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke;  
And euer round about he cast his looke.  
As at his backe a great wide net he bore,  
VVith which he seldome fished at the brooke,  
But vs'd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,  
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great store.

<sup>12</sup> Him when the Damzell saw fast by her side,  
So vgly creature, she was nigh dismayd;  
And now for helpe aloud in earnest cride.  
But when the villaine saw her so affraid,  
He gan with guilefull words her to perswade  
To banish feare: and with Sardonian smile  
Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,  
Gan forth to lay his bayre her to beguile,  
That frō her selfe vnwares he might her steale the while.

<sup>13</sup> Like as the Fowler on his guilefull pipe,  
Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,  
That they the whiles may take lesse heedie keepe,  
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:  
So did the villaine to her prate and play,  
And many pleasant tricks before her shewe,  
To turne her eyes from his intent away:  
For he in sleights and juggling feares did flowe,  
And of legier-de-mainie the mysteries did knowe.

<sup>14</sup> To which, whil' st she lent her intentiue mind,  
He suddenly his net vpon her threw,  
That ouer-sprad her like a puffe of wind;  
And fastching her soone vp, ere well she knew,  
Ran with her fast away vnto his mew,  
Crying for helpe aloud. But when as nigh  
He came vnto his Caue, and there did view  
The armed knights, stopping his passage by,  
He threw his burden downe, and fast away did flie.

<sup>15</sup> But *Arthegall*, him after did pursue,  
The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance still:  
Vp to the rocke he ran, and theron flew  
Like a wilde Goat, leaping from hill to hill,  
And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will;  
That deadly danger seem'd in all mens sight,  
To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill:  
Ne ought auailed for the armed knight,  
To thinke to follow him, that was so swift and light.

<sup>16</sup> Which when he sawe, his iron man he sent  
To follow him: for, he was swift in chace,  
He him pursu'd where euer that he went,  
Both ouer rocks, and hilles, and euery place:  
Where-so he fled, he follow'd him apace:  
So that he shortly fore't him to forsake  
The height, and downe descend vnto the base.  
There he him couit afresh, and soone did make  
To leaue his proper forme, and other shape to take.

<sup>17</sup> Into a Foxe himselfe he first did tourne;  
But he him hunted like a Fox full fast:  
Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme;  
But he the bush did beat, till that at last  
Into a bird it chang'd, and from him past,  
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand:  
But he then stones at it so long did cast,  
That like a stone it fell vpon the land,  
But he then tooke it vp, and held fast in his hand.

<sup>18</sup> So he it brought with him vnto the Knights,  
And to his Lord Sir *Arthegall* it lent,  
Warning him hold it fast, for feare of sleights.  
Who whil' st in hand it griping hard he bent,  
Into a Hedghogge all vnwares it went,  
And prickt him so, that he away it threw,  
Then gan it runne away incontinent,  
Beeing returned to his former hew:  
But *Talus* soone him over-tooke, and backward drew.

<sup>19</sup> But, when as he would to a snake againe  
Hauē turn'd himselfe, he with his iron flail  
Gan drine at him, with so huge might and maine,  
That all his bones, as small as landy graile  
He broke, and did his bowels disentraile;  
Crying in vaine for helpe, when help was past.  
So did deceit the selfe deceiuer faile:  
There they him left a carrion out-cast,  
For beasts and fowles to feed vpon for their repast.

<sup>20</sup> Thence, forth they passed with that gentle Maid,  
To see her Lady, as they did agree.  
To which when she approached, thus she said:  
Lo, now, right noble Knights, armin'd ye bee  
Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see:  
There shall ye see my soueraigne Lady *Queene*,  
Most sacred wight, most debonaire and free,  
That euer yet vpon this earth was seene,  
Or that with Diademe hath euer crowned beene.

The

<sup>21</sup> The gentle Knight reioyced much to heare  
The praises of that Prince so manifold;  
And passing little further, commen were,  
VWhere they a stately Palace did behold,  
Of pompous shewe, much more then she had told;  
VVith many towres, and terraces mount hie,  
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,  
That seemed to out-shine the dimmest sky,  
And with their brightnes daz'd the strange beholders eye.

<sup>22</sup> There they, alighting, by that Damzell were  
Directed in, and shewed all the light:  
Whose porch, that most magnifick did appeare,  
Stood open wide to all men day and night;  
Yet warded well by one of mickle might,  
That late thereby, with gyant-like resemblance,  
To keepe out guile, and malice, and delpight,  
That vnder shewe oft-times of fained semblance,  
Are wont in Princes Courts to work great leache and hin-  
(drance.

<sup>23</sup> His name was *Awe*; by whom they passing in  
VVent vp the hall, that was a large wide roome,  
All full of people making troublous din,  
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some,  
VVhich vnto them was dealing righteous doome.  
By whom they passing through the thickest preace,  
The Marshall of the hall to them did come;  
His name hight *Order*, who commaunding peace,  
Them guided through the throng, that did their clamors  
(ceasse.

<sup>24</sup> They ceast their clamors, vpon them to gaze;  
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,  
Strange there to see, it did them much amaze,  
And with vnwonted terror halfe affray.  
For, neuer sawe they there the like array.  
Ne euer was the name of warre there spoken,  
But ioyous peace and quietnesse alway,  
Dealing iust iudgements, that mote not be broken  
For any bribes, or threats of any to be wroken.

<sup>25</sup> There as they entred at the Serience, they saw  
Some one, whose tongue was for his trespasse vile  
Nayld to a poste, adradged so by law:  
For that there-with he falsely did reuile,  
And foule blasphemie that *Queene* for forged guile,  
Both with bold speeches, which he blazed had,  
And with lewd poems, which he did compile;  
For, the bold title of a Poet had  
He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling rimes had sprad.

<sup>26</sup> Thus, there he stood, whil' st high over his head,  
There written was the purport of his sin,  
In cyphers range, that few could rightly read,  
R O N F O N S: but *Bon* that once had written bin,  
Was rased out, and *Mal* was now put in.  
So now *Malisont* was plainly to be read:  
Either for shew, which he did therein,  
Or that he likened was to a Well-shed  
Of euill words, and wicked slanders by him shed.

<sup>27</sup> They, passing by, were guided by degree  
Vnto the presence of that granous *Queene*;  
Who late on high, that she might all men see,  
And might of all men royally be seene,  
Vpon a throne of gold full bright and shene  
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,  
As either might for wealth haue gotten beene,  
Or could be traun'd by workmans rare druce;  
And all embost with Linns, and with Flour-de-luce.

<sup>28</sup> All over her a cloth of state was spread,  
Not of rich rissle, nor of cloth of gold,  
Nor of ought else, that may be richest red,  
But like a cloud, as likeli may be told,  
That her broad spreading wings did wide vtold;  
Whole skirts were bordered with bright sunny beames,  
Glistring like gold, amongst the light enrold,  
And here and there shooting forth silver streamers,  
Mongst which crept little Angels through the glistring  
(gleames.

<sup>29</sup> Seemed those little Angels did uphold  
The cloth of State, and on their purple wings  
Did beare the pendants, through their nimble hold:  
Besides, a thousand more of such, as floggs  
Hymnes to high God, and carols heavenly things,  
Encompassed the throne, on which she sat;  
She Angel-like, the heire of ancient Kings,  
And mighty Conquerors, in royall state,  
Whil' st Kings and Kellars at her feet did them prostrate.

<sup>30</sup> Thus she did sit in soueraigne Maestie,  
Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,  
The sacred pledge of peace and elemencie,  
VVith which high God had blest her happy land,  
Maugre so many foes, which did with stand.  
But at her feet her sword was likewise layd,  
Whose long rest rusted the bright sleety brand;  
Yet when as foes enforce'd, or friends sought syde,  
She could it sternely draw, that all the world dismayd.

<sup>31</sup> And round about, before her feet there sat  
A bevy of faire Virgins clad in white,  
That goodly seem'd to adorne her royall state,  
All lovely daughters of high *Tame*, that hight  
*Lite*, by him begot in lones delight,  
Vpon the righteous *Thems*: thole they lay,  
Vpon *Tones* iudgement seat wait day and night,  
And when in wrath he thre as the worlds decay,  
They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance lay.

<sup>32</sup> They also doe by his diuine permission,  
Vpon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,  
And often treat for pardon and remission,  
To suppliants, through frailtie which offend.  
Thole did vpon *Mercillan* throne attend:  
Iust *Dice*, wife *Fancie*, mild *Eirene*;  
And them amongst, her glory to commend,  
Sat goodly *Temperance* in perrous cleues,  
And sacred *Reuerence*, yborne of heavenly steues.

B b 2

Thus



Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,  
Admiring many, honoured of all;  
Whil' she vnderneath her feet, there as she sat,  
An huge great Lion lay, that mote appall  
An hardy courage, like captiued thrall,  
With a strong iron chain and collar bound,  
That once he could not moue, nor quich at all;  
Yet did he murmur with rebellious sound,  
And loudly royned, when saluage choler gan redound.

So, sitting high in draddled sovereignty, (brought;  
Those two strange Knights were to her presence  
Who, bowing low before her Maestie,  
Did to her milde obedience, as they ought,  
And meekest boone, that they imagine mought.  
To whom she eke inclining her withall,  
As a faire shoupe of her high soaring thought,  
A cheerefull countenance on them let fall,  
Yet tempered with some maistie imperiall.

As the bright sunne, what time his fiery teame  
Towards the weasterne brim begins to draw,  
Guns to abate the brightnesse of his beame,  
And seruour of his flames some what adaw:  
So did this mighty Lady, when she saw  
Those two strange knights such homage to her make,  
Bare some what of that Maestie and awe,  
That whylome wont to do so many quake,  
And with more milde aspect those two to enttake.

Now, at that instant, as occasion fell,  
When these two stranger knights arriv'd in place,  
She was about affaires of Common-weale,  
Dealing of iustice with indifferent grace,  
And hearing pleas of people meane and base.  
Mongst which as then, there was for to be heard  
The tryall of a great and weighty case,  
Which on both sides was then debating hard:  
But at the sight of these, those were awhile debard.

But, after all her princely entertaine,  
To the hearing of that former cause in hand,  
Her selfe elsdoones she gan conuert againe;  
Which that thole knights likewise mote vnderstand,  
And witnesse forth aright in foraine land,  
Taking them vp vnto her stately throne,  
Where they mote heare the matter thoroughly scand  
On either part, she placed th' one on th' one,  
The other on the other side, and neere them none.

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the barre,  
A Lady of great countenance and place,  
But that she it with foule abuse did marre;  
Yet did appeare rare beauty in her face,  
But blotted with condition vile and base,  
That all her other honour did obscure,  
And titles of nobilitie deface:  
Yet, in that wretched semblant, she did fore  
The peoples great compassion vnto her alure.

Then vp arose a person of deepe reach,  
And rare in light, hard matters to reueale; (speech  
That well could charme his tongue, and time his  
To all affaires; his name was called Zeale:  
He gan that Lady strongly to appeale  
Of many hainous crimes, by her enured;  
And with sharpe reasons rang her such a peale,  
That those, whom she to pity had allured,  
He now t'abhorre and loath her person had procured.

First, gan he tell, how this that seem'd so faire  
And royally arrayd, *Duesse* hight,  
That false *Duesse*, which had wrought great care,  
And mickle mischief vnto many a knight,  
By her beguiled, and confounded quight:  
But not for those she now in question came,  
Though also those mote question'd be aright,  
But for vile treasons, and outrageous shame,  
Which she against the drad *Mercilla* oft did frame.

For, she whylome (as ye mote yet right well  
Remember) had her counsels false conspired,  
With faithlesse *Blandamour* and *Paridell*  
(Both two her Paramours, both by her hired,  
And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspired)  
And with them practis'd how for to deprive  
*Mercilla* of her Crowne, by her aspired,  
That she might it vnto her selfe deriue,  
And triumph in their blood, whom she to death did drive.

But through high heuens grace (which fauour not  
The wicked drifts of trayterous designers,  
Gainst loyall Princes) all this cursed plot,  
Ere prooffe it tooke, discovered was betimes,  
And th' actors won the meed meet for their crimes.  
Such bethe meed of all, that by such meane  
Vnto the type of kingdoms title climes,  
But false *Duesse*, now vntitled Queene,  
Was brought to her sad doome, as heere was to be seene.

Strongly did Zeale her hainous fact enforce,  
And many other crimes of foule defame  
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,  
And aggravate the horror of her blame.  
And with him to make part against her, came  
Many graue persons, that against her plead;  
First, was a sage old Sire, that had to name  
The Kingdoms care, with a white silver head,  
That many high regards and reasons gainst her read.

Then, gan *Authority* her to oppose  
With peremptory powre, that made all mute;  
And then the law of Nations gainst her rose,  
And reasons brought, that no man could refute;  
Next, gan *Religion* gainst her to impute  
High Gods behest, and powre of holy lawes;  
Then gan the Peoples cry, and Commons sute,  
Importune care of their owne publique cause;  
And lastly, *Iustice* charged her with breach of lawes.

But

But then for her, on the contrary party,  
Rose many aduocates for her to plead:  
First there came *Patty* with full tender heart,  
And with her boyne *Reyerd* of woman-head;  
And then came *Damier* threatening hidden dread,  
And high alliance vnto *Torren Powre*;  
Then came *Nobility* of birth, chise Bread  
Great ruth through the mistoftimes tragick flowre,  
And lastly *Griefe* did plead, and many teares forth powre.

With the neete touch whereof in tender harte  
The Briton Prince was fore empessionate  
And wore inclined much vnto her part,  
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,  
And wretched rinde of so high estate;  
That for great wish his courage gan relent,  
Which when as Zele perceived to abate,  
He gan his earnest feruour to augment,  
And in any fearefull objects to them to present.

He gan efforce the euidence anew,  
And new accuements to produce in place:  
He brought forth that old Hap of bellish hew,  
The cursed *Ar*, brought her face to face,  
Vnto priuy was, and party in the case:  
She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay,  
Did her appeale, and to her more disgrace,  
The plot of all her practice did display,  
And all her traynes, and all her treasons forth did lay.

Then brought he forth, with griefly grim aspect,  
Abhorred *Murder*, who with bloody heme  
Yet stopping fresh in hand did her detect.  
And there with guilty blood-sted charged ryfe:  
Then brought he forth *Sedition*, breeding strife  
In troublous wits, and mutinous vp-rote:  
Then brought he forth *Incontinencie* of life,  
Even fobbe *Adultery* her face before,  
And lewd *Impetue*, that her accused fore.

All which when as the Prince had heard and seene,  
His former fancies with he gan repent,  
And from her party elsdoones was drawn cleene.  
But *Arthur* gall, with constant firme intent,  
For zeale of Iustice was against her bent.  
So was she guilty deemed of them all.  
Then Zele began to vige her punishment,  
And to their Queene for iudgement loudly call,  
Vnto *Mercilla* myld for Iustice gainst the drall.

But she, whose Princely I reall was touched neare  
With pious ruth of her so wretched plight,  
Though plaine she sawe by all, that she did heare,  
That she of death was guilty found by right,  
Yet would not let iust vengeance on her light;  
But rather let in stead thereof to fall  
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light;  
The which she covering with her purple pall  
Would haue the passion hid, and vp wrote withall.

## Canto X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprife  
For Belge for to fight:  
Gertoneos Seneschall  
He slayes in Belges right.

Some Clarks doe doubt in their deuicifull art,  
Whether this heauenly thing, whereof I treat,  
To weeten *Mercy*, be of Iustice part,  
Or drawe forth from her by diuine exteat.  
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,  
And meriteth to haue as high a place,  
Sith in th' Almightyes euilusting feat  
Shee first was bred, and borne of heauenly race;  
From thence pour'd down on men, by influence of grace.

For, if that Vertue be of so great might,  
Which from iust verdict will for nothing start,  
But to prelerue inuoluted right,  
Oft smiles the principall, to laue the part;  
So much more then is that of powre and art,  
That seekes to laue the lubric of her skill,  
Yet neuer doth from doome of right depart:  
As it is greater payle to laue, then spill,  
And better to reforme, then to cut off the ill.

B b 3

VWho



Who then can thee, *Mercilla*, throughly praise,  
That heerein do't all earthly Princes praise?  
What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour raise?  
Up to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,  
And now on earth it selfe enlarged has,  
From th' utmost brinke of the *Armerick* shore,  
Vnto the margent of the *Malucas*?  
Those Nations fare thy iustice doe adore:  
But thine own people do thy mercy praise much more.

Much more it praised was of those two knights:  
The noble Prince, and righteous *Arthegall*,  
When they had seene and heard her doom arights  
Against *Drossa*, damped by them all;  
But by her tempter without griefe or gall,  
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce.  
And yet euen then ruine her wilfull fall,  
With more then needfull naturall remorse,  
And yeelding the last honour to her wretched cosse.

During all which, those knights continu'd there,  
Both doing and receiving courtesies,  
Of that great Lady, who with goodly cheare,  
Them entertain'd, fit for their dignities,  
Approuing daily to their noble eyes  
Royall examples of her mercies rare,  
And worthy patterns of her clemencies;  
Which till this day moongit many living are,  
Vvho them to their posterities doe still declare.

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,  
There came two Springalls of full tender yeares,  
Fare thence from forrein land, where they did dwell,  
To seek for succour of her and her Peares,  
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;  
Sent by their mother, who a widowe was,  
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares,  
By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has  
Her land, and slaine her children rufully, alas!

Her name was *Belgé*, who in former age  
A Lady of great worth and wealth had beene,  
And mother of a fruitfull heritage,  
Euen seuenteen goodly sonnes; which who had seene  
In their first flowre, before this fatal teene  
Them onetooke, and their faire blossoms blasted,  
More happy mother would her surely weene,  
Then famous *Nisibé*, before she tasted  
*Lamart* childrens wrath, that all her issue wasted.

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,  
Had left her now but five of all that brood:  
For, twelue of them he did by times deuoure,  
And to his Idols sacrifice their blood,  
Vvhill't he of none was stopped, nor withstood.  
For, soothly he was one of matchlesse might,  
Of horrible aspect, and dreadfull mood,  
And had three bodies in one wise empight,  
And th' armes & legs of three, to succour him in fight.

And sooth they say, that he was borne and brad,  
Of Gyants race, the sonne of *Geryon*,  
He that whylome in Spaine so sore was drad,  
For his huge powre and great oppression,  
Vvwhich brought that land to his subiection,  
Through his three bodies powre, in one combyn'd;  
And eke all strangers in that region  
Arryuing, to his kynne for food asynd;  
The fayrest kynne aloue, but of the fiercest kynd.

For, they were all, they say, of purple hew,  
Kept by a cow-heard, hight *Eurytion*;  
A cruell earle, the which all strangers flew,  
Ne day nor night did sleepe, t' attend them on,  
But walkt about them euer and anone,  
With his two headed dogge, that *Orthrus* hight;  
*Orthrus* begotten by great *Typhaoon*,  
And foule *Echidna*, in the houle of night;  
But *Hercules* them all did ouercome in fight.

His sonne was this, *Geryoneo* hight:  
Who, after that his monstrous father fell  
Vnder *Alcides* club, straight tooke his flight  
From that sad land, where he his fire did quell,  
And came to this, where *Belgé* then did dwell,  
And florish in all wealth and happinesse,  
Being then new made widowe (as befell)  
After her noble husbands late decease;  
Which gaue beginning to her woe and wretchednes.

Then this bold tyrant, of her widow-head  
Taking aduantage, and her yet fresh woe,  
Himselfe and seruice to her offered,  
Her to defend against all forrein foes,  
That should their powre against her right oppose.  
Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,  
Him entertain'd, and did her champion chose:  
Which long he vs'd with careful diligence,  
The better to confirme her fearlesse confidence.

By meanes whereof, she did at last commit  
All to his hands, and gaue him soueraine powre  
To do, what-euer he thought good or fit.  
Which hauing got, he gan forth from that howre  
To stirre vp strife, and many a Tragicke stowre,  
Giuing her dearest children one by one  
Vnto a dreadfull Monster to deuoure,  
And setting vp an Idole of his owne,  
The image of his monstrous parent *Geryone*.

So tyrannizing, and oppressing all,  
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,  
But vnto gracious great *Mercilla* call  
For ayde, against that cruell Tyrants theft,  
Ere all her children he from her had rest.  
Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes, she sent  
To seek for succour of this Ladies guest:  
To whom then late they humbly did present,  
In th' hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

Amongst

Amongst the which, then fortun'd to be  
The noble Briton Prince, with his braue Peare:  
Who when he none of all those knights did see  
Hastily bent that enterprise to beare,  
Nor undertake the same, for coward feare,  
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,  
Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,  
And humbly gan that mighty Queene entreat,  
To grant him that aduantage for his former feat.

She gladly granted it: then he, straight way,  
Himselfe vnto his journey gan prepare,  
And all his armours ready dight that day,  
That naught the morrow next mote stay his fare.  
The morrow next appear'd, with purple hayre  
Yet dropping fresh out of the *Indian* fount,  
And bringing light into the heavens faire,  
Vvhen he was ready to his steed to mount,  
Vnto his way, which now was all his care and count.

Then taking humble leave of that great Queene,  
Who gaue him royall gifts and riches rare,  
As tokens of her thankfull mind becene,  
And leauing *Arthegall* to his owne care:  
Vpon his voyage forth he gan to fare,  
With thole two gentle youths, which him did guide,  
And all his way before him still prepare.  
Ne after him did *Arthegall* abide,  
But on his first adventure forward forth did ride.

It was not long, till that the Prince arriued  
Vvithin the land, where dwelt that Lady sad,  
Vvhereof that Tyrant had her now depriued,  
And into moores and marthes banisht had,  
Out of the pleasant soyle, and Citties glad,  
In which she wont to harbour happily:  
But now his cruelty so sore she drad,  
That to those fennes for safenesse she did fly,  
And there her selfe did hide from his hard tyranny.

There he her found in sorrow and dismay,  
All solitary without liuing wight;  
For, all her other children, through affray,  
Had hid then selues, or taken further flight:  
And eke her selfe through sudden strange affright,  
When one in armes she lawe, began to fly;  
But when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,  
Shee gan take heart, and looke vp joyfully:  
For, well she wist this Knight came, succour to supply.

And running vnto them with greedy ioyes,  
Fell straight about their necks, as they did kneele:  
And bursting forth in teares; Ah my sweet boyes,  
Sayd she, yet now I gin new life to feeles;  
And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,  
Now rise againe, at this your ioyous fight.  
Already seems that Fortunes headlong wheele  
Begins to turne, and tunne to shine more bright.  
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight.

Then turning vnto him; And you Sir Knight,  
Sayd she, that taken haue this toyle some paine  
For wretched woman, miserable wight,  
May you in heauen immortall guerdon gaine  
For so great travell, as you doe sustaine:  
For other meed may hope for none of mine,  
To whom nought else, but bare life doth remaine;  
And that so wretched one, as ye doe see  
Is liker lingring death, then loathed life to bee.

Much was he moued with her pitious plight;  
And, lowe dismounting from his lofty steed,  
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,  
Seeking to driue away deep rooted dread,  
Vvith hope of helpe in that her greatest need.  
So, thence he wished her with him to wend,  
Vnto some place, where they mote rest and feed,  
And she take comfort, which God now did send:  
Good heart in euils doth the euils much amend.

Ay me! sayd she, and whither shall I goe?  
Are not all places full of forraine powres?  
My Palaces possessed of my foe,  
My Citties lackt, and their sky threatening towres  
Rased, and made smooth fields now full of flowres?  
Onely these marshes, and miry boggs,  
In which the fearfull cwties do build their bowres,  
Yeeld me an hofry mongst the croking frogs,  
And harbour heere in safety from those rancorous dogs.

Nath'lesse, sayd he, deare Lady with me goe:  
Some place shall vs receiue, and harbour yeeld;  
If not, we will it force, mauer you foe,  
And purchase it to vs with speare and shield:  
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field:  
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends.  
With such his cheerfull speeches he doth wield  
Her mind so well, that to his will she bends;  
And binding vp her locks & weeds, forth with him wends.

They came vnto a Citty faire vp land,  
The which whylome that Ladies owne had beene:  
But now by force extort out of her hand,  
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleane  
Her stately towres, and buildings sunny sheene;  
Shut vp her haven, mard her marchants trade,  
Robbed her people, that full rich had beene,  
And in her necke a Castle huge had made,  
The which did her command, without needing perswade.

That Castle was the strength of all that State,  
Vntill that State by strength was pulled downe:  
And that same Citty, so now ruinate,  
Had been the key of all that kingdome Crowne;  
Both goodly Caste, and both goodly Towne,  
Till that th' offended heavens list to lowe  
Vpon their blisse, and balefull Fortune frowne.  
When those gainst States and Kingdomes do conspire,  
Who then can thinke their headlong runne to recure?

But



But he had brought in now in terrible bond,  
And made it beare the yoke of inquisition;  
Striving long time in vaine it to withstand;  
Yet glad at last to make most base submission,  
And life enjoy for any composition,  
So now he hath new lawes and orders new  
Impos'd on it, with many a hard condition,  
And forced is, the honour that is dew  
To God, to do vnto his Idole most vntrew.

To him he hath, before this Castle Greene,  
Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed  
Of costly Iuory, full rich befreene,  
On which that curld Idole faire proclaimed,  
He hath set vp, and him his god hath named,  
Offring to him in full sacrifice  
The flesh of men, to Gods owne likeness framed,  
And pouring forth their blood in brutish wize,  
That any iron eyes to see it would agrize.

And for more horror and more crueltie,  
Vnder that curld Idols altar stone;  
An hideous monster doth in darkness lie,  
Whole dreadfull shape was neuer seene of none  
That liues on earth; but vnto those alone  
The which vnto him sacrificed bee.  
Those he deuoures, they say, both flesh and bone:  
What else they haue, is all the Tyrants fee;  
So that no whit of them remaining one may see.

There eke he placed a strong garrison,  
And set a Seneschall of drauded might,  
That by his powre oppressed euer one,  
And vanquished all venturous knights in fight;  
To whom he wot threw all the shame he might,  
After that them in battell he had wonne.  
To which, when now they gan approach in fight,  
The Lady counsell'd him the place to shonne,  
Whereas so many knights had foully been fordonne.

Her fearefull speeches nought he did regard;  
But riding straight vnder the Castle wall,  
Called aloud vnto the watchful ward,  
Which there did waite, willing them forth to call  
Into the field their Tyrants Seneschall.  
To whom when tidings thereof came, he straight  
Call'd for his armes, and arming him withall,  
Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,  
And gan with courage fierce addresse him to the fight.

They both encounter in the middle Plaine,  
And their sharpe speares doe both together smite  
Amid their shields, with so huge might and maine,  
That seem'd their foules they would haue riuen quight  
Out of their breasts, with furious deliight;  
Yet could the Seneschalls no entrance find  
Into the Princes shield, where it empight;  
So pure the metall was and well refyn'd,  
But shouered all about, and scattered in the wind.

Not so the Princes; but with testlesse force,  
Into his shield it ready passage found,  
Both through his habergeon, and eke his corse:  
Which tumbling down vpon the testlesse ground,  
Gave leaue vnto his ghost from thence to be bound,  
To wander in the grieved shades of night.  
There did the Prince him leaue in deadly swound,  
And thence vnto the Castle marched right,  
To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he might.

But as he nigher drew, three knights he spyde,  
All arm'd to point, issuing forth apace,  
Which towards him with all their powre did ride;  
And meeting him right in the middle race,  
Did all their speares at once on him enchaince.  
As three great Calutrenes for battery bent,  
And leu'd all against one certaine place,  
Doe all at once their thunders rage forth-rent,  
That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment.

So all at once they on the Prince did thunder;  
VVho from his saddle swarued nought aside,  
Ne to their force gaue way, that was great wonder,  
But like a Bulwark, firmly did abide;  
Rebutting him, which in the midst did ride,  
With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare  
Past through his shield, & pearc'd through either side,  
That downe he fell vpon his mother deare,  
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

VVhom when his other fellowes saw, they fled  
As fast as feet could carry them away;  
And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,  
To be aueng'd of their vnknighly play.  
There whilst they entring, th'one did th'other stay,  
The hindmost in the gate he over-hent,  
And as he pressed in, him there did slay:  
His carcase tumbling on the threshold, sent  
His groining soule vnto her place of punishment.

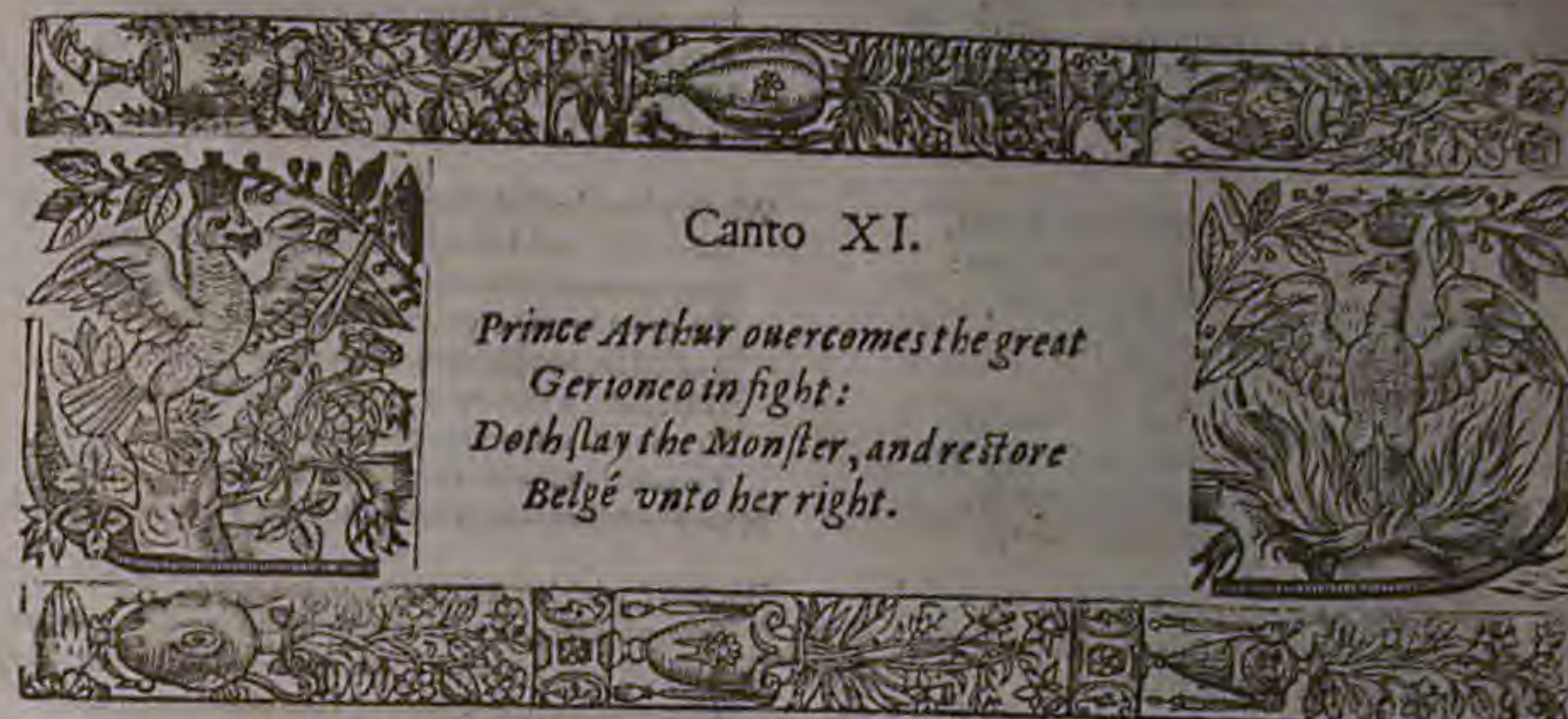
The other which was entred, laboured fast  
To speere the gate; but that same lumpe of clay,  
VVhose grudging ghost was there out fled and past,  
Right in the midst of the threshold lay,  
That in the Posterne did from closing stay:  
The whiles, the Prince had preaced in betweene,  
And entrance wonne. Straight th'other fled away,  
And ranne into the hall, where he did weene  
Himselfe to saue: but he there slew him at the screen.

Then all the rest which in that Castle were,  
Seeing that sad ensample them before,  
Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,  
And them conuayd out at a Posterne dore.  
Long sought the Prince: but when he found no more  
T'oppose against his powre, he forth issued  
Vnto that Lady, where he her had lore,  
And her gan cheare, with what she there had view'd,  
And what she had not seene, within vnto her shew'd.

Who

Who with right humble thanks him goodly greeting,  
For so great prowesse, as he there had proued,  
Much greater then was euer in her weeting,  
With great admirance inwardly was moued,

And honourd him, with all that her be honed.  
Thenceforth into that Castle he her led,  
With her two sonnes, right deare of her beloued,  
VVhere all that night themselves they cherished,  
And from her balefull minde all cure he banished.



It often falls in course of common life,  
That right, long time, is overborne of wrong,  
Through auice, or powre, or guile, or strife,  
That weakens her, & makes her party strong:  
But Iustice, though her doome she doe prolong,  
Yet at the last, she will her owne cause right.  
As by sad Belgé seemes, whose wrongs though long  
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,  
And sent redresse thereof by this braue Briton Knight.

Whereof when newes was so that Tyrant brought,  
How that the Lady Belgé now had found  
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,  
And laid his seneschall lowe on the ground,  
And eke him selfe did threaten to confound,  
He gan to burne in rage, and fiers in feare,  
Doubting the end of principle vnfound;  
Yet fith he heard but one, that did appeare,  
He did himselfe encourage, and take better cheare.

Nathelless, himselfe he armed all in haste,  
And forth he fard with all his many bad,  
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last  
Vnto the Castle, which they conquerd had.  
There with huge terror, to be more ydrad,  
He sternely marcht before the Castle gate;  
And with bold vaunts, and idle threatening bade  
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,  
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull state.

The Prince stayd not his answer to denize;  
But opening straight the Sparre, forth to him came,  
Full nobly mounted in right war-like wize;  
And asked him, if that he were the laue,

Who all that wrong vnto that wofull Dame  
So long had done, and from her a time had  
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame.  
He boldly answerd him, he there did stand  
That would his doings iustifie with his owne hand.

VVith that, so furiously at him he flew,  
As if he would haue over-run him streight;  
And with his huge great iron axe gan hew  
So hideously vpon his armour bright,  
As he to peeces would haue chopt it quight:  
That the bold Prince was forced foot to giue  
To his first rage, and yeeld to his deliight;  
The while 't at him so dreadfully he drue,  
That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could not rive.

Thereto a great aduantage eke he has  
Through his three double hands thrice multiplide,  
Besides the double strength, which in them was:  
For, still when fir occasion did betide,  
He could his weapon shift from side to side,  
From hand to hand, and with such nimblest fly  
Could wield about, that ere it were espide,  
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy,  
Behind, beside, before, as he it list apply.

Which vnough vs when as the Prince perceiued,  
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,  
Least by such sleight he were vnwares deceived;  
And euer ere he saw the stroke to land,  
He would it meet, and warily withstand.  
One time, when he his weapon fayn'd to shift,  
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,  
He met him with a counter-stroke so swift,  
That quite smit off his arme, as he it vp did lift.

There-



8  
Therewith, all fraught with fury and disdain  
He brayd aloud for very fell despight;  
And suddenly r'auenge him selfe againe,  
Gan into one assembl' all the might  
Of all his hands, and heaved them on high,  
Thinking to pay him with that one for all:  
But the fad Steele testid not, where it was hight,  
Vpon the child, but somewhat short did fall:  
And lighting on his hories head, him quite did mail.

9  
Downe straight to ground fell his astonishd speed,  
And eke to th' earth his burden with him bare:  
But he himselfe full lightly from him freed,  
And gan him selfe to fight on foot prepare.  
Whereof when as the Giant was aware,  
He wex right by the, as he had got thereby.  
And laught to loole, that all his teeth wide bare  
One might haue scene enrag'd disorderly,  
Like to a ranke of piles, that pitched are awry.

10  
Eftsoones againe his axe he raught on hie,  
Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare;  
And can let driue at him so dreadfully,  
That he had chaunced not his shield to reare,  
Ere that huge stroke arriv'd on him neare,  
He had him surely clouen quite in twaine.  
But th' Adamantine shield, which he did beare,  
So well was tempered, that (for all his maine)  
It would no passage yett vnto his purpose vaine.

11  
Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,  
That made him stagger with vncertaine sway,  
As if he would haue tottered to one side.  
Where with full wroth, he fiercely gan assay,  
That cur'd so with like kindnesse to repay;  
And smote at him with so importune might,  
That two more of his armes did fall away,  
Like fruitlesse branches, which the hatches flight  
Hath pruned from the native tree, and cropped quight.

12  
With that, all mad and furious he grew,  
Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,  
And curit, and band, and blasphemies forth threw  
Against his gods, and sic to them did threat,  
And bell vnto himselfe with horror great.  
Thenceforth he car'd no more, which way he strooke,  
Nor where it light, but gan to chaufe and sweat,  
And grist his teeth, and his head at him thooke,  
And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly looke.

13  
Nought fear'd the child his lookes, ne yet his threats,  
But onely wext now the more aware,  
To saue him selfe from thofe his furious heats,  
And watch advantage, how to work his care,  
The which good Fortune to him offerd faire.  
For, as he in his rage him ouerstrooke,  
He ere he could his weapon backe repaite,  
His side all bare and naked ouerstrooke,  
And with his mortall Steele quite through the bodie

14  
Through all three bodies he him strook attonce;  
That all the three attonce fell on the Plaine:  
Else should he thrice haue needed for the nonce,  
Them to haue stricken, and thrice to haue slaine,  
So now all three one fenselless lumps remaine,  
Eswallow'd in his owne black bloody gore,  
And byting th' earth for very deaths did aun;  
VWho with a clowd of night him covering, bore  
Downe to the house of doole, his daies there to deplore.

15  
Which when the Lady from the Castle saw,  
Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand  
Shee towards him in haste her selfe did draw,  
To greet him the good fortune of his hand:  
And all the people both of towne and land,  
Which there stood gazing from the Citties wall  
Vpon these warriours, greedy t'vnderstand  
To whether should the victory befall:  
Now when they sawe it false, they eke him greeted all.

16  
But Belgé, with her sonnes prostrated lowe  
Before his feet, in all that peoples sight,  
Mongst ioyes mixing some tears, mongst weale some  
Him thus bespake: O most redoubt knight,  
The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,  
That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe,  
And these weake impes replanted by thy might;  
What guerdon can I giue thee for thy paine,  
But euen that which thou sau'dst, thine still to remaine?

17  
He tooke her vp for by the lilly hand,  
And her recomfited the best he might,  
Saying, Deare Lady, deeds ought not be scand  
By th' authors manhood, nor the dooers might,  
But by their truth and by the causes right:  
That fame is it, which fought for you this day.  
What other meed then need me to requight,  
But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?  
That is the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay.

18  
She humbly thank't him for that wondrous grace,  
And further layd: Ah Sir, but mote ye please,  
Sith ye thus ferre haue tendred my poore case,  
As from my chiefest foe me to release,  
That your victorious arme will not yet cease,  
Till ye haue rooted all the relikes out  
Of that vile race, and established my peace.  
What is therelie, said he, left of their roote?  
Declare it boldly Dame, and doe not stand in doubt.

19  
Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby  
There stands an Idoll, of great note and name,  
The which this Giant receiued first on hie,  
And of his owne vaine fantasies the upht did frame:  
To whom for endless honour of his shame,  
He offerd vp for daily sacrifice,  
My children and my people burnt in flame;  
With all the tortures that he could deuize,  
The more t'aggrate his god with such his bloody guise.

20  
And vnderneath this Idoll there doth lie  
An hideous monster, that doth it defend,  
And feeds on all the carcases, that die  
In sacrifice vnto that cur'd fecend:  
Whose vgly shape none euer sawe, nor kend,  
That euer cap't: for, of a man they say  
It has the voice, that speeches forth doth send,  
Euen blasphemous words, which the doth bray  
Out of her poyntous entrails, fraught with dire decay.

21  
Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan yearne  
For great desire that Monster to assay,  
And prayd the place of her abode to learne,  
Which being they'd, he gan himselfe straight way  
Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display.  
So to the Church he came, where it was tolde,  
The Monster vnderneath the Altar lay:  
There he that Idoll sawe of massie golde  
Most richly made, but there no Monster did behold.

22  
Vpon the Image with his naked blade  
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke;  
And the third time, out of an hidden shade,  
There forth islewd, from vnder th' Altars smooke,  
A dreadfull fecend, with foule deformed looke,  
That sterch't it selfe, as it had long lien still;  
And her long taile and feathers strongly shooke,  
That all the Temple did with terror fill:  
Yet him nought terrifide, that feared nothing ill.

23  
An huge great Beast it was, when it in length  
Was stretched forth, that nigh fill'd all the place,  
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;  
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,  
Borne of the brooding of Ebidna bafe,  
Or other like infernall Furies kinde:  
For, of a Mayd she had the outward face,  
To hide the horror, which did lurke behind,  
The better to beguile, whom she so fond did finde.

24  
Thereto the body of a dog she had,  
Full of fell raue and fierce greedinesse;  
A Lions claws, with powre and rigour clad,  
To rend and teare what-so she can oppresse;  
A Dragons taile, whose sting without redresse  
Full deadly wounds, where-so it is empight;  
An Eagles wings for scope and speedinesse,  
That nothing may escape her reaching might,  
Whereto she euer list to make her hardy flight;

25  
Much like in foulnesse and deformity  
Vnto that Monster, whom the Theban Knight,  
The father of that fatal progeny,  
Made kill her selfe for very hearts despight,  
That he had read her riddle, which no wight  
Could euer loofe, but suffred deadly doole.  
So also did this Monster vse like flight  
To many a one, which came into her school,  
Whom she did put to death, deceiv'd like a fool.

26  
She coming forth, when as she first beheld  
The armed Prince, with shield so blazing bright,  
Her ready to assaile, was greatly quell'd,  
And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,  
That back she would haue turn'd for great affright.  
But he gan her with courage fierce assay,  
That forc't her to see againe in her despight,  
To saue her selfe, least that he did her slay:  
And sure he had her slaine, had she not turn'd her way.

27  
Tho, when she sawe, that she was forc't to fight,  
She flew at him, like to an hellish feend,  
And on his shield took hold with all her might,  
As if that it she would in peeces rend,  
Or reue out of the hand, that did it hend.  
Strongly he stroue out of her greedy gripe  
To loofe his shield, and long while did contend:  
But when he could not quite it, with one stripe  
Her Lions claws he from her feete away did wipe.

28  
With that, aloud she gan to bray and yell,  
And fowle blasphemous speeches forth did cast,  
And bitter curses, horrible to tell;  
That euen the Temple wherein she was plac't,  
Did quake to heare, and nigh afunder brast.  
Tho, with her huge long taile she at him strooke,  
That made him stagger, and stand halfe aghast  
With trembling ioynts, as he for terror shooke;  
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke.

29  
As when the Mast of some well timbred hulke  
Is with the blast of some outrageous storme  
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottom of the bulke,  
And makes her ribs to crack, as they were torne,  
Whil'st still she stands as stonish and forlorne:  
So was he stonn'd with stroke of her huge taile.  
But ere that it the backe againe had borne,  
He with his sword it strook, that without faile  
He toynted it, and mard the swinging of her haile.

30  
Then gan she cry much louder then afore,  
That all the people (there without) it heard,  
And Belgé selfe was therewith stonied fore,  
As if the onely sound therof she fear'd.  
But then the fecend her selfe more fiercely reard  
Vpon her wide great wings, and strongly flew  
With all her body at his head and beard;  
That had he not forecene with heedfull view,  
And thrown his shield atween, she had him done to rew.

31  
But as she prest on him with heauy sway,  
Vnder her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,  
And for her entrails made an open way,  
To ilue forth; the which, once being burst,  
Like to a great Mill dam forth fiercely gush't,  
And powred out of her infernall fuke  
Most vgly filth, and poyson therewith rust,  
That him nigh choked with the deadly stoke:  
Such loathly matter were small lust to speake or thicke.



Then downe to ground fell that deformed Masse,  
Breathing out clouds of sulphur towle and black,  
In which a puddle of contagion was,  
More loath'd then *Lerna*, or then *Stygian Lake*,  
That any man would nigh awaped make.  
Whom when he sawe on ground, he was full glad,  
And streight went forth his gladnelle to partake  
With *Belge*, who watcht all this while full sad,  
Wayting what end would be of that time danger drad.

Whom when she sawe so joyously come forth,  
She gan rooyce, and shew triumphant cheare,  
Lauding and praying his renowned worth,  
By all the names that honorable were.  
Then in he brought her, and her shewed there  
The present of his paines, that monsters spoyle,  
And eke that Idoll deem'd to costlly deare;  
Whom he did all to peeces breake and foyle  
In filthy dust, and left to in the loathly foyle.

Then all the people, which beheld that day,  
Gan shout aloud, that vnto heaven it rong;  
And all the damzels of that towne in ray,  
Came dauncing forth, and ioyous Carrolles song:  
So him they led through all their streets along,  
Crowned with garlands of immortal bayes;  
And all the vulgar did about them throng,  
To see the man, whose euerslasting prayle,  
They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

There he with *Belge* did awhile remaine,  
Making great feast and ioyous merriment,  
Vntill he had her settled in her raigne,  
VVith safe assurance and establishment.  
Then to his first emprise his mind he lent,  
Full loath to *Belge*, and to all the rest:  
Of whom yet taking leaue, thence forth he went  
And to his former journey him adrest,  
On which long way he rode, ne euer day did rest.

But turne we now to noble *Arthegall*;  
Who, hauing left *Mercilla*, streight way went  
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,  
To weete, to worke *Irenas* franchisement,  
And eke *Grantorto*s worthy punishment.  
So forth he fared as his manner was,  
With onely *Talus* waiting diligent,  
Through many perils, and much way did pass,  
Till migh vnto the place at length approach't he has.

There as he travel'd by the way, he met  
An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,  
Who through his yeeres long since aside had set  
The vie of armes, and battell quite forgone:  
To whom as he approach't he knewe anone,  
That it was he which whilome did attend,  
On faire *Irene* in her affliction,  
When first to Faerie Court he saw her wend,  
Vnto his loue's Queene her suite for to commend.

V Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan;  
Haile good Sir *Sergis*, truest Knight aliue,  
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than,  
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne deprive;  
What new occasion doth thee hither drue,  
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?  
Or is she thrall, or doth she not suruiue?  
To whom he thus; She liueth sure and sound;  
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound.

For, she presuming on th'appointed tyde,  
In which ye promist, as ye were a Knight,  
To meete her at the saluage Ilands tyde  
(And then and there for tryall of her right  
With her vortighteous enemy to fight)  
Did thither come: where she (affraid of nought)  
By guilefull treason and by subtilt sight  
Surprised was, and to *Grantorto* brought,  
Who her imprison'd hath, and her life often sought.

And now he hath to her prefixt a day,  
By which, if that no Champion doe appeare,  
Which will her cause in battailous array  
Against him iustifie, and proue her cleare  
Of all those crimes, that he gainst her doth reate,  
She death shall sure aby. Those tydings sad  
Did much abash Sir *Arthegall* to heare,  
And grieved sore, that through his fault she had  
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and vsage bad.

Then thus replide; Now sure and by my life,  
Too much am I too blame for that faire Maide,  
That haue her drawne to all this troublous strife,  
Through promise to afford her timely ayde,  
Which by default I haue not yet defraide,  
But witnesse vnto me, ye heauens, that knew  
How cleare I am from blame of this vpbraid:  
For, ye into like thraldome me did throwe,  
And kept from complishing the faith, which I did owe.

But now aread, Sir *Sergis*, how long space  
Hath he her lent a Champion to prouide:  
Ten daies, quoth he, he granted hath of grace,  
For that he weeneth well, before that tide  
None can haue tydings to assist her side.  
For, all the shores, which to the sea accoste,  
He day and night doth ward both farre and wide,  
That none can there strue without an hoster:  
So her he deemeth already but a damned ghost.

Now turne againe, Sir *Arthegall* then said:  
For if I liue till these ten dayes haue end,  
Assure you selfe, Sir Knight, she shall haue ayd,  
Though I this dearest life for her do spend;  
So backward he attone with him did wend,  
Tho, as they rode together on their way,  
A rout of people they before them kend,  
Flocking together in confus'd array,  
As if that there were some tumultuous affray.

To

To which as they approacht, the cause to knowe,  
They sawe a Knight in dangerous distresse  
Of a rude rout, him chasing to and fro,  
That fought with lawlesse powre him to oppresse,  
And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse:  
And farre away, amid their rake-hell bands,  
They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,  
Crying, and holding vp her wretched hands  
To him for ayd, who long in vaine their rage withstands.

Yet still he strives, ne any perill spares,  
To rescue her from their rude violence,  
And like a Lion wood amongst them faires,  
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dispence;  
Gainst which, the pallid death findes no defence,  
But all in vaine; their numbers are so great,  
That nought may hoort to banish them from thence:  
For, loone as he their outrage back doth beat,  
They turne afresh, and oft renew their former threat.

And now they do so sharply him assay,  
That they his shield in peeces battered haue,  
And forced him to throwe it quite away,  
From dangers dread his doubtfull life to saue;  
Albe that it most safely to him gaue,  
And much did magnifie his noble name.  
For, from the day that he thus did it leaue,  
Amongst all Knights he blotted was with blame,  
And counted but a recreant knight, with endlesse shame.

Whom when they thus distressed did behold,  
They drew vnto his aide; but that rude rout  
Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,  
And forced them, how-euer strong and stout  
They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,  
Backe to recule; vntill that iron man  
VVith his huge slaie began to lay about;  
From whose sterne preience they diffused ran,  
Like scattered chaffe, the which the wind away doth fan.

So when that knight from perill cleare was freed,  
He drawing nere, began to greet them faire,  
And yeeld great thanks for their so goodly deed,  
In sauing him from dangerous despaire.  
Of those, which sought his life for to empaire.  
Of whom Sir *Arthegall* did then enquire  
The whole occasion of his late misfire,  
And who he was, and what those villaines were,  
The which with mortall malice him pursu'd so nere.

To whom he thus; My name is *Barbon* hight,  
VVell knowne, and far renowned heretofore,  
Vntill late mischiefe did vpon me light,  
That all my former praise hath blemisht sore;  
And that faire Lady, which in that vprore  
Ye with those caytiues sawe *Flourdelis* hight,  
Is mine owne Loue, though me she haue forlore,  
Whether with-held from me by wrongfull might,  
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

But sure to me her faith she first did plight,  
To be my Loue, and take me for her Lord;  
Till that a Tyrant, which *Grantorto* hight,  
With golden gifts, and many a guilefull word  
Entyce her, to him for to accord.  
(O! who may not with gifts and words be tempted?)  
Sith which, she hath me euer since abhor'd,  
And to my foe hath guilefully consented:  
Ay me! that euer guile in women was intended.

And now he hath this troupe of villaines sent,  
By open force to fetch her quite away:  
Guill whom, my selfe I long in vaine haue bent  
To reskew her, and daily meanes assay,  
Yet reskew her thence by no means I may:  
For, they doe me with multitude oppresse,  
And with vnequall might doe ouer-lay,  
That oft I driven am to great distresse,  
And forced to forgoe th'attempt remedlesse.

But why haue yee, said *Arthegall*, forborne  
Your owne good shield in dangerous distray;  
That is the greatest shame and toultest icorne,  
Which vnto any knight behappen may,  
To lose the badge, that should his deeds display,  
To whom Sir *Barbon*, blushing halfe for shame,  
That shall I vnto you, quoth he, bewray;  
Least ye therefore more happily me blame,  
And deem it doen of wit, that through inforcement came.

True is, that I at first was dubbed knight  
By a good knight, the knight of the *Redersse*;  
Who, when he gaue me armes, in field to fight,  
Gaue me a shield, in which he did endoile  
His deere Redeemers badge vpon the bolle:  
The same long while I bore, and therewithall  
Fought many battels without wound or losse:  
Therewith *Grantorto* selfe I did appall,  
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

But, for that many did that shield enuie,  
And cruell enemies encreased more;  
To stirre all strife and troublous enmitie,  
That bloody leutchin being battered sore,  
I laid aside, and haue of late forbore,  
Hoping thereby to haue my Loue obtraine'd:  
Yet can I not my Loue haue nathemore;  
For, she by force is still from me detain'd,  
And with corrupted bribes is to vncouth mil-traine'd.

To whom thus *Arthegall*, Certes Sir Knight,  
Hard is the case, the which ye doe complaine;  
Yet not so hard, (for nought so hard may light,  
That it to such a straight more you constrain)  
As to abandon that which doth containe  
Your honours stile, that is your warlike shield.  
All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine  
Then losse of fame in diladuenturous field;  
Dye rather, then do ought, that mote dishonor yeeld.

C c.

Not



Not so, quoth he; for, yet when time doth serue,  
My former shield I may resume againe:  
To temporize is not from truth to swerue,  
Ne for aduantage terme to entertaine,  
When as necessity doth it constrain.  
Fie on such forgery, said *Arthegall*,  
Vnder one hood to shadow faces twaine.  
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:  
Of all things to dissemble fowly may befall.

Yet let me you of courtesie request,  
Said *Burbon*, to assist me now at need  
Against these pendants, which haue me oppress,  
And forced me to so infamous deed,  
That yet my Loue may from their hands be freed.  
*Sir Arthegall*, albe he earst did wyte  
His waivering mind, yet to his ayde agreed,  
And buckling him estoones vnto the fight,  
Did set vpon those troupes with all his power and might.

Who flocking round about them as a swarme  
Of flies vpon a burchen bough doth cluster,  
Did them assault with terrible allarme,  
And ouer all the fields themselves did muster,  
With bills and playues making a dreadfull luster;  
That for't at first those knights back to retire:  
As when the wrathfull *Boreas* doth bluster,  
Nought may abide the tempest of his yre,  
Both man and beast do flie, and succour doe inquire.

But when as overblown was that brunt,  
Those knights began afresh them to assaile,  
And all about the fields like *Squirrels* hunt;  
But chiefly *Talus* with his iron hyle,  
Gainst which no flight nor rescue more auails;  
Made cruell hauocke of the baser crew,  
And chased them both ouer hill and dale:  
The rascall many loone they overthrew;  
But the two knights themselves their captains did subdew.

At last, they came wheras that Lady bode,  
Whom now her keepers haue forsaken quight,  
To save themselves, and scattered were abroad:  
Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,  
As neither glad nor sory for their fight;  
Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad  
In royall robes, and many Jewels dight,  
But that those villens through their vjage bad  
Them fouly rent, and shamefully defaced had.

But *Burbon*, streight dismounting from his steed,  
Vnto her ran with greedy great desire;  
And catching her fast by her ragged weed,  
Would haue embraced her with heart entire,  
But shee, back-starting with disdainfull ire,  
Bad him auant, ne would vnto his lore  
Allured be, for prayer nor for meed:  
VVhom when those knights so froward and forlore  
Beheld, they her rebuked and vpbayed fore.

Said *Arthegall*; What foule disgrace is this,  
To so faire Lady, as yee seeme in sight,  
To blot your beauty, that vnblemisht is,  
With so foule blame, as breach of faith once plight,  
Or change of Loue for any worlds delight?  
Is ought on earth so precious or deare,  
As praise and honour? Or is ought so bright  
And beautifull, as glories beames appeare?  
Whole goodly light then *Phæbus* lampe doth shine more

VVhy then will ye, fond Dame, attempted be  
Vnto a strangers loue, so lightly placed,  
For gifts of gold, or any worldly glee,  
To leaue the Loue, that ye before embraced,  
And let your fame with blisshood be defaced?  
Fie on the pelfe, for which good name is sold,  
And honour with indignity debased:  
Dearer is loue then lite, and fame then gold:  
But dearer then them both, your faith once plight hold,

Much was the Lady in her gentk mind  
Abash't at his rebuke, that bit her neare,  
Ne ought to answer thereunto did find;  
But hanging downe her head with heavy cheare,  
Stood long amaz'd, as she amated weare,  
Which *Burbon* seeing, her againe assaid,  
And clasping twixt his armes, her vp did reare  
Vpon his steed, whiles she no whit gaine-said:  
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apaid.

Nath'lesse, the iron man did still pursue  
That rascall many with vnpietied spoyle;  
Ne ceased nor, till all their scattered crew  
Into the sea he droue quite from that soyle,  
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle.  
But *Arthegall*, seeing his cruell deed,  
Commanded him from slaughter to recoyle,  
And to his voyage gan againe proceed,  
For that the terme approaching fast, required speed.

Canto

## Canto XII.

*Arthegall doth Sir Burbon ayde,  
And blames for changing shield:  
He with the great Grantorto fights,  
And slayeth him in field.*

O Sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,  
And impotent desire of men to raigne!  
Whom neither dread of God, that diuels bindes,  
Nor lawes of men, that Common-weals containe,  
Nor bands of Nature, that wilde beasts restraine,  
Can keepe from outrage, and from doing wrong,  
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine.  
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,  
No loue so lasting then, that may endure long.

Witnesse may *Burbon* be, whom all the bands,  
Which may a Knight assure, had surely bound,  
Vntill the loue of Lordship and of lands  
Made him become most faithlesse and vnfound:  
And witnesse be *Gerion* found,  
Who for like cause faire *Belgè* did oppresse,  
And right and wrong most cruelly confound:  
And so be now *Grantorto*, who no lesse  
Then all the rest burst out to all outrageousnesse.

Gainst whom *Sir Arthegall*, long hauing since  
Taken in hand th'exploit, beeing theretoo  
Appointed by that mighty Faery Prince,  
Great *Gloriane*, that tyrant to ferdoo,  
Through other great aduentures hitherto  
Had it forslackt. But now time drawing ny,  
To him assynd, her high behest to doo,  
To the sea shore he gan his way apply,  
To weete, if shipping ready he mote there descrie.

Tho, when they came to the sea coast, they found  
A ship all ready (as good fortune fell)  
To put to sea, with whom they did compound,  
To passe them ouer, where them list to tell:  
The winde and weather serued them so well,  
That in one day they with the coast did fall;  
VVheras they ready found, them to repell,  
Great hostes of men in order Martiall,  
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forfall.

But nathemore would they from land refraine:  
But when as nigh vnto the shore they drew,  
That foot of man might sound the bottom plaine,  
*Talus* into the Sea did forth islewe,  
Though darts from shore, & stones they at him threw;  
And wading through the waves with stedfast sway,  
Maugre the might of all those troupes in view,  
Did win the shore, whence he them chaf away,  
And made to fly, like Doves, whom th'Eagle doth affray.

The whiles, *Sir Arthegall*, with that old Knight  
Did forth descend, there beeing none them neare,  
And forward marched to a towne in sight.  
By this came tydings to the Tyrants eare,  
By thole, which earst did the way for feare  
Of their arriuall: where-with troubled fore,  
Heall his forces streight to him did reare,  
And forth issuing with his scouts afore,  
Meant them to haue incountred, ere they left the shore.

But ere he marched farre, he with them met,  
And fiercely charged them with all his force;  
But *Talus* sternely did vpon them set,  
And brulst, and battered them without remorse,  
That on the ground he left full many a corse;  
Ne any able was him to withstand,  
But he them ouerthrew both man and horse,  
That they lay scattered ouer all the land,  
As thick as doth the seed after the lowers hand;

Till *Arthegall* him seeing so to rage,  
Will'd him to stay, and signe of truce did make:  
To which all hearkning, did awhile allwaie  
Their forces surie, and their terror flake:  
Till he an Herald call'd, and to him spake,  
VVilling him wend vnto the Tyrant straight,  
And tell him that not for such slaughter sake  
He thither came, but for to try the right  
Of faire *Irenae* cable with him in single fight.

Cc 2

And



And willed him for to reclime with speed  
His scattered people, as they all were flaine,  
And time and place convenient to areed,  
To which they two the combat might daraine,  
Which message when *Orantors* heard, full laine  
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay,  
And pointed for the combat twixt them twaine  
The morrow next, he gaue him longer day;  
So founded the reitrait, and drew his folke away.

That night, Sir *Arthegall* did cause his tent  
There to be pitched on the open Plaine;  
For he had given straight commaundement,  
That none should dare him once to entertaine:  
Which none durst break, though many would right  
For faire *Irena*, whom they loued deare. (faine)  
But yet olde *Sergis* did so well him paine,  
That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare,  
He all things did puruay, which for them needful were.

The morrow next, that was the dismall day,  
Appointed for *Irenas* death before,  
So loone as it did to the world display  
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,  
The heauy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore  
Of *Arthegalls* arrivall, her to free,  
Lookt vp with eyes full sad, and heart full fore;  
VVeening her lifes last houre then neere to bee,  
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heere nor see.

Then vp she rose, and on her selfe did dight  
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day;  
And with dull count'naunce, and with dolefull spright,  
She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay,  
For to receive the doom of her decay.  
But coming to the place, and finding there  
Sir *Arthegall*, in battailous array  
Wasting his foe, it did her dead heart cheare,  
And new life to her lent, in midst of deadly feare.

Like as a tender Rose in open Plaine,  
That with vntimely drought nigh withered was,  
And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine  
Thereon distill and draw her dainty face,  
Gins to looke vp, and with fresh wonted grace  
Dispersed the glory of her leaues gay;  
Such was *Irenas* countenance, such her case,  
VWhen *Arthegall* she sawe in that array,  
There waiting for the Tyrant, till it was farre day.

Who came at length, with proud presumptuous gate  
Into the field, as if he fearelesse were,  
All armed in a coat of iron plate,  
Of great defence toward the deadly feare:  
And on his head a Steele-cap he did weare  
Of colour rustie browne, but sure and strong;  
And in his hand a huge Polaxe did beare,  
VWhose Steele was iron studded, but not long,  
With which he wont to fight, to iustifie his wrong.

Of stature huge, and hideous he was,  
Like to a Giant for his monstrous hight,  
And did in strength most sorts of men surpass,  
Ne euer any found his match in might;  
Thereto he had great skill in single fight;  
His face was vgly, and his countenance sterne,  
That could haue fraid one with the very sight,  
And gaped like a gulfe, when he did gerne,  
That whether man or monster one could scarce discern.

Soone as he did within the listes appeare,  
With dreadfull looke he *Arthegall* beheld,  
As if he would haue daunted him with feare;  
And groning grieufully, did against him weld  
His deadly weapon, which in hand he held.  
But th' *Elfin* wayne, that oft had seene like fight,  
Was with his ghastly count'naunce nothing queld,  
But gan him straight to buckle to the fight,  
And cast his shield about, to be in ready plight.

The Trumpets found, and they together goe,  
With dreadfull terror, and with fell intent;  
And their huge strokes full dangerously bestowe,  
To doe most dammage, where as most they ment.  
But with sure force and furie violent,  
The Tyrant thundred his thick blowes so fast,  
That through the iron walls their way they rent,  
And euen to the vitall parts they past,  
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or brast.

Which cruell outrage, when as *Arthegall*  
Did well auize, thenceforth with wary heed  
He shund his strokes, where-euer they did fall,  
And way did giue vnto their gracelesse speed:  
As when a skilfull Mariner doth reed  
A storme approaching, that doth perill threat,  
He will not bide the danger of such dread,  
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his main-sheut,  
And lends vnto it leaue the empty ayre to beat.

So did the Faery Knight himselfe abear,  
And stouped oft, his head from shame to shield:  
No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to reare;  
And much to gaine, a little for to yield:  
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field.  
But still the Tyrant sternely at him layd,  
And did his iron axe so nimble wield,  
That many wounds into his flesh it made,  
And with his burdenous blowes him sore did ouer-lade.

Yet, when as fit advantage he did spy,  
The whiles the cursed felon high did reare  
His cruell hand, to smite him mortally,  
Vnder his stroke he to him stepping neare,  
Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly dreare,  
That the gore-bloud, thence gushing grievously,  
Did vnderneath him like a pond appeare,  
And all his armour did with purple die:  
Therewith he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,  
Kept on his coule, as he did it direct,  
And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,  
That seemed nought could him from death protect:  
But he it well did ward with wise respect,  
And twixt him and the blowe his shield did cast,  
Which thereon terzing, tooke no great effect;  
But byting deepe therein, did sticke so fast,  
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could wraft.

Long while he tugd and strove, to get it out,  
And all his powre applyed thereto,  
That he there-with the Knight drew all about:  
Nath' lesse, for all that euer he could doe,  
His axe he could not from his shield vndoe.  
Which *Arthegall* perceiuing, strooke no more,  
But loosing soone his shield, did it forgoe,  
And whiles he combed was there-with so fore,  
He gan at him let driue more hercelly then afore.

So well he him pursew'd, that at the last,  
He strook e him with *Chrysos* on the head,  
That with the loule thereof full fore agast,  
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull stead.  
Againe, whiles he him law to ill bested,  
He did him smite with all his might and maine,  
That falling on his mother earth he fed:  
Whom when he saw prostrated on the Plaine,  
He lightly rest his head, to ease him of his paine.

Which when the people round about him saw,  
They shouted all for ioy of his successe,  
Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,  
Which with strong powre did the long time oppresse;  
And running all with greedy ioyfulness  
To faire *Irena*, at her feet did fall,  
And her adored with due humbleness,  
As their true Liege and Princeesse naturall;  
And eke her champions glory founded over all.

Who, straight her leading with meet maiesty  
Vnto the Palace where their Kings did raigne,  
Did her therein establish peaceably,  
And to her kingdome seat restore againe;  
And all such persons as did late maintaine  
That Tyrants part, with close or open ayde,  
He sorely punished with heauy paine;  
That in short space, whiles there with her he staid,  
Not one was left, that durst her once haue disoaid.

During which time that he did there remaine,  
His studie was true Iustice how to deale,  
And day and night employ'd his busie paine  
How to reforme that ragged Common-weale:  
And that same iron man which could reueale  
All hidden crimes, through all that Realm he sent,  
To search out those that vs'd to rob and steale,  
Or did rebell gainst lawfull government:  
On whom he did inflict most grievous punishment.

But ere he could reforme it thoroughly,  
He through occasion called was away  
To Faery-Court, that of necessity  
His counte of Iustice he was fore't to stay,  
And *Talme* to reuoke from the right way,  
In which he was that Realm for so redresse.  
But enuies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray.  
So hauing freed *Irena* from distresse,  
He tooke his leaue of her, there left in heaviness.

Tho, as he backe returned from that land,  
And there arriv'd againe whence forth he fer,  
He had not passed farre vpon the strand,  
VWhen-as two old ill fauour'd Flages he met,  
By the way side beeing together set,  
Two grieufully creatures; and, so that their faces  
Most foule and filthy were, their garments yet  
Beeing all ragd and tatter'd, their disgraces  
Did much the more augment, & made most vgly cases.

The one of them, that elder did appeare,  
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,  
That her mishap much helpt; and her foule haire  
Hung loose and loathsome: there-to her hew  
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth were,  
And all her bones, might through her cheeks be red;  
Her lips were like raw leather, pale and blew:  
And as she spake, there-with she flauered;  
Yet spake she seldom, but thought more, the lesse she seed.

Her hands were foule and dirty, neuer washt  
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught,  
Like Putocks clawes: with th' one of which she  
Her curled head, although it itched naught; (scratched)  
The other held a snake with venime fraught,  
On which she fed, and gnawed hungrily,  
As if that long she had not eaten ought;  
That round about her iawes one might descry  
The bloody gore and poyson dropping lothsome.

Her name was *Envy*, knowen well thereby;  
VWhose nature is to grieve or grudge at all  
That euer she sees done praise-worthy:  
Whose sight to her is greatest crosse may fall,  
And vexeth so, that makes her cate her gall.  
For, when she wanteth other thing to eate,  
She feeds on her owne mawe vnnaturall,  
And of her owne foule entrails makes her meat:  
Meat fit for such a monster; monstrous deat.

And if she heare of any good to heare,  
That had to any happily betid,  
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and reare  
Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid:  
But if she heard of ill that any did,  
Or harme that any had, then would she make  
Great chere, like one vnto a banquet bid:  
And in anothers losse great pleasure take,  
As she had got thereby, and gained a great stake.



33  
The other, nothing better was then shee;  
Agreeing in bad will and cankred kind,  
But in bad manner they did disagree:  
For, what-so *Envy* good or bad did find,  
Shee did conceale, and murder her owne mind;  
But this, what-euer euill shee conceiued,  
Did spread abroad, and throwe in th' open wind.  
Yet this in all her words might be perceiued, (reueled,  
That all shee sought, was mens goods name to haue be.

34  
For, what-soeuer good by any said,  
Or doon shee heard, shee would straight-waies inuent  
How to depraue, or slanderously vp-brand,  
Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,  
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment.  
Therefore shee vied often to resort  
To common haunts, and companies frequent,  
To harke what any one did good report,  
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked fort.

35  
And if that any ill shee heard of any,  
Shee would it ecke, & make much worse by telling,  
And take great ioy to publish it to many;  
That euery matter worse was for her melling.  
Her name was light *Detraction*, and her dwelling  
Was neere to *Envy*, even her neighbour next;  
A wicked bag, and *Envy* selfe excellling  
In mischief: for, her selfe shee onely vent:  
But this fame, both her selfe, and others eke perplex.

36  
Her face was vgly, and her mouth distort,  
Foming with poyson round about her gills,  
In which her curst tongue (full sharp and short)  
Appear'd like *Aspis* sting, that closely kills,  
Or cruelly does wound whom-so shee wills:  
A distaffe in her other hand shee had,  
Vpon the which shee little spinnes, but spils,  
And faines to weane false tales and leasings bad,  
To throwe amongst the good, which others had disprad.

37  
These two now had themselves combyn'd in one,  
And linkt together gainst Sir *Arthegall*,  
For whom they waited as his mortall fone,  
How they might make him into mischief fall,  
For freeing from their snares *Ireus* thrall:  
Besides, vnto themselves they gotten had  
A monster, which the *Blatant Beast* men call;  
A dreadfull fiend, of Gods and men ydrad,  
Whom they by flights allur'd, and to their purpose lad.

38  
Such were these bags, and so vnhandsome drest:  
Whom when they nigh approaching had espide  
Sir *Arthegall* return'd from his late quest,  
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,

As it had bene two shepheards cures, had scide  
A rauenous Wolfe amongst the scattered flocks,  
And *Envy* first, as shee that first him cyde,  
Towards him runnes, and with rude flaring locks  
About her eares, does beat her breast, & forehead knocks.

39  
Then from her mouth the gobbet shee does take,  
The which whyleare shee was so greedily  
Deuouring; euen that halfe-gnawen snake,  
And at him throwes it most despightfully.  
The curst Serpent, though shee hungrily  
Earst chaw'd thereon, yet was not all so dead,  
But that some life remained secretly:  
And, as hee past afore withouten dread,  
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

40  
Then, th' other coming neere, gan him reuile,  
And foully rale, with all shee could inuent;  
Saying, that hee had with vnmanly guile,  
And foule abusion both his honour blent,  
And that bright sword, the sword of Iustice lent,  
Had stained with reprochfull crueltie,  
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent:  
As for *Grandtorto*, him with treacherie  
And traitnes hauing surpriz'd, hee foully did to die.

41  
There-to the *Blatant Beast*, by them set on,  
At him began aloud to barker and bay,  
VWith bitter rage and fell contention,  
That all the woods and rocks, nigh to that way,  
Began to quake and tremble with dismay;  
And all the ayre rebellowed againe.  
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,  
And euermore those bags themselves did paine,  
To sharpen him, & their owne curst tongues did straine.

42  
And still among, most bitter words they spake,  
Most shamefull, most vnrighteous, most vntrue,  
That they the mildest man aliu would make  
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeance dew  
To her, that so false slanders at him threw.  
And more, to make the pearce & wound more deepe,  
Shee with the sting which in her vile tongue grew,  
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson sleepe:  
Yet hee past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

43  
But *Talus*, hearing her so lewdly rale,  
And speake so ill of him, that well deserued,  
VWould her haue chastiz'd with his iron saile,  
If her Sir *Arthegall* had not preserued,  
And him forbidden, who his heast obserued.  
So much the more at him still did shee scold,  
And stones did cast, yet hee for nought would swerue  
From his right course, but still the way did hold  
To Faery Court, where what him fell shall else be told.

Canto



# THE SIXT BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING  
The Legend of Sir CALIDORE.  
OR  
Of Curtesie.

1  
He waies, through which my weary steppes I  
In this delightfull land of Faery, (guide,  
Are so exceeding spacious and wide,  
And sprinkled with such sweet varietie  
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,  
That I nigh rauisht with rare thoughts delight,  
My tedious trauell doe forget thereby;  
And when I gin to feeble decay of might,  
It strength to me supplies, & chears my dulled spright.

2  
Such secret comfort, and such heauenly pleasures,  
Ye sacred Imps, that on *Pernasse* dwell,  
And there the keeping haue of learnings treasures,  
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,  
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,  
And goodly furie into them infuse;  
Guide ye my footing, and conduct me well  
In these strange waies, where neuer foote did vse,  
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muses.

3  
Reueale to me the sacred nursery  
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,  
VWhere it in siluer bowre does hidden lie  
From view of men, and wicked worlds disdain.

4  
Sith it at first was by the Gods with paine  
Planted in earth, being deriu'd at first  
From heauenly seedes of bountie soveraine,  
And by them long with carefull labour nurst,  
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst.

5  
Amongst them all growes not a fairer flowre,  
Then is the bloosme of comely curtesie;  
Which, though it on a lowely stalke doe bowre,  
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,  
And spreads it selfe through all ciuilitie:  
Of which, though present age doe plentious sceme,  
Yet being matcht with plaine Aniquity,  
Ye will them all but fained shewes esteeme,  
Which cany colours faire, that feeble eyes misdeeme.

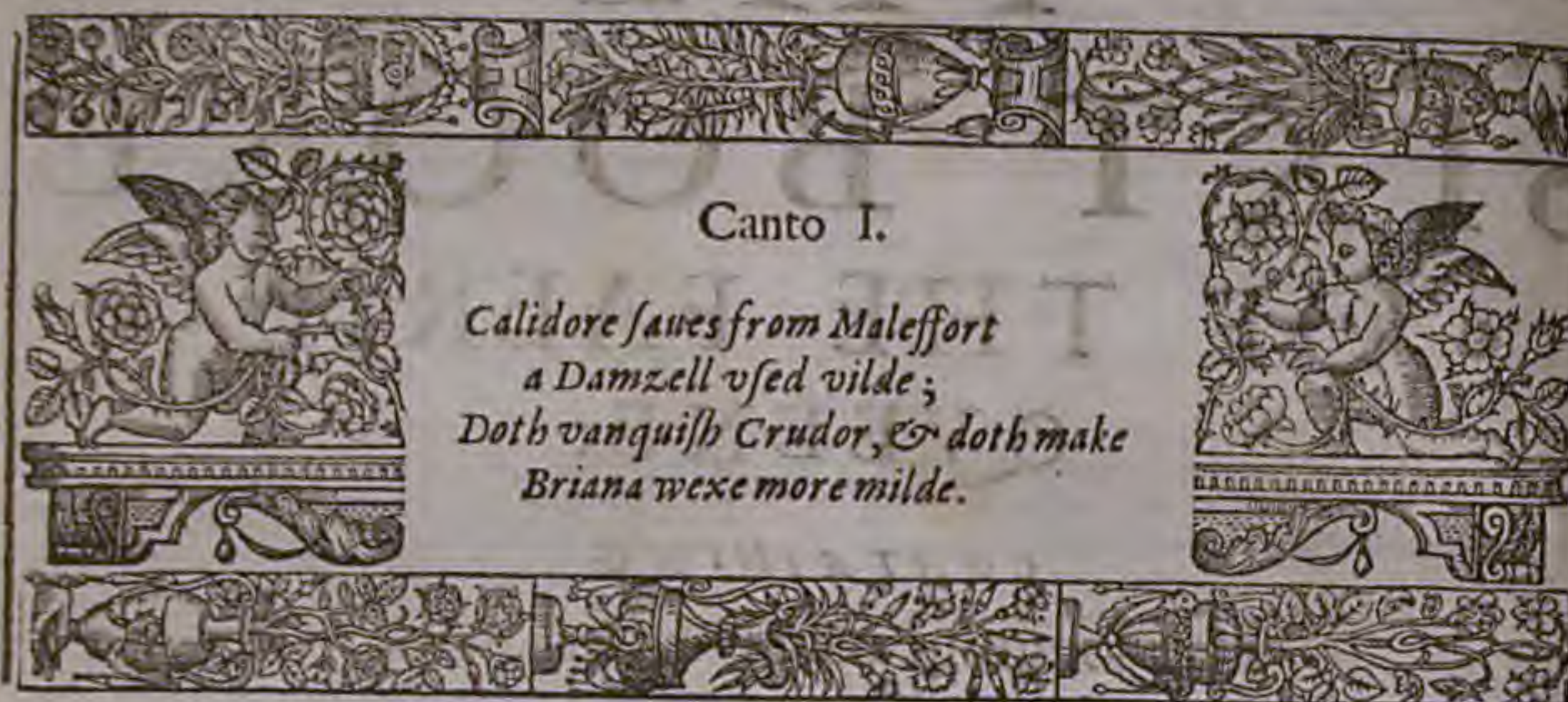
6  
But in the triall of true curtesie,  
Its now so farre from that which then it was,  
That it indeed is nought but forgery,  
Fashion'd to please the eyes of them that passe,  
Which see not perfect things but in a glasse:  
Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blind  
The wisest sight, to thinke gold that is brasse  
But vertues feat is deepe within the mind,  
And not in outward shewes, but inward thoughtes defin'd.

But



But where shall I in all Antiquity  
So faire a paterne finde, where may be seene  
The goodly prauise of Princely curtesie,  
As in your selfe, O Soueraigne Lady Queene?  
In whole pure mind, as in a mirror shene,  
It shewes, and with her brightnesse doth inflame  
The eyes of all, which thereon fixed beene;  
But meneth indeed an higher name:  
Yet lo from lowe to high vp-lifted is your name.

Then pardon me, most dreaded Soueraigne,  
That from your selfe I doe this vertue bring,  
And to your selfe do it returne againe:  
So from the Ocean all riuers spring,  
And tribute back repay, as to their King.  
Right so from you all goodly vertues well  
Into the rest, which round about you ring,  
Faile Lords and Ladies, which about you dwell,  
And doe adorne your Court, where courtesies excell.



**O**F Court, it seemes, men Courtesie do call,  
For that it there most vseth to abound;  
And well becometh, that in Princes hall  
That vertue should be plentifully found,  
Which of all goodly manners is the  
And root of ciuill conuersation. (ground,  
Right so in Faery Court it did redound,  
Where courteous Knights and Ladies most did won  
Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon.

But amongst them all was none more courteous Knight,  
Then Calidore, beloued over all:  
In whom, it seemes, that gentleness of spright  
And manners milde were planted naturall;  
To which he adding comely guise withall,  
And gracious speech, did steale mens harts away.  
Nath'lesse, thereto he was full stout and tall,  
And well approv'd in battailous affray,  
That him did much renowne, and far his fame display.

Ne was there Knight, ne was there Lady found  
In Faery Court, but him did deare embrace,  
For his faire visage and conditions sound,  
The which in all mens liking gained place,  
And with the greatest, purchast greatest grace:  
Which he could wisely vse, and well apply,  
To please the best, and the euill to embale,  
For, he loath'd leasing, and base flattery,  
And loued simple truth, and stedfast honesty.

And now he was in trauell on his way,  
Vpon an hard adventure sore bestad,  
VWhen-as by chaunce he met vpon a day  
VWith Arthegall, returning yet halfe sad  
From his late conquest which he gotten had.  
VWho, when-as each of other had a sight,  
They knew themselves, and both their persons rad:  
When Calidore thus first: Hauke noblest Knight  
Of all this day on ground that breathen liuing spright:

Now tell, if please you, of the good successe  
Which ye haue had in your late enterprize,  
To whom Sir Arthegall gan to expresse  
His whole exploit, and valorous emprise,  
In order as it did to him arise.  
Now happy man, said then Sir Calidore,  
Which haue so goodly, as ye can deuize,  
Atchieu'd so hard a quest, as few before;  
That shall you most renowne make for euermore.

But where ye ended haue, now I begin  
To tread an endlesse trace withouten guide,  
Or good direction, how to enter in,  
Or how to issue forth in waies vntide,  
In perils strange, in labours long and wide;  
In which, although good fortune mee befall,  
Yet shall I not by none be testifide.  
What is that quest, quoth then Sir Arthegall,  
That you into such perils presently doth call?

The

The *Blatant Beast*, quoth he, I doe pursue,  
And through the world incessantly doe chase,  
Till I him overtake, or else subdew:  
Yet knowe I not how, or in what place,  
To finde him out, yet still I forward trace.  
What is this *Blatant Beast*, then he replyde?  
It is a Monster bred of hellish race,  
Then answerd he, which often hath annoyd  
Good Knights & Ladies true, & many else destroyd.

Of *Cerberus* whylome he was begot,  
And fell *Chimera* in her darksome den,  
Through loule commixture of his filthy blot:  
Where he was fostred long in *Stygian* fen,  
Till he to perfect ripenesse grew, and then  
Into this wicked world he forth was sent,  
To be the plague and scourge of wicked men:  
Whom with vile tongue, and venomous intent  
He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

Then since the salvage Iland I did leaue,  
Said Arthegall, I such a Beast did see,  
The which did seeme a thousand tongues to haue,  
That all in sight and malice did agree,  
With which he bayd, and loudly barked at mee,  
As if that he at once would me deuoure.  
But I, that knew my selfe from perill free,  
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre:  
But he the more his wicked poylon forth did poure.

That surely is that Beast, said Calidore,  
Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad  
To heare these tydings, which of none afore  
Through all my weary trauell I haue had:  
Yet now some hope your words vnto me add.  
Now God you speed, quoth then Sir Arthegall,  
And keepe your body from the danger drad:  
For, ye haue much adoe to deale withall;  
So both tooke goodly leaue, and parted seuerall.

Sir Calidore thence trauelled not long,  
When-as by chaunce a comely Squire he found,  
That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong,  
Both hand and foot vnto a tree was bound:  
Who, seeing him from farre, with pittious sound  
Of his shrill cries him called to his ayde.  
To whom approching, in that painefull stound  
When he him saw, for no demands he staid,  
But first him loos'd, and afterwards thus to him said;

Vnhappy Squire, what hard mishap thee brought  
Into this bay of perill and disgrace?  
What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,  
And thee captiued in this shamefull place?  
To whom he answerd thus: My haplesse case  
Is not occasion'd through my misdeed,  
But through misfortune, which did me abuse  
Vnto this shame, and my young hope subvert,  
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

Not farre from hence, vpon yood rocky hill,  
Hard by a straight there stands a Castle strong,  
VWhich doth obserue a custome lewd and ill,  
And it hath long maintaine with mighty wrong:  
For, may no Knight nor Lady passe along  
That way (and yet they needs must passe that way)  
By reason of the straight, and rocks among,  
But they that Ladies locks doe shauie away,  
And that knights beard for toll, which they for passage

A shamefull vse as euer I did heare,  
Said Calidore, and to be overthrowne.  
But by what meanes did they at first it reare,  
And for what cause? tell it thou haue it knowne.  
Said then the Squire: The Lady which doth owne  
This Castle, is by name *Briana* hight,  
Then which a prouder Lady lueth none:  
She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty Knight,  
And sought to win his loue by all the meanes she might.

His name is *Crudor*, who through high disdain  
And proud despight of his selfe-picaing mind,  
Refused hath to yeeld her loue againe,  
Vntill a Mantle she for him doe find,  
VWith beards of Knights, and locks of Ladies lin'd.  
Which to prouide, she hath this Castle dight,  
And therein hath a Seneschall assign'd,  
Cald *Maleffort*, a man of mickle might,  
VWho executes her wicked will, with worle despight.

He, this same day, as I that way did come  
With a faire Damzell, my beloved deare,  
In execution of her lawlesse doome,  
Did set vpon vs flying both for feare:  
For, little bootes against him hand to reare.  
Me first he tooke, vnable to withstand;  
And whiles he her pursued eury where,  
Till his returne vnto this tree he bound:  
Ne wote I surely, whether her he yet haue found.

Thus, whiles they spake, they heard a ruefull shriek  
Of one loud crying, which they straight way ghest,  
That it was shee, the which for helpe did seeke,  
Tho, looking vp vnto the cry to left,  
They sawe that *Carle* from farre, with hand vnblest  
Haling that mayden by the yellow haire,  
That all her garments from her snowy brest,  
And from her head her locks he nigh did teare,  
Ne would he spare for pitty, nor refraine for feare.

VWhich haynous sight when Calidore beheld,  
Eftsoones he loos'd that Squire, and so him left,  
With hearts dismay, and inward dolour queld,  
For to pursue that villaine, which had rest  
That pittious spoile by so iniurious theft.  
Whom overtaking, loude to him he cried:  
Leaue saytor quickly that misgotten weft,  
To him that hath it better iustifide,  
And turne thee soone to him, of whom thou art deside.

Who



19 Who harkning to this voice, himselfe vp-reard,  
And seeing him so fiercely towards make,  
Against him stoutly ran, as nought afraid,  
But rather more enraged for those words sake;  
And with stone count'nance thus vnto him spake;  
Art thou the carue that defiest mee,  
And for this Mayd, whose party thou doost take,  
Wilt give thy beard, though it but little be?  
Yet shall it not her locks for ransom fro me free.

20 With that, he fiercely at him flew, and layd  
On hideous strokes with most importune might,  
That oft he made him stagger as vnstaid,  
And oft recoile to shunne his sharpe delphight.  
But Calidore, that was well skild in fight,  
Him long forbore, and still his spirit par'd,  
Lying in wait how him he damage might,  
But when he felt him shrinke, and come to ward,  
He greater grew, and gan to drue at him more hard.

21 Like as a water streame, whose swelling fource  
Shall drue a Mill, within strong banks is pent,  
And long restrained of his ready course;  
So soone as passage is vnto him lent,  
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent.  
Such was the fury of Sir Calidore,  
VWhen once he felt his foe-man to relent;  
He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore,  
VWho as he full decayd, so he encreased more.

22 The heavy burden of whose dreadfull might  
When as the Carle no longer could sustaine,  
His hart gan faint, and straight he tooke his flight  
Toward the Castle, where if need constrainde,  
His hope of refuge vnto remaine.  
Whome Calidore perceiving fast to flie,  
Hec him pursu'd and chased through the Plaine,  
That he for dread of death gan loude to cry  
Vnto the ward, to open to him hastily.

23 They, from the wall him seeing so aghast,  
The gate soone opened to receiue him in;  
But Calidore did follow him so fast,  
That euen in the Porch he him did win,  
And cleft his head asunder to his chin.  
The carcasse tumbling downe within the dore,  
Did thoke the entrance with a lump of sin,  
That it could not be shut, whil't Calidore  
Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore.

24 With that, the rest, the which the Castle kept,  
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;  
But he theron all from him full lightly swept,  
As doth a Steare, in heat of Sommers day,  
With his long tayle the bryzes brush away.  
Thence passing forth into the hall he came,  
VWhere, of the Lady selfe in sad dismay  
He was ymet: who with vncomefly shame  
Gan him salute, and foule vpbraide with faulty blame.

25 False traytor Knight, said she, no knight at all,  
But scorne of armes, that hast with guilty hand  
Murderd my men, and slaine my Seneschall;  
Now comest thou to rob my house vnmard,  
And spoile my selfe, that cannot thee withstand?  
Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight  
Then thou, that shall thy treason vnderstand,  
Will it auenge, and pay thee with thy right:  
And if none doe, yet shame shall thee with shame re-

26 Much was the Knight abashed at that word;  
Yet answerd thus: Not vnto me the shame,  
But to the shamefull doer it afford.  
Blood is no blemish; for, it is no blame  
To punish those that doe deserue the same;  
But they that breake bands of civilitie,  
And wicked cufomes make, those doe defame  
Both noble armes and gentle curtesie.  
No greater shame to man, then inhumanitie.

27 Then doe your selfe, for dread of shame forgoe  
This euill manner, which ye here maintaine,  
And doe in stead thereof mild curtesie shoue  
To all that passe. That shall you glory gaine  
More then his loue, which thus ye lecke & obtaine.  
Where-with, all full of wrath, she thus replyd;  
Vile recreant, knowe that I doe much disdain  
Thy courteous lore, that doost my loue deride,  
Who scornest thy idle scoffe, and bids thee be defide.

28 To take defiance at a Ladies word  
Quoth hee, I hold it no indignitie;  
But were he here, that would it with his sword  
Abett, perhaps he more it deere aby.  
Coward, quoth shee, were not that thou wouldst flie,  
Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place.  
If I doe so, said he, then liberty  
I leaue to you, for ayme to disgrace,  
With all those shames that eart ye spake me to deface.

29 With that, a Dwarf he cald to her in haste,  
And taking from her hand a ring of gold  
(A priuy token which betwene them past)  
Bade him to flie with all the speed he could  
To Crudor, and desire him that he would  
Vouchsafe to reskew her against a Knight,  
VVo through strong powre had now herselfe in hold,  
Hauing late slaine her Seneschall in fight,  
And all her people murderd with outrageous might.

30 The Dwarf his way did haste, and went all night;  
But Calidore did with her there abide  
The coming of that so much threatned Knight,  
Where that discourteous Dame with scornful pride,  
And foule entreaty him indignified,  
That iron hart it hardly could sustaine:  
Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guide,  
Did well endure her womanish disdain,  
And did himselfe from fraile impatience refraine.

The

31 The morrow next, before the lampe of light  
Above the earth vp-reard his flaming head,  
The Dwarf which bore that message to her knight,  
Brought answer back, that ere he tasted bread,  
He would her succour; and alieue or dead  
Her foe deliuer vp into her hand:  
Therefore he would her doe away all dread;  
And that of him shee more assured stand,  
Hesent to her his bannet, as a faithfull band.

32 Thereof full blithe the Lady straight became,  
And g in t' augment her bitterness much more;  
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,  
Ne ought dismayd was Sir Calidore,  
But rather did more cheerefull seeme therefore,  
And hauing looke his armes about him dight,  
Did issue forth, to meet his foe afore;  
Where long he stayed not, when-as a Knight  
He spide come pricking on with all his powre & might.

33 Well weend he straight, that he should be the same  
Which tooke to hand her quarrell to maintaine;  
Ne said to ake if it were he by name,  
But caught his speare, and ran at him amaine.  
They been ymett in midst of the Plaine,  
VWith so felicitie and desperate force,  
That neither could the others stroke sustaine,  
But rudely rowl'd to ground both man and horse,  
Neither of other taking pity nor remorse.

34 But Calidore vp-rose againe full light,  
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in senselesse sound;  
Yet would he not him hurt, although he might:  
For, shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound.  
But when Briana saw that drey stound,  
There where she stood vpon the Castle wall,  
Shee deem'd him sure to haue been dead on ground;  
And made such pitious mourning there-withall,  
That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall.

35 Nath'lesse, at length himselfe he did vp-reare  
In losselesse wise; as if against his will,  
Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,  
And gan to stretch his limbes; which feeling ill  
Of his late fall, awhile he rested still:  
But when he saw his foe before in view,  
He shooke off luskiness, and courage chill  
Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew,  
To proue it better foot then horseback would enew.

36 There then began a fearedfull cruell fray  
Betwixt them two, for mastery of might.  
For, both were wondrous practicke in that play,  
And passing well expert in single fight.  
And both inflam'd with furious despight:  
Which as it still encreas'd, so still increas'd  
Their cruell strokes and terrible affright;  
Ne once for nith their rigour they releas'd,  
Ne once to breath awhile their angers tempest ceas'd.

37 Thus, long they trac'd and trauest to and fro,  
And tryde all waies, how each mote entanes make  
Into the life of his malignant foe;  
They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder brake,  
As they had pot-shards been; for nought more like  
They greedy vengeance, but goaty blood;  
That at the last, like to a purple lake  
Of bloody gore congeal'd about them stood,  
Which from their ruen sides forth gushed like a flood.

38 At length, it chaunc'd, that both their hands on hig  
Attouch'd did beate, with all their power and might,  
Thinking the vtmost of their force to try,  
And proue the final fortune of the fight:  
But Calidore, that was more quick of sight,  
And nimbler handed then his enemy,  
Prevented him before his stroke could light,  
And on the helmet smote him formerly,  
That made him stoop to ground with meeke humillity.

39 And ere he could recover foot againe,  
He following that fast advantage fast,  
His stroke redoubled with such might and maiestie,  
That him vpon the ground he prouing cast;  
And leaping to him light, would haue vnto  
His Helme, to make vnto his vengeance way.  
Whose seeing in what danger he was plac'd,  
Cryde out, Ah mercy Sir, doe me not slay.  
But true my life, which for before your foot doth lay.

40 With that, his mortall hand, while he layd,  
And hauing somewhat calmd his wrathfull heat  
With goodly patience, thus he to him said;  
And is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,  
Thy threatened me from the field to beat,  
Now brought to this? By this now may ye leaue,  
Sprangers no more so rudely to intreat,  
But put away proud look, and venge stern,  
The which shall nought to you but trouble dishonor eare.

41 For, nothing is more blamefull to a knight,  
That court'lie doth as well as armes professie,  
How euer strong and fortunate in fight,  
Then the reproche of pride and cruellnesse.  
In vaine he seeketh others to suppressie,  
VWho hath not leaue him selfe first to subdew:  
All flesh is fraile, and full of ticklenesse,  
Subiect to fortunes chaunce, still changing new;  
What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

42 VWho will not mercy vnto others shew,  
How can he mercy euer hope to haue?  
To pay each with his owne, is right and dew,  
Yet sith ye mercy now doe need to craue,  
I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to leaue,  
With these conditions, which I will propound:  
First, that ye better shall your selfe beleeue  
Vnto all errant knights, where-so on ground;  
Next, that ye Ladies ayde in eury need and sound.

The



<sup>43</sup> The wretched man, that all this while did dwell  
In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,  
And promist to performe his precept well,  
And whatsoeuer else he would requere.  
So fastning him to rise, he made him sweare  
By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,  
To take *Briana* for his louing fere,  
Vithouten dowre or composition;  
But to releue his former foule condition.

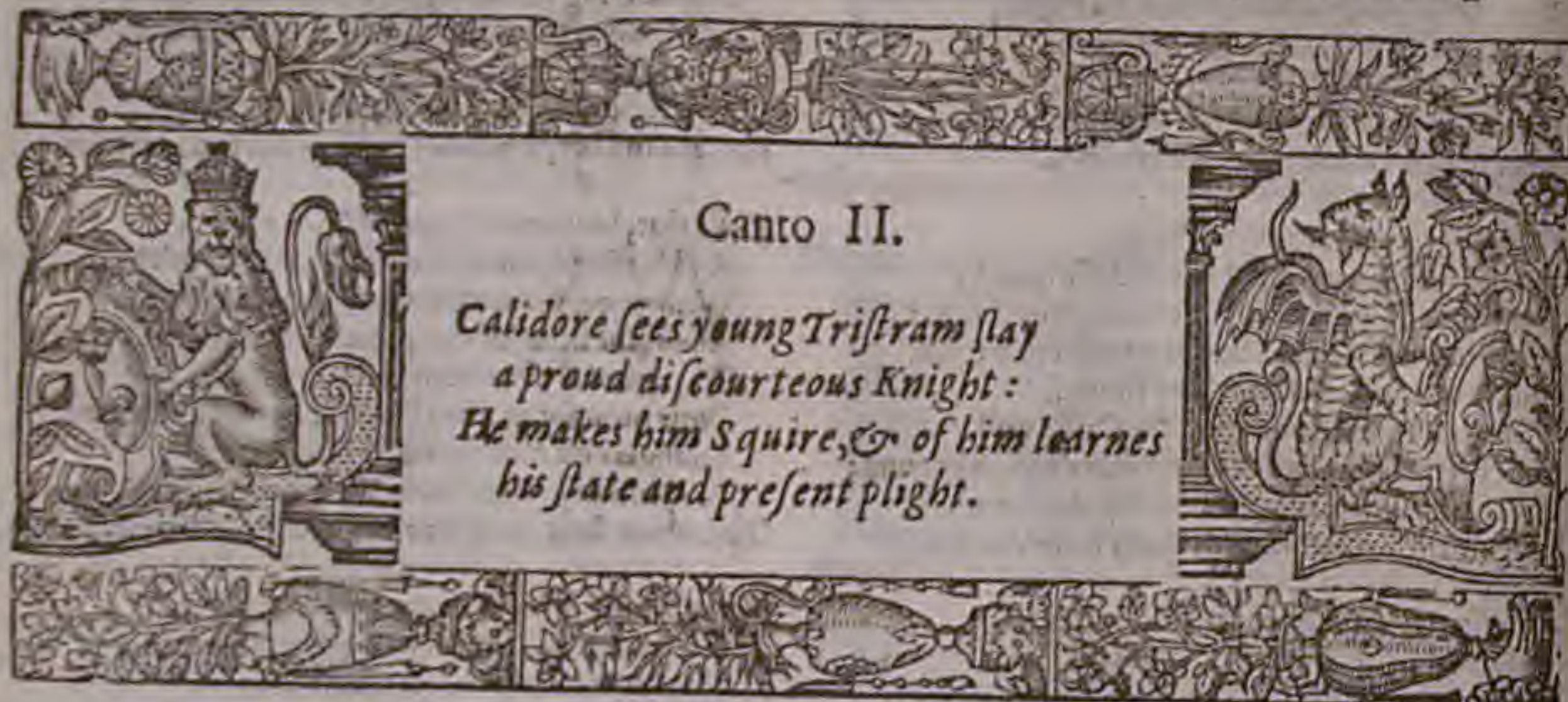
<sup>44</sup> All which accepting, and with faithfull oth  
Binding himselfe most firmly to obey,  
He vp arole, how euer life or loth,  
And swore to him true fealtie for aye.  
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay  
The sad *Briana*, which all this beheld:  
Who comming forth yet full of late affray,  
Sir *Calidore* vp cheard, and to her teld  
All this accord, to which he *Cruder* had compeld.

<sup>45</sup> VWhereof she now more glad, then fory earst,  
All overcome with infinite effect,  
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearce  
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,

Before his feet her selfe she did proiect,  
And him adoring as her liues deare Lord,  
VWith all due thanks, and dutifull respect,  
Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,  
By which he had to her both life and Loue restord.

<sup>46</sup> So all returning to the Castle, glad,  
Most ioyfully she them did entertaine;  
Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,  
To shew her thankfull mind and meaning faine,  
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine:  
And after all, vnto Sir *Calidore*  
She freely gaue that Castle for his paine,  
And her selfe bound to him for euermore;  
So wondrously now chang'd from that she was afore.

<sup>47</sup> But *Calidore*, himselfe would not retaine  
Nor land nor fee for hire of his good deed;  
But gaue them straight vnto that Squire againe,  
Whom from her Senechal he lately freed,  
And to his danzell, as their rightfull meed,  
For recompence of all their former wrong:  
There he remaind with them right well agreed,  
Till of his wounds he waxed whole and strong,  
And then to his first quest he passed forth along.



<sup>1</sup> **W**hat vertue is so fitting for a Knight,  
Or for a Lady, whom a knight should loue,  
As Courtesie, to beare themselves aright  
To all of each degree, as doth behoue?  
For, whether they be placed high aboue,  
Or lowe beneath, yet ought they well to knowe  
Their good, that none them rightly may reprove  
Of rudenesse, for not yielding what they owe:  
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestowe.

<sup>2</sup> There-to great helpe Dame Nature selfe doth lend:  
For, some so goodly gracious are by kind,  
That every action doth them much commend,  
And in the eyes of men great liking find;

Which others, that haue greater skill in mind,  
Though they enforce themselves, cannot attaine.  
For, euery thing to which one is inclin'd,  
Doth best become, and greatest grace doth gaine:  
Yet praise likewise deserue good thewes, enforce't with  
(paine.

<sup>3</sup> That well in courteous *Calidore* appears;  
Whose euery deed, and word that he did say,  
Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes,  
And both the eares did steale the hart away.  
He now againe is on his former way,  
To follow his first quest, when as he spyde  
A tall young man from thence not farre away,  
Fighting on foot, as well he him deseride,  
Against an armed knight, that did on horse-back ride.

And

And them beside, a Lady faire he saw,  
Standing alone on foot, in foule array:  
To whom himselfe he hastily did draw,  
To weete the cause of so vncomely fray,  
And to depart them, if so be he may.  
But ere he came in place, that youth had kild  
That armed Knight, that lowe on ground he lay;  
Which when he saw, his heart was inly child  
With great amazement, & his thought with wonder filld.

<sup>5</sup> Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee  
A goodly youth of amiable grace,  
Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see  
Yet feauenteene yeeres, but tall and faire of face,  
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race.  
All in a Woodmans iacket he was clad  
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with silver lace;  
And on his head a hood with aplets sprad,  
And by his side his hunters horne he hanging bad.

<sup>6</sup> Buskins he wore of costliest cordwaine,  
Pink vpon gold, and paled part per part,  
As then the guise was for each gentle swaine;  
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,  
Whose fellow he before had sent apart;  
And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare,  
With which he wont to lounce the saluage hart  
Of many a Lion, and of many a Beare  
That first vnto his hand in chafe did happen neare.

<sup>7</sup> Whom *Calidore* awhile well hauing vewed,  
At length bespake; What means this, gentle swaine?  
Why hath thy hand too bold it selfe embrewed  
In bloud of Knight, the which by thee is slaine?  
By thee no Knight; which armes impugneth plaine.  
Certes, said he, loth were I to haue broken  
The law of armes; yet breake it should againe,  
Rather then let my selfe of wight be stroken,  
So long as these two armes were able to be wroken.

<sup>8</sup> For, not I him, as this his Lady here  
May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong,  
Ne surely thus vnarm'd I likely were;  
But he me first, through pride and puiſſance strong  
Assaild, not knowing what to armes doth long.  
Perdie, great blame, then said Sir *Calidore*,  
For armed Knight a wight vnarm'd to wrong.  
But then aread, thou gentle child, wherefore  
Betwix you two began this strife and sterne vp-rore.

<sup>9</sup> That shall I sooth, said he, to you declare,  
I, whose vniuerſe yeeres are yet vnſeare,  
For thing of weight, or worke of greater care,  
Do spend my dayes, and bend my carelesse wit  
To saluage chace; where I thereon may hit  
In all this Forrest, and wilde woody raine:  
Where, as this day I was enraging it,  
I chaunc't to meet this Knight, who there lies slaine,  
Together with this Lady, passing on the Plaine.

<sup>10</sup> The Knight, as ye did see, on horse-back was,  
And this his Lady (that him ill became)  
On her faire feet by his horse side did passe  
Through thick and thin, vnſit for any Dame.  
Yet not content, more to increase his shame,  
When so she lagged, as she needs mote so,  
He with his speare (that was to him great blame)  
Would thumpe her forward, and inforce to goe,  
Weeping to him in vaine, and making pittious woe.

<sup>11</sup> Which when I saw, as they me passed by,  
Much was I moued in indignat mind,  
And gan to blame him for such cruelty  
Towards a Lady, whom with vſage kind  
He rather should haue taken vp behind.  
Where-with he wroth, and full of proud disdain,  
Tooke in foule ſcorne that I such fault did find,  
And me in lieu thereof reuill'd againe,  
Threatning to chaſtize me, as doth t' a child pertaine.

<sup>12</sup> Which I no leſſe diſdayning, backe returned  
His ſcornfull taunts vnto his teeth againe,  
That he straightway with haughty choler burned,  
And with his ſpeare ſtrooke me one ſtroke or twaine;  
Which I, enforce't to beare, though to my paine,  
Caſt to requite; and with a ſlender dart,  
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,  
Strooke him, as ſeemeth, vnderneath the hart,  
That through the wound his ſpirit ſhortly did depart.

<sup>13</sup> Much did Sir *Calidore* admire his ſpeech  
Tempred ſo well; but more admir'd the ſtroke  
That through the mailes he made ſo ſtrong a breach  
Into his hart, and had ſo ſternely wroke  
His wrath on him, that firſt occaſion broke.  
Yet reſted not, but further gan inquire  
Of that ſame Lady, whether what he ſpoke,  
Were ſoothly ſo, and that th' vnrighteous ire  
Of her owne Knight, had giuen him his owne due hire.

<sup>14</sup> Of all which, when as ſhe could nought deny,  
But cleard that ſtripling of th' imputed blame;  
Said then Sir *Calidore*, neyther will I  
Him charge with guilt, but rather do quite clame:  
For, what he ſpake, for you he ſpake it, Dame;  
And what he did, he did himſelfe to ſhame:  
Against both which, that Knight wrought Knightleſſe  
For, Knights and all men this by nature haue,  
Towards all women-kind them kindly to behaue.

<sup>15</sup> But, ſith that he is gone irreuerſable,  
Pleaſe it you Lady, to vs to aread,  
What cauſe could make him ſo diſhonourable,  
To drive you ſo on foot vnſit to tread  
And lackey by him, gainſt all womanhead?  
Certes, ſir Knight, ſaid ſhe, full loth I were  
To raiſe a liuing blame againſt the dead:  
But ſith it me concernes my ſelfe to cleare,  
I will the truth diſcouer, as it chaunc't whylere.

D d

This



16  
This day as he and I together roade  
Vpon our way, to which we weren bent,  
We chaunc'd to come fore-by a covert glade  
Within a wood, where-as a Lady gent  
Sat with a Knight in ioyous iolliment  
Of their franke loues, free from all ielous spies:  
Faue was the Lady sure, that more content  
An hart not carried with too curious eyes,  
And vnto him did shew all louely curtesies.

17  
Whom, when my Knight did see so louely faire,  
He inly gan her Louer to enoy,  
And with that he part of his spoyle might share:  
Where-to when as my presence he did spy  
To be a let, he bade me by and by  
For to alight: but when as I was loth,  
My Loues owne part to leaue so suddenly,  
He with strong hand downe fro his steed me throw'th,  
And w<sup>th</sup> presumptuous powre against that knight straight

18  
Vnarm'd all was the knight; as then more meete  
For Ladies seruaice, and for loues delight,  
Then fearing any foe-man there to meet:  
Whereof he taking oddes, straight bids him dight  
Himselfe to yeeld his Loue, or else to fight.  
Whereat, the other starting vp dismayd,  
Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might:  
To leaue his Loue he should be ill apaid,  
In which he had good right gaist all, that it gaue said.

19  
Yet, sith he was not presently in plight  
Her to defend, or his to iustifie,  
He him requested, as he was a Knight,  
To lend him day his better right to trye,  
Or stay till he his armes (which were there by)  
Might lightly fetch. But he was fierce and hot,  
Ne time would giue, nor any tearmes aby,  
But as him flew, and with his speare him smote;  
From which to thinke to saue himselfe, it bootet not.

20  
Meane-while, his Lady, which this outrage saw,  
Whil'st they together for the quarry stroue,  
Into the covert did her selfe withdraw,  
And closely hid her selfe within the Groue.  
My Knight, hers soone (as seemes) to danger droue,  
And left sore wounded: but when her he mist,  
He wote halfe mad, and in that rage gan rouse  
And range through all the wood, where so he wist  
Shee hidden was, and sought her so long as him list.

21  
But, when as her he by no meanes could find,  
After long search and chauffe, he turned backe  
Vnto the place where me he left behind:  
There gan he me to curse and ban, for lack  
Of that faire booty, and with bitter wrack  
To wreake on me the guile of his owne wrong.  
Of all which, I yet glad to beare the pack,  
Stroue to appeale him, and perswaded long:  
But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

22  
Then, as it were t' auenge his wrath on mee,  
When forward we should fare, he flat refused  
To take me vp (as this young man did see)  
Vpon his steed, for no iust cause accused,  
But fore't to trot on foot, and foule mistused;  
Punching me with the butt end of his speare,  
In vaine complayning to be so abused.  
For, he regarded neyther plaint nor teare,  
But more enforc't my paine, the more my plaints to heare.

23  
So passed we, till this young man vs met;  
And being mou'd with pity of my plight,  
Spake, as was meet, for ease of my regret:  
Whereof befell, what now is in your sight.  
Now sure, then said Sir Calidore, and right  
Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault:  
Who euer thinks through confidence of might,  
Or through support of count'nance proud and haule  
To wrong the weaker, oft falls in his owne assault.

24  
Then, turning backe vnto that gentle boy,  
Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit;  
Seeing his face so louely sterne and coy,  
And hearing th' answers of his pregnant wit,  
He prayd it much, and much admired it:  
That sure he weend him borne of noble blood,  
With whom those graces did so goodly fit:  
And when he long had him beholding stood,  
He burst into these words, as to him seemed good:

25  
Faue gentle swaine, and yet as stout as faue,  
That in these woods amongst the Nymphs doost won,  
Which daily may to thy sweet looks repaire,  
As they are wont vnto Latonaes son,  
After his chace on woody Cynthiae don:  
Well may I, centes, such an one thee read,  
As by thy woth thou worthily hast won,  
Or surely botne of som Herdick lead,  
That in thy face appeares, and gracious goodly-head.

26  
But should it not displease thee it to tell  
(Vellest thou in these woods thy selfe conceale,  
For loue amongst the woody gods to dwell?)  
I would thy selfe require thee to reucale,  
For deare affection and vnfaigned zeale  
Which to thy noble personage I beare,  
And with thee growe in worlship and great weale.  
For, since the day that armes I first did reare,  
I neuer saw in any, greater hope appeare.

27  
To whom, then thus the noble youth; May be  
Sir Knight, that by discovering my estate,  
Harpe may arise vnweeting vnto mee;  
Nath'lesse, sith ye so courtesous seemed late,  
To you I will not feare it to relate.  
Then wote ye, that I am a Beiton borne,  
Sonne of a King, how euer thorough fate  
Or fortune I my country haue forlorne,  
And lost the Crowne, which should my head by right

28  
And Tristram is my name, the onely heire  
Of good King Melibee, which did raigne  
In Cornewale, till that he through liues despeite  
Vnaimely dide, before I did attaine  
Ripe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine.  
After whose death, his brother seeing mee  
An infant, weake a Kingdome to sustaine,  
Vpon him tooke the royall high degree,  
And sent me, where him list, instructed for to bee.

29  
The widow Queene, my mother, which then hight  
Faue Emaline, conceiuing then great feare  
Of my fraile safety, resting in the night  
Of him, that did the Kingly Scepter beare,  
Whose ielous dread induring not a peare,  
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed,  
Thought best away me to remoue some-where  
Into some forraigne Land, where-as no need  
Of dreaded danger might his doubtfull humor feed.

30  
So, taking counsell of a wise man red,  
She was by him adviz'd, to send me quight  
Out of the Country wherin I was bred,  
The which the fertile Lionsse is hight,  
Into the Land of Faery, where no wight  
Should weete of mee, or worke me any wrong.  
To whose wise read she hearkning, sent me straight  
Into this Land, where I haue wond thus long,  
Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to stature strong.

31  
All which my dayes I haue not lewdly spent,  
Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares  
In idlesse; but as was convenient,  
Haue trained beene with many noble feres  
In gentle thewes, and such like seemly leres.  
Mongst which, my most delight hath alwayes been  
To hunt the salvage chace amongst my peres,  
Of all that rangeth in the Forrest Greene;  
Of which, none is to me vnknowne, that e'er was seene.

32  
Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on perch,  
Whether high tawring, or accoasting lowe,  
But I the measure of her flight do search,  
And all her prey, and all her diet knowe.  
Such be our ioyes, which in these Forrests growe:  
Onely the vse of armes, which most I ioy,  
And fitteth most for noble swaine to knowe,  
I haue not tasted yet, yet past a boy,  
And being now high time these strong ioynts to employ.

33  
Therefore, good sir, sith now occasion fit  
Doth fall, whose like hereafter sildome may;  
Let me this craine, vnworthy though of it,  
That ye will make me Squire without delay,  
That from henceforth in battailous array  
I may beare armes, and learne to vse them right;  
The rather, sith that fortune hath this day  
Giuen to me the spoyle of this dead Knight,  
These goodly gilden armes, which I haue won in fight.

34  
All which, when well Sir Calidore had heard,  
Him much more now, then erst he gan admire,  
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,  
And thus replide; Pare child, the high desire  
To loue of armes, which in you doth aspire,  
I may not certes without blame denie;  
But rather wish, that some more noble hire  
(Though none more noble then is cheualrie)  
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie.

35  
There, him he caus'd to kneele, and made to sweare  
Faith to his Knight, and truth to Ladies all;  
And neuer to be recreant, for feare  
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:  
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.  
Full glad and ioyous then young Tristram grew,  
Like as a flowre, whose silken leaues small,  
Long shut vp in the bud from heavens view, (he w.)  
At length breakes forth, and brode displays his smiling

36  
Thus, when they long had treated to and fro,  
And Calidore betooke him to depart,  
Child Tristram prayd, that he with him might goe  
On his aduenture; vowing not to part,  
But wait on him in euery place and part.  
Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,  
And greatly ioy'd at his so noble hart,  
In hope he sure would proue a doughty Knight:  
Yet for the time this answer he to him beight;

37  
Glad would I surely be, thou courtesous Squire,  
To haue thy presence in my present quest,  
That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,  
And flame forth honour in thy noble brest:  
But I am bound by vow, which I profess  
To my drad Soueraigne, when I it assayd,  
That in atchieuement of her high behest,  
I should no creature ioyne vnto mine ayde,  
For thy, I may not grant that ye so greedly prayd.

38  
But, since this Lady is all desolate,  
And needeth safegard now vpon her way,  
Ye may do well in this her needfull state  
To succour her, from danger of dismay;  
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay.  
The noble Impe, of such new seruice faine,  
It gladly did accept, as he did say.  
So taking courtesous leaue, they parted twaine,  
And Calidore forth passed to his former paine.

39  
But Tristram, then despoiling that dead Knight  
Of all those goodly ornaments of praise,  
Long led his greedy eyes with the faire sight  
Of the bright metall, shining like Sunne rayes;  
Handling and turning them a thousand wayes.  
And after, hauing them vpon him dight,  
He tooke that Lady, and her vp did raise  
Vpon the steed of her owne late dead Knight:  
So with her marched forth, as she did him beight.



There, to their fortune, leave we them awhile,  
And turne we backe to good Sir Calidore;  
Who, ere he thence had trauid many a mile,  
Came to the place, where-as ye heard afore,  
This Knight, whom *Tristram* slew, had wounded fore  
Another Knight in his despiteous pride;  
There he that Knight found lying on the flore,  
With many wounds full penious and wide,  
That all his garments, and the grasse in vermeil dide.

And there beside him, fare vpon the ground  
His wooll Lady, pittiously complayning  
With loud laments that most vnuckie sound,  
And her sad selfe with carefull and constraining  
To wipe his wounds, and ease their bitter payning,  
Which forsyght when *Calidore* did view  
With heavy eyne, from teares vneath refrayning,  
His mighty hart their mournfull case can rew,  
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

Then speaking to the Lady, thus he said:  
Ye dolefull Dame, let not your griefe empeach  
To tell what cruell hand hath thus arraid  
This Knight vnarm'd, with so vnknighly breach  
Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,  
I may auenge him of so foule despight.  
The Lady, hearing his so courteous speech,  
Can reare his eyes as to the chearcfull light,  
And from her forsy hart few heavy words forth sigh't.

In which she shew'd how that discourteous Knight  
(Whom *Tristram* slew) them in that shadow bound,  
Ioyning together in vnblam'd delight,  
And him vnarm'd, as now he lay on ground,  
Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did wound  
Withouten cause, but onely her to reue  
From him, to whom she was for euer bound:  
Yet when she fled into that couert greaue,  
He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leaue.

When *Calidore* this ruefull storie had  
Well vnderstood, he gan of her demanda,  
What manner wight he was, and how yelid,  
Which had this out-rage wrought with wicked hand.

She then, like as she best could vnderstand,  
Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,  
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band  
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe  
A Lady on rough waues, row'd in a sommer barge.

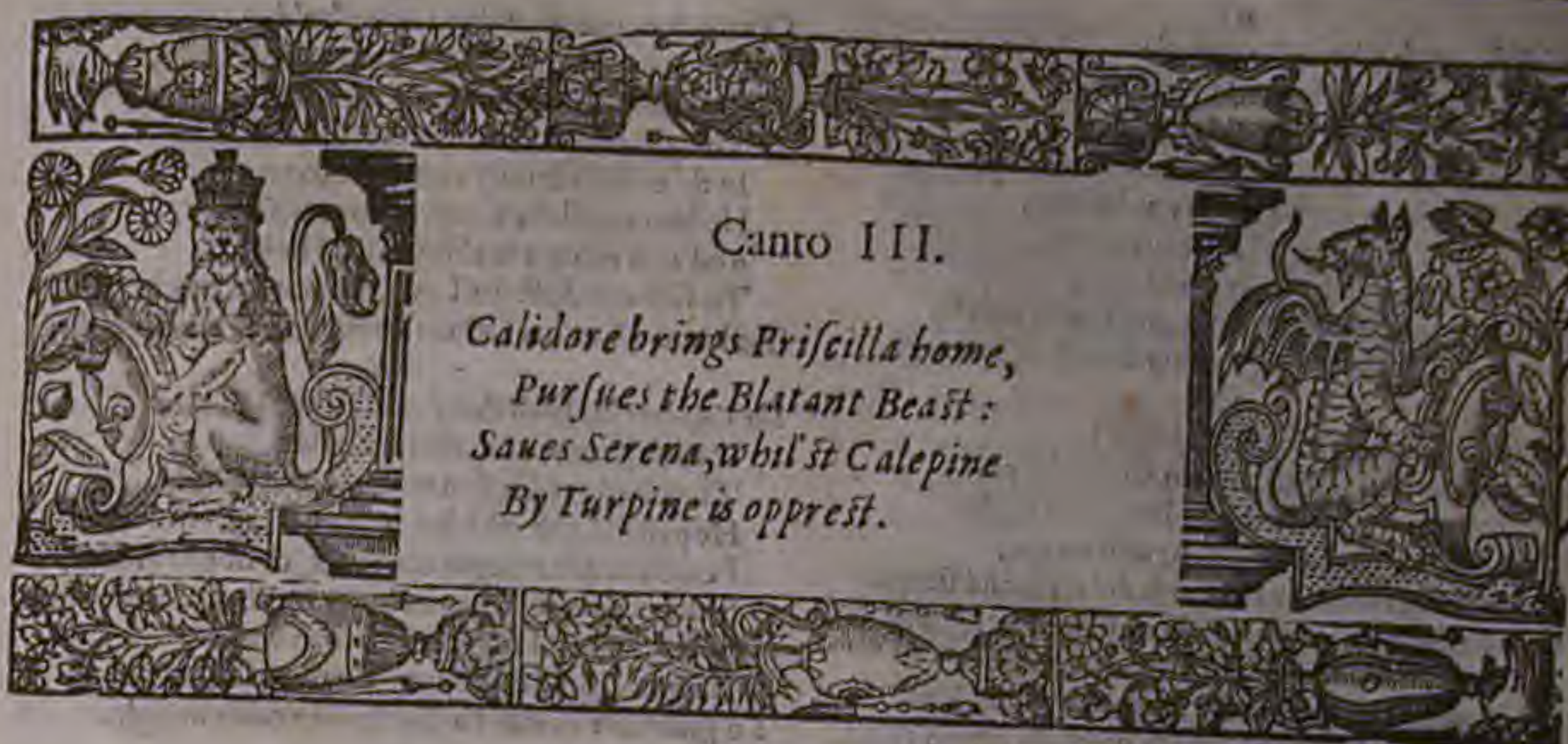
Then gan Sir *Calidore* to ghesse straightway,  
By many signes which the described had,  
That this was he, whom *Tristram* carst did slay,  
And to her said: Dame, be no longer sad:  
For, he that hath your Knight so ill bestad,  
Is now himselfe in much more wretched plight;  
These eyes him saw vpon the cold earth sprad,  
The meed of his desert for that despight,  
Which to your selfe he wrought, & to your loued Knight.

Therefore, faire Lady, lay aside this griefe,  
Which ye haue gathered to your gentle hart  
For that displeasure; and thinke what reliefe  
Were best deuise for this your Louers smart,  
And how ye may him hence, and to what part  
Conuay to be recur'd. She thank't him deare,  
Both for that newes he did to her impart,  
And for the courteous care which he did beare  
Both to her Loue, and to her selfe in that sad dreare.

Yet could she not deuise by any wit,  
How thence she might conuay him to some place,  
For, him to trouble she it thought vnfit,  
That was a stranger to her wretched case;  
And him to beate, she thought it thing too base.  
Which when as he perceiu'd, he thus bespake;  
Faire Lady, let it not you seeme disgrace,  
To beare this burden on your dainty backe;  
My selfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe.

So, off he did his shield, and downward layd  
Vpon the ground, like to an hollow beare;  
And pouring balme, which he had long puruaid,  
Into his wounds, him vp thereon did reare,  
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,  
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne.  
Thence they him carried to a Castle neare,  
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne:  
Where what enso'd, shall in next Canto be begonne.

Canto



True is, that whilome that good Poet said,  
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is knowne.  
For, a man by nothing is so well bewrayd,  
As by his manners; in which plaine is showne  
Of what degree and what race he is growne.  
For, seldom scene, a trotting Stallion get  
An ambling Colt; that is his proper owne:  
So seldom scene, that one in balenesse set  
Doth noble courage shew, with courteous manners met.

But euermore contrary hath been try'd,  
That gentle blood will gentle manners breed;  
As well may be in *Calidore* descry'd,  
By late ensample of that courteous deed,  
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,  
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought  
Vnto the Castle where they had decreed.  
There of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,  
To make abode that night he greatly was belought.

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,  
That in his youth had been of mickle might,  
And borne great sway in armes amongst his peares:  
But now weak age had dimd his candle light.  
Yet was he courteous still to euery wight,  
And loued all that did to armes incline,  
And was the father of that wounded Knight,  
Whom *Calidore* thus carried on his chine,  
And *Aldus* was his name, and his sonne's *Aladine*.

Who when he sawe his sonne so ill bedight,  
With bleeding wounds, brought home vpon a Beare,  
By a faire Lady, and a stranger Knight,  
Was inly touched with compassion deare;  
And deare affection of so doolefull dreare,  
That he these words burst forth: Ah forsy boy,  
Is this the hope that to my boary heare  
Thou brings: aye me! is this the timely ioy,  
Which I expected long, now turn'd to sad annoy?

Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope;  
So tickle is the state of earthly things,  
That ere they come vnto their aynd scope,  
They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,  
And bring vs bale and bitter sorrowings,  
In stead of comfort, which we should embrace.  
This is the state of Keelars and of Kings,  
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,  
Too greatly grieue at any his vnuckie case.

So well and wisely did that good old Knight  
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,  
To cheare his guests, whom he had stayd that night,  
And make them welcome to them well appare:  
That to Sir *Calidore* was caste geare;  
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,  
But sigh't and sorrow'd for her loue deare,  
And inly did afflict her peniue thought,  
With thinking to what case her name should now be

For, she was daughter to a noble Lord,  
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affie  
To a great Peere: but she did disaccord,  
Ne could her liking to his loue apply,  
But lov'd this fresh young Knight, who dwelt her nie,  
The lusty *Aladine* though meaner borne,  
And of lesse hiehood and hability;  
Yet full of valour, the which did adorne  
His meaneuells much, & make her th' others riches scorn.

So hauing both found the occasion,  
They met together in that lucklesse glade;  
Where that proud Knight in his presumption  
The gentle *Aladine* did earst inuade,  
Being vnarm'd, and set in secret shade.  
Whereof she now bethinking, gan r'adoize,  
How great a hazard she at earst had made  
Of her good fame; and further gan deuise,  
How she the blame might salue with coloured disguise.

D d

But



15  
But *Calidore* with all good courtesie  
Fain'd her to frobete, and to put away  
The peniue fit of her melancholy;  
And that old Knight by all meanes did assay,  
To make them both as merry as he may.  
So they the evening past, till time of rest;  
Then *Calidore* in seemely good array  
Vnto his bowre was brought, and there vndrest,  
Did sleepe all night through weary trauell of his quest.

16  
But faire *Priscilla* (so that Lady hight)  
Would not to bed, nor take no kindly sleepe,  
But by her wounded Loue did watch all night,  
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,  
And with her teares his wounds did wash and sleepe.  
So well she wash't them, and so well she watch't him,  
That of the deadly wound, in which full deepe  
He drenched was, she at the length dispatch't him,  
And droue away the sound, which mortally attach't him.

17  
The morrow next when day gan to vp-look,  
He also gan vp-look with derry eyes,  
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:  
Where when he saw his faire *Priscilla* by,  
He deeply sigh't, and groan'd inwardly,  
To thinke of this ill state, in which she stood,  
To which she for his sake had weepingly  
Now brought her selfe, and blam'd her noble blood:  
For first, next after life, be tendered her good.

18  
Which she perceiuing, did with plentious teares,  
His care more then her owne compassionate,  
Forgetfull of her owne, to minde his feares:  
So both conspiring, gan to intimate  
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,  
And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast,  
How to salve whole her hazarded estate;  
For which the onely helpe now left them last  
Seem'd to be *Calidore*: all other helpe were past.

19  
Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seem'd,  
A courteous Knight, and full of faithfull trust:  
Therefore to him their cause they best esteem'd  
Whole to commit, and to his dealing iust.  
Earely, so loone as *Titans* beams forth burst  
Through the thicke clouds, in which they steeped lay  
All night in darknesse, duld with iron rust,  
*Calidore* rising vp as fresh as day,  
Gan freshly him address vnto his former way.

20  
But first him seem'd fit, that wounded Knight  
To visite after this nights perillous passe,  
And to salute him, if he were in plight,  
And eke that Lady his faue louely Lasse.  
There he him found much better then he was,  
And moued speech to him of things of course,  
The anguish of his paine to ouer-passe:  
Mongst which he namely did to him discourse,  
Of former dayes mishap, his sorrowes wicked course.

21  
Of which occasion *Aldine* taking hold,  
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his Loue,  
And all his disaduentures to vnfold;  
That *Calidore* it dearly deep did moue.  
In th' end his kindly courtesie to proue,  
He him by all the bands of loue besought,  
And as it mote a faithfull friend behoue,  
To safe-conduct his Loue, and not for ought  
To leaue, till to her fathers house he had her brought.

22  
Sir *Calidore* his faith thereto did plight,  
It to performe: so, after litle stay,  
That she her selfe had to the iourney dight,  
He pass'd forth with her in faire array,  
Fearelesse, who ought did thinke, or ought did say,  
Sith his own thought he knew most cleare from wite,  
So as they past together on their way,  
He gan deuize this counter-cast of flight,  
To giue faire colour to that Ladies caule in sight.

23  
Streight to the carcasle of that Knight he went,  
The cause of all this euill, who was slaine  
The day before by iust auengement  
Of noble *Tristram*, where it did remaine:  
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,  
And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame,  
So forth he pass'd thorough that dayes paine,  
Till to that Ladies fathers house he came,  
Most peniue man, thogh fear, what of his child became.

24  
There he arriuing boldly, did present  
The fearefull Lady to her father deare,  
Most perfect pure, and guilelesse innocent  
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweare,  
Since first he sawe her, and did free from feare  
Of a discourteous Knight, who had her rest,  
And by outrageous force away did beare:  
Wittlesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,  
And wretched life forlorne for vengeance of his theft.

25  
Most ioyfull man her Sire was her to see,  
And heare th' aduenture of her late mischance;  
And thousand thanks to *Calidore* for see  
Of his large paines in her deliuerance  
Did yeeld; Ne lesse the Lady did aduance,  
Thus hauing her restored trustfully,  
As he had vow'd, some small continuance  
He there did make, and then most carefully  
Vnto his first exploit he did himselfe apply.

26  
So as he was pursuing of his quest,  
He chaunc'd to come whereas a iolly knight,  
In couert shade himselfe did safely rest,  
To solace with his Lady in delight:  
His warlike armes he had from him vndight;  
For that himselfe he thought from danger free,  
And far from enuious eyes that mote him spight:  
And eke the Lady was full faire to see,  
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

27  
To whom Sir *Calidore* approaching nie,  
Ere they were well aware of liuing wight,  
Them much abasht, but more himselfe thereby,  
That he so rudely did vpon them light,  
And troubled had their quiet lones delight.  
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,  
Himselfe thereof he laboured to acquite,  
And pard on crau'd for his so rash default,  
That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

28  
With which his gentle words and goodly wit,  
He soon allayd that Knights conceiv'd displeasure,  
That he besought him downe by him to sit,  
That they mote treat of things abroad at leasure;  
And of aduentures, which had in his measure  
Of so long wayes to him befallen late,  
So downe he late, and with delightfull pleasure  
His long aduentures gan to him relate,  
Which he endured had through dangerous debate.

29  
Of which whil't they discoursed both together,  
The faire *Serena* (so his Lady hight)  
Allur'd with mildnesse of the gentle weather,  
And pleasure of the place, the which was dight  
With diuers flowres distinct with rare delight;  
Wandred about the fields, as liking led  
Her wauering lust after her wandring sight,  
To make a garland to adorne her head,  
Without suspect of ill or danger hidden dread.

30  
All sodainly out of the Forrest nere  
The blatant Beest, forth rushing vnware,  
Caught her thus loofely wandring here and there,  
And in his wide great mouth away her bare.  
Crying aloud, to shew her sad misfere,  
Vnto the Knights, and calling oft for ayde;  
Who with the horrour of her haplesse care  
Hastily starting vp, like men dismay'd,  
Ran after fast, to rescue the distressed mayde.

31  
The Beest, with their pursuit incited more,  
Into the wood was bearing her apace  
For to haue spoyled her, when *Calidore*  
Who was more light of foot and swift in chace,  
Him ouer-tooke in midst of his race:  
And fiercely charging him with all his might,  
Forc't to forgoe his prey there in the place,  
And to betake himselfe to fearefull flight;  
For he durst not abide with *Calidore* to fight.

32  
Who nathelless, when he the Lady sawe  
There left on ground, though in full euill plight,  
Yet knowing that her Knight now nere did draw,  
Staid not to succour her in that affright,  
But follow'd fast the Monster in his flight:  
Through woods and hills he follow'd him so fast,  
That he n'ould let him breathe nor gather spight,  
But forc't him gape and gaspe, with dread affright,  
As if his lungs and lites were nigh asunder brast.

33  
And now by this, Sir *Calepine* (so hight)  
Came to the place, where he his Lady found  
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,  
All in gore blood there tumbled on the ground,  
Hauing both sides through gripe with griefely wound,  
His weapons soone from him he threw away;  
And stooping downe to her in derry sround,  
Vprear'd her from the ground, whereon she lay,  
And in his tender armes her forced vp to stay.

34  
So well he did his busie paines apply,  
That the faint sprite he did reuoke againe,  
To her fraile mansion of mortality.  
Then vp he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,  
And setting on his steed, her did sustaine  
With carefull hands, fostering foot her beside,  
Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,  
Where she in safe assurance mote abide,  
Till she recured were of thole her woundes wide.

35  
Now when as *Phobus* with his fiery waite  
Vnto his Ioue began to drawe apace;  
Tho, waxing weary of that roylesome paine,  
In trauelling on foot so long a space,  
Not wont on foot with heavy armes to trace,  
Downe in a dale forby a riuers side,  
He chaunc'd to spy a faire and stately Place,  
To which he meant his weary steps to guide,  
In hope there for his Loue some succour to provide.

36  
But coming to the riuers side, he found  
That hardly passable on foot it was:  
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,  
Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pass.  
Thus whil't he was in this distressed case,  
Deuising what to do, he nigh elspide  
An armed Knight approaching to the place,  
With a faire Lady linked by his side,  
The which themselves prepar'd thorough the foord to ride.

37  
Whom *Calepine* saluting (as became)  
Besought of courtesie in that his need  
(For safe conducting of his sickly Dame,  
Through that same perillous foord with better heed)  
To take him vp behinde vpon his steed:  
To whom that other did this taunt retorne;  
Perdy, thou peasant Knight mightst rightly reed  
Me then to be full base and euill borne,  
If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne.

38  
But as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame,  
So fare on foote till thou another gaine,  
And let thy Lady likewise do the same,  
Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing paine;  
And proue thy manhood on the billowes raine.  
With which rude speech his Lady much displeased,  
Did him reprove, yet could him not restraene,  
And would on her owne Palfrey him haue cald,  
And his Lady left, whom she sawe so distressed.



33  
Sir *Calepine* her thank; yet, inly wroth  
Against her Knight, her gentleness refused,  
And carelessly into the river goth,  
As in despite to be so foule abused  
Of a rude churle, whom often he accused  
Of foule discourtesie, vnto for Knight;  
And strongly wading through the waues vnused,  
With Speare in th' one hand, stayd himselfe vp right,  
With th' other stayd his Lady vp with stiddy might.

34  
And all the while, that same discourteous Knight  
Stood on the further banke beholding him.  
At whose calamity, for more despight,  
He laughd, and mockt to see him like to swim.  
But when as *Calepine* came to the brim,  
And saw his carriage past that perill well,  
Looking at that same Carle with count'nance grim,  
His heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,  
And forth at last did breake in speeches sharpe and fell.

35  
Vnknightly Knight, the blemish of that name,  
And blot of all that armes vpon them take,  
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,  
Loe I defie thee, and here challenge make,  
That thou for euer do those armes forsake;  
And be for euer held a recreant knight,  
Vnlesse thou dare for thy deare Ladies sake,  
And for thine owne defence on foot alight,  
To iustifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight.

36  
The dastard, that did heare himselfe decide,  
Seem'd not to waigh his threatful words at all,  
But laughd them out, as if his greater pride  
Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall:  
Or had no courage, or else had no gall,  
So much the more was *Calepine* offended,  
That him to no reuenge he forth could call,  
But both his challenge and himselfe contemned,  
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

37  
But he, nought weighing what he said or did,  
Turned his steed about another way,  
And with his Lady to the Castle rid,  
Where was his won; ne did the other stay,  
But after went directly as he may,  
For his sickle charge some harbour there to seeke;  
Where he arriuing with the fall of day,  
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke,  
And milde entreaty, lodging did for her beseeke.

38  
But the rude Porter, that no manners had,  
Did shut the gate against him in his face,  
And entrance boldly vnto him forbad.  
Nathelasse the Knight, now in so needie case,  
Gan him entreat euen with submission base,  
And humbly prayd to let them in that night:  
Who to him answer'd, that there was no place  
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,  
Vnlesse that with his Lord he former  
Towes wicked fourie.

39  
Full loth am I, quoth he, as now at east,  
When day is spent, and rest vs needeth most,  
And that this Lady, both whose sides are pearc't  
With wounds, is ready to forgoe the ghost:  
Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,  
That should to me such courtesie afford,  
Vnlesse that I were thereunto enforc't.  
But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,  
That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the ford.

40  
His name, quoth he, if that thou list to learne,  
Is hight Sir *Turpine*, one of mickle might,  
And manhood rare, but terrible and sterne  
In all assayes to euery errant Knight,  
Because of one, that wrought him foule despight,  
Ill seemes, said he, if he so valiant be,  
That he should be so sterne to stranger wight:  
For, seldome yet did liuing creature see,  
That curtesie and manhood euer disagree.

41  
But goe thy wayes to him, and fro me say,  
That here is at the gate an errant Knight,  
That house-roume craues, yet would be loth to assay  
The prooue of battell, now in doubtfull night,  
Or courtesie with rudenesse to requite:  
Yet if he needs will fight, craue leave till morne,  
And tell (withall) the lamentable plight,  
In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,  
That pittie craues, as he of woman was yborne.

42  
The grooms went straightway in, and to his Lord  
Declar'd the message, which that Knight did moue;  
Who, sitting with his Lady then at bord,  
Not onely did not his demand approue,  
But both himselfe reuil'd, and eke his Loue;  
Albe his Lady, that *Blandina* hight,  
Him of vngentle vsage did reprocue  
And earnestly entreated that they might  
Finde fauour to be lodged there for that same night.

43  
Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,  
Ne from his curish will awit reclame,  
Which answer when the grooms, returning, brought  
To *Calepine*, his heart did inly flame  
With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,  
That he could not thereof auenged bee:  
But most for pittie of his dearest Dame,  
Whom now in deadly danger he did see;  
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

44  
But all in vaine; for why, no remedy  
He saw, the present mischiefe to redresse,  
But th' vnmolt end perforce for to aby,  
Which that nights fortune would for him addresse.  
So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,  
And layd her ynderneath a bush to sleepe,  
Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse,  
Whiles he himselfe all night did nought but weepe,  
And wary watch about her for her safeguard keepe.

45  
The morrow next, so soone as ioyous day  
Did shew it selfe in sunny beames bedight,  
*Serena* full of dolorous dismay,  
Twixt darknesse drad, and hope of liuing light;  
Vpcre'd her head to see that cheerfull sight.  
Then *Calepine*, how-euer inly wroth,  
And greedy to auenge that vile despight;  
Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth  
To make there longer stay, forth on his journey goth.

46  
He goth on foote all armed by her side,  
Vpstayng still her selfe vpon her steed,  
Being vnable else alone to ride;  
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleed:  
Till that at length, in his extreamest need,  
He chaunc't far off an armed Knight to spie,  
Pursuing him apace with greedy speed;  
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,  
That meant to make aduantage of his misery.

47  
Wherefore he stayd, till that he neerer drew,  
To weet what issue would thereof betide.  
Tho, when-as he approached nigh in view,  
By certaine signes he plainly him descride  
To be the man, that with such scornfull pride  
Had him abused, and shamed yesterday,  
Therefore misdoubting, least he should misguide  
His former malice to some new assay,  
He cast to keepe him selfe so safely as he may.

48  
By this, the other came in place likewise;  
And couching close his speare and all his powre,  
As bent to some malicious enterprise,  
He bad him stand, & abide the bitter stoure.

Of his sore vengeance, or to make auoure  
Of the lewd words and deeds, which he had done:  
With that ran at him, as he would deuoure  
His life at once; who nought could do, but stun  
The perill of his pride, or else be over-run.

49  
Yet he him still pursu'd from place to place,  
With full intent him cruelly to kill;  
And like a wilde goate round about did chase,  
Flying the fury of his bloody will.  
But his best succour and refuge was still  
Behinde his Ladies backe; who to him cride,  
And called oft with prayers loud and thrill,  
As euer he to Lady was affide,  
To spare her Knight, and rest with reason pacifide.

50  
But he the more thereby enraged was,  
And with more eager fellesse him pursu'd:  
So that at length, after long weary chase,  
Hauing by chance a close aduantage view'd,  
He ouer-raught him, hauing long elchew'd  
His violence in vaine; and with his speare  
Strook through his shoulder, that the blood ensu'd  
In great abundance, as a Well it were,  
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appeare.

51  
Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,  
But chae'd him still, for all his Ladies crye;  
Not satisfide till on the fatal ground  
He saw his life pourd forth desperately:  
The which was certes in great reopards,  
Had not a wondrous chance his reskew wrought,  
And saued from his cruell villany.  
Such chances oft exceed all humane thought:  
That in another Canto shall to end be brought.



## Canto IIII.

*Calepine by a saluage man  
From Turpine reskewed is;  
And whil' st an Infant from a Beare  
He saues, his Loue doth misse.*

Like as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,  
Hauing spent all her mastes and her ground-hold,  
Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,  
At last some fisher barke doth neere behold,

That giueth comfort to her courage cold:  
Such was the state of this most courteous Knight,  
Being opprest by that faytour bold,  
That he remayned in most perillous plight;  
And his Lad Lady left in pittifull affright.



Till that by fortune, passing all foresight,  
A salvage man, which in those woods did wonne,  
Drawne with that Ladies loud and pitious freight,  
Toward the same incessantly did runne,  
To vnderstand what there was to be donne.  
There he this most discourteous craven found,  
As fiercely yet, as when he first begonne,  
Chasing the gentle *Calepine* around,  
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

The salvage man, that neuer till this houre  
Did taste of pittie, neyther gentlelle knew,  
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure  
Was much enuious at his perils view;  
That euen his ruder heart began to rew,  
And feeble compassion of his euill plight,  
Against his foe, that did him so pursue:  
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,  
And him auenge of that so villenous despight.

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,  
Ne knew the vie of warlike instruments,  
Sauc such as sudden rage him lent to smite;  
But naked without needfull vestiments,  
To clad his corpe with meet habiliments,  
He cared not for dint of sword nor speare,  
No more then for the strokes of straws or beets:  
For, from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,  
He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

He stayd not to aduize, which way were best  
His foe to assault, or how himselfe to gard;  
But with fierce fury and with force infest  
Vpon him ran: who, being well prepar'd:  
His first assault full warily did ward,  
And with the push of his sharpe pointed speare  
Full on the breast him strook, so strong and hard,  
That forc't him backe recoyle, and reele areare;  
Yet in his body made no wound nor bloud appeare.

With that, the wilde man more enraged grew,  
Like to a Tygre that hath mist his pray,  
And with mad mood againe vpon him flew,  
Regarding neyther speare that mote him slay,  
Nee his fierce speed, that mote him much dismay.  
The salvage nation doth all dread despise:  
Tho, on his shield he gripe hold did lay,  
And held the same so hard, that by no wise  
He could him force to loose, or leaue his enterprize.

Long did he wrest and wing it to and fro,  
And euery way did try, but all in vaine:  
For he would not his greedy gripe for-goe,  
But h'd and puld with all his might and maine,  
That from his speed him nigh he drew againe.  
Who having now no vse of his long speare,  
So nigh at hand, nor forc't his shield to straine,  
Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse were,  
He quene forlooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

But after him the wilde man ran apace,  
And him pursued with importune speed:  
(For he was swif't as any Bucke in chase)  
And had he not in his extreamest need,  
Beene helped through the swiftnesse of his speed,  
He had him overtaken in his flight.  
Who, euer as he sawe him nigh succed,  
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,  
And shrieked out a thing vncomely for a Knight.

But when the Salvage saw his labour vaine,  
In following of him that fled so fast,  
He weary wore, and backe return'd againe  
With speed vnto the place, where-as he last  
Had left that couple, neere their vtmost cast.  
There he that Knight full sorely bleeding found,  
And eke the Lady fearfully aghast,  
Both for the perill of the present stound,  
And also for the sharpenesse of her rankling wound.

For, though she were full glad, so rid to bee  
From that vile lozell, which her late offended;  
Yet now no lesse encombrace she did see,  
And perill by this salvage man pretended;  
Gainst whom she saw no meane to be defended,  
By reason that her Knight was wounded fore.  
Therefore her selfe she wholly recommended  
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore,  
To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

But the wild man, contrary to her feare,  
Came to her, creeping like a fawning hound,  
And by rude tokens made to her appeare  
His deepe compassion of her dolefull sound,  
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;  
For, other language had he none nor speech,  
But a soft murmur, and confused sound  
Offenselisse words, which Nature did him teach,  
T' expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach.

And comming likewise to the wounded Knight,  
When he beheld the streames of purple blood  
Yet flowing fresh; as moued with the sight,  
He made great moene, after his salvage mood:  
And running straight into the thickest wood,  
A certaine herbe from thence vnto him brought,  
Whose vertue he by vie well vnderstood:  
The iuice whereof into his wound he wrought,  
And stoppt the bleeding straight, ere he it stanch'd thought.

Then taking vp that Reereants shield and speare,  
Which earst he left, he signes vnto them made,  
With him to wend vnto his winning neare:  
To which he easily did them perswade.  
Farre in the Forrest by a hollow glade,  
Covered with mossie shrubs, which spreading broad  
Did vnderneath them make a gloamy shade;  
Where foot of liuing creature neuer trod,  
Ne carse wild beasts durst come, there was this wight.

Thither he brought these vnacquainted guests;  
To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed  
By signes, by lookes and all his other gests.  
But the bare ground, with hoary mossie bestrowed,  
Must be their bed, their pillow was vnswowed,  
And the fruits of the Forrest was their feast:  
For, their had stward neyther plough'd nor sowed,  
Ne fed on flesh, ne euer of wilde beast  
Did taste the bloud, obeying Natures first behest.

Yet howeuer base and meane it were,  
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all;  
Which had them freed from that deadly feare,  
And saved from being to that captiue thrall.  
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)  
Compelled were themselues awhile to rest,  
Glad of that easement, though it were but small;  
That hauing there their wounds awhile redrest,  
They more the abler be to passe vnto the rest.

During which time, that wilde man did apply  
His best endeouour, and his dailie paine,  
In seeking all the woods both farre and nye  
For herbes to dresse their wounds; still seeming faine,  
When ought he did, that did their liking gaine.  
So as ere long he had that Knights wound  
Recured well, and made him whole againe:  
But that same Ladies hurt no herbe he found,  
Which could redresse, for it was inwardly vnfound.

Now when as *Calepine* was woxen strong,  
Vpon a day he cast abroad to wend,  
To take the ayre, and heare the thrushes song,  
Vnarm'd, as tearing neyther foe nor friend,  
And without sword his person to defend.  
There him befell, vnlooked for before,  
An hard aduenture with vnhappy end,  
A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore  
Betwixt his bloody mawes, besprinkled all with gore.

The little babe did loudly screeke and squall,  
And all the woods with pittious plaints did fill,  
As if his crye did meane for helpe to call  
To *Calepine*, whose cares those shrieches shrill  
Pearcing his heart with pitties point did thrill;  
That after him, he ran with zealous haste,  
To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill:  
Whom though he sawe now somewhat ouer-past,  
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursued fast.

Well then him chaunc't his heavy armes to want,  
Whose burden mote impeach his needfull speed,  
And hinder him from libertie to pant:  
For, hauing long time, as his dailie weed,  
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need;  
Now wanting them he felt himselfe to light,  
That like an Hauke, which feeling her selfe freed  
From bels and iccles, which did let her flight,  
Him seem'd his feet did fly, and in their speed delight.

So well he sped him, that the weary Beare  
Ere long he ouer-tooke, and forc't to stay;  
And without weapon him assailing neare,  
Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay,  
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to lose his prey,  
Vpon him turned, and with greedy force  
And fury, to be crossed in his way,  
Gaping full wide, did thinke without remorse  
To be mung'd on him, and to deuoure his carse.

But the bold Knight no whit threat dismayd:  
But catching vp in hand a ragged stone,  
Which lay thereby (to fortune him did ayde)  
Vpon him ran, and thrust it all at once  
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone  
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,  
Being vnable to digest that bone;  
Ne could it upward come, nor downward pass:  
Ne could he brook the coldnesse of the stony mass.

Whom when as he thus cumberd did behold,  
Struing in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,  
He with him clos'd: and laying mighty hold  
Vpon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,  
That wanting breath, him downe to ground he cast;  
And then oppressing him with vrgent paine,  
Ere long enforc't to breath his vtmost blast,  
Gushing his cruell teeth at him in vaine, (straine)  
And threatening his sharpe claws, now wanting powre to

Then tooke he vp betwixt his armes twaine  
The little babe, sweet relicks of his pray;  
Whom pitying to heare so fore complaine,  
From his soft eyes the teares he wip't away,  
And from his face the filth that did terray:  
And euery little limbe he searcht around,  
And euery part, that vnder sweats-bands lay,  
Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound  
Made in his tender flesh; but whole them all he found.

So hauing all his bands againe vttyde,  
He with him thought backe to resurne againe:  
But when he lookt about on euery side,  
To weet which way were best to entertaine,  
To bring him to the place where he would faine,  
He could no path nor tract of foot descry,  
Ne by inquiry learne, nor ghille by ayme,  
For, nought but woods and Forrest, fyre and nye,  
That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

Much was he then encombr'd, he could tell  
Which way to take; now West he went awhile,  
Then North; then neyther, but as fortune fell.  
So vp and downe he wandred many a mile,  
With weary trauell and vnertaine toyle,  
Yet nought the nearer to his iourneys end;  
And euermore his lowly little spoyle  
Crying for food did greatly him offend.  
So all that day in wandring vainely he did spend.



At last, about the setting of the Sunne,  
Himselfe out of the forest he did winde,  
And by good fortune the plaine Champain wonne:  
Where looking all about, where he more find  
Some place of succour to content his mind,  
At length he heard vnder the Forrests side  
A voyce, that seemed of some woman-kinde,  
Which to her selfe lamenting loudly cride,  
And oft complain'd of Fate, and Fortune oft decide.

To whom approaching, when as she perceived  
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,  
As if she doubted to have been deceived,  
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayed.  
Whom when as *Calpene* saw so dismayd,  
Heto her drew, and with faire blandishment  
Her chearing vp, thus gently to her said:  
What be you wofull Dame, which thus lament?  
And for what cause declare, so mote ye not repent.

To whom she thus: What need me Sir to tell  
That which your selfe haue earst aured so right?  
A wofull Dame ye haue me tearmed well;  
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight  
Cannot redress'd be by living wight.  
Nath'lesse, quoth he, if need do not you bind,  
Doe it discolore, to ease your grieved spright:  
Oft-times it hap, that sorrowes of the mind  
Find remedy vnlonght, which seeking cannot find.

Then thus began the lamentable Dame;  
Sith then ye needs will knowe the griefe I hoord,  
I am th'vnfortunate *Matilde* by name,  
The wife of bold Sir *Bruin*, who is Lord  
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword  
From a great Giant, called *Cormorant*;  
Whom he did ouerthrowe by yonder foord,  
And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,  
That he dare not: returne for all his daily vaunt.

So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land,  
And in his fee, with peaceable estate,  
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,  
Ne any dares with him for it debate.  
But to those happy fortunes, cruell Fate  
Hath ioyn'd one euill, which doth ouer-throwe  
All these our ioyes, and all our blisse abate;  
And like in time to further ill to growe,  
And all this land with endlesse losse to ouer-flowe.

For th' heauen, enuying our prosperity,  
Hane not vouchsaf't to grant vnto vs twaine  
The gladfull blessing of posterity,  
Which we might see after our selues remaine  
In th' heritage of our vnhappy paine:  
So that for want of heires it to defend,  
All is in time like to returne againe  
To that foule seed, who daily doth attend  
To leape into the flame after our liues end.

But most my Lord is grieved herewithall,  
And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke  
That all this land vnto his foe shall fall,  
For which he long in vaine did sweat and swinke,  
That now the same he greatly doth for-thinke.  
Yet was it said, there should to him a sonne  
Be gotten, not begotten, which should drinke  
And drie vp all the water, which doth runne  
In the next brook, by whom that seed should be sordon.

Well hop't he then, when this was propheside,  
That from his side some noble childe should rise,  
The which, through fame should faire be magnifide,  
And this proud Giant should with braue empire  
Quite ouerthrowe, who now giues to despise  
The good Sir *Bruin*, growing faire in yeares;  
Who thinks from me his sorrow all doth rise.  
Lo, this my cause of griefe to you appears;  
For which I thus do mourn, & poure forth ceaselesse teares.

Which when he heard, he ioly touch'd was  
With tender ruth for her vnworthy griefe:  
And when he had deuiz'd of her case,  
He gan in mind conceiue a fit releeve  
For all her paine, if please her make the priefe.  
And hauing cheerd her, thus said: Faire Dame,  
In euils, counsell is the comfort chiefe:  
Which though I be not wise enough to frame,  
Yet as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame.

If that the cause of this your languishment  
Be lacke of children, to supply your place;  
Lo, how good fortune doth to you present  
This little babe, of sweeter and lovely face,  
And spoilesse spirit, in which ye may enchace  
What-euer formes ye list thereto apply,  
Being now lost and fit them to embrace;  
Whether ye list him traine in chivalry,  
Or nourish vp in lore of learn'd Philosophy.

And certes it hath often-times been scene,  
That of the like whose linage was vnknowne,  
More braue and noble Knights haue raised bene  
(As their victorious deeds haue often shewen,  
Being with fame through many Nations blowen)  
Then those, which haue been dandled in the lap.  
Therefore some thought, that those braue imps were  
Here by the gods, and fed with heauently sap. (lowen)  
That made them grow so high & all honorable hap.

The Lady, hearkning to his sensefull speech,  
Found nothing that he said, vnmeet nor reason,  
Hauing oft scene it tride, as he did teach.  
Therefore inclining to his goodly reason,  
Agreeing well both with the place and season,  
She gladly did of that same babe accept,  
As of her owne by livery and teisin;  
And hauing ouer it a little wept,  
She bore it thence, and euer as her owne it kept.

Right

Right glad was *Calpene* to be so rid  
Of his young charge, whereof he skilled nought:  
Ne the lesse glad; for, she so wisely did,  
And with her husband vnder hand so wrought,  
That when that infant vnto him she brought,  
She made him thinke it surely was his owne,  
And it in goodly thewes so well vp-brought,  
That it became a famous Knight well knowne,  
And did right noble deeds, the which elsewhere are shown.

But *Calpene*, now being left alone  
Vnder the green-woods side in sorry plight,  
Vithouten armes orsted to ride vpon,  
Or houle to hide his head from heauens spight,

Albe that Dame (by all the meanes the myght)  
Him oft desired home with her to wend;  
And offered him (his courtesie to requite)  
Both horse and armes, and what-so else to lend;  
Yet he them all refus'd, though thank her as a friend.

And for exceeding griefe which ioly grew,  
That he his Loue to lucklesse now had lost,  
On the cold ground, mangre himselfe he threw,  
For fell despight, to be so sorely crost;  
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost;  
Vowing, that neuer he in bed againe  
His limbes would rest, ne lye in ease embost,  
Till that his Ladies light he mote attaine.  
Or vnderstand, that she in safety did remaine.

## Canto V.

The Saluage serues *Matilda* well,  
till she Prince *Arthur* find;  
Who her together with his Squire  
with th' *Hermit* leaues behind.

What an easie thing is to deserue  
The gentle blood, how-euer it be wrapt  
In sad misfortunes foule deformity, (chapt)  
And wretched sorrowes, which haue often  
For, howsoeuer it may growe mis-shap't  
(Like this wyld man, being vndisciplin'd)  
That to all vertue it may seeme vnapt,  
Yet will it shewe some sparks of gentle mind,  
And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kind.

That plainly may in this wyld man be red,  
Who though he were still in this desert wood,  
Mongst saluage beasts, both rudely borne and bred,  
Ne euer sawe faire gouise, ne learned good,  
Yet shew'd some token of his gentle blood,  
By gentle vlsage of that wretched Dame.  
For, certes he was borne of noble blood,  
How-euer by hard hap he hither came:  
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

Vho, when as now long time he lacked had  
The good Sir *Calpene*, that faire was prayd,  
Did wepe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,  
As he of some misfortune were afraid:

And leaving there this Lady all dismayd,  
Went forth straight way into the Forrest wide,  
To seeke, if he perchance asleepe were layd,  
Or what-so else were vnto him benide:  
He sought him far & neere, yet him no where he spyde.

Tho, back returning to that sorry Dame,  
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone,  
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame;  
Now winging both his wretched hands in one,  
Now beating his hard head vpon a stone,  
That ruth it was to see him so lament,  
By which she well perceiuing what was done,  
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,  
And beat her breast, and pitiously her selfe torment.

Vpon the ground her selfe she fiercely threw,  
Regardlesse of her wounds, yet bleeding rise,  
That with their blood did all the floore imbrow,  
As if her breast, new launc't with manerous knife,  
Would straight dislodge the wretched weary life.  
There she long groveling, and deep grooving lay,  
As if her vitall powers were at strife  
With stronger death, and feard their decay:  
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous assay,  
E c. Whom



6  
Whom when the Saluage saw so sore distressed,  
He reared her vp from the bloody ground,  
And fought by all the means that he could best  
Her to recure out of that stony wound,  
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound.  
Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,  
Ne cease her sorrowe and impatient sound,  
But day and night did vex her carefull thought,  
And euer more and more her owne affliction wrought.

7  
As length, when as no hope of his returne  
She sawe now left, she cast to leaue the place,  
And wend abroad, though feeble and forlorne,  
To seeke some comfort in that fery case.  
His steed, now strong through rest so long a space,  
Well as she could, she got, and did bedight:  
And being thereon mounted, forth did pafe,  
VVithouten guide her to conduct aright,  
Or gard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

8  
VVhom when her Host saw ready to depart,  
He would not suffer her alone to fare,  
But gan him selfe addresse to take her part,  
Those warlike armes, which *Calepine* whylcare  
Had left behind, he gan effsoones prepare,  
And put them all about him selfe vnfare,  
His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare;  
But without sword vpon his thigh to sit:  
Sir *Calepine* himselfe away had hidden it.

9  
So forth they traueled, an vnquen payre,  
That mote to all men seem an vnouth fight;  
A Saluage man matcht with a Lady fayre,  
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,  
Gotten by spoile, then purchas'd aright.  
But he did her attend most carefully,  
And faithfully did serue both day and night,  
VVithouten thought of shame or villeny,  
Ne euer shewed signe of foule disloyaltie.

10  
Vpon a day as on their way they went,  
It chaunc'd some furniture about her steed  
To be disordered by some accident:  
Which to redresse, she did th' assistance need  
Of this her groomme: which he by signes did reed;  
And straight his combrous armes aside did lay  
Vpon the ground, withouten doubt or dread,  
And in his homely wise began to assay  
T' amend what was amisse, and put in right array.

11  
Bout which whilft he was busied thus hard,  
Lo, where a knight together with his Squire,  
All arm'd to point, came riding thitherward,  
VVhich seemed by their portance and attire,  
To be two errant knights, that did enquire  
After adventures, where they mote them get.  
Those were to weet (if that ye it require)  
Prince *Arthur* and young *Timias*, which met  
By strange occasion, that heere needs forth be set.

12  
After that *Timias* had againe recured  
The fauour of *Belphebre*, (as ye heard)  
And of her grace did stand againe assured,  
To happy blisse he was full high vprear'd,  
Neither of envy, nor of change afear'd,  
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,  
And with vnust detraction him did beard;  
Yet he him selfe so well and wisely bore,  
That in her soueraine liking he dwelt euer more.

13  
But of them all which did his ruine seeke,  
Three mightie en'mies did him most despight;  
Three mighty ones, and cruell minded eke,  
That him not onely fought by open might  
To ouerthrowe, but to supplant by sight.  
The first of them by name was call'd *Despetto*,  
Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight;  
The second not so strong, but wise, *Decetto*;  
The third, nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest *Desetto*.

14  
Off-times their sundry powers they did employ,  
And feuerall deceipts, but all in vaine:  
For, neither they by force could him destroy,  
Ne yet entrap in treasons subtil traine.  
Therefore conspiring all together plaine,  
They did their counsell now in one compound;  
Where singled forces faile, conioynd may gaue.  
The *Blatant Beast* the fittest means they found,  
To worke his vtter shame, and throughly him confound.

15  
Vpon a day, as they the time did wait,  
When he did range the wood for saluage game,  
They sent that *Blatant Beast* to be a baite,  
To drawe him from his deare beloved Dame,  
Vnwares vnto the danger of defame.  
For, well they wist, that Squire to be so bold,  
That no one beast in forrest wild or tame,  
Met him in chafe, but he it challenge would,  
And pluck the prey oft-times out of their greedy hold.

16  
The hardy boy, as they deuised had,  
Seeing the vgly Monster passing by,  
Vpon him set, of perill nought adrad,  
Ne skilfull of the vnouth jeopardy;  
And charged him so fierce and furiously,  
That (his great force vnable to endure)  
He forced was to turne from him and flie:  
Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure  
Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

17  
Securely he did after him pursue,  
Thinking by speed to ouertake his flight;  
Who through thick wood & brakes and briars him  
To weary him the more, and waste his spight;  
So that he now has almost spent his spight.  
Till that at length vnto a woody glade  
He came, whose covert stopt his further sight:  
There his three foes, shrowded in guilefull shade,  
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to inuade.

18  
Sharply they all anonc did him assaile,  
Burring with inward rancour and despight,  
And heaped strokes did round about him haile  
VVith so huge force, that seemed nothing might  
Beare off their blowes from piercing thorough quite.  
Yet he them all so warily did ward,  
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite,  
And all the while his back for best safeguard,  
He leant against a tree, that backward onlet bard.

19  
Like a wilde Bull, that being at a bay,  
Is baited of a mastiffe and a hound,  
And a curre-dog: that doe him sharpe assay  
On euery side, and beat about him round;  
But most that cure, barking with bitter sound,  
And creeping still behind, doth him to comber,  
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,  
And threats his horns, & bellows like the thonder;  
So did that Squire his foes disperle, and drine alonder.

20  
Him well behoued so; for, his three foes  
Sought to encompass him on euery side,  
And dangerously did round about enclose;  
But most of all *Desetto* him annoyd,  
Creeping behind, him still to haue destroyd:  
So did *Decetto* eke him circumvent:  
But stout *Despetto*, in his greater pride,  
Did front him face to face against him bent;  
Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

21  
Till that at length nigh ty'd with former chace,  
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,  
He gan to shrink, and somewhat to giue place,  
Full like ere long to haue escaped hard;  
When-as vnwares he in the forrest heard  
A trampling steed, that with his neighing fast  
Did warne his rider be vpon his gard;  
With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh aghast,  
Reuiued was, and sad despaire away did cast.

22  
Eftsoones he spyde a Knight approaching nigh:  
Who seeing one in so great danger set  
Amongst many foes, himselfe did faster hie,  
To reskue him, and his weak part abet,  
For pity so to see him over-set.  
Whom soone as his three enemies did view,  
They fled, and last into the wood did get:  
Him bootied not to think them to pursue,  
The court was so thick, that did no passage shew.

23  
Then turning to that swaine, him well he knew  
To be his *Timias*, his owne true Squire:  
Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,  
And him embracing twixt his armes entire,  
Him thus bespake: My life, my lifes desire,  
VVhy haue ye me alone thus long yleft?  
Tell me what worlds despight, or heauens yre  
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?  
Where haue ye all this while bin wandring, where bin

24  
With that, he sighed deep for inward tynes:  
To whom the Squire nought answered againe;  
But shedding few soft teares from tender cyne,  
His deare affect with silence did restraine,  
And shut vp all his plaint in priue paine.  
There they awhile some gracious speeches spew,  
As to them seemed fit, vnto coortune.  
After all which, vp to their steeds they went,  
And forth together rode a comely complement.

25  
So now they be arriued both in sight  
Of this wilde man, whom they full busie found  
About the sad *Serena* things to dight,  
With those brave armours lying on the ground,  
That seem'd the spoyle of some right well renown'd.  
Which when the Squire beheld, he to them stept,  
Thinking to take them from that hilding hound:  
But he it seeing, lightly to him leapt,  
And sternely with strong hand it from his handling kept.

26  
Gnashing his grinded teeth with grieved looke,  
And sparkling fire out of his furious cyne,  
Him with his fist vnwares on the head he strooke,  
That made him downe vnto the earth encline:  
Whence soone vp starting, much he gan repine.  
And laying hand vpon his wrathfull blade,  
Thought therewithall forthwith to haue him slaine:  
VVho it perceiving, hand vpon him layd,  
And greedily him griping, his auengement sayd.

27  
VVith that, aloud the faire *Serena* cryde  
Vnto the Knight them to dispart in twaine:  
VVho to them stepping did them to one diuide,  
And did from further violence restraine,  
Albe the wilde-man hardly would refraine.  
Then gan the Prince, of her for to demand,  
VVhat and from whence she was, and by what traine  
She fell into that saluage villaines hand,  
And whether free with him she now were, or in band.

28  
To whom she thus; I am, as now ye see,  
The wretchedst Dame, that liues this day on ground;  
VVho both in mind, the which most grieueth mee,  
And body, haue receiv'd a mortal wound,  
That hath me driven to this dreary bound.  
I was erewhile, the Loue of *Calepine*:  
Who whether he alive be to be found,  
Or by some deadly chance be done to pine,  
Sith I him lately lost, vnearth is to define.

29  
In saluage forrest I him lost of late,  
VVhere I had liuely long ere this been dead,  
Or else remained in most wretched state,  
Had not this wilde man in that woollfull dead  
Kept, and deliuered me from deadly dread.  
In such a saluage wight, of brutish kind,  
Amongst wilde beasts in desert forrest bled,  
It is most strange and wonderfull to find  
So milde humanity, and perfect gentlemood.



Let me therefore this favor for him finde,  
That ye will not your wrath vpon him wreake,  
Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,  
Ne yours conceiue, ne but by tokens speake:  
Small praise to proue your powre on wight so weake,  
VVith such faire words she did their heart asswage,  
And the strong course of their displeasure breake,  
That they to pitty turned their former rage,  
And each sought to supply the office of her page.

So hauing all things well about her dight,  
She on her way call forward to proceed;  
And they her forth conducted, where they might  
Finde harbour hit to comfort her great need.  
For, now her wounds corruption gan to breed;  
And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was  
Of that same Monster late, for lack of heed,  
Now gan to faint, and further could not passe  
Through feebleness, which all his limbes oppressed has.

So forth they rode together all in troupe,  
To seek some place, the which mote yeeld some ease  
To these sicke twaine, that now began to droupe:  
And all the way the Prince sought to appease  
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease,  
By all the courteous meanes he could inuent;  
Somewhile with merry purpose fit to please,  
And otherwhile with good encouragement,  
To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

Moongst which, *Serena* did to him relate  
The foule discourtesies and vnknighly parts,  
VVhich *Turpin* had vnto her shewed late,  
Without compassion of her cruell smarts:  
Although *Blandina* did with all her arts  
Him otherwise perswade, all that shee might;  
Yet he of malice, without her defaults,  
Not onely her excluded late at night,  
But also traitorously did wound her weary knight.

Wherewith the Prince sore moued, there avoud,  
That soone as he returned backe againe,  
He would avenge th'abuses of that proud  
And shamefull knight, of whom shee did complaine.  
This wize did they each other entertaine,  
To passe the tedious trauell of the way;  
Till toward night they came vnto a Plaine,  
By which a little hermitage there lay.  
Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

And nigh thereto a little Chappell stood,  
Which beeing all with Yuy ouer-spread,  
Deckt all the rooffe; and shadowing the rood,  
Seem'd like a groue faire branched ouer-head:  
Therein the Hermit, which his life here led  
In straight obseruance of religious vow,  
VVas wont his howres and holy things to bed;  
And therein he likewise was praying now, (how?  
When as these knights arriv'd, they wist not where nor

They stayd not there, but straight way in did passe,  
VVhom when the Hermit present sawe in place,  
From his deuotion straight he troubled was;  
VVhich breaking off, he toward them did passe,  
With stayd steps, and graue befeeming grace:  
For, well it seem'd, that whylome he had beene  
Some goodly person and of gentle race;  
That could his good to all, and well did weene,  
How each to entertaine with curtesie well befeene.

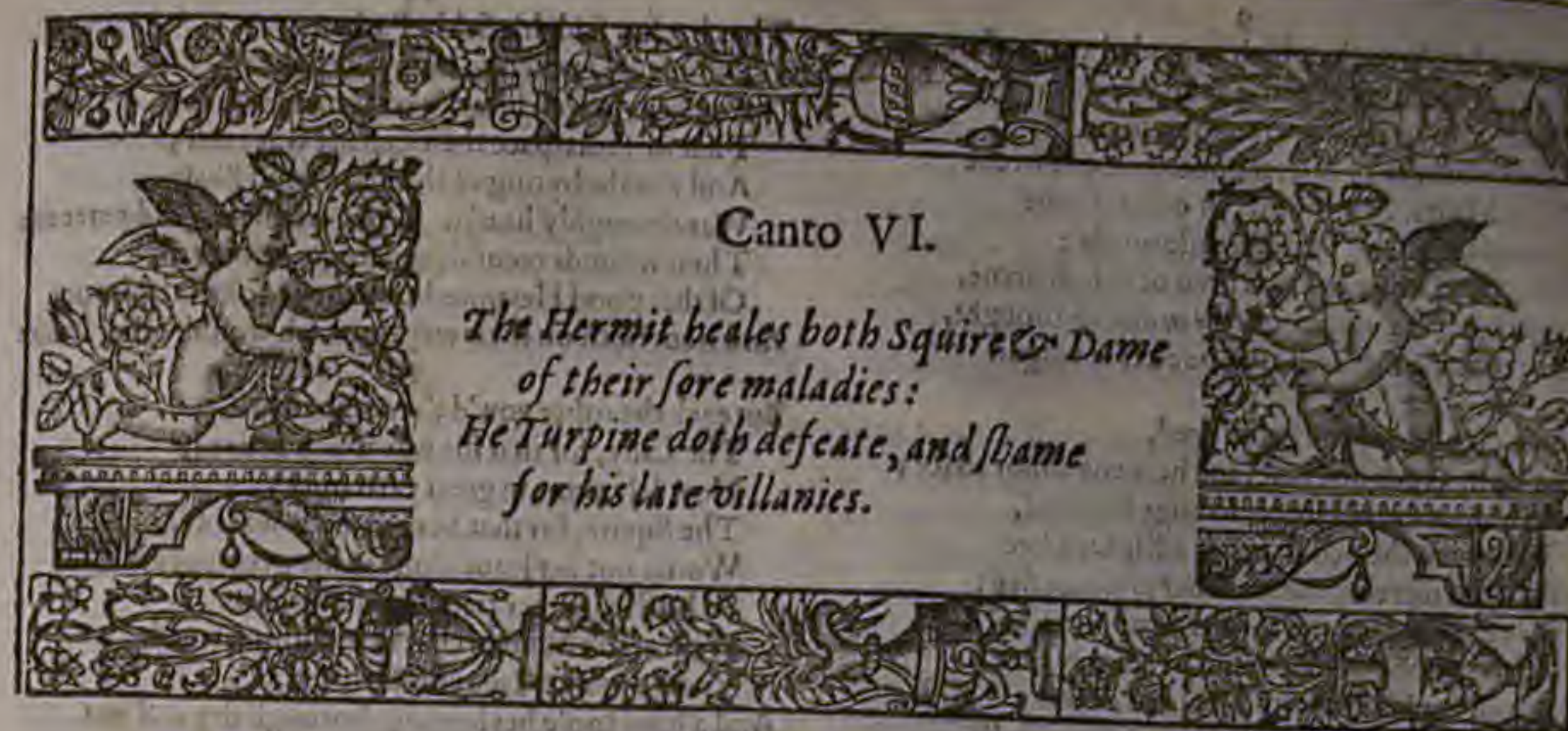
And soothly it was said by common fame,  
So long as age enabled him thereto,  
That he had been a man of mickle name,  
Renowned much in armes and derring doe:  
But being aged now and weary to  
Of warres delight, and worlds contentious toyle,  
The name of knighthood he did disavow,  
And hanging vp his armes and warlike spoile,  
From all this worlds incombrance did himselfe assoile.

He thence them led into his Hermitage,  
Letting their steeds to graze vpon the Green:  
Small was his house, and like a little cage,  
For his owne turne, yet inly neat and cleane,  
Deckt with greene boughes, and flowers gay befeene,  
Therein he them full faire did entertaine  
Not with such forged shewes, as fitter beeen  
For courting fooles, that courtesies would feine,  
But with intire affection and appearance plaine.

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee  
Did vse, his feeble body to sustaine;  
The which full gladly they did take in gree,  
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,  
But beeing well suffiz'd, them rested faine.  
But faire *Serena* all night could take no rest,  
Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous paine  
Of their late wounds, the which the *Blatant Beast*  
Had giuen the, whose grief through suffrance sore increaseth.

So all that night they past in great disease,  
Till that the morning, bringing early light  
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,  
And some allwagement of their painfull plight.  
Then vp they rose, and gan themselves to dight  
Vnto their journey; but that Squire and Dame  
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might  
Endure to trauell, nor one foot to frame:  
Their harts were sick, their sides were sore, their feet were lame.

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mind  
Would not permit to make there longer stay,  
Was forced there to leaue them both behind,  
In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray  
To tend them well. So forth he went his way,  
And with him eke the Saluage (that whylere  
Seeing his royall visage and array,  
Was greatly growne in loue of that braue pere)  
Would needs depart, as shall declared be else where.



NO wound, which warlike hand of enemy  
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light,  
As doth the poysonous sting, which Infamy  
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:  
For, by no art, nor any Leaches might  
It euer can recured be againe;  
Ne all the skill, which that immortal spright  
Of *Pedalyrinus* did in it retaine,  
Can remedy such hurts: such hurts are hellish paine.

Such were the wounds, the which that *Blatant Beast*  
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;  
And beeing such, were now much more increas'd,  
For want of taking heed vnto the same,  
That now corrupt and curelesse they became:  
How-be that carefull Hermit did his best,  
With many kinds of medicines meet, to tame  
The poysonous humour, which did most infect  
Their rankling wounds, & every day them ducly dress.

For, he right well in Leaches craft was seene;  
And through the long experience of his daies,  
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene,  
And past through many perillous assaies,  
He knew the diuers wents of mortall waies,  
And in the mindes of men had great insight;  
Which, with sage counsell, when they went astray,  
He could enforme, and them reduce aright,  
And all the passions heale, which would the weaker spright.

For, whylome, he had been a doughty Knight,  
As any one that liued in his daies,  
And proued oft in many perillous fight;  
In which he grace and glory won alwaies,  
And in all battels bore away the baies.  
But beeing now attacht with timely age,  
And weary of this worlds vnquiet waies,  
He tooke himselfe vnto this Hermitage,  
In which he liu'd alone, like carelesse bird in cage.

One day, as he was searching of their wounds,  
He found that they had festred priuily,  
And rankling inward with voruly flouds,  
The inner parts now gan to putrefie,  
That quite they seem'd past help of surgery;  
And rather needed to be discipline  
With wholesome recede of sad sobriety,  
To rule the stubborn rage of passion blind:  
Giue salues to euery sore, but counsell to the mind.

So, taking them apart into his Cell,  
He to that point fit speeches gan to frame,  
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,  
And eke could doe, as well as lay the lame;  
And thus he to them said, faire daughter Dame,  
And you faire sonne, which heere thus long now lie  
In pitious languor, since ye hither came,  
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,  
And I likewise in vaine doe salues to you apply.

For, in your selfe your onely helpe doth lie,  
To heale your selues, and must proceed alone  
From your owne will, to cure your maladie.  
Who can him cure, that will be cur'd of none?  
If therefore health yee seeke, obserue this one:  
First, learne your outward senses to refrain  
From things that stirre vp fraile affection:  
Your eyes, your eares, your tongue, your talk restrain,  
From that they most affect, and in due termes contain.

For, from those outward senses ill affected,  
The seed of all this euill first doth spring,  
Which at the first before it had infected,  
Mote easie be suppress with little thing:  
But beeing growen strong, it forth doth bring  
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine  
In th'inner parts, and lastly scattering  
Contagious poyson close through euery vaine,  
It neuer resteth, till it haue wrought his final ban.



For, that beasts teeth, which wounded you to fore,  
Are so exceeding venomous and keene,  
Made all of rusty iron, rankling sore,  
That where they bite, it booteth not to weene  
VVith salve, or antidote, or other meane  
It cure to amend: ne mannaile ought;  
For, that same beast was bred of hellish stene,  
And long in darksome Stygian den vp-brought,  
Begot of foule Echidna, as in bookes is taught.

*Echidna* is a Monster direfull dred,  
Whom Gods doe hate, and heauens abhor to see;  
So hideous in her shupe, so huge her head,  
That euen the hellish fiends alighted bee  
At sight thereof, and from her presence flee:  
Yet did her face and former parts professe  
A faire young Miden, full of comely plesse:  
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse  
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull vglincesse.

To her the Gods, for her so dreadfull face  
(In fearefull darkentle, furthest from the skie,  
And from the earth) appointed haue her place  
Amongst Rocks and Caves, where she enrold doth lie  
In hideous horror and obscurity,  
Wasting the strength of her immortall age:  
There did *Typhann* with her company;  
Crucial *Typhann*, whose tempestuous rage  
Make th' heauens tremble oft, & him with vovew asswage.

Of that commixtion they did then beget  
This hellish dog, that hight the *Blatant Beast*;  
A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet  
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,  
And poures his poyinous gall forth, to mist  
The noblest wights with notable defame:  
Ne euer knight, that bore so lofty crest,  
Ne euer Lady of so honest name,  
But he them spotted with reproche, or secret shame.

In vaine therefore it were, with medicine  
To goe about to salve such kind of sore,  
That rather needs wise read and discipline,  
Then outward salues, that may augment it more.  
Aye me! said then *Serena*, sighing sore,  
What hope of helpe doth then for vs remaine,  
If that no salues may vs to health restore?  
But, sith we need good counsell, said the swaine,  
Attend good sirs, some counsell, that may vs sustaine.

The best, said he, that I can you aduise,  
Is to auoide the occasion of the ill:  
For, when the cause whence euill doth arise,  
Remoued is, th' effect surceaith still.  
Abstaine from pleasure, and restraime your will,  
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,  
Vse scant diet, and forbear your fill,  
Shun secrecie, and talke in open light:  
So shall you soone repaire your present euill plight.

Thus hauing said, his sickly Patients  
Did gladly harken to his graue behest,  
And kept so well his wife commandements,  
That in shortspace their malady was ceast;  
And eke the byting of that harmefull Beast  
Was thoroughly heal'd. Tho, when they did perceiue  
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,  
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leaue,  
And went both on their way, ne each would other leaue.

But each the other vow'd to accompany:  
The Lady, for that she was much in dred,  
Now left alone in great extremity;  
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,  
Would not her leaue alone in her great need.  
So both together travell'd, till they met  
With a faire Maiden clad in mourning weed,  
Vpon a mangy Iade ynnectly set,  
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

But by what meanes that shame to her befell,  
And how thereof her selfe she did acquite,  
I must awhile forbear to you to tell;  
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite  
What fortune to the Briton Prince did light,  
Pursuing that proud Knight, the which why leaue,  
Wrought to Sir *Calidore* so foule despight;  
And eke his Lady, though she sickly were,  
So lewdly had abus'd, as ye did lately heare.

The Prince, according to the former token,  
Which faire *Serena* to him deliuered had,  
Pursu'd him straight, in mind to been ywroken  
Of all the vile demeanes, and vface had,  
With which he had those two so ill bestad:  
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,  
But that wilde man; whom though he oft forbade,  
Yet for no bidding, nor for beeing shent,  
Would he restrained be from his attendement.

Arriving there, as did by chance befell,  
He found the gate wide ope, and in he rode,  
Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall:  
Where lo! dismounting like a weary lode,  
Vpon the ground with feeble feete he trode,  
As he vnable were for very need  
To moue one foot, but there must make abode:  
The whiles the saluage man did take his sted,  
And in some stable neere did set him vp to feed.

Ere long, to him a homely groome there came,  
That in rude wise him asked what he was,  
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,  
Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe.  
To whom, the Prince (him faining to embaise)  
Mild answer made; he was an errant Knight,  
The which was fall'n into this feeble case,  
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight,  
Receiued had, and prayd to purty his ill plight.

But he, the more outrageous and bold,  
Sternely did bid him quickly thence auant,  
Or deare aby; for why, his Lord of old  
Did hate all errant Knights which there did haunt,  
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt;  
And therefore lightly bade him packe away,  
Not forcing him with bitter words to taint,  
And there-withall, rude hand on him did lay,  
To thrust him out of doore, doing his worst of day.

VVhich, when the Saluage comming now in place  
Beheld, chafed he all enraged grew;  
And running straight vpon that villaine base,  
Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,  
And with his teeth and nailes, in present view  
Him rudely rent, and all to peeces tore;  
So, miserably him all helpelesse flew,  
That with the noyse, whilst he did loudly rore,  
The people of the house rose forth in great vp-rore.

Who, when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,  
And that same Knight and Saluage standing by,  
Vpon them two they fell with might and maine;  
And on them laid he huge and horribly,  
As if they would haue slaine them presently.  
But the bold Prince defended him so well,  
And their assault withstood so mightily,  
That maugre all their might, he did repell  
And beat them back, whilst many vnderneath him fell.

Yet he them still so sharply did pursue,  
That few of them helde it a while, which fled,  
Those euill tidings to their Lord to shew,  
Who hearing how his people badly sped,  
Came forth in haste: where, when-as with the dead  
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same Knight  
And Saluage with their blood fresh steaming red,  
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,  
And with reprochefull words him thus bespake on sight.

Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile  
Hast slaine my men in this vnmanly manner,  
And now triumphest in the pittious spoile  
Of these poore folk, whose soules with black dishonor  
And foule defame, doe deck thy bloody banner?  
The meed whereof shall shortly be thy shame,  
And wretched end, which still attendeth on her,  
With that, him selfe to battell he did frame;  
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,  
And round about with boystrous strokes oppresse,  
That on his shield did rattle like to haile  
In a great tempest; that in such distresse,  
He wist not to which side him to adresse,  
And euer more that craven coward Knight,  
Vvas at his back with hartlesse heedlesse,  
Waiting if he vnwares him murder might;  
For, cowardize doth still in villany delight.

VVhereof when-as the Prince was well aware,  
He to him turn'd with furious intent,  
And him against his powre gan to prepare:  
Like a fierce Bull, that beeing base beent  
To fight with many foes about him meet,  
Feeling some cure behind his beeles to bite,  
Turnes him about with fell auengement:  
So likewise turn'd the Prince vpon the Knight,  
And layd at him againe with all his will and might.

Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had taile'd,  
Durst not the fury of his force abide,  
But turn'd aback, and to retire him hastid  
Through the thick prece, there dunking him to hide.  
But when the Prince had once him plainly eyed,  
He foot by foot him followed alway,  
Ne would him suffer once to shrike aside;  
But soynng close, huge load at him did lay:  
Who flying still did ward, and warding sle away.

But, when his foe he still so eager saw,  
Vnto his heles himselfe he did betake,  
Hoping vnto some refuge to with-draw:  
Ne would the Prince him euer foote forsake,  
Where-so he went, but after him did make.  
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,  
Whilst every royt for dread of death did quake,  
Still looking after him that did him chase:  
That made him euer more increase his speedy pace.

At last, he vp into the chamber came,  
VWhere-as his Loue was sitting all alone,  
Wayting what tidings of her folke became.  
There did the Prince him over-take anon,  
Crying in vaine to her, him to be gone;  
And with his sword him off the head did smite,  
That to the ground he fell in senselesse swoone:  
Yet whether thwart or flaily it did lye,  
The tempred Steele did not into his braine-pan bite.

VVhich when the Lady saw, with great affright  
She starting vp, began to shriek aloud;  
And with her garners couering him from sight,  
Seem'd vnder her protection him to shroud;  
And falling lowly at his teer, her bow'd  
Vpon her knee, intreating him for grace,  
And often him besought, and pray'd, and vow'd;  
That with the ruth of her so wretched case,  
He slaid his second stroke, and did his hand abate.

Her weed she then with-drawing, did him discover:  
Who how come to himselfe, yet would not rise,  
But still did lie as dead, and quake and quiver,  
That euen the Prince his hatenelle did despise;  
And eke his Dame him seeing in such guise,  
Can him recomfort, and from ground to reare,  
VWhoring vp at last in ghastly wise,  
Like troubled ghost did dreadfully appeare,  
As one that had no life him left through some feare,  
Whom



33  
VVhom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd,  
He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,  
And with sharp words did bitterly vpbraid;  
Vile coward dog, now doe I much repent,  
That euer I this life vnto thee lent,  
Wherof thou caistue so vnworthy art;  
That both thy Loue, for lack of hardiment,  
And eke thy selfe, for want of manly hart, (part.)  
And eke all Knights haue shamed with this knightlesse

34  
Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,  
And crime to crime, by this thy coward feare,  
For, first it was to thee reprochfull blame,  
To erect this wicked custome, which I heare,  
Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou doost reare;  
Whom when thou maist, thou doost of armes depouile,  
Or of their upper garment which they weare:  
Yet doost thou not with manhood, but with guile,  
Maintaine this euill vie, thy foes thereby to foile.

35  
And lastly, in appropance of thy wrong,  
To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize,  
Is greatest shame: for oft it fallies, that strong  
And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize,  
Either for fame, or else for exercise,  
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;  
Yet haue, through prowesse & their braue emprise,  
Gotten great worship in this worldes fight. (right.)  
For, greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then

36  
Yet fith thy life vnto this Lady faire  
I giuen haue, line in reproche and scorne;  
Ne euer armes, ne euer knighthood dare  
Hence to professe: for, shame is to adorne  
VVith so braue badges one so basely borne;  
But onely breathe, fith that I did forgiue.  
So, hauing from his crauen body torne  
Those goodly armes, he them away did giue,  
And onely suffred him this wretched life to liue.

37  
There, whilst he thus was festling things about,  
Answered that Lady milde and recreant Knight,  
To whom his life he granted for her Loue,  
He gan bethinke him in what penious plight  
He had behind him left that saluage wight,  
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought  
By this quite slaine in so vnequall fight:  
Therefore, descending back in haste, he fought  
If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought.

38  
There he him found environed about  
With slaughtered bodies, which his hand had slaine;  
And laying yet afresh with courage stout  
Vpon the rest that did aliue remaine;  
VVhom he likewise right sorely did constraime,  
Like scamed sheepe, to seeke for safety,  
After he gotten had with busie paine  
Some of their weapons, which thereby did lie,  
With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

39  
VVhom when the Prince so felly saw to rage,  
Approching to him neere, his hand he staid,  
And sought, by making signes, him to asswage:  
Who, him perceiuing, straight to him obaid,  
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,  
As if he long had to his heasts been trained.  
Thence he him brought away, and vp conuaid  
Into the chamber, where the Dame remained  
With her vnworthy knight, who ill him entertained.

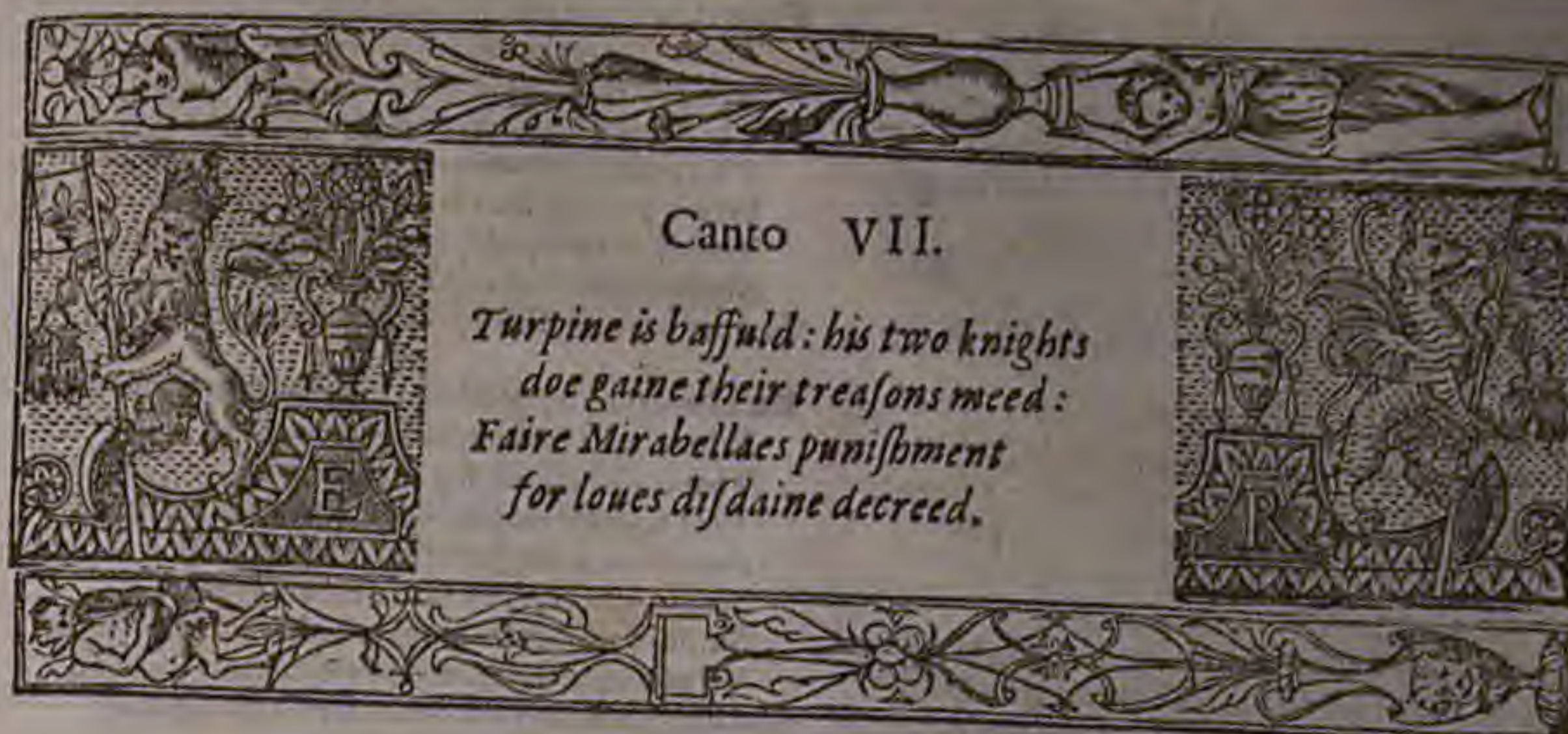
40  
Whom, when the Saluage law from danger free,  
Sitting beside his Lady there at ease,  
He well remembered that the same was hee,  
Which lately sought his Lord for to displease:  
Tho, all in rage, he on him straight did leaze,  
As if he would in peeces him haue rent;  
And were not that the Prince did him appeaze,  
He had not left one limbe of him vntrent:  
But straight he held his hand, at his commaundement.

41  
Thus, hauing all things well in peace ordained,  
The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest;  
VWhere him Blandina fauently entertained,  
With all the courteous glee and goodly feast,  
The which for him she could imagine best,  
For, well she knew the waies to win good will  
Of euery wight, that were not too infest;  
And how to please the minds of good and ill, (skill.)  
Through tempering of her words & looks by woodious

42  
Yet were her words and looks but false and fained,  
To some hid end to make more easie way,  
Or to allure such fondlings, whom she trained  
Into her trap vnto their owne decay:  
There-to when needed, she would weepe and pray:  
And when her list, she could fawne and flatter;  
Now smiling smoothly, like to summers day,  
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter;  
Yet were her words but wind, and all her tears but water.

43  
VVhether such grace were giuen her by kind,  
As women wont their guilefull wits to guide;  
Or learn'd the art to please, I doe not find,  
This well I wote, that she so well applide  
Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacified  
The wrathfull Prince, & wrought her husbands peace:  
VVho nathelesse, not there-with satisfied,  
His rancorous despight did not release,  
Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge surreasie.

44  
For, all that night, the whilst the Prince did rest  
In carelesse couch, not weening what was ment,  
He watcht in close await with weapons prest,  
Willing to worke his villainous intent  
On him that had so shamefully him shent:  
Yet durst he not for very cowardize  
Effect the same; whilst all the night was spent.  
The morrow next, the Prince did early rise,  
And passed forth, to follow his first enterprize.



1  
Like as a gentle hart it selfe bewraies,  
In dooing gentle deeds with franke delight:  
Euen so the biter mind it selfe displays,  
In canered malice and reuengefull spight.  
For, to maligne, t'envie, t'vse slitting flight,  
Be arguments of a vile dunghill-mind:  
Which what it dare not doe by open might,  
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,  
By such discourteous deeds disclosing his bale kind.

2  
That well appeares in this discourteous knight,  
The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat;  
VVho notwithstanding that in former fight  
He of the Prince his life receiued late,  
Yet in his mind malicious and ingrate  
He gan deuize, to be aveng'd anew  
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate.  
Therefore, so soone as he was out of view,  
Himselfe in haste he arm'd, and did him fast pursue.

3  
VVell did he tract his steps as he did ride,  
Yet would not neere approche in dangers eye,  
But kept aloofe, for dread to be descide,  
Vntill fit time and place he mote espy,  
Where he mote worke him scath and villeny.  
At last, he met two knights, to him vknowne,  
The which were armed both agreeably.  
And both combin'd, what-euer chaunce were blowne,  
Betwixt them to diuide, and each to make his owne.

4  
To whom false Turpine comming courteously,  
To cloke the mischief which he only ment,  
Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,  
Which a strange knight, that neere afore him went,  
Had doen to him, and his deere Lady shent:  
VVhich, if they would afford him ayd at need,  
For to avenge in time convenient,  
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,  
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

5  
The knights beleu'd, that all he said, was true;  
And being fresh, and full of youthly spight,  
Vere glad to heare of that aduenture new,  
In which they mote make tryall of their might,  
VVhich neuer yet they had approv'd in fight:  
And eke desirous of the offered meed:  
Said then the one of them; Where is that wight,  
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,  
That we may it avenge, and punish him with speed?

6  
He rides, said Turpine, there not farre afore,  
VVith a wilde man soft footing by his side,  
That if ye list to halle a little more,  
Ye may him over-take in timely tide:  
Eftsoones they prick'd forth with forward pride;  
And ere that little while they ridden had,  
The gentle Prince not farre away they spide,  
Riding a softly pale with portance sad,  
Deuizing of his Loue, more then of danger dread.

7  
Then one of them aloud vnto him cride,  
Bidding him turne againe, false traitor knight,  
Foule woman-wronger; for, he him descide.  
With that, they both attoune with equall spight  
Did bend their speares, and both with equall might  
Against him ranne; but th'one did misse his marke;  
And being earned with his force for th'right,  
Glaunst swiftly by; like to that heavenly sparke,  
Which glyding through the aere, lights all the heauens (darke)

8  
But th'other, aiming better, did him smite  
Full in the shield, with so impetuous powre,  
That all his lunce in peeces shivered quite,  
And (scattered all about) fell on the flowre.  
But the stout Prince, with much more steddly flowre  
Full on his beuer did him strike so sore,  
That the cold stele, through-peaung, did deuoure  
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,  
Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.



As when a call of Faulcons make their flight  
At an Herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,  
The whiles they strike at him with heedlesse might,  
The wary fowle his bill doth backward wing;  
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,  
Her selfe quite through the body doth engore,  
And fallen downe to ground like senselesse thing;  
But th'other, not so swift as she before,  
Failes of her foule, and passing by, doth hurt no more.

By this, the other which was passed by,  
Himselfe recovering, was return'd to fight;  
Where, when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,  
He much was daunted with so dismall sight;  
Yet nought abating of his former spight,  
Let drive at him with so malicious mind,  
As if he would haue passed through him quight:  
But the Steele-head no stedfast hold could find,  
But glauncing by, deceiu'd him of that he desyn'd.

Not so the Prince: for, his well learned speare  
Tooke surer hold, and from his horses backe  
Abooue a lances length him forth did beare,  
And giust the cold hard earth so sore him strake,  
That all his bones in peeces nigh hee brake,  
VWhere seeing him to lie, he left his steed,  
And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take  
Of him, for all his former follies meed,  
With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed.

The fearefull swaine, beholding death so nie,  
Cryde out aloud for mercy him to saue;  
In lieu whereof, he would to him delcry  
Great treason to him meant, his life to reauce.  
The Prince soone harkned, and his life forgane.  
Then thus, said he: There is a stranger Knight,  
The which for promise of great meed, vs draue  
To this attempt, to wreake his hid despight,  
For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient might.

The Prince much mused at such villenie,  
And said: Now sure ye well haue earn'd your meed:  
For, th'one is dead, and th'other soone shall die,  
Vnlesse to me thou hither bring with speed  
The wretch, that hir'd you to this wicked deed.  
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake  
The guilt on him, which did this mischief breed,  
Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke  
He would forsaue, but him, where-so he were, would seek.

So, vp he rose, and forth straightway he went  
Back to the place where Turpine late he lore;  
There he him found in great astonishment,  
To see him so bedight with bloody gore,  
And grisly wounds that him appalled sore.  
Yet thus at length he said: How now, Sir knight?  
What meaneth this which beere I see before?  
How fortuneth this foule vncomely plight,  
So different from that, which erst ye seem'd in fight?

Perdy, said he, in euill houre it fell,  
That euer I for meed did vndertake  
So hard a taske, as life for hire to sell;  
The which I erst adventur'd for your sake,  
VVitnesse the wounds, and this wide bloody lake,  
Which yee may see yet all about me steeme,  
Therefore now yield, as ye did promise make,  
My due reward; the which right well I deeme  
I earned haue, that life so dearly did redeeme.

But where then is, quoth he, halfewrthfully,  
Where is the booty which therefore I bought?  
That cursed caitiue, my strong enemy,  
That recreant knight, whose hated life I fought?  
And where is eke your friend, which halfe it ought?  
He lies, said he, vpon the cold bare ground,  
Slaine of that errant knight, with whom he fought;  
VVhom afterwards, my selfe with many a wound  
Did sleigh againe, as ye may see there in the fount.

Thereof false Turpine was full glad and faine,  
And needs with him straight to the place would ride,  
VWhere he himselfe might see his foe-man slaine;  
For, else his teare could not be satisfide.  
So, as they rode, he saw the way all dide  
With streames of blood; which tracking by the traile,  
Ere long they came, where-as in euill tide,  
That other twaine, like ashes deadly pale,  
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

Much did the Crauen seeme to mone his case,  
That for his sake his deare life had forgone;  
And, him bewailing with affection bale,  
Did counterfeit kind pittie, where was none:  
For, where's no courage, there's no ruth nor mone.  
Thence passing forth, not fure away he found,  
VWhere-as the Prince himselfe lay all alone,  
Loosly displayd vpon the grassie ground,  
Possessed of sweet sleepe, that lold him soft in fount.

VVeary of trauell is his former fight,  
He there in shade himselfe had laid to rest,  
Hauing his armes and warlike things vndight,  
Fearelesse offes that mote his peace molest;  
The whiles his saluage Page, that wont be prest,  
VVas wandred in the wood another way,  
To doe some thing that seemed to him best,  
The whiles his Lord in sluer slumber lay,  
Like to the Evening starre, adorn'd with dewy ray.

Whom when as Turpine saw so loosely layd,  
He weened well that he indeed was dead,  
Like as that other knight to him had laid:  
But when he nigh approach't, he more a read  
Plaine signes in him of life and liuelihead.  
Where-at much grieved against that stranger knight,  
That him too light of credence did mislead,  
He would haue back retired from that fight,  
That was to him on earth the deadliest despight.

But that same knight would not once let him start,  
But plainly gan to him declare the case  
Of all his mischiefe, and late lucklesse smart;  
How both he and his fellow there in place  
VWere vanquished, and put to foule disgrace,  
And how that he in lieu of life him lent,  
Had vow'd vnto the Victor, him to trace  
And follow through the world, where-so he went,  
Till that he him deliuered to his punishment.

He, there-with much abashed and affraid,  
Began to tremble every limbe and vaine;  
And softly whispering him, entirely praid,  
T'advize him better, then by such a traine  
Him to betray vnto a stranger swaine:  
Yet rather counsell'd him contrariwise,  
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,  
To ioynewith him and vengeance to deuise,  
Whil'time did offer meanes him sleeping to surprize.

Nath'lesse, for all his speech, the gentle knight  
VWould not be tempted to such villeny,  
Regarding more his faith, which he did plight;  
All weert to his mortall enemy,  
Then to entrap him by false treachery:  
Great shame in Lieges blood to be embrew'd,  
Thus, whilst they were debating diuersly,  
The Saluage forth out of the wood islew'd  
Back to the place, where-as his Lord he sleeping view'd.

There, when he saw those two so neere him stand,  
Hee doubted much what mote their meaning bee:  
And throwing downe his load out of his hand  
(To weet, great store of Forrest fruite, which hee  
Had for his food late gathered from the tree)  
Himselfe vnto his weapon he betooke,  
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee  
Rent by the root; which he so sternly shooke,  
That like an hazell wand it quiered and quooke.

VWhere-at, the Prince awaking, when he spide  
The traitor Turpine with that other knight,  
He started vp; and snatching neere his side  
His trustie sword, the seruant of his might,  
Like a fell Lion leaped to him light,  
And his left hand vpon his collar laid.  
There-with, the coward deaded with affright,  
Fell flat to ground, ne word vnto him said,  
But holding vp his hands, with silence mercy praid.

But he so full of indignation was,  
That to his prayer nought he would incline,  
But as he lay vpon the humbled grasse,  
His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe  
Of seruile yoke, that nobler harts repine.  
Then, letting him arise like abiect thrall,  
He gan to him obiect his hainous crime,  
And to reuile, and rate, and recreant call,  
And, lastly, to despoile of knightly bannerall.

And after all, for greater infamy,  
He by the heeles him hung vpon a tree,  
And bafful so, that all which passed by,  
The picture of his punishment might see,  
And by the like entample warned bee,  
How euer they through treason doe trespassse.  
But turne we now back to that Lady free,  
Whom late we left riding vpon an Asse,  
Led by a Carle and foole, which by her side did passe.

She was a Lady of great dignitie,  
And lifted vp to honourable place,  
Famous through all the land of Faery,  
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,  
Yet deckt with wondrous gifts of Nature's grace,  
That all men did her person much admire,  
And praise the feature of her goodly face,  
The beames whereof did kindele lovely face  
In th'harts of many a knight, and many a gentle Squire.

But shee thereof grew proud and insolent,  
That none she worthy thought to be her fere,  
But scorn'd them all that loue vnto her ment:  
Yet was she lou'd of many a worthy pere;  
Vnworthy she to be below'd so dere,  
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright.  
For, beautie is more glorious, bright and clere,  
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,  
And noblest she, that seru'd is of noblest knight.

But this coy Damzell thought contrariwise,  
That such proud looks would make her praised more;  
And that the more she did all loue despise,  
The more would wretched Louers her adore.  
What cared she who sigh'd for her sore,  
Or who did waile, or watch the weary night?  
Let them that list, their lucklesse lot deplore;  
Shee was borne free, nor bound to any wight,  
And so would euer liue, and loue her owne delight.

Through such her stubborne stifnes, and hard hart,  
Many a wretch, for want of remedy,  
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,  
And at the last, through dreame dolour die:  
VWhil't shee (the Lady of her liberty)  
Did boast, her beauty had such loue-raine might,  
That with the onely twinkle of her eye,  
She could or saue, or spill, whom she would hight,  
What could the Gods do more, but do it more aright?

But loe, the Gods, that mortall follies view,  
Did worthily reuenge this Maidens pride;  
And nought regarding her so goodly hew,  
Did laugh at her, that many did deride,  
Whil't she did weepe, of no man mercifide.  
For, on a day, when Cupid kept his Court,  
As he is wont at each Saint Valenteide,  
Vnto the which all Louers doe resort,  
That of their loues successe they there may make report;



32  
It fortun'd then, that when the rolles were read,  
In which the names of all Loues folke were filed,  
That many there were missing, which were dead,  
Or kept in bands, or from their Loues exiled,  
Or by some other violence despoiled.  
Which when as *Capit* heard, he waxed wroth,  
And doubting to be wronged, or beguiled,  
He bade his eyes to be vnbloodfold both,  
That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

34  
Then found he many missing of his crew,  
Which wont doe suit and seruice to his might;  
Of whom what was becomen, no man knew.  
Therefore a Iurie was impanel'd straight,  
To enquire of them, whether by force or sleight,  
Or their owne guilt, they were away contain'd.  
To whom foule *Iafamy* and fell *Despight*  
Gave euidence, that they were all betraid,  
And murdered cruelly by a rebellious Maid.

35  
Faith *Mirabella* was her name, whereby  
Of all those crimes she there indicted was:  
All which when *Capit* heard, he by and by  
In great displeasure, will'd a *Capit*  
Should issue forth, to attach that scornefull Lasse.  
The Warrant straight was made, and there-withall  
A Bailiffe errant forth in post did passe,  
Vvhom they by name their *Portamore* did call;  
He which doth summe Louers to Loues iudgement hall.

36  
The Damzell was attach't, and shortly brought  
Vnto the Barre, where-as she was arraigned:  
But she there-to would plead nor answer ought  
Euen for stubborne pride, which her restrained.  
So iudgement pass, as is by law ordained  
In cases like; which when at last she saw,  
Her stubborne hart, which lone before disdain'd,  
Gave sroupe, and falling downe with humble awe,  
Cryde mercy, to abate the extremity of law.

37  
The sonne of *Venus*, who is milde by kind  
But where he is prouok't with peeuishnesse,  
Vnto her prayers pitiouly entlin'd,  
And did the rigour of his doome repress;  
Yet not so freely, but that nathelesse  
He vnto her penance did impose:  
Which was, that through the worlds wide wildernes  
She wander should in company of those,  
Till she had found so many Loues as she did lose.

38  
So now shee had been wandering two whole yeares  
Throughout the world, in this vncomely cale,  
Vvasting her goodly hew in heauy teares,  
And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace:  
Yet had she not, in all these two yeares space,  
Sawd but two; yet in two yeeres before,  
Through her despitous pride, what a lone lackt place,  
She had destroyed two and twenty more.  
Aye me! how could her lone make halfe amends there-

39  
And now she was vpon the weary way,  
When as the gentle Squire, with faire *Serene*,  
Met her in such misseeming foule array;  
The whiles, that mighty man did her demeane  
With all the euill tearmes and cruell meane  
That he could make; And ecke that angry foole,  
Vvwhich follow'd her, with curld hands vncleane  
Whipping her horse, did with his snarling toole  
Oft whip her dainty telfe, and much augment her doole.

40  
Ne ought it mote auale her to entreat  
The one or th'other, better her to vse:  
For, both so wilfull were and obstinate,  
That all her pitious plaint they did refuse,  
And rather did the more her beat and bruse.  
But most, the former villaine, which did lead  
Her tyreling lade, was bent her to abuse;  
Who though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,  
Yet would not let her lide, nor rest a little stead.

41  
For, he was sterne, and terrible by nature,  
And eke of pecton huge and hideous,  
Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,  
And rather like a Giant monstrous,  
For foot he was descended of the house  
Of those old Giants, which did warres darraigne  
Against the heauen in order battailous,  
And sib to great *Orgoglio*, which was slaine  
By *Arthur*, when as *Pinas* knight he did maintaine.

42  
His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eyes  
(Like two great Beacons) glared bright and wide,  
Glancing askew, as if his enemies  
He scorn'd in his overweening pride;  
And stalking stately, like a Crane, did stride  
At euery step vpon the tip-toes lide:  
And all the way he went, on euery side  
He gaz'd about, and stared horribly,  
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

43  
He wore no armour, ne for none did care,  
As no whit dreading any liuing wight;  
But in a lacket quilted richly rare,  
Vpon checklaton, he was strangely dight,  
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,  
Like to the Moores of *Malaber* he wore:  
With which, his locks, as black as pitchy night,  
Were bound about, and voyded from before,  
And in his hand a mighty iron club he bore.

44  
This was *Disdaine*, who led that Ladies horse  
Through thick & thin, through mountains & through  
Cōpelling her, where she would not by force (*Plines*),  
Haling her *Palitrey* by the hempen reines,  
But that same foole, which most increas't her paines,  
Was *Scorne*, who hauing in his hand a whip,  
Her there-with yokes, and still when she complain'd,  
The more he laugh'd; and does her closely quip.  
To see her fore lament, and bite her tender lip.

Whole

45  
Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld,  
And saw those villaines her so vilely vse,  
His gentle hert with indignation sweld,  
And could no longer beare so great abuse,  
As such a Lady so to beate and bruse.  
But, to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,  
That forc't him th' hales from his hand to loose,  
And nanger all his might, backe to relent  
Elle had he luredly there bene slaine, or fouly shent.

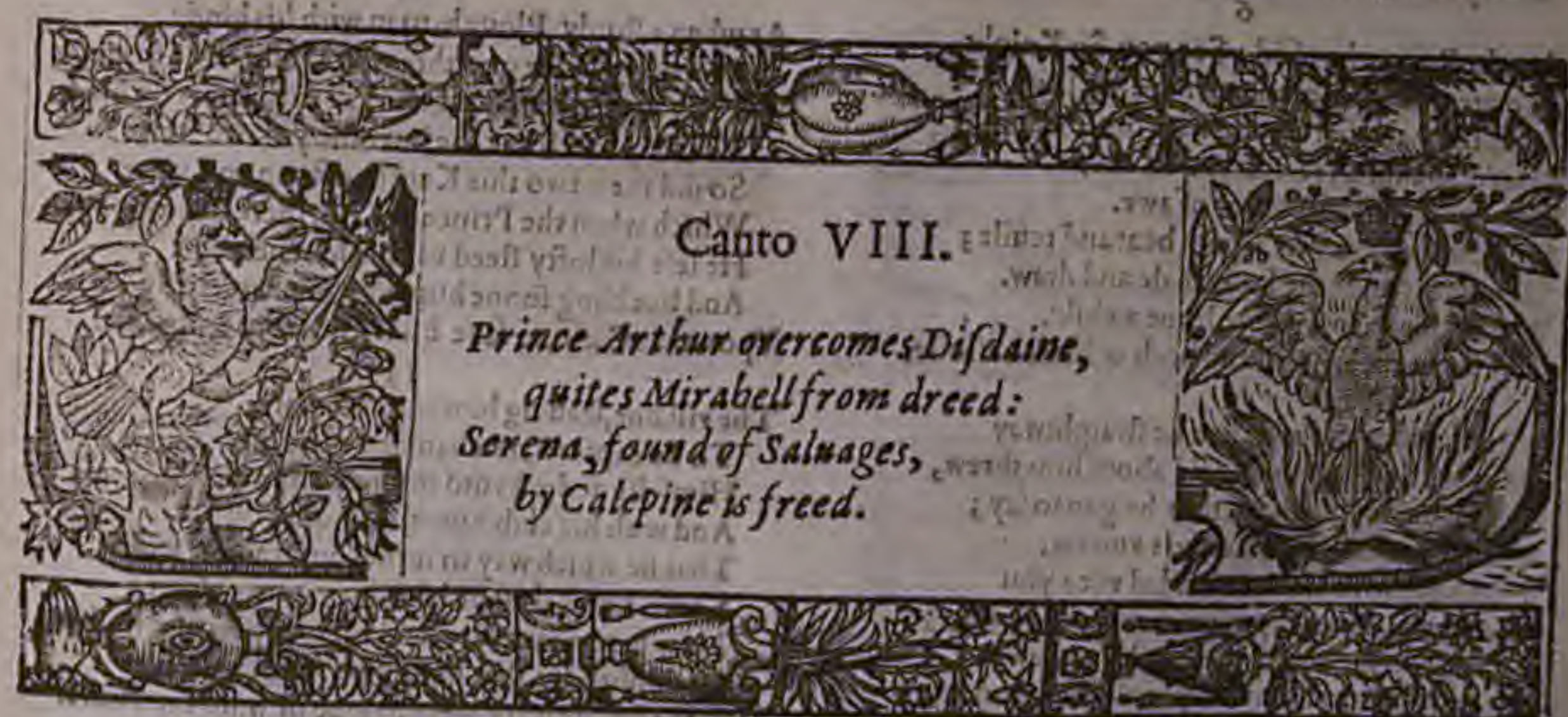
46  
The villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore,  
Gathered himselfe together loose againe;  
And with his iron baton which he bore,  
Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,  
That for his safety he did him constraine  
To giue him ground, and thiste to currey lide,  
Rather then once his burden to sustaine:  
For, bootlesse thing him seem'd to abide  
So mighty blowes, or prone the puissance of his pride.

47  
Like as a Mastiffe, hauing at a bay  
A salvage Bull, whose cruell hornes do threat  
Desperate danger, if he them assay,  
Twelfth his ground, and round about doth beat,  
To spy where he may some aduantage get;  
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore;  
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did free,  
And fume in his disdainfull mind the more,  
And oftentimes by Turnagant and Mahound swore.

48  
Nath'lesse, so sharply still he him pursu'd,  
That at aduantage him at last he tooke,  
When his foot slip'd (that slip he dearely new'd)  
And with his iron club to ground him strooke;  
Where still he lay, ne out of swoone awooke,  
Till heavy hand the Carle vpon him layd,  
And bound him fast: Tho, when he vp did looke,  
And saw himselfe captiu'd, he was dismayd,  
Ne powt had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

49  
Then vp he made himselfe, and forward fare,  
Led in a rope, which both his hands did bind;  
Ne ought that foole for pitty did him spare;  
But with his whip him following behind,  
Him often scourg'd, and sore't his feet to find:  
And other-whiles, with bitter mocks and mowes,  
He would him scorne, that to his gentlemans  
Was much more grieuous then the others blowes;  
Words sharply wound, but greater griefe of scorning

50  
The faire *Serena*, when she saw him fall  
Vnder that villaines club, then surely thought  
That since he was, or whide a wretched thall,  
And fled away with all the speed she mought,  
To seeke for safety, which long time she sought;  
And past through many perils by the way,  
Ere she againe to *Calepine* was brought:  
The which discourse as now I must delay,  
Till *Mirabella's* fortunes I doe further lay.



51  
E gently Ladies, in whose fountaine powre  
Loue hath the glory of his Kingdome left,  
And th' harts of men, as your eternall dower,  
In iron chaynes, of liberty bereft,  
Delivered hath into your hands by gift;  
Be well aware, how ye the same do vie,  
That pride do not to tyranny you lide;  
Least if men you of cruelty accuse,  
He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe abuse.

52  
And as ye soft and tender are by kind,  
Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,  
So be ye soft and tender eke in mind;  
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace;  
That all your other praises will deface,  
And from you turne the looe of men, to hate.  
Ensamble take of *Mirabella's* cale,  
Who from the high degree of happy state,  
Fell into wretched woes, which she repeated late.

Ff

Who



Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,  
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,  
Was touched with compassion entire,  
And much lamented his calamity,  
That for her sake fell into misery:  
Which booteth not for prayers, nor for threat,  
To hope for to release or mollifie;  
For, ay, the more that she did them intreat,  
The more they him misus'd, and cruelly did beat.

So as they forward on their way did pass,  
Him still reuiling and afflicting sore,  
They met Prince Arthur with Sir Ector,  
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before  
Hauing subdew'd, yet did to life restore)  
To whom as they approach't, they gan augment  
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,  
Scourging and haling him more vehement;  
As if it should grieue to see his punishment.

The Squire himselfe, when-as he saw his Lord,  
The witness of his wretchednesse in place,  
Was much ashamed, that with an hempen cord  
He like a dog was led in captiue case;  
And did his head for bashfulnesse abate,  
As loth to see, or to be seene at all:  
Shame would be hid. But when-as Enide  
Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,  
His manly mind was much emmoued there-withall.

And to the Prince thus said; See you, Sir Knight,  
The greatest shame that euer eye yet saw;  
Yond Lady and her Squire with foule despight  
Abus'd, against all reason and all law,  
Without regard of pity or of awe,  
See how they doe that Squire beat and reuile;  
See how they doe the Lady hale and draw,  
But if ye please to lend me leaue awhile,  
I will them loone acquite, and both of blame assoile.

The Prince assented: and then he straightway  
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,  
With which approaching, thus he gan to say;  
Abide ye caytiue treacherous vntrew,  
That haue with treason thrall'd vnto you  
These two, vnworthy of your wretched bands;  
And now your crime with cruelty purfew,  
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;  
Or else abide the death, that hard before you stands.

The villaine staid not, answer to iouent,  
But with his iron club preparing way,  
His mindes sad message backe vnto him sent;  
The which descended with such dreadfull sway,  
That seemed nought the course thereof could stay:  
No more then lightning from the lofty sky,  
Ne list the Knight the powre thereof assay,  
Whose doome was death; but lightly slipping by,  
Vowares defrauded his intended destiny.

And to requite him with the like againe,  
With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,  
And strooke so strongly, that the Carle with paine  
Saued himselfe, but that he there him flew:  
Yet faw'd not so, but that the blood it drew,  
And gaue his foe good hope of victory.  
Who there-with fliest, vpon him set anew,  
And with the second stroke, thought certainly  
To haue supplide the first, and paid the vntury.

But Fortune answerd not vnto his call;  
For, as his hand was heaued vp on high,  
The villaine met him in the middle fall,  
And with his club bet backe his brandiron bright;  
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might  
Rebeaten backe vpon himselfe againe,  
He driuen was to ground in selfe despight;  
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,  
He in his necke did set his foote with fell didaine.

With that, the foole, which did that end await,  
Came running in; and whil't on ground he lay,  
Laid heauy hands on him, and held so strait,  
That downe he kept him with his scornfull sway,  
So as he could not wield him any way.  
The whiles, that other villaine went about  
Him to haue bound, and thrall without delay;  
The whiles, the foole did him reuile and flout, (flout,  
Threatning to yoke them two, and tame their courage.

As when a sturdy Plough-man with his hinde  
By strength haue overthrowne a stubborn steare,  
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do binde,  
Till they him force the burome yoke to beare:  
So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare.  
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,  
He left his lofty steed to aide him neare;  
And buckling soone himselfe, gan fiercely fly  
Vpon that Carle, to saue his friend from icopardie.

The villaine, leauing him vnto his mate  
To be captiu'd, and handled as he list,  
Himselfe addrest vnto this new debate,  
And with his club him all about so blist,  
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:  
Some-times aloft he laid, some-times alowe;  
Now here, now there, and oft him neere he mist;  
So doubtfully, that hardly one could knowe  
Whether more wary were to giue or ward the blowe.

But yet the Prince so well enured was  
With such huge strokes, approued oft in fight,  
That way to them he gaue forth-right to pass;  
Ne would endure the danger of their might,  
But wait advantage, when they downe did light.  
At last, the caytiue after long discourse,  
When all his strokes he saw auoided quite,  
Resol'd in one assemble all his force,  
And make one end of him without rushe or remorse.

His dreadfull hand he heaued vp aloft;  
And with his dreadfull instruments of ire,  
Thought sure haue powned him to powder soft,  
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entire:  
But Fortune did not with his will conspire.  
For, ere his stroke attained his intent,  
The noble child preventing his desire,  
Vnder his club with wary boldnesse went,  
And smote him on the knee, that neuer yet was bent.

It neuer yet was bent, ne bent it now,  
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,  
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow:  
But all that leg which did his body beare,  
It crakt through-out, yet did no blood appeare;  
So as it was vnable to support  
So huge a burden on such broken gear,  
But fell to ground, like to a lump of durt;  
Whence he assaid to rise, but could not for his hurt.

Estsoones the Prince to him full nimbly stept;  
And, least he should recouer foot againe,  
His head meant from his shoulders to haue swept.  
Which when the Lady sawe, she cride amaine;  
Stay, stay, Sir Knight for loue of God abstaine,  
From that vnwares yee weetlesse doe intend:  
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be slaine:  
For, more on him doth then himselfe depend;  
My life will by his death haue lamentable end.

He staid his hand according her desire,  
Yet nathemore him suffred to arise;  
But still suppressing, gan of her inquire,  
What meaning more those vacuous words comprize,  
That in that villaines health her safety lies:  
That, were no might in man, nor hart in Knights,  
Which durst her dreaded reskew enterprize,  
Yet heauens themselves, that fauour feeble rights,  
Would for it selfe redresse, and punish such despights.

Then, bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast  
Like many water streames, while she staid;  
Till the sharpe passion becig ouer-past,  
Her tongue to her restor'd, then thus she said;  
Nor heauens, nor men, can me most wretched maid  
Deliver from the doome of my delart;  
The which the God of Loue hath on me laid,  
And damned to endure this direfull smart,  
For penance of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre  
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delight,  
And Nature me endu'd with plentious dowe  
Of all her gifts that pleas'd each liuing sight,  
I was belou'd of many a gentle Knight,  
And fide and fought with all the seruice dew:  
Full many a one for me deep groand, and sigh't,  
And to the doore of death for sorrow drew,  
Complaining out on me, that would not on them reu.

But let them loue that list, or liue or die:  
Me list not die for any Louers dole:  
Ne list me leaue my loued liberty,  
To pity him that list to play the foole:  
To loue my selfe I leaured had in schoole,  
Thus I triumphed long in Louers paine,  
And sitting careless on the scorners floole,  
Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine:  
But all is now repaid with interest againe.

For, loe, the winged God, that woundeth harts,  
Caus'd me be called to account therefore;  
And for reuengement of those wrongfull smartes,  
Which I to others did inflict afore,  
Addem'd me to endure this penance sore;  
That in this wise, and this vnmeet array,  
With these two lewd companions, and no more,  
Disdaine and Scorne, I through the world should stray,  
Till I haue faw'd so many as I erst did slay.

Certes, said then the Prince, the God is iust,  
That taketh vengeance of his peoples poyle:  
For, were no law to loue, but all that list  
Might them oppresse, and painfully turmoile,  
His kingdom would continue but a while.  
But tell me Lady, wherefore doe you beare  
This bottle thus before you with such toyle,  
And eke this wallet at your backe areare,  
That for these Carles to carry much more comely were?

Heere, in this bottle, said the fory Maid,  
I put the teares of my contrition.  
Till to the brim I haue it full defraind:  
And in this bag which I behind me don,  
I put repentance for things past and gon.  
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,  
That all which I put in, falls out anon;  
And is behind me trodden downe of Scorne,  
Who mocketh all my paine, & laughs the more I mourne.

The Infant harkned wisely to her tale,  
And woodred much at Cupids iudgement wise;  
That could so meekly make proud harts auale,  
And wreake himselfe on them that him despise.  
Then suffred he Disdaine vp to arise,  
Who was not able vp himselfe to reere,  
By meanes his leg, through his late lucklesse prise,  
Was crackt in twaine; but by his foolish teere  
Was holpen vp, who him supported standing neere.

But, becig vp, he lookt againe aloft,  
As if he neuer had receiued fall;  
And with steme eye-browes stared at him oft,  
As if he would haue daunted him with-all:  
And, standing on his tip-toes to seeme tall,  
Downe on his golden feet he often gazed,  
As if such pride the other could apall;  
Who was so far from being ought amezed,  
That he his looks despised, and his boast dispraised.



27  
Then, turning backe vnto that captiue thrall,  
Who all this while stood there beside them bound,  
Vowling to be knowne, or seene at all,  
Hee from thole bands weend him to haue vnwound,  
But when approaching neare, he plainly found,  
It was his owne true groomme, the gentle Squire,  
He therat wext exceedingly astound,  
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire;  
Necould, with seeing, satisfie his great desire.

28  
Meane-while, the saluage man, when he beheld  
That huge great foole oppressing th' other Knight,  
Whom with his weight vncildly downe he held,  
He flew vpon him, like a greedy Knight  
Vnto some carrie offered to his sight:  
And downe him plucking, with his nailes and teeth  
Gan him to hale and teare, and scratch, and bite;  
And from him taking his owne whip, there-with  
So fore him scourgeth, that the blood down followeth.

29  
And sure, I weene, had not the Ladies cry  
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,  
He would with whipping, him haue done to die:  
But beeing checkt, he did abstaine straightway,  
And let him rife. Then thus the Prince gan say;  
Now Lady sith your fortunes thus dispose,  
That if ye list haue liberty, ye may,  
Vnto your selfe I freely leaue to chofe,  
Whether I shall you leaue, or from these villaines lose.

30  
Ah! nay, Sir Knight, said she, it may not be,  
But that I needs must by all meanes fulfill  
This penance, which enioyned is to me,  
Least vnto me betide a greater ill;  
Yet no lesse thanks to you for your good will.  
So humbly taking leaue, she turn'd aside:  
But Arthur, with the rest, went onward still  
On his first quest: in which did him betide  
A great aduenture, which did him from them diuide.

31  
But first, it falleth me by course to tell  
Of faire *Serena*: who as earst you heard,  
When first the gentle Squire at variance fell  
With those two Carles, fled fast away, afraid  
Of villany to be to her inferd:  
So fresh the image of her former dread,  
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,  
That euery foot did tremble, which did tread;  
And euery body two, and two she foure did read.

32  
Through hils & dales, through bushes, & through breres  
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought  
Her selfe now past the perill of her feares.  
Then looking round about, and seeing nought,  
Which doubt of danger to her offer mought,  
She from her paltry lighted on the Plaine;  
And sitting downe, her selfe awhile bethought  
Of her long trauell, and turmoyleing paine;  
And often did of loue, and oft of lucke complaine.

33  
And euermore, she blamed *Calepine*,  
The good Sir *Calepine*, her owne true Knight,  
As th' onely author of her wofull time:  
For being of his loue to her so light,  
As her to leaue in such a pittious plight.  
Yet neuer Turtle truer to his Make,  
Then he was tride vnto his Lady bright:  
Who all this while endured, for her sake,  
Great perill of his life, and restless paines did take.

34  
Tho, when as all her plaints she had displayd,  
And well disburdened her engrieu'd brest,  
Vpon the grasse her selfe adowne she laid;  
Where being tyrd with trauell, and oppress  
With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest.  
There, whil't in *Morpheus* bofome safe she lay,  
Fearelesse of ought that mote her peace molest,  
False Fortune did her safety betray.  
Vnto a strange mischaunce, that menac't her decay.

35  
In these wilde deserts, where she now abode,  
There dwelt a saluage Nation, which did liue  
Offstealth and spoyle, and making nightly rode  
Into their neighbours borders; ne did giue  
Themselves to any trade (as for to driue  
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,  
Or by aduenturous merchandize to thriue)  
But on the labours of poore men to feed,  
And serue their owne necessities with others need.

36  
There-to they vs'd one most accurst order,  
To eate the flesh of men, whom they mote find,  
And strangers to deuour, which on their border  
Were brought by error, or by wreckfull wind;  
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kind.  
They towards euening wandring euery way,  
To seeke for booty, came (by Fortune blind)  
Where-as this Lady, like a sheepe astray,  
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse lay.

37  
Soone as they spide her, Lord what gladfull glee  
They made amongst themselves! but when her face  
Like the faire *Iuory* shining they did see,  
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace,  
For ioy of such good hap by heauenly grace.  
Then gan they to deuise what course to take:  
Whether to slay her there vpon the place,  
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,  
And then her eate at once; or many meales to make.

38  
The best aduizement was of bad, to let her  
Sleepe out her fill, without encomberment:  
For, sleepe (they said) would make her battill better.  
Then, when she wak't, they all gaue one consent,  
That sith by grace of God she there was sent,  
Vnto their God they would her sacrifice;  
Whose share, her guiltlesse blood they would present:  
But, of her dainty flesh they did deuize  
To make a common feast, and feed with gormandise.

39  
So, round about her they themselves did place  
Vpon the grasse, and diuersly dispose,  
As each thought best to spend the lingering space.  
Some with their eyes the daintiest morsels chofe;  
Some praise her paps, some praise her lips and nose;  
Some whet their knives, and fling their elbows bare:  
The Priest himselfe a garland doth compose  
Of finest flowres, and with full busie care  
His bloody vessels wash, and holie fire prepare.

40  
The Damsell wakes: then all at once vp-start,  
And round about her flocke, like many flies,  
Whooping, and hollowing on euery part,  
As if they would haue rent the brazen skies.  
Which when she sees with ghastly grieffull eyes,  
Her heart does quake, and deadly allid hew  
Benumbs her cheekes: Then out aloud she cries,  
Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,  
And rends her golden locks, and snowy brests embrew.

41  
But all boots not: they hands vpon her lay;  
And first they spoyle her of her jewells deare,  
And afterwards of all her rich array:  
The which amongst them they in peeces teare,  
And of the prey each one a part doth beare.  
Now being naked to their fordid eyes  
The goodly treasures of Nature appeare:  
Which as they view with lustfull fantasies,  
Each withlieth to himselfe, and to the rest enuies.

42  
Her yuory necke, her alabaster breast,  
Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were,  
For Loue in lost delight thereon to rest;  
Her tender sides, her belly white and cleare,  
Which like an Altar did selfe vp-reare,  
To offer sacrifice diuine thereon;  
Her goodly thighes, whose glory did appeare  
Like a triumphall Arch, and thereupon  
The spoils of Princes hangd, which were in battell won:

43  
Those dainty parts, the deariest of delight,  
Which mote not be profan'd of common eyes,  
Those villans view'd with loole lasciuious sight,  
And closely tempted with their crafty spies;  
And from of them gan amongst themselves deuise,  
Thereof by force to take their beaulty pleasure.  
But them the Priest rebuking did aduise  
To dare not to pollute so sacred treasure,  
Vow'd to the gods: religion held euen theemes in measure.

44  
So being stayd, they her from thence directed  
Vnto a little groue not farre aside,  
In which an altar shortly they erected,  
To slay her on. And now the euening tide  
His broad black wings had through the heauens wide  
By this dispread, that was the time ordained  
For such a dymall deed, their guilt to hide:  
Of few greene turfs an altar loone they fayned,  
And deckt it al with flowres, w<sup>ch</sup> they nigh hand obtained.

45  
Tho, when-as all things ready were aright,  
The Damsell was before the Altar set,  
Being already dead with fearefull fright.  
To whom the Priest with naked armes fell next  
Approaching nigh, and murderous kniffe well whet,  
Gan mutter close a certaine secret charge,  
With other diuinish ceremonies met:  
Which done, he gan aloft advance his arme,  
Whereat they shouted all, and made aloud alarme.

46  
Then gan the bag-pipes and the hornes to shrill,  
And shrille aloud, that with the peoples voyce  
Consoled, did the ayre with rousor fill,  
And made the wood to tremble as the noyee:  
The whyles the wayld, the more they did reioyee.  
Now more ye vnderstand what to this groue  
Sir *Calepine* by chance, more then by choyce,  
The selfe same euening for some hither droue,  
As he to seek *Serena* through the woods did rouse.

47  
Long had he sought her, and through many a foyle  
Had traueld full on foot in heavy armes,  
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,  
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:  
And now all weetelesse of the wretched stormes,  
In which his Loue was lost, he slept full fast,  
Till being wak'd with these loud alarmes,  
He lightly started vp like one aghast,  
And catching vp his arms, straight to the noise forth past.

48  
There by th' vncertaine glimse of starry night,  
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,  
He mote perceiue a little dawning light  
Of all, which there was doing in that quire:  
Amongst whom, a woman spoyle of all attire  
He spide lamenting her vnlucky life,  
And prouing sore from greened heart entire;  
Eftsoones he saue one with a naked kniffe  
Ready to launce her breast, and let out loued life.

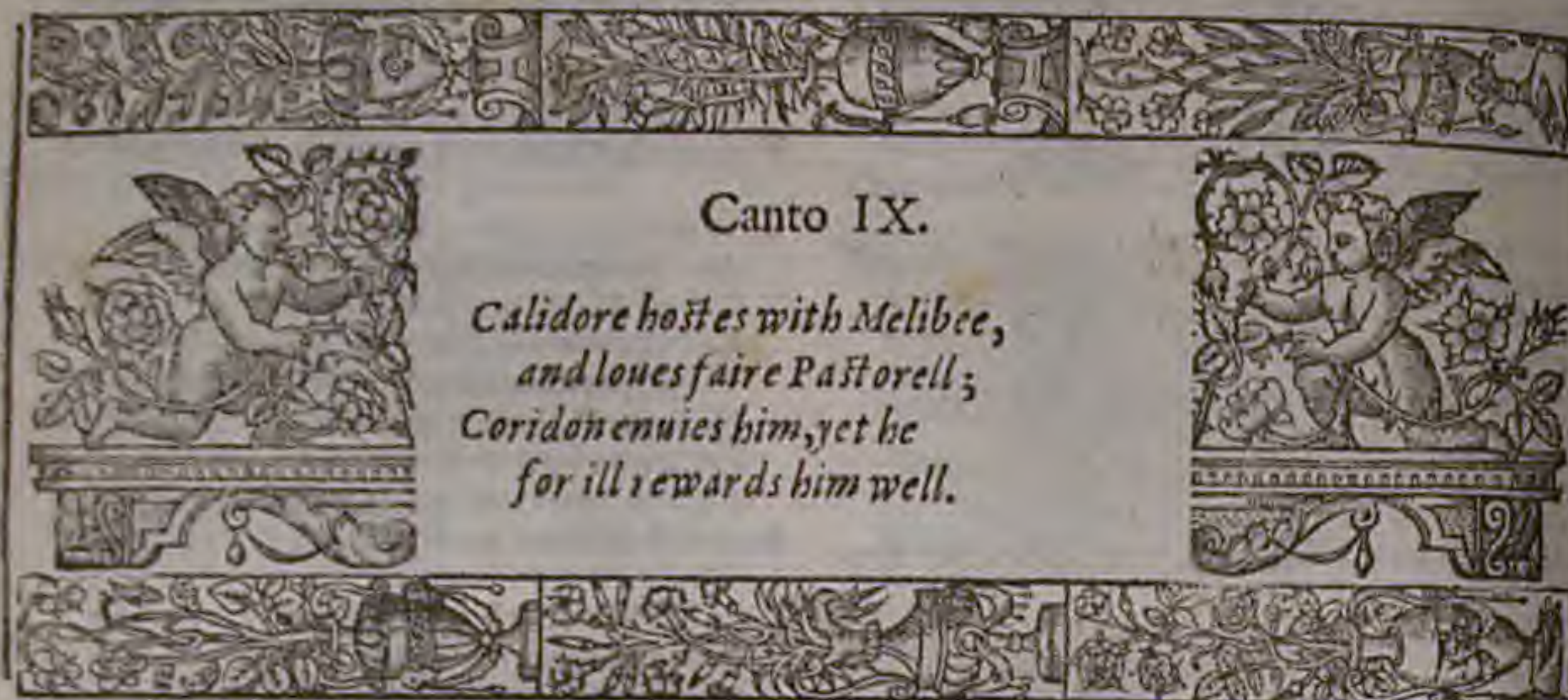
49  
With that he thrust into the thickest throng,  
And euen as his right hand adowne descends,  
He him perceiving, layes on earth along,  
And sacrificeth to th' infernall fiends.  
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bendes:  
Of whom he makes such bracke and such hew,  
That karmes of damned Soules to hel he sends:  
The rest, that seepe his sword and death did chew,  
Fly like a flocke of dounes before a Faulcons view.

50  
From them returning to that Ladies backe,  
Whom by the Altar he doth sitting finde,  
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke  
Of clothes to couer what shee ought by kinde,  
He lift her hands beginneth to vnbinde;  
And then to question of her present woe;  
And afterwards to cheate with speeches load.  
But she, for nought that he could say or doe,  
One word durst speake, or answer him whilst thereto.



So inward shame of her vncomely case  
She did conceiue, through care of womanhood,  
That though the night did couer her disgrace,  
Yet she in so rauemany a mood,

Would not bewray the state in which she stood,  
So, all that night to him vnknown she past,  
But day that doth discouer bad and good,  
Enslewing, made her known to him at last:  
The end whereof he keep vntill another cast.



Now turne again my teme thou iolly swain,  
Backe to the furrow which I lately left;  
I lately left a furrow, one or twaine (cleft):  
Vnplough'd, the w<sup>th</sup> my coulter hath not  
Yet seem'd the soile both fair & fruitful efit,  
As I it past; that were too great a shame,  
That so rich fruit should be from vs bereft;  
Besides the great dishonour and defame,  
Which should befall to Calidore's immortall name.

Great trauell hath the gentle Calidore  
And toyle endured, with I left him last  
Sewing the blattent beaft; which I forbore  
To finish then, for other present haste.  
Full many paths, and perils he hath past. (Plains,  
Through hils, through dales, through forrests & through  
In that same quest, which Fortune on him cast;  
Which he atchieued to his owne great gaines,  
Reaping eternall glory of his restlesse paines.

So sharply he the monster did pursue,  
That day nor night he suffred him to rest:  
Ne rested he himselfe (but Nature's dew)  
For dread of danger, not to be redrest,  
If he for slouth forsack't so famous quest.  
Him first from court he to the cities coursed,  
And from the cities to the townes him prest,  
And from the townes into the country forced,  
And from the country back to priuate farms he scorced.

From thence into the open fields he fled,  
Whereas the Herds were keeping of their neat,  
And shepherds singing to their flockes, that fed,  
Layes of sweet loue and youtnes delightfull heat:

Him thither eke (for all his fearefull threat)  
He followed fast, and chased him to nie,  
That to the folds, where sheep at night do feat,  
And to the little cotes, where shepherds lie  
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flee.

There on a day as he pursu'd the chace,  
He chaunc't to spy a sort of shepheard groomes,  
Playing on pipes, and caroling apace,  
The whiles their beafts there in the budded broomes  
Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes:  
For other worldly wealth they cared nought.  
To whom Sir Calidore yet sweaung comes,  
And them to tell him courteously belought,  
If such a beaft they saw, which he had thither brought.

They answer'd him, that no such beaft they sawe,  
Nor any wicked feend, that more offend  
Their happy flockes, nor danger to them drawe:  
But if that huch there were (as none they kend)  
They prayd high God him farre from them to send.  
Then one of them him seeing so to sweate,  
After his rusticke wife (that well he weend)  
Offerd him drinke, to quench his thirstie heat,  
And if he hungry were, him offerd eke to eat.

The Knight was nothing nice, where was no need,  
And tooke their gentle offer: so adowne  
They prayd him sit, and gaue him for to feed  
Such homely what, as serues the simple clowne,  
That doth despite the dainties of the towne.  
Tho, hauing fed his hyl, he there beside  
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne  
Of sundry flowres, with silken ribbands tyde,  
Yclad in home-made green that her own hands had dyde.

Vpon a little hillocke she was pliced  
Higher then all the rest, and round about  
Enuiron'd with a girlond, goodly graced,  
Of louely lasses: and them all without  
The lusty shepheard swaines late in a rout,  
The which did pipe and sing her prayles dew,  
And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder shour,  
As if some miracle of heauenly hew  
Were downe to them descended in that earthly view.

And soothly sure she was full faire of face,  
And perfectly well shap't in euery l m;  
Which she did more augment with modest grace,  
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,  
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:  
Who, her admiring as some heauenly wight,  
Did for their soueraine god, desire her esteeme,  
And caroling her name both day and night,  
The fairest Pastorella her by name did hight.

Ne was there heard, ne was there shepherds swaine  
But her did honour, and eke many a one  
Burnt in her loue, and with sweet pleasing paine  
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:  
But most of all the shepheard Coridon  
For her did languish, and his deare life spend;  
Yet neyther she for him, nor other none  
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:  
Though meane her lor, yet higher did her mind ascend.

Her whiles Sir Calidore there viewed well,  
And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed  
So farre the meane of shepherds to excell,  
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed,  
To be a Princes Paragone esteemed;  
He was vnwares surpriz'd in subtil bands  
Of the blind Boy, ne thence could be redeemed  
By any skill out of his cruell hands,  
Caught like the bird, which gazing still on others stands.

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,  
Ne any will had thence to moue away,  
Although his quest were farre afore him gone:  
But after he had fed, yet did he stay,  
And fate there still, vntill the flying day  
Was farre-forth spent, discouraging diuersly  
Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delay:  
And euermore his speech he did apply  
To th' heards, but meant them to the danczels fantasie.

By this, the moystie night approaching fast,  
Her deawy humour gan on th' earth to shed,  
That warn'd the shepherds to their homes to haste  
Their tender flockes, now being fully fed,  
For feare of wetting them before their bed.  
Then came to them a good olde aged Syre,  
Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beard and head,  
With shepherds hook in hand, and fit attire,  
That will'd the Damzell rise; the day did now expire.

He was to weete by common voyce esteemed  
The father of the fairest Pastorell,  
And of her teile in very deed so deemed;  
Yet was not so, but as old stories tell  
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,  
In th' open fields an Infant left alone,  
And taking vp brought home, and nouris'd well  
As his owne childe; for other he had none,  
That she in tract of time accounted was his owne.

She at his bidding meekly did arise,  
And straight vnto her little flocke did fare:  
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,  
And each his sundry sheep with seuerall care  
Gathered together, and then home-ward bare:  
Whil' eury one with helping hands did stime  
Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,  
To helpe faire Pastorella home to drine  
Her fleecy flocke; but Coridon most helpe did giue.

But Melibee (so hight that good old man)  
Now seeing Calidore left all alone,  
And night arrived hard at hand, began  
Him to inuite vnto his simple home:  
Which though it were a cottage clad with some,  
And all things therein meane; yet better so  
To lodge, then in the saluage fields to come.  
The Knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,  
Being his hearts owne wish, and home with him did goe.

There he was welcom'd of that honest Syre,  
And of his aged Beldame homely well;  
Who him belought himselfe to disattire,  
And rest himselfe, till supper time befell:  
By which, home came the fairest Pastorell,  
After her flock she in their fold had tyde:  
And, supper ready dight, they to it fell  
With small adoe, and nature satisfide,  
The which doth hild craue, contented to abide.

Tho, when they had their hunger slaked well,  
And the fure mayd the table was away;  
The gentle Knight, as he that did excell  
In courtelie, and well could doe and say,  
For so great kindeesse as he found that day,  
Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife;  
And drawing thence his speere another way,  
Gan highly to commend the happy life,  
Which Shepherds lead, without debate or bitter strife.

How much said he, more happy is the state,  
In which ye father here doe dwell at ease,  
Leading a life so free and fortunate,  
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,  
Which tolle the rest in dangerous decaie;  
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie  
Doe them afflict, which no man can appeale;  
Th' vntes t your happinesse enure,  
And wish my lot were plac't in such felicitie.

Surely



20  
Surely my soone (then answer'd he againe)  
If happy, then it is in this intent,  
That having small, yet doe I not complaine  
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,  
But doe my selfe, with that I have, content;  
So taught of Nature, which doth little need  
Of forcaine helps to lifes due nourishment.  
The fields my food, my flock my rayment breed;  
No better do I weare, no better do I feed.

21  
Then close I doe not any one enuy,  
Nor am enuied of any one therefore;  
They that have much, feare much to lose thereby,  
And store of cares doth follow riches store.  
The little that I have growes daily more  
Without my care but onely to attend it.  
My lambs do every yeare increace their score,  
And my flockes farther daily doth amend it.  
What have I, but to praise th' Almighty that doth send it?

22  
To them, that lift the worlds gay shewes I leave,  
And to great ones such follies do forgue,  
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weave,  
And through ambition downe themselves do drive  
To sad decay, that might contented live.  
Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend;  
Ne once my mind vnmooued quiet grieue;  
But all the night in slumber sweet I spend,  
And all the day, to what I list, I doe attend.

23  
Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe  
Vnto my lambes, and him dislodge away;  
Sometime the Fawne I practise from the Doe,  
Or from the Goat her kiddes how to conuay;  
Another while I baits and nets display,  
The birds to catch or fishes to beguile;  
And when I weary am, I downe do lay  
My limbe in euery shade, to rest from toyle, (boile,  
And drinke of euery brooke, when thirst my throte doth

24  
The time was once, in my first prime of yeeres,  
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,  
That I did stand among mine equall peeres  
To follow sheepe and shepherds baite attire;  
For further fortune than I would inquire,  
And leaving home, to royall court I sought;  
Where I did sell my selfe for yearly hire,  
And in the Princes garden daily wrought:  
There I beheld such vaine shewes, as I neuer thought.

25  
With sight whereof soone dayd, and long deluded  
With idle hopes, which them do entertaine,  
After I had ten yeeres my selfe excluded  
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,  
I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,  
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare,  
Thou backe returning to my sheep againe,  
I from thenceforth haue learn'd to loue more deare  
This lowly quiet life, which I inherite here.

26  
Whil't thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy care  
Hong still vpon his melting mouth at ent;  
Whole fentfull words empiere't his heart so neare,  
That he was rapt with double raiment,  
Both of his speech that wrought him great content,  
And also of the object of his view,  
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;  
That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,  
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entranced grew.

27  
Yet to occasion meanes, to worke his minde,  
And to insinuate his hearts desire,  
He thus replide; Now surely tyre I finde,  
That all this worlds gay shewes, which we admire,  
Be but vaine shadowes to this life retire  
Of life, which here in lowliness ye lead,  
Fearefulle of foes, or Fortunes wrackfull yre,  
Which to flesh states, and yonder foot doth tread  
The mighty ones, afraid of euery changes dread:

28  
That euen I which daily do behold  
The glory of the great, amongst whom I won;  
And now haue prov'd, what happinesse ye hold  
In this small plot of your dominion,  
Now loath great Lordship and ambition;  
And with the heavens so much had graced me,  
As grant me liue in like condition;  
Or that my fortunes might transposed be  
From pitch of higher place, vnto this lowe degree.

29  
In vaine, said then old Melibee, doe men  
The heavens of their fortunes fault accuse;  
Sith they know best, what is the best for them:  
For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,  
As they do knowe each can most aptly vse,  
For, not that, which men couet most, is best,  
Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse:  
But best is, that all contented rest  
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his breast.

30  
It is the mind, that maketh good or ill,  
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poore:  
For some, that hath abundance at his will,  
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;  
And other, that hath little, askes no more,  
But in that little is both rich and wise.  
For, wisdom is most riches; fooles therefore  
They are, which fortunes do by vowes deuize,  
Sith each vnto himselfe his life may fortuneize.

31  
Since then in each mans selfe, said Calidore,  
It is, to fashion his owne lifes estate,  
Giue leave awhile good Father, in this store  
To rest my barke, which hath been beaten late  
With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate,  
In seas of trouble and of royall some paine;  
That whether quite from them for to retire  
I shall resolve, or backe to turne againe,  
I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine.

32  
Not that the burden of so bold a guest  
Shall chargefull be, or change to you at all;  
For, your meane food shall be my daily feast,  
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall.  
Besides, for recompence herof, I shall  
You well reward, and golden guerdon giue,  
That may perhaps you better much withall,  
And in this quiet make you safer liue.  
So, forth he drew much golde, and toward him it driue,

33  
But the good man, nought tempted with the offer  
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,  
And thus bespake; Sir Knight, your bountious proffer  
Be farre from me, to whom ye ill display  
That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,  
That mote empayre my peace with dangers dread.  
But if ye algates couet to assay  
This simple sort of life, that Shepherds lead,  
Be it your owne: our rudenesse to your selfe ahead.

34  
So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,  
And long while after, whil't him list remaine,  
Daily beholding the faire Pastorell,  
And feeding on the bayt of his owne base.  
During which time, he did her entertaine  
With all kinde courtesies, he could inuent;  
And euery day her company to gaine,  
When to the field she went, he with her went:  
So, for to quench his fire, he did it more augment.

35  
But she that neuer had acquainted beene  
With such quaint vlsage, fit for Queenes and Kings,  
Ne euer had such knightly seruice seene  
(But being bred vnder base Shepherds wings,  
Had euer learn'd to loue the lowly things)  
Did little whit regard his courteous guise:  
But cared more for Calins carolings  
Then all that he could doe, or euer deuize:  
His layes, his lones, his lookes she did them all despise.

36  
Which Calidore perceyuing, thoughte it best  
To change the manner of his lofty looke;  
And doffing his bright armes, himselfe addrest  
In Shepherds weed, and in his hand he took,  
In stead of Steele-head speare, a Shepherds booke;  
That who had seene him then, would haue bethought  
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,  
When he the loue of faire Benone sought,  
What time the golden apple was vnto him brought.

37  
So being clad, vnto the fields he went  
With the faire Pastorella euery day,  
And kept her sheep with diligent attent,  
Watching to driue the rauenous Wolfe away,  
The whil't at pleasure she mote sport and play;  
And euery evening helping them to fold:  
And otherwhiles for need, he did assay  
In his strong hand their rugged teares to hold,  
And out of them to presse the milk: loue so much could.

38  
Which seeing Coridon, who her likewise  
Long time had lov'd, and hop't her loue to gaine,  
He much was troubled at that strangers guise,  
And many iealous thoughts conceiu'd in vaine,  
That this of all his labour and long paine  
Should reap the harvest ere it ripened were;  
That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine  
Of Pastorell to all the shepherds there,  
That she did loue a stranger swaine then him more deare.

39  
And euer when he came in company,  
Where Calidore was present, he would loure,  
And byte his lip, and euen for iealousie  
Was ready oft his owne heart to deuoure,  
Impatient of any Paramoure:  
Who on the other side did seem so farre  
From malicing, or grudging his good boure,  
That all he could, he graced him with her,  
Ne euer shewed signe of rancour or of iare.

40  
And oft, when Coridon vnto her brought  
Or little sparrows, stolen from their nest,  
Or wanton squirts, in the woods farre sought,  
Or other dainty thing for her addrest;  
He would commend his gift, and make the best:  
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,  
Ne him could hide to fancy in her breast:  
This new come shepard had his market mard,  
Old loue is little worth, when new is more pretard.

41  
One day when as the shepard swaines together  
Were met, to make their sports and merry glee,  
As they are wont in faire sun-shiny weather,  
The whiles their flockes in shadows shrouded be,  
They fell to dance: then did they all agree,  
That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most fit;  
And Calidore should lead the ring, as he  
That most in Pastorells grace did sit.  
Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip closely bit.

42  
But Calidore, of courteous inclination,  
Took Coridon, and set him in his place,  
That he should lead the dance, as was his fashion;  
For, Coridon could dance, and trimly trace.  
And when as Pastorella, him to grace,  
Her flowry garland tooke from her owne head,  
And plac'd on his, he did it soone displace,  
And did it put on Coridons in stead:  
Then Coridon woxe frolicke, that eart seemed dead.

43  
Another time, when as they did dispose  
To practise games, and matters to trie,  
They for their Iudge did Pastorella chose;  
A garland was the meed of victory.  
There Coridon, forth stepping openly,  
Did challenge Calidore to wrestling game:  
For, he through long and perfect industry,  
Therein well practis'd was, and in the same  
Thought sure to auenge his grudge, & work his too great shame.



44  
But *Calidore* he greatly did mistake;  
For he was strong and mightily stiffed,  
That with one fill his necke he almost brake:  
And had he not vpon him fallen light,  
His dearest ioynt he sure had broken quight.  
Then was the oaken crowne by *Pastorell*  
Given to *Calidore*, as his due right;  
But he, that did in courtesie excell,  
Gauet to *Coridon*, and said he wonne it well.  
45  
Thus did the gentle Knight himselfe abear  
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,  
That euen they the which his rivals were,  
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:

For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds  
Good will and fauour. So it surely wrought  
With this faire Mayd, and in her mind the seeds  
Of perfect loue did sowe, that last forth brought  
The fruit of ioy & blis, though long time dearly bought.  
46  
Thus *Calidore* continu'd there long time,  
To win the loue of the faire *Pastorell*;  
Which hauing got, he vied without crime  
Or blamefull blot; but menaged so well,  
That he of all the rest, which there did dwell,  
Was fauoured, and to her grace commended.  
But what strange fortunes vnto him befell,  
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,  
Shall more conueniently in other place be ended.



1  
Ho now does follow the foule *Blatant Beast*,  
Whil' *Calidore* does follow that faire Mayd,  
Vnmindfull of his vowe and high behest,  
Which by the Faery Queen was on him layd.  
That he should neuer leaue, nor be delayed  
From chasing him, till he had it atchieued;  
But now, entrapt of loue, which him betrayd,  
He mindeth more, how he may be relieved (griued);  
With grace from her, whose loue his heart hath fore en-

2  
That from henceforth he meanes no more to seue  
His former quest, so full of toyle and paine;  
Another quest, another game in view  
He hath, the guerdon of his loue to gaine:  
With whom he mindes for euer to remaine,  
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,  
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine  
Of courtly fauour, fed with light report  
Of euery blasse, and sayling alwayes in the port.

3  
Ne certes mote he greatly be blamed be,  
From so high step to stoupe vnto so lowe.  
For, who had tasted once (as oft did he)  
The happy peace, which there doth ouer-flowe,

And prou'd the perfect pleasures which do growe  
Amongst poore hinds, in hills, in woods, in dales,  
Would neuer more delight in painted shoue  
Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales,  
T' entrap vnwary fooles in their eternall bales.

4  
For, what hath all that goodly glorious gaze  
Like to one sight, which *Calidore* did view?  
The glauce whereof their dimmed eyes would daze,  
That neuer more they should endure the shew  
Of that sunne-shine, that makes them looke askew:  
Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare  
(Saue onely *Glorianaes* heauenly hew;  
To which what can compare?) can it compare;  
The which, as commeth now by course, I will declare.

5  
One day as he did range the fields abroad,  
Whil' *his faire Pastorella* was elsewhere,  
He chaunc'd to come, far from all peoples troad,  
Vnto a place, whose pleasure did appeare  
To passe all others, on the earth which were:  
For, all that euer was by natures skill  
Deuiz'd to worke delight, was gathered there,  
And there by her were poured forth at fill,  
As if this to adorne, she all the rest did fill.

6  
It was an hill, plac'd in an open Plaine,  
That round about was bordered with a wood,  
Of matchlesse height, that seem'd th' earth to disdaine;  
In which all trees of honour stately stood,  
And did all winter as in sommer bud,  
Spreading pavilions for the birds to bowe,  
Which in their lower branches sung aloud,  
And in their tops the soaring hauke did towre,  
Sitting like king of fowles, in maiestie and powre.  
7  
And at the foote thereof, a gentle fluid  
His siluer waves did softly tumble downe,  
Vnto a ragged mosse or filthy mud,  
Ne mote wilde beasts, ne mote the ruder clowne  
Thereto approach, no filth mote therein drowne:  
But Nymphes and Faeries by the banks did sit,  
In the woods shades, which did the waters crowne,  
Keeping all noysome things away from it,  
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

8  
And on the top thereof a spacious Plaine  
Did spread it selfe, to serue to all delight,  
Eythet to dance, when they to dance would faine,  
Or elle to course about their bales light;  
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might  
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:  
So pleasantly the hill, with equall height,  
Did seeme to ouer-look the lowly vale;  
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount *Audate*.

9  
They say that *Peneu*, when she did dispose  
Her selfe to pleasure, vied to resort  
Vnto this place, and therein to repose  
And rest her selfe as in a glad some port,  
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;  
That euen her owne Cytheron, though in it  
She vied most to keepe her royall Court,  
And in her soueraine maiestie to sit,  
She in regard hereof refused and thought vnfit.

10  
Vnto this place when as the Elfin knight  
Approacht, him seemed that the merry sound  
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on high,  
And many feet fast thumping th' hollow ground,  
That through the woods their Echo did rebound,  
He nigher drew, to weet what mote it bee;  
There he a troupe of Ladies dancing found  
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,  
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

11  
He durst not enter into th' open Greene,  
For dread of them vnwares to be descride,  
For breaking of their dance, if he were scide;  
But in the covert of the wood did bide,  
Beholding all, yet of them vnespide.  
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,  
That euen he himselfe his eyes enuide,  
An hundred naked maydens lilly white,  
All ranged in a ring, and dancing in delight.

12  
All they without were ranged in a ring,  
And danced round; but in the midst of them  
Three other Ladies did both dance and sing,  
The whil' the rest them round about did hemme,  
And like a gillond did in compass steme;  
And in the midst of those same there was placed  
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme  
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,  
That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

13  
Looke how the Crowne, which *Ariadne* wore  
Vpon her yuory forehead that same day  
That *Theseus* her vnto his bridale bore  
(When the bold *Centaur* made that bloody fray  
With the fierce *Lapithes* which did him dismay)  
Being now placed in the firmament,  
Through the bright heauen doth her beame display,  
And is vnto the stars an ornament,  
Which round about her moue in order excellent:

14  
Such was the beauty of this goodly band,  
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell:  
But she that in the midst of them did stand,  
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,  
Crown'd with a rosie gillond, that right well  
Did her beseme. And euer, as the crew  
About her daunc'd, sweet flowres, that far did smell,  
And fragrant odours they vpon her threw;  
But most of all, those three did her with gifts endue.

15  
Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,  
Handmayds of *Peneu*, which are wont to haunt  
Vpon this hill, and dance there day and night:  
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt;  
And all, that *Peneu* in her selfe doth vaunt,  
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,  
That in the midst was placed paramant,  
Was she to whom that shepheard pyp'd alone,  
That made him pipe so merrily, as neuer none.

16  
She was to weat that iolly Shepherds lasse,  
Which piped there vnto that merry rout:  
That iolly Shepheard, which there piped, was  
Poore *Colin Clout* (who knowes not *Colin Clout*?)  
He pyp'd apace, whil' *the* him daunc'd about,  
Pype iolly Shepheard, pype thou now apace  
Vnto thy Loue, that made thee lowe to lout;  
Thy Loue is present there with thee in place,  
Thy Loue is there aduanc'd to be another Grace.

17  
Much wondred *Calidore* at this strange sight,  
Whose like before his eye had neuer scene:  
And standing long astonish'd in spright,  
And rapt with pleasure, wist not what to weene;  
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,  
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchanted shewe,  
With which his eyes mote haue deluded beene:  
Therefore resolving, what it was to knowe,  
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.



But soone as he appeared to their view,  
They vanisht all away out of his sight,  
And cleane were gone, which way he neuer knew.  
All tyme the Shepheard, who for fell delpight  
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,  
And made great mone for that vnhappy turne,  
But Calidore, though no lesse fory wight,  
For that mis-hap, yet feeling him to inourney,  
Drew neere, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

And first him greeting, thus vnto him spake:  
Haile iolly Shepheard, which thy ioyous dayes  
Here leadest in this goodly merry-make,  
Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,  
Which to thee flocke, to heare thy louely layes;  
Tell me, what mote these dainty Damzels be,  
Which here with thee do make their pleasant playes?  
Right happy thou, that maist them freely see:  
But why, when I them sawe, fled they away from me?

Not I so happy, answerd then that swaine,  
As thou vnhappy, which them thence didst chase,  
Whom by no means thou canst recall againe.  
For, being gone, none can them bring in place,  
But whom they of themselves list so to grace.  
Right fory I, said then Sir Calidore,  
That my ill fortune did them hence displace.  
But since things passed none may now restore, (fore)  
Tell me, what were they all, whose lacke thee grieues so?

Tho, gan that Shepheard thus for to dilate:  
Then wote thou Shepheard, whatsoeuer thou be,  
That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,  
Are Penus Damzels, all within her fee,  
But differing in honour and degree:  
They all are Graces which on her depend,  
Besides a thousand more, which ready be  
Her to adorne, when so she forth doth wend:  
But those three in the midst do chiefe on her attend.

They are the daughters of sky-ruling Ioue,  
By him begot of faire Euryome,  
The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant groue,  
As he this way comming from feastfull glee  
Of Thetis wedding with Peleus,  
In sommers shade himselfe here rested weiry.  
The first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,  
Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry,  
Sweet goddesses all three which me in mirth do chery.

These three on men all gracious gifts bestowe,  
Which decke the body or adorne the minde,  
To make them louely or well fauoured shewe:  
As, comely carriage, entertainment kind,  
Sweet semblant, friendly offices that binde,  
And all the complements of courtesie:  
They teach vs, how to each degree and kinde  
We should our selues demean, to lowe, to hie;  
To friends, to foes: which skill men call Ciuility.

Therefore they alwayes smoothly seeme to smile,  
That we likewise should milde and gentle be;  
And also naked are, that without guile  
Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see,  
Simple and true from covert malice free:  
And eke themselves so in their dance they bote,  
That two of them still froward seem'd to be,  
But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore  
That good should from vs go, then com in greater store.

Such were those goddesses, which ye did see  
But that fourth Maid, which there amidst them traced,  
Who can asread, what creature mote she be,  
Whether a creature or a goddess graced  
With heavenly gifts from heauen first enraced:  
But what so fure she was, she worthy was  
To be the fourth, with those three other placed:  
Yet was she certes but a country lasse,  
Yet she all other country lasses farre did passe.

So farre as doth the daughter of the day,  
All other lesser lights in light excell,  
So farre doth she in beautifull array,  
Abooue all other lasses beare the bell:  
Ne lesse in vertue that becomes her well,  
Doth she exceed the rest of all her race;  
For which, the Graces that here wont to dwell,  
Haue for more honour brought her to this place,  
And graced her so much to be another Grace.

Another Grace she well deserues to be,  
In whom so many Graces gathered are,  
Excelling much the meane of her degree;  
Diuine resemblance, beauty foweraine rare,  
Firme Chastitie, that spight ne blemish dare:  
All which she with such courtesie doth grace,  
That all her Peers cannot with her compare,  
But quite are dimmed, when she is in place.  
She made me often pipe and now to pipe apace.

Sunne of the world, great glory of the skie,  
That all the earth do't lighten with thy rayes,  
Great Gloriana, greatest Maiesty,  
Pardon thy Shepheard amongst so many layes,  
As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,  
To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,  
And vnderneath thy feet to place her praise:  
That when thy glory shall be farre displayd  
To future age, of her this mention may be made.

When thus that Shepheard ended had his speech,  
Said Calidore: Now sure it yketh mee,  
That to thy blis I made this lucklesse breach,  
As now the Authour of thy bale to be,  
Thus to becaue thy Loues deare sight from thee:  
But gentle Shepheard pardon thou my shame,  
Who rashly sought that, which I mote not see,  
Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,  
And to recomfort him, all comely meanes did frame.

In such discourses they together spent  
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;  
With which, the Knight himselfe did much content,  
And with delight his greedy fancie fed,  
Both of his words, which he with reason red;  
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare  
With such regard his senses rauished,  
That thence he had no will away to fare,  
But wisht, that with that shepheard hee mote dwelling

But that enuenim'd sting, the which of yore,  
His poysonous point deep fixed in his heart  
Had left, now gan afresh to rankele sore,  
And to renew the rigour of his smart:  
VVhich to recure, no skill of Leaches art  
Mote him auail, but to returne againe  
To his wounds worker, that with louely dart  
Dinting his breast, had bred his restlesse paine,  
Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies fro the maine.

So, taking leaue of that same gentle swaine,  
He back returned to his rustick wonne,  
VVhere his faire Pastorella did remaine:  
To whom in sort, as he at first begonne,  
He daily did apply himselfe to donne  
All dewfull seruice, void of thoughts impure:  
Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,  
By which he might her to his loue allure,  
And liking in her yet vntamed heart procure.

And euermore the Shepheard Coridon,  
VVhat-euer thing he did to her aggrate,  
Did strue to match, with strong contention,  
And all his paines did closely emulate;  
VVhether it were to caroll, as they late  
Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercise,  
Or to present her with their labours late;  
Through which if any grace chaunc'd to arise  
To him, the Shepheard straight with ialousie did frize.

One day, as they all three together went  
To the greene wood, to gather strawberries,  
There chaunc'd to them a dangerous accident;  
A Tigre forth out of the wood did rise,  
That with fell claws full of fierce gourmandize,  
And greedy mouth, wide gaping like hell gate,  
Did runne at Pastorell, her to surprize:  
Whom she beholding, now all desolate  
Gan cry to them aloud, to helpe her all too late.

VVhich Coridon first hearing, ran in haste  
To rescue her: but when he sawe the feend,  
Through coward feare he fled away as fast,  
Ne durst abide the danger of the end;  
His life he steemed dearer then his friend.  
But Calidore soone comming to her ayde,  
When he the beast sawe ready now to rend  
His Loues deare spoile, in which his hart was praid,  
He ran at him corag'd, in stead of beeing fraide.

Hee had no weapon, but his shepherds hook,  
To serue the vengeance of his wrathfull will;  
With which so sternely he the monster strooke,  
That to the ground altonish'd he fell:  
Whence ere he could recov'r, hee did him quell;  
And hewing off his head, it presented  
Before the feet of the faire Pastorell;  
VVho, scarcely yet from former feare exempted,  
A thousand times him thanks, that had her death prevented.

From that day forth she gan him to affect,  
And daily more her saueur to augment;  
But Coridon for cowardize reiect,  
Fit to keepe sheepe, vnfit for loues content:  
The gentle harticornes base disparagement.  
Yet Calidore did not despise him quight,  
But vnde him friendly for further intent,  
That by his fellowship, he colour might  
Both his estate, and loue, from skill of any wight.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,  
With humble seruice, and with daily sute,  
That at the last vnto his will he brought her;  
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,  
That of his loue he reapt the timely fruit,  
And ioied long in closte felicity:  
Till Fortune fraught with malice, blind, and brute,  
That enuies Louers long prosperitie,  
Blew vp a bitter storme of foule aduersity.

It fortun'd one day, when Calidore  
Was hunting in the woods (as was his trade)  
A lawlesse people, Brigants hight of yore,  
That neuer vld to liue by plough nor spade,  
But fed on spoile and booty, which they made  
Vpon their neighbours, which did nigh them border,  
The dwelling of these shepherds did invade,  
And spoild their houses, and themselves did murder;  
And droue away their flocks with other much disorder.

Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray,  
They spoild old Melibee of all he had,  
And all his people captiue led away;  
Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was lad,  
Fairst Pastorella, sorrowfull and sad,  
Most sorrowfull, most sad, that euer sigh'd,  
Now made the spoile of thieues and Brigants bad,  
Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight,  
That euer liv'd, and th' onely glory of his night.

With them also was taken Coridon,  
And caried captiue by those thieues away;  
Who in the covert of the night, that none  
Mote them delcry, nor rescue from their prey,  
Vnto their dwelling did them closte conuay.  
Their dwelling in a little lland was,  
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no way  
Appeard for people in nor out to passe,  
Nor any footing find for ouer-grown grasse.

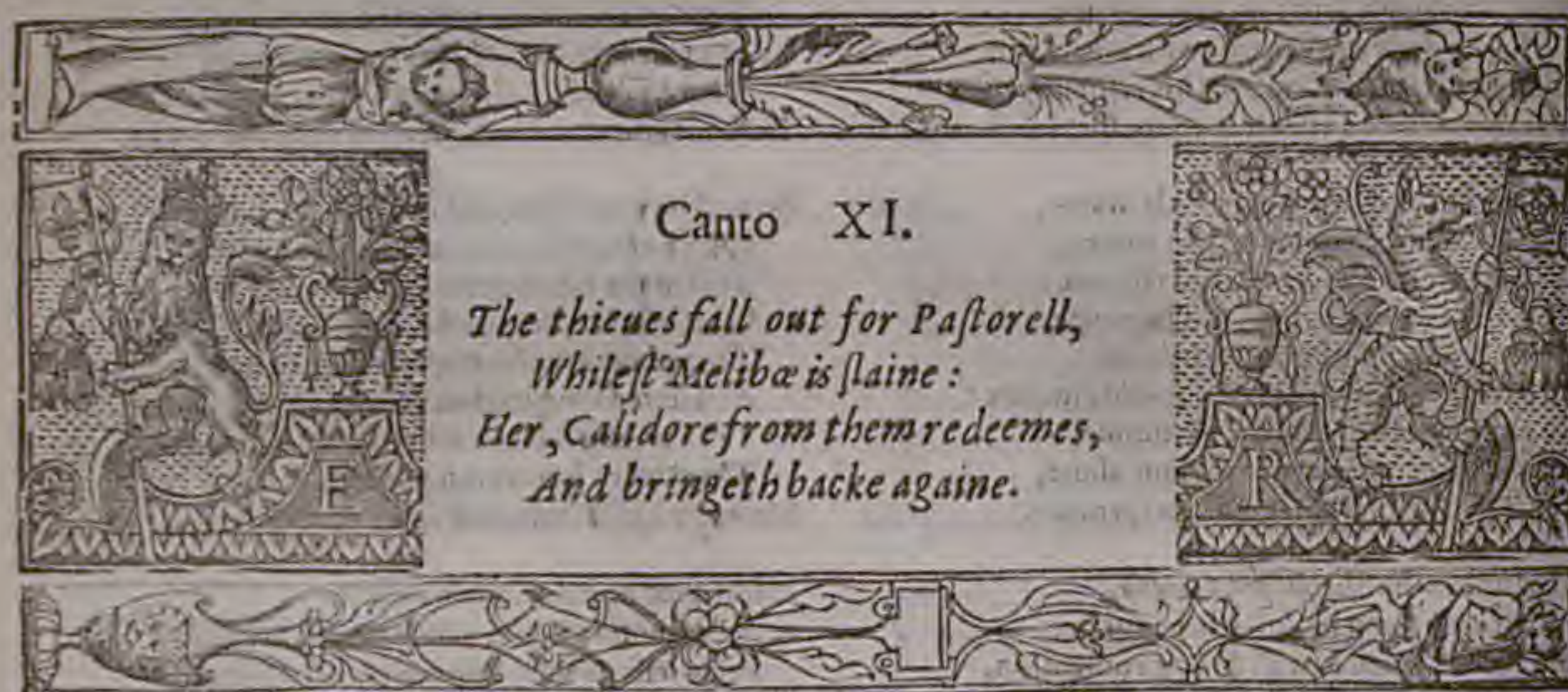


41  
For underneath the ground their way was made,  
Through hollow Canes, that no man mote discover  
For the thick shrubs, which did them alwaies shade  
From view of living wight, and covered ouer:  
But darknesse drad and daily night did houre  
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt,  
Ne lighted was with window, nor with loue,  
But with continuall candle-light, which dealt  
A doubtfull sense of things, nor to well scene, as felt.

42  
Hither those Brigants brought their present pray,  
And kept them with continuall watch and ward;  
Meaning so soone, as they conuenient may,  
For slaues to sell them for no small reward,

To Merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,  
Or sold againe. Now when faire Pastorell  
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard  
Of grisly thieues, she thought her selfe in hell,  
Where with such damned fiends she should in darkness  
(dwell.

43  
But for to tell the dolefull dreriment,  
And pittifull complaints which there she made  
(VVhere day & night she nought did but lament  
Her wretched life, shut vp in deadly shade,  
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade  
Like to a flowre, that feels no heat of sunne,  
VVhich may her feeble leaues with comfort glade)  
And what befell her in that theemish wonne,  
VVill in another Canto better be begonne.



1  
Heioyes of loue, if they should euer last,  
VVithout affliction or disquietnesse,  
That worldly chancés do amongst the cast,  
Would be on earth too great a blessednes,  
Liker to heauen then mortall wretchednes.  
Therefore the winged god, to let men weete,  
That heere on earth is no sure happines,  
A thousand fowres hath tempred with one sweet,  
To make it seem more deare and dainty, as it meet.

2  
Like as is now befallne to this faire maide,  
Fairst Pastorell, of whom is now my song:  
VVho being now in dreadfull darknes layd,  
Amongst those thieues, which her in bondage strong  
Detained; yet Fortune, not with all this wrong  
Contented, greater mischief on her threw,  
And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;  
That who-so heares her heauynesse, would rewe  
And pity her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasant hew.

3  
VVhilst thus she in these hellish denes remained,  
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts voreft,  
It so befell (as Fortune had ordained)  
That he, which was their Capitaine profest,

And had the chiefe command of all the rest,  
One day as he did all his prisoners view,  
VVith lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,  
Fairst Pastorella; whose sad mournfull hew  
Like the faire Morning clad in misty fog did shew.

4  
At sight whereof his barbarous hart was fired,  
And inly burnt with flames most raging hot,  
That he alone he for his part desired  
Of all the other prey, which they had got,  
And her in minde did to him selfe allot.  
From that day forth he kindenesse to her shewed,  
And sought her loue, by all the meanes he mote;  
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed,  
And mixed threats among, and much vnto her vowed.

5  
But all that euer he could doe or say,  
Her constant mind could not a whit remoue,  
Nor draw vnto the lure of his lewd lay,  
To grant him fauour, or afford him loue.  
Yet ceast he not to see and all waies proue,  
By which he mote accomplish his request,  
Saying and doing all that mote behoue:  
Ne day nor night he suffered her to rest,  
But her all night did watch, and all the day molest.

6  
At last, when him she so importune sawe,  
Feeling least he at length the reanes would lend  
Vnto his lust, and make his will his lawe,  
Sith in his powre she was to foe or friend;  
She thought it best, for shadow to pretend  
Some shew of fauour, by him gracing small,  
That she thereby mote either freely wend,  
Or at more ease continue there his thrall;  
A little well is leat that gaineth more withall.

7  
So from thenceforth, when loue he to her made,  
VVith better teames shee did him entertaine:  
Which gaue him hope, and did him halfe perswade,  
That he in time her ioyance should obtaine.  
But when she sawe, through that small fauours gaine,  
That further then she willing was, he prest;  
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faime  
A sodaine sicknesse, which her fore oppress,  
And made vnfit to serue his lawlesse minds behest.

8  
By meanes whereof, she would not him permit  
Once to approach to her in priuity,  
But onely amongst the rest by her to sit,  
Mourning the rigour of her malady,  
And seeking all things meet for remedy.  
But she resolvd no remedy to finde,  
Nor better cheare to shew in misery,  
Till Fortune would her captiue bonds vnbinde.  
Her sicknesse was not of the body, but the minde.

9  
During which space that she thus sick did ly,  
It chaunc'd a sort of Merchants which were wont  
To skim those coastes, for bondmen there to buy,  
And by such traffique after gaires to hunt,  
Arriu'd in this Ile (though bare and blunt)  
T'inquire for slaues; where being ready met  
By some of these same thieues at th' instant brunt,  
Were brought vnto their Capitaine, who was set  
By his faire Patients side with sorrowfull regret.

10  
To whom they shewed, how those Merchants were  
Arriu'd in place, their bondslaues for to buy;  
And therefore prayd, that those same captiues there  
Mote to them for their most commodity  
Be sold, and amongst them shared equally.  
This their request the Capitaine much appalled;  
Yet could he not their iust demand deny,  
And willed straight the slaues should forth be called,  
And sold for most advantage not to be forsalled.

11  
Then forth the good old Melibæ was brought,  
And Coridon, with many other moe,  
Whom they before in diuerse spoiles had caught:  
All which he to the Merchants sale did shewe;  
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,  
Gan to inquire for the faire Shepherdesse,  
Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe,  
And gan her forme and feature to expresse,  
(nests.  
The more t'augment her price, through praise of comli-

12  
To whom the Capitaine in full angry wize  
Made answer, that the Mayd of whom they spake,  
Was his owne purchase and his owne prize:  
VVith which none had to doe, ne ought partake,  
But he himselfe which did that conquest make;  
Little for him to haue one Gilly laste:  
Besides, through sicknesse now to wan and weake,  
That nothing meet in merchandise to passe,  
So shew'd them her, to proue how pale & weake she was.

13  
The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard,  
And eke but hardly keene by candle-light:  
Yet like a Diamond of rich regard,  
In doubtfull shadow of the darksome night,  
VVith starry beames about her shining bright,  
These Merchants fixed eyes did so amaze,  
That what through wonder, & what through delight,  
Awhile on her they greedily did gaze,  
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praise.

14  
At last, when all the rest them offred were,  
And prices to them placed at their pleasure,  
They all refused in regard of her,  
Ne ought would buy, how-euer pris'd with measure,  
VVithouten her, whose worth about all threasure  
They did esteeme, and offred store of gold.  
But then the Capitaine fraught with more displeasure,  
Bade them be still, his Loue should not be sold:  
The rest take if they would, he her to him would hold.

15  
Therewith, some other of the chiefe thieues  
Boldly him bade such triuie forbear;  
For, that same maid, how-euer it him grieues,  
Should with the rest be sold before him there,  
To make the prices of the rest more deare,  
That with great rage he stoutly doth deny;  
And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth twicare,  
That who-so hardy hand on her doth lay,  
It dearely shall aby, and death for handfell pay.

16  
Thus as they words amongst them multiply,  
They fall to strokes, the fruit of too much talke:  
And the mad Steele about doth freely flye,  
Not sparing wight, ne leauing any balle,  
But making way for death at large to walke;  
Who, in the horior of the grisly night,  
In thousand dreadful stapes doth amongst them stalk,  
And makes huge haueock, whiles the candle light  
Out-quenched, leaues no skill nor difference of wight.

17  
Like as a sort of hungry dogs ymet  
About some carcase by the common way,  
Doe fall together, striving each to get  
The greatch portion of the greedy prey;  
All on confused heapes themselves assay,  
And snatch, and bite, and rend, and tug, and reare;  
That who them sees, would wonder at their tray;  
And who sees not, would be afraid to heare:  
Such was the conflict of those euill Brigants there.



18  
But first of all, their captives they do kill,  
Least they should ioyne against the weaker side;  
Or rise against the remnant at their will:  
Old *Melibe* is slaine, and burne beside  
His aged wife, with many others wide:  
But *Coridon*, cleaving craftily,  
Creeps forth of dories, whilst darknes him doth hide,  
And flies away as fast as he can hie,  
Ne stayeth leaue to take, before his friends doe die.

19  
But *Pastorella*, wofull wretched Elfe,  
VVas by the Captaine all this while defended:  
Who minding more her safety then himselfe,  
His target alwaies ouer her pretended;  
By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,  
He at the length was slaine, and layd on ground;  
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended  
Fanc *Pastorell*, who with the selfe same wound  
Lanc't through the armes, fell downe with him in drey.

20  
There lay she couered with confused preasse  
Of carcases, which dying on her fell.  
Tho, when as he was dead, the fray gan cease,  
And each to other calling, did compell  
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,  
Sith they that were the cattle of fall, were gone.  
Thereto they all at once agreed well,  
And lighting candles new, gan search anone,  
How many of their friends were slaine, how many fone.

21  
Their Captaine there they cruellly found kild,  
And in his armes the drey dying maid,  
Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds vp-held:  
Her loudly light was dimmed and decayd,  
VVith cloud of death vpon her eyes displaid:  
Yet did the clowd make euen that dimmed light  
Seeme much more loudly in that darknes layd,  
And twixt the twinkling of her eye-lids bright,  
To sparke out little beames, like itarres in foggy night.

22  
But when they mou'd the carcases aside,  
They found that life did yet in her remaine:  
Then all their helps they busily applide,  
To call the soule back to her home againe;  
And wrought so well with labour and long paine,  
That they to life recovered her at last.  
VVho sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine  
Had euen been, and all her hart-strings brast,  
With drey drouping eyne lookt vp like one aghast.

23  
There she beheld, that sore her grief'd to see,  
Her father and her friends about her lying,  
Her selfe sole left, a second spoile to be  
Of those, that hauing saved her from dying,  
Renew'd her death by timely death denying:  
What now is left her but to waile and weepe,  
Wringing her hands, and ruthfully loud crying?  
Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe  
Albe with all their might those *Brigants* her did keepe.

24  
But when they sawe her now reuin'd againe,  
They left her so, in charge of one the best  
Of many worst, who with vnkind disdain  
And cruell rigour her did much molest;  
Scarce yelding her due foode, or timely rest,  
And scarcely suffering her infected wound,  
That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest.  
So leaue we her in wretched thraldome bound,  
And turne we back to *Calidore*, wherewe him found.

25  
Who when he backe returned from the wood,  
And saw his shepheards cottage spoiled quight,  
And his Loue rest away, he wexed wood,  
And halfe enraged at that rascall fight;  
That euen his hart for very fell despayght,  
And his owne flesh he ready was to teare:  
He chaufte, he griev'd, he fretted, and he sigh't,  
And fared like a furious wilde Beare,  
Whose whelps are stolne away, she being other-where.

26  
Ne wight he found, to whom he might complaine,  
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire;  
That more ingreast the anguish of his paine.  
He sought the woods; but no man could see there:  
He sought the Plaines; but could no tydings heare.  
The woods did nought but echoes vaine rebound;  
The Plaines all waste and empty did appeare:  
Where wout the shepheards oft their pipes resound,  
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

27  
At last, as there he roamed vp and doyned,  
He chanc'd one coming towards him to spy,  
That seem'd to be some fory simple clowne,  
With ragged weeds, and locks vp-staring hie,  
As if he did from some late danger flee,  
And yet his feare did follow him behind:  
VVho as he vnto him approached nie,  
He more perceiue by signes, which he did finde,  
That *Coridon* it was, the silly shepheards hind.

28  
Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay  
To greet him first, but askt where were the rest;  
Where *Pastorell*? who full of fresh dismay,  
And gushing forth in teares, was so oppress'd,  
That he no word could speak, but smit his brest,  
And vp to heauen his eyes fast streaming threw.  
Wherewith the Knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,  
But askt againe, what meant that rascall hew:  
Where was his *Pastorell*? where all the other crew?

29  
Ah well away, said he then sighing sore,  
That euer I did lue, this day to see,  
This dymall day, and was not dead before,  
Before I sawe faire *Pastorella* die,  
Die? out alas then *Calidore* did cry:  
How could the death dare euer her to quell?  
But read thou shepheard, read what destiny,  
Or other direfull hap from heauen or hell  
Hath wrought this wicked deed; doe feare away, and tell.

30  
Tho, when the shepheard breathed had awhile,  
He thus began: VVhere shall I then commence  
This wofull tale? or how those *Brigants* vile,  
With cruell rage, and dreadfull violence  
Spoild all our coes, and carried vs from hence?  
Or how faire *Pastorell* should haue been sold  
To Marchants, but was sau'd with strong defence?  
Or how those thieues, whilst one sought her to hold,  
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

31  
In that same conflict (woe is me) befell  
This fatall chance, this dolefull accident,  
Whose heauy tydings now I haue to tell.  
First, all the captives which they here had hent,  
VVere by them slaine by generall consent;  
Old *Melibe*, and his good wife withall  
These eyes sawe die, and dearly did lament:  
But when the lot to *Pastorell* did fall,  
Their Captaine long withstood, & did her death forfall.

32  
But what could he gainst all them doe alone?  
It could not boote; needs mote she die at last:  
I only scap't through great confusion  
Of cries and clamors, which amongst them past,  
In dreadfull darkness, dreadfully aghast;  
That better were with them to haue been dead,  
Then here to see all delolate and waste,  
Deprived of those toys and iollyhead  
Which with those gentle shepheards here I wont to lead.

33  
VVhen *Calidore* these ruefull newes had raught,  
His hart quite dead was with anguish great,  
And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught;  
That he his face, his head, his brest did beat,  
And death it selfe vnto himselfe did threat;  
Oft cursing th'heavens, that so cruell were  
To her, whose name he often did repeat;  
And wishing oft, that he were present there,  
VVhen she was slaine, or had been to her succour nere.

34  
But after griefe awhile had had his course,  
And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last  
Began to mitigate his swelling sorrow,  
And in his mind with better reason cast,  
How he might saue her life, if life did last;  
Or if that dead, how he her death might wreake,  
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;  
Or if it to reuenge he were too weake,  
Then for to die with her, & his liues threed to breake.

35  
Tho, *Coridon* he prayd, sith he well knew  
The ready way vnto that thieuesish wonne,  
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew  
Vnto the place, to see what should be donne.  
But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,  
Would not for ought be drawne to former dreed;  
But by all meanes the danger knowne did shonne:  
Yet *Calidore*, so well him wrought with meed,  
And faire bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

36  
So, forth they goe together (God before)  
Both clad in shepheards weeds agreeably,  
And both with shepheards bookes: But *Calidore*  
Had vnderneath, him armed prunlike.  
Tho, to the place when they approached nie,  
They chaunc't vpon an hill, not laire away,  
Some flocks of sheepe and shepheards to stopy,  
To whom they both agreed to take their way,  
In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best assy.

37  
There did they find, that which they did not feare,  
The selfe same flocks, the which those thieues had rest  
From *Melibe* and from themselves why leare,  
And certaine of the thieues there by them left,  
The which for want of heards themselves then kept.  
Right well knew *Coridon* his owne late sheepe,  
And seeing them, for tender pity wept:  
But when he saw the thieues which did them keepe,  
His hart gan faile, albe he saw them all asleepe.

38  
But *Calidore* recomforting his griefe,  
Though not his feare: for, nought may feare disswade;  
Him hardly forward drew, when-as the thieue  
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,  
Whom *Coridon* him counfeld to invade  
Now all vnwares, and take the spoyle away:  
But he, that in his mind had closely made  
A further purpose, would not so them slay,  
But gently waking them, gaue them the time of day.

39  
Tho, sitting downe by them vpon the Greene,  
Of sundry things he purpose gan to saie;  
That he by them might certaine tydings weene  
Of *Pastorell*, were she alive or slaine,  
Mongst which, the thieues them questioned againe,  
What miller men, and eke from whence they were.  
To whom they answer'd, as did appertaine, (ere  
That they were poore heard-grooms, the which whil-  
Had fr'd their masters fled, & now sought hire elsewhere.

40  
Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made  
To hire them well, if they their flocks would keepe:  
For, they themselves, were eall groomes, they said,  
Vnwont with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,  
But to sonay the Land, or scoure the deepe.  
Thereto they soone agreed, and earnest tooke,  
To keepe their flocks for little hire and chepe:  
For, they for better hire did shortly looke:  
So there all day they bode, till light the sky forooke.

41  
Tho, when-as towards darke some night it drew,  
Vnto their bellish denes those thieues the brought;  
Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,  
And all the secrets of their entrailes tought.  
There did they find (contrary to their thought)  
That *Pastorell* yet liv'd; but all the rest  
Were dead, right so as *Coridon* had taught:  
Whereof they both full glad and blithe did rest,  
But chiefly *Calidore*, whom griefe had most posselt.



At length, when they occasion fittest found,  
In dead of night, when all the theues did rest  
After a late forray, and slept full found,  
Sir Calidore him arm'd, as he thought best,  
Hauing of late (by diligent inquest)  
Prouided him a sword of meanest sort:  
With which he straight went to the Captaines nest.  
But Coridon durst not with him comfort,  
Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worke effort.

When to the Cauce they came, they found it fast:  
But Calidore, with huge resistlesse might,  
The dores assailed, and the locks vp-braist.  
With noyse whereof the theefe awaking light,  
Vnto the entrance ran: where the bold Knight  
Encountering him with small resistance slew;  
The whiles faire Pastorell through great affright  
Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new  
Some vp-rore were like that, which lately she did view.

But when as Calidore was comen in,  
And gan aloud for Pastorell to call:  
Knowing his voice (although not heard long sin)  
She suddaine was reuined there-withall,  
And wondrous ioy felt in her spirits thrall:  
Like him that being long in tempest tost,  
Looking each howe into death's mouth to fall,  
At length, espies at hand the happy coast,  
On which he safely hopes, that earli feard to be lost.

Her gentle hart, that now long season past  
Had neuer ioyance felt, nor chearefull thought,  
Began some smack of comfort now to taste,  
Like life full heat to nummed senses brought,  
And life to feeble, that long for death had sought:  
Ne lesse in hart reioyced Calidore  
When he her found; but like to one distraught  
And robd of reason, towards her him bore,  
A thousand times embrac't, and kist a thousand more.

But now by this, with noyse of late vp-rore,  
The hue and cry was raised all about:  
And all the Brigants, flocking in great store,  
Vnto the Cauce gan preace, nought hauing doubt  
Of that was done, and entred in a rout.  
But Calidore, in th'entry close did stand,  
And entertaining them with courage stout,  
Still slew the formost that came first to hand,  
So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.



Tho, when no more could nigh to him approche,  
He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day:  
Which when he spide vpon the earth t'encroche,  
Through the dead carcases he made his way;  
Mongst which he found a sword of better lay,  
With which he forth went into th' open light;  
Where all the rest for him did ready stay,  
And fierce assailing him, with all their might  
Gan all vpon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

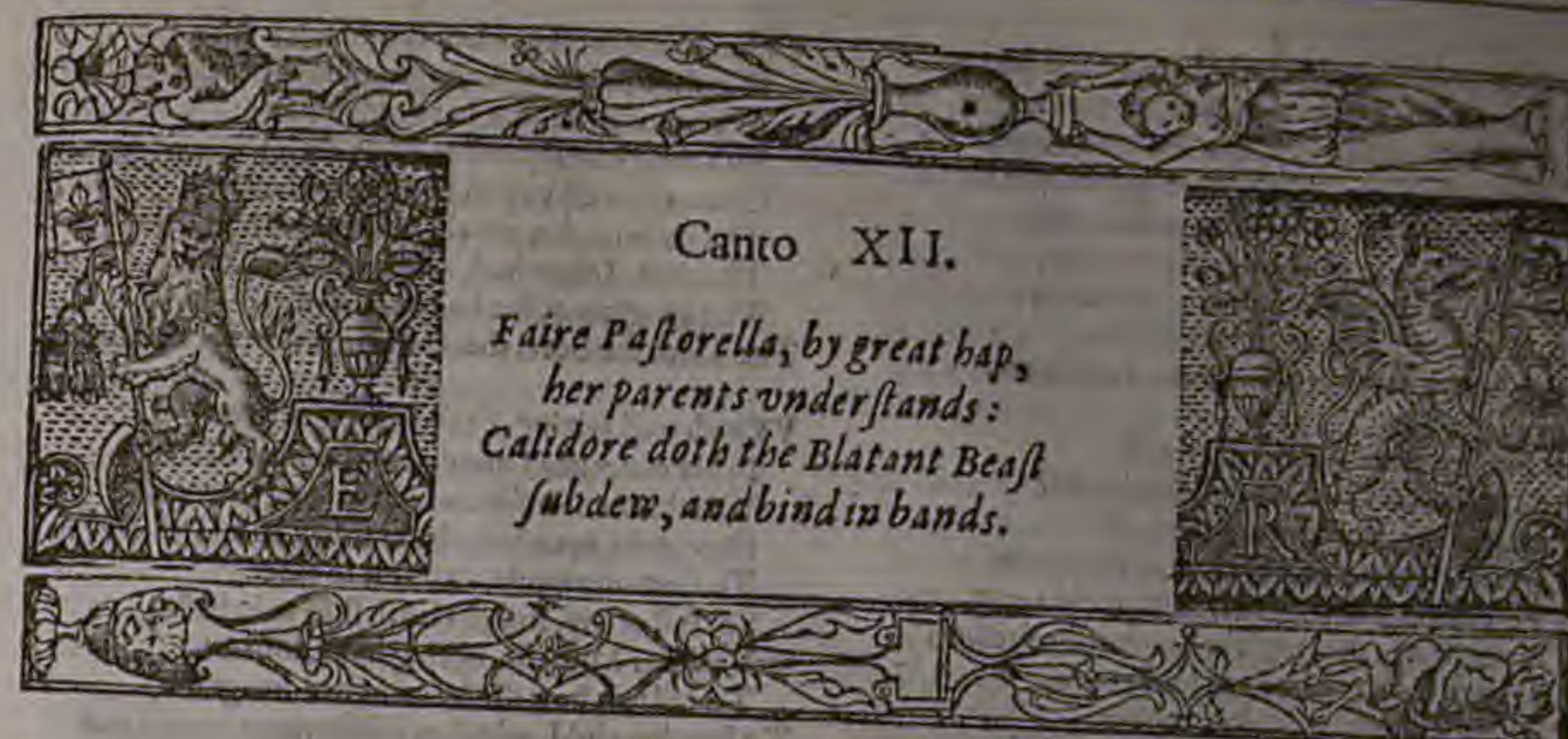
How many flies in hottest Sommers day  
Doe seize vpon some beast, whose flesh is bare,  
That all the place with swarms doe ouer-lay,  
And with their little stings right felly fare;  
So many theues about him swarming are,  
All which doe him assaile on euery side,  
And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare:  
But hee doth with his raging broad diuide  
Their thickest troups, and round about him scattereth

Like as a Lion mongst an heard of Dere,  
Dispereth them to catch his choicest pray;  
So did he flie amongst them here and there,  
And all that neere him came, did hewe and lay,  
Till he had strow'd with bodies all the way;  
That none his danger daring to abide,  
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves conuay  
Into their Caves, their heads from death to hide,  
Ne any left, that victory to him enuide.

Then back returning to his dearest Deare,  
He her gan to recomfort all he might,  
With gladfull speeches, and with louely cheare;  
And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,  
Whereof the long had lackt the wishfull sight,  
Deniz'd all goodly meanes, from her to driue  
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight.  
So, her vneath at last he did reuiue,  
That long had lien dead, and made againe a liue.

This doen, into those threuissh dennes he went,  
And thence did all the spoiles and treasures take,  
Which they from many long had robd and rent,  
But fortune now the Victors meed did make;  
Of which the best he did his Loue betake:  
And also all those stocks, which they before  
Had rest from Melibee, and from his Make,  
He did them all to Coridon restore.  
So, droue them all away, and his Loue with him bore.

Canto



## Canto XII.

Faire Pastorella, by great hap,  
her parents vnderstands:  
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast  
subdew, and bind in bands.

Like as a ship, that through the Ocean wide  
Directs her course vnto one certaine coast,  
Is met of many a counter wind and tide,  
With which her winged speed is let & crost,  
And she her selfe in stormie surges tost:  
Yet making many a borde, and many a bay,  
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost:  
Right so it fares with me in this long way,  
Whole course is often staid, yet neuer is astray.

For, all that hitherto hath long delaid  
This gentle Knight, from sewing his first quest,  
Though out of course, yet hath not been mis-laid,  
To shew the courtesie by him profest,  
Euen vnto the lowest and the least.  
But now I come vnto my course againe,  
To his achievement of the Blatant Beast:  
Who all this while at will did range and raine,  
Whil' none was him to stop, nor none him to restraine.

Sir Calidore, when thus he now had taught  
Faire Pastorella from those Brigants powre,  
Vnto the Castle of Belgard her brought,  
Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamour;  
Who whylome was in his youths freshest flowre  
A lustie Knight, as euer wielded speare,  
And had endured many a dreadfull stoure  
In bloody battell for a Lady deare,  
The fairest Lady then of all that liuing were.

Her name was Caribell: whose father high  
The Lord of Many Ilands, farre renownd  
For his great riches, and his greater might,  
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,  
This daughter thought in wedlock to haue bound  
Vnto the Prince of Picteland, bordering nere;  
But shee, whose sides before with secret wound  
Of loue to Bellamour emperced were,  
By all meanes shoud to match with any foraine feere.

And Bellamour againe so well her pleased,  
With daily seruice and attendance dew,  
That of her loue he was entirely seized,  
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few:  
Which when her father vnderstood, he grew  
In so great rage, that them in dungeon deepe  
Vwithout compassion cruelly he threw;  
Yet did so straightly them alunder keepe,  
That neither could to company of th'other creepe.

Nath'lesse, Sir Bellamour, whether through grace  
Or secret gifts, to with his Keepers wrought,  
That to his Loue sometimes he came in place:  
Vwhereof, her wombe vnwist to wight was fraught,  
And in due time a maiden child forth brought,  
Which she straight way (for dread lest it her Sire  
Should know thereof, to sleie he would haue sought)  
Delic't to her handmaid, that (for hite)  
She should it cause be fostred vnder strange attire.

The trustie Damzell, bearing it abroad  
Into the empty fields, where lying wight  
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,  
She forth gan lay vnto the open light  
The little babe, to take thereof a light.  
VVhom, whil' she did with wary eye behold,  
Vpon the hile breast (like crytall bright)  
She mote perceiue a little purple mold,  
That like a Rose, her silken leaues did faire unfold.

VVell she it markt, and pittied the more,  
Yet could not remedie her wretched case;  
But closing it againe like as before,  
Bedew'd with reares there left it in the place:  
Yet lest not quite, but drew a little space  
Behind the bushes, where she her did hide,  
To weepe what mortall hand, or heauen's grace  
Would for the wretched infants helpe provide,  
For which it loudly caild, and pitifully cryde.

At



At length, a Shepherd, which there-by did keepe  
His fleecie flock vpon the Plaines around,  
Led with the infants cry, that loud did weepe,  
Came to the place; where when he wrapped found  
Th'abandoned spoile, he softly it vnbound:  
And seeing there that did him pity fore,  
Heooke it vp, and in his mantle wound;  
So, home vnto his honest wife it bore,  
Who as her owne it ourst, and named euermore.

Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,  
And Zellamoure in bands, till that her fire  
Departed life, and left vnto them all.  
Then all the stormes of Fortunes former ire  
Vvere turned, and they to freedome did retire.  
Thenceforth, they ioy'd in happinesse together,  
And liued long in peace and loue entire,  
Without disquiet or dislike of either,  
Till timethat Calidore brought Pastorella thither.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;  
For, Bellamoure knew Calidore right well,  
And loued for his prowesse, with they twaine  
Long since had fought in field. Als Claribell,  
No lesse did tender the faire Pastorell,  
Seeing her weake and wan, through durance long.  
There they awhile together thus did dwell  
In much delight, and many ioyes among,  
Vntill the damzell gan to wax more sound and strong.

Tho, gan Sir Calidore him to aduise  
Of his first quest, which he had long forlore;  
As him'd to thinke, how he that enterprise,  
The which the Faery Queene had long afore  
Bequeath'd to him, forsack'd had so fore;  
That much he feared, least reproche full blame,  
With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore;  
Besides the losse of so much praise and fame,  
As through the world there-by should glorifie his name.

Therefore resolving to returne in haste  
Vnto so great achievement, he bethought  
To leaue his Loue, now perill being past,  
VWith Claribell, whilst he that monster sought  
Throughout the world, & to destruction brought.  
So taking leaue of his faire Pastorell  
(Whom to recomfort, all the means he wrought)  
VWith thanks to Bellamoure and Claribell,  
He went forth on his quest, and did that him befell.

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell,  
In this exploit, me needeth to declare  
VWhat did betide to the faire Pastorell,  
During his absence left in heavy care,  
Through daily mourning, and nightly misfare:  
Yet did that auncient Matrone all the might,  
To cherish her with all things choise and rare;  
And her owne hand-maid, that Melissa hight,  
Appointed to attend her ducly day and night.

VWho, in a morning, when this Maiden faire  
Was dighting her (hauing her snowe breast  
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire  
Into their comely tresses ducly drest)  
Chaunc'd to espy vpon her Iuorie chest  
The rosie marke, which she remembred well  
That little Infant had, which forth she kest,  
The daughter of her Lady Claribell,  
The which she bore, the whiles in prison she did dwell.

VWhich well auizing, straight she gan to cast  
In her conceitfull mind, that this faire Maid,  
Was that same Infant, which so long since past  
Shee in the open fields had loosely laid  
To Fortunes spoile, vnable it to aide.  
So, full of ioy, straight forth she ran in haste  
Vnto her Mistresse, being halfe dismayd,  
To tell her, how the heauens had her grac't,  
To haue her child, which in misfortunes mouth was

The sober mother, seeing such her mood  
(Yet knowing not what meant that suddaine thro)  
Askt her, how mote her words be vnderstood,  
And what the matter was that moou'd her so.  
My lief, said she, ye know, that long ygo,  
Whil't yee in durance dwelt, ye to me gaue  
A little maid, the which ye childd tho:  
The same againe if now ye list to haue,  
The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did faue.

Much was the Lady troubled at that speech,  
And gan to question streight how she it knew.  
Most certaine marks, said she, doe me it teach;  
For, on her breast I with these eyes did view  
The little purple rose, which there-on grew,  
VWhere-of her name ye then to her did giue.  
Besides, her countenance, and her likely hew,  
Matched with equall yeeres, doe surely proue,  
That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet doth

The Matron staid no longer to enquire,  
But forth in haste ran to the stranger Maid;  
VWhom catching greedily for great desire,  
Rent vp her breast, and bolome open layd;  
In which that Rose she plainly saw displaid,  
Then her embracing twist her armes twaine,  
She long so held, and softly weeping said;  
And liuest thou my daughter now againe?  
And art thou yet aliue, whom dead I long did faue?

Tho, further asking her of sundry things,  
And times comparing with their accidents,  
She found at last, by very certaine signes,  
And speaking markes of passed monuments,  
That this young Maid, whom chance to her presents,  
Is her owne daughter, her owne Infant deare.  
Tho, wondering long at those so strange euents,  
A thousand times she her embraced neare,  
With many a ioyfull kiss, and many a melting teare.

VWho

VWho-euer is the mother of one child,  
Which hauing thought long dead, she findes aliue,  
Let her by proofe of that which she hath hidde  
In her owne breast, this mothers ioy defende  
For, other none such passion can continue  
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,  
When she to haue a daughter sawe turning,  
As Pastorella was, that night she twelt  
For passing ioy, which did all into pity melt.

Thence running forth vnto her loued Lord,  
She vnto him recounted all that fell:  
Who, ioyning ioy with her in one accord,  
Acknowledg'd for his owne faire Pastorell,  
There leaue we them in ioy, and let vs tell  
Of Calidore who seeking all this while  
That monstrous Beast by small force to quell,  
Through euery place, with restlesse paine and toile  
Him follow'd, by the track of his outrageous spoile.

Through all estates he found that he had past,  
In which he many massacres had left,  
And to the Clergie now was come at last;  
In which such spoile, such hauck, and such theft  
He wrought, that thence all goodnes he bereft,  
That enuies were to tell. The Elfin Knight,  
Who now no place besides vnought had left,  
At length into a Monastere did light,  
Where he him found despoiling all with maine & might.

Into their Cloysters now he broken had,  
Through which the Monkes he chased here & there,  
And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,  
And search'd all their Cels and secrets neare;  
In which, what filth and ordure did appeare,  
VWhere it kofome to report; Yet that rouse Beast,  
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,  
And rantack all their denes from most to least,  
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heast.

From thence, into the sacred Church he broke,  
And robd the Chancel, and the desks downe threw;  
And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke;  
And th' Images, for all their goodly hew,  
Did cast to ground, whilst none was them to reu;  
So all confounded and disorderd there,  
But seeing Calidore, away he flew,  
Knowing his fittall hand by former feare;  
But he him fast pursuing, soone approached neare.

Him in a narrow place he ouertooke,  
And fierce assyling, forc't him turne againe:  
Sternely he turn'd againe, when he him strooke  
VWith his sharpe Steele, and ran at him amaine  
VWith open mouth, that seem'd to containe  
A full good peck within the vmoost brim,  
All set with iron teeth in ranges twaine,  
That terride his face, and armed him,  
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus, grisly grim.

And therein were a thousand tongues enyght,  
Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality:  
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,  
And some of cats, that wrawling did cry:  
And some of Beares, that grownd continually;  
And some of Tigris, that did seeme to gren,  
And roar at all, that euer passed by:  
But most of them were tongues of mortall men,  
Which spake reproche full of carring where nor when.

And them amongst, were mingled here and there,  
The tongue of Serpents, with three forked sting,  
That spat out poyson and garb bloudy gere  
At all that came within his rauening,  
And spake licentious words, and hatefull thing,  
Of good and bad alike, of lowe and hig;  
Ne Kesar spared he a whit, nor King,  
But euer blotted them with infamy,  
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of injury.

But Calidore, thereof so wofull afraid,  
Re'countered him with so impetuous might,  
That th'outrage of his violence he staid,  
And bet abacke, threatening in yaine to bite,  
And spitting forth the poyson of his sight,  
That formed all about his bloody iawes,  
Tho, tearing vp his forehead with his hight,  
He stamp'd vpon him with his furious pawes,  
As if he would haue rent him with his cruell clawes.

But he, right well aware his rage to ward,  
Did cast his shield awreine; and there-withall,  
Putting his puissance forth, pursu'd to hard,  
That backward he enforced him to fall:  
And being downe, er he new helpe could call,  
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held;  
Like as a bullocke, that in bloody stall  
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is held,  
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and reare,  
To be downe held, and murtherd with might,  
That he gan fret and fume out bloudy gore,  
Striving in vaine to reare himselfe vp-right.  
But, full the more he strove, the more the Knight  
Did him surpass, and forcibly subdew;  
That made him almost mad for fell despight,  
He grownd, he bit, he scratcht, he venom threw,  
And fared like a head, right horrible in hew.

Or like the bell-borne Hydra, which they faue  
That great Atides whylome ouerthrew,  
After that he had labourd long in vaine,  
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new  
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.  
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,  
Whil't Calidore him vnder him downe threw;  
Who nathemore his heavy load releast  
But yet the more he rag'd, the more his powre increast.

Tho,



33  
Tho, when the Beast saw he mote nought avale  
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,  
And sharply at him to revile and taile,  
With bitter termes of shamefull infamy;  
Of interlacing many a forged lie,  
Whose like he never once did speake, nor heare,  
Nor ever thought thing so unworthily:  
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbear,  
But strained him so straightly, that he choakt him neare.

34  
At last, when-as he found his force to shrink,  
And rage to quail, he tooke a muzzell strong  
Of surest iron, made with many a linke;  
There-with he mured vp his mouth along,  
And therein shut vp his blasphemous tong,  
For neuer more defaming gentle Knight,  
Or any lovely Lady dooing wrong:  
And there-vnto a great long chaine he tight,  
With which he drew him forth, euen in his own despight.

35  
Like as whylome that strong *Tyrnthian* swaine,  
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,  
Against his will fast bound in iron chaine;  
And roring horribly, did him compell  
To see the hatefull sunne; that he might tell  
The grisly *Plots*, what on earth was donne,  
And to the other damned ghosts, which dwell  
For aye in darknesse, which day light doth shonne:  
So led this Knight his captiue, with like conquest woone.

36  
Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those  
Strange bands, whose like till then he neuer bore,  
Ne ever any durst till then impose,  
And chauffed inly, seeing now no more  
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:  
Yet durst he not draw back; nor once withstand  
The proued powre of noble *Calidore*,  
But trembled vnderneath his mighty hand,  
And like a fearfull dog him followed through the land.

37  
Him through all Faery Land he follow'd so,  
As if he learned had obedience long,  
That all the people where-so he did goe,  
Out of their townes did round about him throng.

*The end of the Sixt Booke.*



To see him lead that Beast in bondage strong;  
And seeing it, much wondred at the sight:  
And all such persons, as he earst did wrong,  
Reioyced much to see his captiue plight,  
And much admir'd the Beast, but more admir'd the

38  
Thus was this Monster, by the maistring might  
Of doughty *Calidore*, suppress'd and tamed,  
That neuer more he mote endamage wight  
VVith his vile tongue, which many had defamed,  
And many causelesse caused to be blamed:  
So did he eke long after this remaine,  
Vntill that (whether wicked fate so framed,  
Or fault of men) he broke his iron chaine,  
And got into the world at liberty againe.

39  
Thence-forth, more mischief & more scathe he wrought  
To mortall men, then he had done before;  
Ne euer could by any more be brought  
Into like bands, ne maistr'd any more:  
Albe that long time after *Calidore*,  
The good Sir *Pelleas* him tooke in hand;  
And after him, Sir *Lamoracke* of yore,  
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;  
Yet none of them could euer bring him into band.

40  
So now he raungeth through the world againe,  
And rageth fore in each degree and state;  
Ne any is that may him now restraine,  
He growen is so great and strong of late,  
Barking, and byting all that him doe bate,  
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime:  
Ne spareth he most gentle wits to rate,  
Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime,  
But rends without regard of person or of time.

41  
Ne may this homely verse, of many meaneft,  
Hope to escape his venemous despite,  
More then my former writs, all were they clearest  
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite  
With which some wicked tongues did it backbite,  
And bring into a mightie Peeres displeasure,  
That neuer so deferred to endite,  
Therefore do you my rimes keep better measure, (sure,  
And seeke to please, that now is counted wise mens thre-

TWO

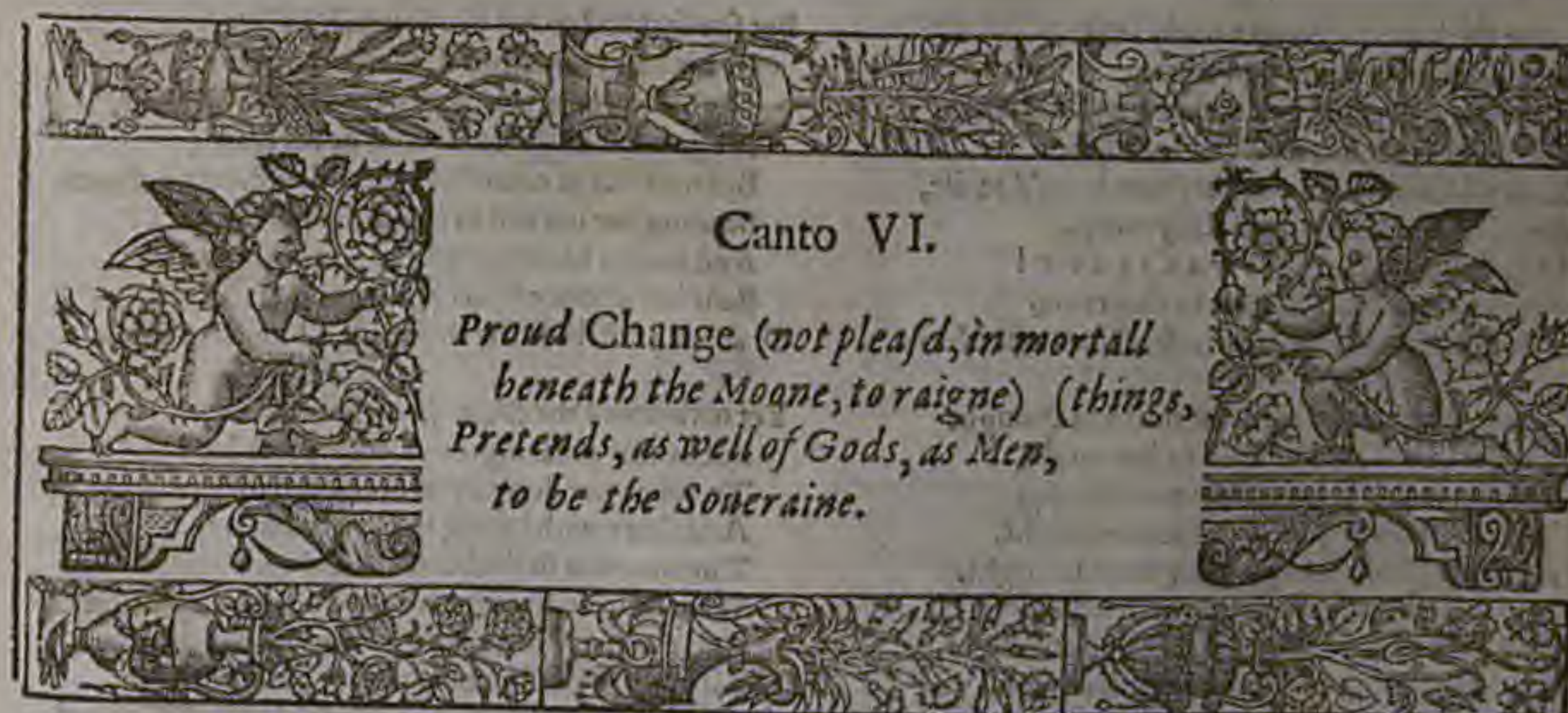
# TWO CANTOS OF

## MUTABILITIE:

Which, both for Forme and Matter, appeare  
to be parcell of some following Booke of the  
*Faerie Queene,*

VNDER THE LEGEND OF  
*Constancie.*

Neuer before imprinted.



### Canto VI.

*Proud Change (not pleas'd, in mortall  
beneath the Moone, to raigne) (things,  
Pretends, as well of Gods, as Men,  
to be the Soueraine.*

1  
What man that sees the ever-whirling wheele  
Of *Change*, the which all mortall things doth  
But that thereby doth find, & plainly feeles, (sway,  
How *MUTABILITIE* in them doth play  
Her cruell sports, to many mens decay?  
VWhich that to all may better yet appeare,  
I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,  
How shee at first her selfe began to reare, (beare,  
Gainst all the Gods, and th'empire sought from them to

2  
But first, here falleth fittest to vnfold  
Her antique race and linage ancient,  
As I haue found it registred of old,  
In Faery Land amongst records permanent:  
She was, to weete, a daughter by descent  
Of those old *Titans*, that did whylome strue  
With *Saturnes* sone for heauens regiment,  
Whom, though high *Ioue* of kingdome did depriue,  
Yet many of their stemie long after did surriue.

And



And many of them afterwards obtain'd  
Great power of *Ioue*, and high authority;  
As *Hecate*, in whose almighty hand,  
He plac'd all rule and principallitie,  
To be by her disposed diuersly,  
To Gods, and men, as she them list diuide:  
And drad *Helena*, that doth sound on hie  
Vvarres and allarms vnto Nations wide,  
That makes both heauen & earth to tremble at her pride.

So likewise did this *Titanesse* aspire,  
Rule and dominion to her selfe to gaine;  
That as a Goddesse, men might her admire,  
And heavenly honors yeeld, as to them twaine,  
And first, on earth she sought it to obtaine;  
Where shee such prooffe and sad examples shewed  
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,  
That not men onely (whom shee soone subdewd)  
But eke all other creatures, her bad dooings rewd.

For, shee the face of earthly things so changed,  
That all which Nature had establish't first  
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,  
Shee did pervert, and all their statutes burst:  
And all the worlds fair frame (which none yet durst  
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)  
She alter'd quite, and made them all accurst  
That God had blest, and did at first prouide  
In that still happy state for euer to abide.

Ne since the lawes of Nature onely brake,  
But eke of Iustice, and of Policie;  
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,  
And death for life exchanged foolishlie:  
Since which, all liuing wights haue learn'd to die,  
And all this world is woxen daily worse.  
O pitious worke of *MUTABILITIE*!  
By which, we all are subiect to that curse,  
And death in stead of life haue suck'd from our Nurse.

And now, when all the earth she thus had brought  
To her behest, and thrall'd to her might,  
Shee gan to cast in her ambitious thought,  
To attempt the empire of the heuens light,  
And *Ioue* himselfe to shoulder from his right,  
And first, shee past the region of the ayre,  
And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight,  
Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,  
But ready passage to her pleasure did prepare.

Thence, to the Circle of the Moone she clamb'd,  
Where *Cynthia* raigues in euerm-lasting glory:  
To whose bright shining palace straight she came,  
All fairely deckt with heuens goodly storie;  
Whose siluer gates (by which there late an hory  
Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,  
Hight *Time*) she entred, were he lief or sory:  
Ne staid till shee the highest stage had scand,  
Where *Cynthia* did sit, that neuer still did stand.

Her sitting on an Ivory throne she found,  
Drawne of two steeds, th'one black, the other white,  
Enuiron'd with tenne thousand starres around,  
That duly her attended day and night:  
And by her side, there ran her Page, that hight  
*Pesper*, whom we the Euening-stare intend,  
That with his Torch, still twinkling like twilight,  
Her lightened all the way where she should wend,  
And ioy to weary wandring trauailers did lend:

That when the hardy *Titanesse* beheld  
The goodly building of her Palace bright,  
Made of the heuens substance, and vp-held  
With thousand Crystall pillars of huge hight,  
Shee gan to burne in her ambitious spright,  
And t'envy her that in such glory raiged,  
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might,  
Her to displace, and to her selfe to haue gain'd  
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wain'd.

Boldly shee bid the Goddesse downe descend,  
And let her selfe into that Ivory throne;  
For, shee her selfe more worthy thereof wend,  
And better able it to guide alone:  
Whether to men, whole fall shee did bemoane,  
Or vnto Gods, whose state shee did maligne,  
Or to th' infernall Powers, her need giue lone  
Of her faire light, and bounty most benigne,  
Her selfe of all that rule shee deemed most condigne.

But shee that had to her that soueraigne seat  
By highest *Ioue* assign'd, therein to beare  
Nights burning lampe, regarded not her threat,  
Ne yeelded ought for fauour or for feare;  
But with sterne count'naunce and disdainfull cheare,  
Bending her horned browes, did put her back:  
And boldly blaming her for comming there,  
Bade her attopce from heuens coast to pack,  
Or at her perill bide the wreathfull Thunders wrack.

Yet nathemore the *Giantesse* forbore:  
But boldly preacing-on, raught forth her hand  
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;  
And there-with lifting vp her golden wand,  
Threatned to strike her if shee did with-stand.  
Where-at the starres which round about her bliz'd,  
And eke the Moones bright wagon, still did stand,  
All being with to bold attempt amazed,  
And on her vacouth habit and sterne looke still gazed.

Meane-while, the lower World, which nothing knew  
Of all that chaunced heere, was darkned quite;  
And eke the heuens, and all the heauenly crew  
Of happy wights, now vnpuraid of light,  
Vvere much afraid, and wondred at that sight;  
Fearing lest *Chaos* broken had his chaine,  
And brought againe on them eternall night:  
But chiefly *Mercury*, that next doth raigne,  
Ran forth in haste, vnto the king of Gods to plaine.

All ran together with a great out-cry,  
To *Ioues* faire Palace, fixt in heuens hight;  
And bearing at his gates full earnestly,  
Gan call to him aloud with all their might,  
To know what meant that suddaine lacke of light.  
The father of the Gods when this he heard,  
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,  
Doubting lest *Typhon* were againe vproad,  
Or other his old foes, that once him sorely fear'd.

Eftsoones the sonne of *Mais* forth hee sent  
Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe  
The cause of this so strange astonishment,  
And why shee did her wonted courie forslowe;  
And if that any were on earth belowe  
That did with charmes or Magick her molest,  
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe:  
But, if from heauen it were, then to a rest  
The Author, and him bring before his presence prest.

The wingd-foot God, so fast his plumes did beare,  
That loone he came where-as the *Titanesse*  
Was struing with faire *Cynthia* for her seat:  
At whole strange sight, and haughty hardinesse,  
He wondred much, and feared her no lesse.  
Yet laying feare aside to doe his charge,  
At last, he bade her (with bold steadfastnesse)  
Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,  
Or come before high *Ioue*, her dooings to discharge.

And there-with-all, he on her shoulder laid  
His snaky-wreathed Mace, whose awfull power  
Doth make both Gods and hellich fiends afraid:  
Where-at the *Titanesse* did sterne lower,  
And stoutly answer'd, that in euill hower  
Hee from his *Ioue* such message to her brought,  
To bid her leaue faire *Cynthia*'s siluer bower;  
Sith shee his *Ioue* and him esteemed nought, (thought,  
No more then *Cynthia*'s selfe; but all their Kingdoms

The Heuens Herald staid not to reply,  
But past away, his doings to relate  
Vnto his Lord; who now in th' highest sky,  
Was placed in his principall Estate,  
With all the Gods about him congregate:  
To whom when *Hermes* had his message told,  
It did them all exceeding yamate, (bold,  
Sane *Ioue*; who, changing nought his count'naunce  
Did vnto them at length these speeches wise vnfold;

Harken to mee awhile yee heauenly Powers.  
Ye may remember since th' Earths curst seed  
Sought to assaile the heuens eternall towers,  
And to vs all exceeding feare did breed:  
But how we then defeated all their deed,  
Yee all do knowe, and them destroyed quite;  
Yet not to quite, but that there did succede  
An off-spring of their blood, which did alite  
Vpon the fruitfull earth, which doth vs yet despise.

Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,  
That now with bold presumption doth aspire  
To thrust faire *Phoebe* from her siluer bed,  
And eke our selues from heuens high Empire;  
If that her might were match to her desire;  
Wherefore, it now behoues vs to aduise  
What way is best to drive her to retire:  
Whether by open force, or counsell wise,  
Arce ye tonnes of God, as best ye can devise.

So hauing said, he ceast; and with his brow  
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded becke  
Is wont to wield the world vnto his vow,  
And euen the highest Powers of heauen to check)  
Made signe to them in their degrees to speak:  
Who straight gan cast their counsell graue and wise,  
Mean-while, th' Earths daughter, though she nought did  
Of *Hermes* message; yet gan now aduise, (reck  
What course were best to take in this bold emprise,

Eftsoones shee thus resold; that whilst the Gods  
(After returne of *Hermes* Embassie)  
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at odds,  
Before they could new counsels re-alie,  
To let vpon them in that estate;  
And take what fortune time and place would lend:  
So, forth shee role, and through the purest sky  
To *Ioues* high Palace straight cast to ascend,  
To prosecute her plot: Good on-let boadi good end.

Shee there arriuing, boldly in did pass;  
Where all the Gods shee found in counsell close,  
All quite vnarm'd, as then their manner was,  
At sight of her they suddaine all arose,  
In great amaze, ne with what way to chole.  
But *Ioue*, all fearelesse, forc'd them to aby;  
And in his soueraigne throne gan straight dispose  
Himselfe more full of grace and Maestie,  
That mote encheare his friends, and foes more terrifie.

That, when the haughty *Titanesse* beheld,  
All were shee fraught with pride and impudence,  
Yet with the sight thereof was almost quell'd;  
And inly quaking, seem'd as reft of sense,  
And voyd of speech in that dread audience;  
Vntill that *Ioue* himselfe, her selfe bespake:  
Speake thou fraile woman, speake with confidence,  
Whence art thou, & what doost thou here now make?  
What idle errand hast thou, earths mansion to forsake?

Shee halfe confus'd with his great command,  
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,  
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demand:  
I am a daughter, by the mothers side,  
Of her that is Grand-mother magnifide  
Of all the Gods, great *Earth*, great *Chaos* child:  
But by the fathers (be it not couide)  
I greater am in blood (whereon I build)  
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully fr'd heauen ext'd.  
Hh Fer,



For, *Titan* (as ye all acknowledge must)  
Was *Saturnes* elder brother by birth-right;  
Both, *sonnes* of *Probus*: but by vnjust  
And guilefull means, through *Corybantes* flight,  
The younger thrust the elder from his right:  
Since which, thou *Ioue*, iniuriously hast held  
The Heavens rule from *Titans* *sonnes* by might;  
And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld:  
Witnesse ye Heavens the truth of all that I haue told.

Whil' it thus spake, the Gods that gaue good care  
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,  
Being of stature tall as any there  
Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face,  
As any of the Goddesses in place,  
Stood all astonied, like a sort of Steeres,  
Mongst whom, some beast of strange & forraine race,  
Vnwares is chaunc'd, far straying from his peeres:  
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

Till hauing pau'd awhile, *Ioue* thus bespake;  
Will neuer mortall thoughts cease to aspire,  
In this bold sort, to Heaven claime to make,  
And touch celestiall seats with earthly mire?  
I would haue thought, that bold *Procustes* hire,  
Or *Typhons* fall, or proud *Iaxons* paine,  
Or great *Promethus*, tasting of our ire,  
Would haue suffiz'd, the rest for to restraîne;  
And warn'd all men by their example to refraine:

But now, this off-scum of that cursed fry,  
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,  
And challenge th' heritage of this our skie;  
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise  
Should handle as the rest of her allies,  
And thunder-driue to hell? With that, he shooke  
His Neckar-deawed locks, with which the skyes  
And all the world beneath for terror quooke;  
And eir his burning leuin-brond in hand he tooke.

But, when he looked on her lonely face,  
In which faire beames of beauty did appeare,  
That could the greatest wrath soone turne to grace  
(Such sway doth beauty euen in Heaven beare)  
He staid his hand: and hauing chang'd his cheare,  
He thus againe in milder wise began;  
But ah! if Gods should striue with flesh yfere,  
Then shortly should the progeny of Man  
Be rooted out, if *Ioue* should do still what he can.

But these faire *Titans* child, I rather weene,  
Through some vaine error or inducement light,  
To see that mortall eyes haue neuer seene;  
Or through enuie of thy sisters might,  
*Bellona*; whole great glory thou doost spight,  
Since thou hast leene her dreadfull power belowe,  
Mongst wretched men (dismayd with her affright)  
To bandie Crowns and Kingdoms to bestowe:  
And sure thy worth, no less then hers, doth seeme to shewe.

But wote thou this, thou hardy *Titanesse*,  
That not the worth of any living wight  
May challenge ought in Heavens interesse;  
Much lesse the Title of old *Titans* Right:  
For, we by conquest of our soueraine might,  
And by eternall doome of Fates decree,  
Haue wonne the Empire of the Heavens bright;  
Which to our selues we hold, and to whom wee  
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to bee.

Then cease thy idle claime thou foolish gerle,  
And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine  
That place from which by folly *Titan* fell;  
There-to thou maist perhaps, if so thou faue  
Haue *Ioue* thy gracious Lord and Soueraine.  
So, hauing said, she thus to him replide;  
Ceasse *Saturnes* sonne, to seeke by proffers vaine  
Of idle hopes: allureme to thy side,  
For to betray my Right, before I haue it tride.

But thee, O *Ioue*, no equall I deeme  
Of my desert, or of my dewfall Right;  
That in thine owne behalfe maist partall seeme:  
But to the highest him, that is behight  
Father of Gods and men by equall might;  
To weete, the God of Nature, I appeale.  
There-at *Ioue* waxed wroth, and in his spright  
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale,  
And bade *Dan Phobus* Scribe her Appellation scale.

Estfoones the time and place appointed were,  
Where all, both heauenly Powers, and earthly wights,  
Before great Natures presence should appeare,  
For triall of their Titles and best Rights:  
That was, to weete, vpon the highest heights  
Of *Arlo-hill* (Who knows not *Arlo-hill*?)  
That is the highest head (in all mens sights)  
Of my old father *Mole*, whom Shepheards quill  
Renowned hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

And, were it not ill fitting for this file,  
To sing of hilles & woods, mongst warres & Knights,  
I would abate the sternenesse of my stile,  
Mongst these sterne stounds to mingle soft delights;  
And tell how *Arlo* through *Dianas* spights  
(Being of old the best and fairest Hill)  
That was in all this holy-Islands heights  
Was made the most vnpleasant, and most ill.  
Meane while, O *Clio*, lend *Calliope* thy quill.

Why loe, when *IRELAND* florished in fame  
Of wealths and goodnesse, far about the rest  
Of all that beare the *British* Islands name,  
The Gods then vs'd (for pleasure and for rest)  
Of to resort there-to, when seem'd them best:  
But none of all there-in more pleasure found,  
Then *Cynthia*; that is soueraine Queene profess  
Of woods and forrests, which therein abound,  
Sprinkled with wholsom waters, more the most on ground.

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,  
Eyth'er for chase of beasts with hound or boawe;  
Or for to throwe in shade from *Phabus* flame,  
Or batle in fountaines that do freshly flowe;  
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,  
She chose this *Arlo*; where she did resort  
With all her Nymphes enrag'd on a rowe,  
With whom the woody Gods did oft consort:  
For, with the Nymphes, the Satyres loue to play & sport.

Amongst the which, there was a Nymph that high  
Molanna; daughter of old father *Mole*,  
And sister vnto *Mulla* faire and bright:  
Vnto whose bed false *Bregge* whylome stole,  
That Shepheard *Colin* dearly did condeole,  
And made her lucklesse loues well knowne to be.  
But this *Molanna*, were she not so shole,  
Were no lesse faire and beautifull then thee:  
Yet as she is, a fayrer flood may no man see.

For, first she springs out of two marble Rocks,  
On which, a groue of Oakes high mounted growes;  
That as a gillond seemes to deck the locks (shewes)  
Of some faire Bride, brought forth with pompous  
Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:  
So, through the flowry Dales she tumbling downe,  
Through many woods, and shady couerts flows  
(That on each side her silver channell crowne)  
Till to the Plaine she come, whose Valleyes she doth  
(drowne.

In her sweet streames, *Diana* vs'd oft  
(After her sweaty chase and toyle some play)  
To bathe her selfe; and after, on the soft  
And downy grasse, her dainty limbes to lay  
In covert shade, where none behold her may:  
For, much she hated sight of living eye.  
Foolish God *Faunus*, though full many a day  
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly  
To see her naked mongst her Nymphes in priuie.

No way he found to compasse his desire,  
But to corrupt *Molanna*, this her maid,  
Her to discouer for some secret hire:  
So, her with flattering words he first assaid;  
And after, pleasing gifts for her puruaid,  
Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,  
With which he her allured and betrayd,  
To tell what time he might her Lady see  
When she her selfe did bathe, that he might secret bee.

There-to he promist, if shee would him pleasure  
With this small boone, to quit her with a better;  
To weete, that where-as shee had out of measure  
Long lou'd the *Fanchin*, who by nought did set her,  
That he would undertake, for this to get her,  
To be his Loue, and of him liked well:  
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter  
For many moe good turnes then he would tell;  
The least of which, this little pleasure should excell.

The simple mayd did yield to him anon;  
And eir him placed where he dole might view  
That neuer any law, true onely one;  
Who, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,  
Was of his boundes deuour'd in Hunters hew.  
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,  
*Diana*, with her Nymphes about her, drew  
To this sweet spring; where, dosing her array,  
She bath'd her lonely limbes, for *Ioue* a likely pray.

There *Faunus* saw that pleased much his eye,  
And made his hart to tickle in his best,  
That for great joy of some-what he did spy,  
He could him not containe in silent rest;  
But breaking forth in laughter, loud profest  
His foolish thought: A foolish *Faunus* indeed,  
That couldst not hold thy selfe to hidden blest,  
But wouldst needs thinne owne conceit exceed,  
Babblers vnworthy beco of so diuine a deed.

The Goddess, all abashed with that noise,  
In hast forth started from the guilty brooke;  
And running straight where-as she heard his voyce,  
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke,  
Like darred Larke; not daring vp to looke  
On her whole sight before so much he sought.  
Thence, forth they drew him by the hornes, & shooke  
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;  
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

Like as an huswife, that with busie care  
Thinks of her Dairy to make wondrous gaine,  
Finding where-as some wicked beast vnware  
That breakes into her Dayr house, there doth draine  
Her creaking pannes, and frustrate all her paine;  
Hath in some loare or gin set close behind,  
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,  
Then thinks what punishment were best assign'd,  
And thousand deaths deuise in her reuengefull mind:

So did *Diana* and her maydens all  
Vse silly *Faunus*, now within their baile:  
They mocke and scorne him, and him foule miscall;  
Some by the nose him plucke, some by the taile,  
And by his goatish beard some did him baile:  
Yet he (poore soule) with patience all did beare;  
For, nought against their wile might countervail:  
Ne ought he fild what ever he did heare;  
But hanging downe his head, did like a Mome appeare.

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,  
They gan to cast what penance him to giue,  
Some would haue gelt him, but that same would spill  
The Wood-gods breed, which must for euer liue:  
Others would through the riger him haue driue,  
And ducked deepe: but that seem'd penance light;  
But most agreed and did this sentence giue,  
Him in Deares skin to clad; & in that plight, (might)  
To hunt him with their boundes, him selfe true how hee



But Cynthia's (else more angry then the rest,  
Thought not enough, to punish him in sport,  
And of her shame to make a game some iest;  
But gan examine him in straighter sort,  
Which of her Nymphes, or other close consort,  
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid:  
He, much asseard, to her confessed short,  
That 't was Melanthe which her so bewrayd.  
Then all at once their hands vpon Melanthe laid.

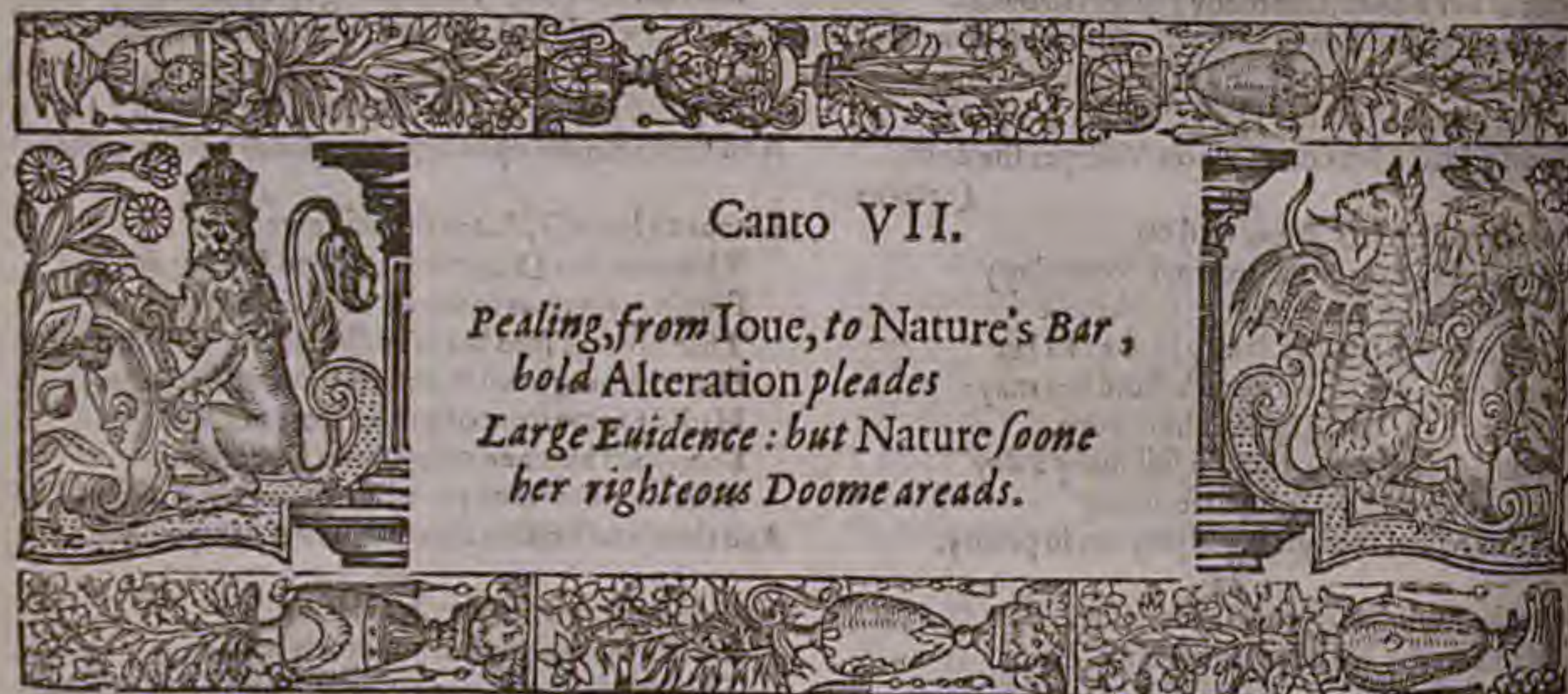
But him (according as they had decreed)  
With a Deeres-skin they covered, and then chast  
With all their bounds, that after him did speed;  
But he more speedy, from them fled more fast  
Then any Deere: so fore him dread agast,  
They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,  
Shouting as they the heavens would haue braist:  
That all the woods and dales where he did flie,  
Did ring againe, and loud recho to the skie.

So they him follow'd till they weary were;  
When, back returning to Melanthe againe,  
They, by commandment of Diana, there  
Her whelm'd with stones. Yet Faunus (for her paine)

Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,  
That her he would receiue vnto his bed,  
So now her waues passe through a pleasant Plaine,  
Till with the Fanchin she her selfe do wed,  
And (both combin'd) themselves in one faire river spred.

Nath'lesse, Diana, full of indignation,  
Thee-forth abandond her delicious brooke;  
In whose sweet streame, before that bad occasion,  
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke:  
Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke  
All those faire forrests about Arlo hid,  
And all that Mountaine, which doth ouer-look  
The richest champain that may else be rid,  
And the faire Shure, in which are thousand Salmon bred.

Them all, and all that she so deare did way,  
Thence-forth she left; and parting from the place,  
There-on an heauy haplesse curse did lay,  
To weet, that Wolues, where she was wont to space,  
Should harbour'd be, and all those Woods deface,  
And Thieues should rob and spoile that Coast around,  
Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly Chale,  
Doth to this day with Wolues and Thieues abound:  
Wh' too-too true that lands in-dwellers since haue found



H! whither dost thou now thou greater Muse  
Me fro these woods & pleasing forrests bring?  
And my fraile spirit (that dooth oft refuse  
This too high flight, vnfit for her weak wing)  
Lift vp aloft, to tell of heauens King  
(Thy soueraine Sire) his fortunate successe,  
And victory in bigger notes to sing,  
Which he obtain'd against that Titanesse,  
That him of heauens Empire sought to dispossesse?

Yet sith I needs must follow thy behest,  
Do thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,  
Fit for this turne; and in my fable brest  
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortal fire,

Which learned minds inflameth with desire  
Of heavenly things: for, who but thou alone,  
That art yborne of heauen and heauenly Sire,  
Can tell things doen in heauen so long ygone;  
So farre past memory of man that may be knowne

Now, at the time that was before agreed,  
The Gods assembled all on Arlo hill;  
As well those that are sprung of heauenly seed,  
As those that all the other world do fill,  
And rule both sea and land vnto vnto their will:  
Onely th' infernall Powers might not appeare;  
As well for horror of their countenance ill,  
As for th' vntuly fiends which they did feare;  
Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present there.

And thither also came all other creatures,  
What-euer life or motion do retaine,  
According to their sundry kinds of features;  
That Arlo scarcely could them all containe;  
So full they filled euery hill and Plaine:  
And had not Nature's Sergeant (that is Order)  
Them well disposed by his busie paines,  
And raunged faire abroad in euery border,  
They would haue caused much confusion and disorder.

Then forth issued (great goddess) great dame Nature,  
With goodly port and gracious Maiesty;  
Being far greater and more tall of stature  
Then any of the gods or Powers on his:  
Yet certes by her face and physnomy,  
Whether she man or woman inly were,  
That could not any creature well descry:  
For with a veile that wimpled euery where,  
Her head and face was hid, that more to none appeare.

That some do say was so by skill deuized,  
To hide the terror of her vncouth hew,  
From mortall eyes that should before agrized;  
For that her face did like a Lion shew,  
That eye of wight could not indure to view:  
But others tell that it so beatusous was,  
And round about such beames of splendor threw,  
That if the Sunne a thousand times did pass,  
Ne could be seene, but like an image in a glasse.

That well may seemen true: for, well I weene  
That this same day, when she on Arlo sat,  
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,  
That my fraile wit cannot deuize to what  
It to compare, nor find like stuffe to that,  
As those three sacred Saints, though else most wise,  
Yet on mount Thabor quite their wits forgot,  
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise  
Transfigur'd saw; his garments so did daze their eyes.

In a faire Plaine vpon an equall Hill,  
She placed was in a pavilion;  
Not such as Craftes-men by their idle skill  
Are wont for Princes states to fashion:  
But th' earth her selfe of her owne motion,  
Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe  
Most dainty trees; that, shooting vp anon,  
Did seeme to bow their blooming heads full lowe,  
For homage vnto her, and like a throne did shewe.

So hard it is for any liuing wight,  
All her array and vestiments to tell,  
That old Dan Geffrey (in whose gentle sight  
The pure well head of Poesie did dwell)  
In his Fables parley durst not with it mel,  
But it transferred to Alane, who he thought  
Had in his Plaint of Ioules descib'd it well:  
Which who will read set forth so as it ought,  
Go seeke he out that Alane where he may be sought.

And all the earth far vnderneath her feete  
Was dight with flowres, that voluntary grew  
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet,  
Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,  
That might delight the smell, or please the view:  
The which, the Nymphes, from all the brookes thersby  
Had gathered, which they at her foot-stoole threw;  
That richer seem'd then any tapestry,  
That Princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

And Mole himselfe, to honour her the more,  
Did deck himselfe in freshest faire attire,  
And his high head, that semeth alwayes bore  
With hardned frosts of former winters ire,  
He with an Oaken girland now did wre,  
As if the loue of some new Nymph late seene,  
Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,  
And made him change his gray attire to greene;  
Ah gentle Mole! such ioyance hath thee well becene.

Was neuer so great ioyance since the day  
That all the gods whylome assembled were,  
On Hamus hill in their diuine array,  
To celebrate the solemne bridall cheare,  
Twixt Pelene, and dame Thetis pointed there;  
Where Phoebus selfe, that god of Poets high,  
They say did sing the spousall hymne full cleere,  
That all the gods were ransit with delight  
Of his celestiall song, and Musicks wondrous might.

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred  
Great Nature, euer young yet full of eld,  
Still mouing, yet vnmooued from her sted;  
Vnto of any, yet of all beheld;  
Thus sitting in her throne as I haue told,  
Before her came dame Mutability;  
And being lowe before her presence feld,  
With meeke obedience and humilitie,  
Thus gan her plaintif Plea, with words to amplifye;

To thee O greatest goddess, onely great,  
An humble suppliant loe, I lowly fly  
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat;  
Who Right to all dost deale indifferently,  
Damniog all Wrong and tortious Iniurie,  
Which any of thy creatures do to other  
(Oppressing them with power, vnequally)  
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,  
And knittest each to each, as brother vnto brother.

To thee therefore of this same Ioue I plaine,  
And of his fellow gods that faine to be,  
That challenge to themselves the whole worldraigne;  
Of which, the greatest part is due to me;  
And heauen it selfe by heritage in Fee:  
For heauen and earth are both alike to deeme,  
Sith heauen and earth are both alike to thee;  
And gods no more then men thou dost esteeme;  
For, euen the gods to thee, as men to gods do seeme.



16  
Then weigh, O soueraigne goddess, by what right  
These gods do claime the worlds whole soueraignty;  
And that is onely due vnto my might  
Arrogate to themselves ambitiously:  
As for the gods owne principality,  
Which *Ioue* vsurpes vnjustly; that to be  
My heritage, *Ioue's* selfe cannot denie,  
From my great Grandfater *Titan*, vnto mee,  
Denu'd by dew descent; as is well known to thee.

17  
Yet maugre *Ioue*, and all his gods beside,  
I do possesse the world most regimēt;  
As, it ye please it into parts diuide,  
And euery parts inholders to conuent,  
Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent:  
And first, the Earth (great mother of vs all)  
That only seemes vnmoūd and permanent,  
And vnto *Mutabilitee* not thrall;  
Yet is she chang'd in part, and ecke in generall.

18  
For, all that from her springs, and is ybredde,  
How-euer faire it flourish for a time,  
Yet see we soone decay; and, being dead,  
To turne againe vnto their earthly slime:  
Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,  
We daily see new creatures to arise;  
And of their Winter spring another Prime,  
Vnlike in forme, and chang'd by strange disguise:  
So turne they still about, and change in restless wise.

19  
As for her tenants; that is, man and beasts,  
The beasts we daily see massacred dy,  
As thralls and vassals vnto mens beaests:  
And men themselves do change continually,  
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,  
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all.  
Ne doe their bodies onely flit and fly:  
But ecke their minds (which they immortall call)  
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

20  
Ne is the water in more constant case;  
Whether those same on high, or these belowe.  
For, th' Ocean mouth still, from place to place;  
And euery River still doth ebbe and flowe:  
Ne any Lake, that seemes most still and slowe,  
Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde,  
When any winde doth vnder heauen blowe;  
With which, the clouds are also tost and roll'd;  
Now like great Hills; & streight, like flutes, them vnfold.

21  
So likewise are all watry liuing wights  
Still tost, and turned, with continuall change,  
Neuer abiding in their stedfast plights.  
The fish, still floting, doe at random range,  
And neuer rest; but euer more exchange  
Their dwelling places, as the streames them carrie:  
Ne haue the watry foules a certaine grange,  
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry:  
But flitting still do flie, and still their places vary.

22  
Next is the Ayre; which who feelles not by sense  
(For, of all sense it is the middle meane)  
To flit still; and, with subtil influence  
Of his thio spirit, all creatures to maintaine,  
In state of life; O weake life! that does leane  
On thing so tickle as th' vnsteady ayre;  
Which euery bowre is chang'd, and aliter cleane  
With euery blast that bloweth fowle or faire:  
The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impair.

23  
Therein the changes infinite beholde,  
Which to her creatures euery minute chaunce;  
Now, boyling hot; streight, frizing deadly cold:  
Now, faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce;  
Streight, bitter stormes and balefull countenance,  
That makes them all to shuer and to shake:  
Raine, haile, and snowe do pay them sad penance,  
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)  
With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes

24  
Last is the fire: which, though it liue for euer,  
Ne can be quenched quite; yet, euery day,  
We see his parts, so soone as they do seuer,  
To lose their heat, and shortly to decay;  
So, makes himself his owne consuming pray:  
Ne any liuing creatures doth he breed:  
But all, that are of others bedd, doth slay;  
And, with their death, his cruell life dooth feed;  
Nought leauing, but their barren ashes, without seede.

25  
Thus, all these fower (the which the ground-work bee  
Of all the world, and of all liuing wights)  
To thousand sorts of change we subiect see:  
Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous flights)  
Into themselves, and lose their native might;  
The Fire to Ayre, and th' Ayre to Water thence,  
And Water into Earth: yet Water fights  
With Fire, and Ayre with Earth approaching neere:  
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

26  
So, in them all raignes *Mutabilitee*;  
How-euer these, that Gods themselves do call,  
Of them do claime the rule and soueraignty:  
As, *Vulcan*, of the fire; & *thereall*;  
*Vulcan*, of this, with vs so vsuall;  
*Ops*, of the earth; and *Iuno* of the Ayre;  
*Neptune*, of Seas; and *Nymphes*, of Riuers all.  
For, all those Riuers to me subiect are:  
And all the rest, which they vsurp, be all my share.

27  
Which to approuen true, as I haue told,  
Vouchsafe, O goddess, to thy presence call  
The rest which doe the world in being hold:  
As, times and seasons of the year that fall;  
Of all the which, demand in generall,  
Or iudge thy selfe, by verdit of thine eye,  
Whether to me they are not subiect all.  
*Nature* did yeeld thereto; and by-and-by,  
Bade *Order* call them all, before her Maiessty.

28  
So, forth issew'd the Seasons of the year;  
First, lusty *Spring*, all dight in leaues of flowres  
That freshly budded and new bloosmes beare  
(In which a thousand birds had built their bowres,  
That sweetly sung, to call forth Paramours):  
And in his hand a iaculin he did beare,  
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)  
A gilt engrauen morion he did weare;  
That as some did him loue, so others did him feare.

29  
Then came the iolly *Summer*, being dight  
In a thin silken callocke coloured greene,  
That was vnlyned all, to be more light;  
And on his head a garland well becene  
He wore, from which as he had chauff'd been  
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore  
A boawe and shafts, as he in Forrest greene  
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,  
And now would bathe his limbes, with labor heated fore.

30  
Then came the *Autumne* all in yellow clad,  
As though he ioyed in his plentiful store,  
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad:  
That he had banisht hunger, which to fore  
Had by the belly oft him pinched fore.  
Vpon his head a wreath, that was enrold  
With eares of corne of euery sort, he bore:  
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,  
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

31  
Lastly came *Winter* clothed all in frize,  
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,  
Whil' it on his hoary beard his breath did freeze;  
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill  
As from a limbeck did adowne distill.  
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,  
With which his feeble steps he stayd still:  
For, he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;  
That scarce his loofed limbes he hable was to weld.

32  
These, marching softly, thus in order went,  
And after them, the Months all riding came;  
First, sturdy *March* with brow full sternly bent,  
And armed strongly, rode vpon a Ram,  
The same which ouer *Hellefontus* swam:  
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,  
And in a bag all sorts of seeds yfame,  
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,  
And filld her wombe with fruitfull hope of nourishment.

33  
Next came fresh *Aprill* full of lustyhed,  
And wanton as a Kid whose horne new buds:  
Vpon a Bull he rode, the same which led  
*Europa* floting through th' *Argolick* fluds:  
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs  
And garnished with garlands goodly dight  
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds  
Which th' earth brings forth, & wet he seem'd in fight  
With waues, through w<sup>th</sup> he waded for his loues delight.

34  
Then came faire *May*, the ioyfull maid on ground,  
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,  
And throwing flowres out of her lap around:  
Vpon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,  
The twinnes of *Leda*; which on eyther side  
Supported her like to their soueraigne *Queene*.  
Lord! how all creatures laugh when her they spyde,  
And leapt and daunc'd, as they had rainisht becom!  
And *Cupid* telle about her buttred all in greene.

35  
And after her, came iolly *Iune*, arrayd  
All in greene leaues, as be a Player were;  
Yet in his time, he wrought as well as playd,  
That by his plough-yrons more right well appeare:  
Vpon a Crab he rode, that him did beare  
With crooked crawling steps an vnouth pale,  
And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare  
Bending their force contrary to their face,  
Like that vngracious crew which fumes demurest grace.

36  
Then came hot *Iuly*, boyling like to fire,  
That all his garments he had cast away:  
Vpon a Lyon raging yet with ire  
He boldly rode and made him to obey:  
It was the beast that whylome did forray  
The *Nemitan* Forrest, till th' *Amphytrionide*  
Him slew, and with his hide did him array:  
Behinde his back a sithe, and by his side  
Vnder his belche bore a sickle circling wide.

37  
The sixt was *August*, being rich arrayd  
In garment all of gold downe to the ground:  
Yet rode he not, but led a louely Mayd  
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround  
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found;  
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old  
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;  
But, after Wrong was lov'd and Iustice folde,  
She left th' vnrighteous world and was to heauen extold.

38  
Next him, *September* march'd ecke on foot;  
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle  
Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,  
And him enricht with bounty of the foyle:  
In his one hand, as fit for harvests toyle,  
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand  
A paire of waights, with which he did affoyle  
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,  
And equall gaue to each as Iustice duly scann'd.

39  
Then came *October* full of merry glee:  
For, yet his noule was totty of the must,  
Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,  
And of the ioyous oyle, whose gentle gust  
Made him so frolicke and so full of lust:  
Vpon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,  
The same which by *Diana's* doom vnjust  
Slew great *Orion*; and ecke by his side  
He had his ploughing share, and coulter ready tyde.

Next



Next was *November*, he full grosse and fat,  
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;  
For he had been a fattig hog of late,  
That yet his browes with sweat, did reek and steem;  
And yet the season was full sharp and breem;  
In planting ecke he tooke no small delight:  
Whereon he rode, nor ease was to deeme;  
For it a dreadfull *Centaure* was in sight,  
The seed of *Saturne*, and faire *Nan*, *Chiron* hight.

And after him, came next the chill *December*:  
Yet he through merry feasting which he made,  
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;  
His Saviours burth his mind so much did glad:  
Vpon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,  
The same wherewith *Dan Ioue* in tender years,  
They say, was nourisht by th' *Iean* mayd;  
And in his hand a broad deepe bowle he beares;  
Of which, he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

Then came old *January*, wrapped well  
In many weeds to keepe the cold away;  
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,  
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may:  
For they were numb'd with holding all the day  
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,  
And from the trees did lop the needles spray:  
Vpon an huge great Earth-pot steane he stood;  
From whose wide mouth, there flowed forth the Roman

And lastly, came cold *February*, sitting  
In an old wagon, for he could not ride;  
Drawne of two fishes for the season fitting,  
Which through the flood before did softly glide  
And swim away: yet had he by his side  
His plough and harness fit to till the ground,  
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride  
Of haisting Prime did make them burgein round:  
So past the twelue months forth, & their dew places found

And after these, there came the *Day* and *Night*,  
Riding together both with equall pace,  
Th' one on a Palfrey blacke, the other white;  
But *Night* had couered her vncomely face  
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,  
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,  
And sleep and darknesse round about did trace:  
But *Day* did beare, vpon his scepters light,  
The goodly Sun, encompassed all with beames bright.

Then came the *Howres*, faire daughters of high *Ioue*,  
And timely *Nights*, the which were all endewed  
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle loue;  
But they were Virgins all, and loue eschewed  
That might forlick the charge to them fore-stewed  
By mighty *Ioue*; who did them Porters make  
Of heauens gate (whence all the gods issued)  
Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake  
By euen turnes, ne euer did their charge forsake.

And after all came *Life*, and lastly *Death*;  
*Death* with most grim and grieufully visage seene,  
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;  
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,  
Vnbodied, vnsoild, vnheard, vnseene,  
But *Life* was like a faire young lusty boy,  
Such as they faime *Dan Cupid* to haue beene,  
Full of delightfull health and liuely ioy,  
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.

When these were past, thus gan the *Titanesse*;  
Lo, mighty mother, now be iudge and lay,  
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse  
*CHANGE* doth not reign & bear the greatest sway:  
For, who sees not, that *Time* on all doth pray:  
But *Times* do change and moue continually.  
So nothing here long standeth in one stay:  
Wherefore, this lower world who can deny  
But to be subiect still to *Mutability*?

Then thus gan *Ioue*; Right true it is, that these  
And all things else that vnder heauen dwell  
Are chaung'd of *Time*, who doth them all disceise  
Of being: But, who is it (to me tell)  
That *Time* himselfe doth moue and still compell  
To keepe his course? Is not that namely wee  
Which poure that vertue from our heauenly cell,  
That moues them all, and makes them changed be?  
So them we gods do rule, and in them also thee.

To whom, thus *Mutability*: The things  
Which we see not how they are mov'd and swayd,  
Ye may attribute to your selues as Kings,  
And say they by your secret powre are made:  
But what we see not, who shall vs perswade?  
But were they so, as ye them faime to be,  
Mov'd by your might, and ordred by your ayde;  
Yet what if I can proue, that euen yee  
Your selues are likewise chang'd, and subiect vnto mee?

And first, concerning her that is the first,  
Euen you faire *Cynthia*, whom so much ye make  
*Ioues* dearest darling, she was bred and nurst  
On *Cynthus* hill, whence she her name did take:  
Then is she mortall borne, how-so ye crake;  
Besides, her face and countenance every day  
We changed see, and sundry formes partake, (gray)  
Now horned, now round, now bright, now browne and  
So that as changefull as the *Moone* men vse to say.

Next, *Mercury*, who though he lesse appeare  
To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one;  
Yet, he his course doth alter euery yeare,  
And is of late far out of order gone:  
So *Venus* ecke, that goodly Paragone,  
Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day;  
And *Phaebus* selfe, who lightsome is alone,  
Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,  
And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

Now *Mars* that valiant man is changed most:  
For, he sometimes so far runnes out of square,  
That he his way doth seem quite to haue lost,  
And cleane without his usual speere to fare;  
That euen thele *Star-gazers* from him are  
At sight thereof and damne then lying booke:  
So likewise, grim *Sir Saturne* oft doth spare  
His sterne aspect, and calme his crabbed looker:  
So many turning cranks these haue, so many crookes.

But you *Dan Ioue*, that onely constant are,  
And King of all the rest, as ye doe claime,  
Are you not subiect ecke to this misfere?  
Then let me aske you this withouten blame,  
Where were ye borne? Some say in *Erete* by name,  
Others in *Thebes*, and others other where:  
But wheresoeuer they comment the same,  
They all consent that ye begotten were,  
And borne here in this world, ne other can appeare.

Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me,  
Vnlesse the Kingdome of the sky yee make  
Immortall, and vnchangeable to be;  
Besides, that power and vertue which ye spake,  
That ye here worke, doth many changes take,  
And your owne natures change: for, each of you  
That vertue haue, or this, or that to make,  
Is cheekt and changed from his nature trew,  
By others opposition or obliquid view.

Besides, the sundry motions of your Spheares,  
So sundry wayes and fashions as clerkes faime,  
Some in short space, and some in longer yeares;  
What is the time but alteration plaine?  
Onely the stary skie doth still remaine:  
Yet doe the *Starrs* and *Signes* therein still moue,  
And euen it selfe is mov'd, as wizards faime.  
But all that moueth, doth mutation loue:  
Therefore both you and them to me I subiect proue.

Then since within this wide great *Vniuers*  
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,  
But all things tost and turned by transuerse:  
What then should let, but I aloft should reare  
My *Trophee*, and from all, the triumph beare?  
Now iudge then (O thou greatest goddesse trew)  
According as thy selfe doest see and heare,  
And vnto me addoom that is my dew;  
That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.

So hauing ended, silence long ensowed,  
Ne *Nature* to or fro spake for a space,  
But with firme eyes affixt, the ground still viewed,  
Meane while, all creatures, looking in her face,  
Expecting th' end of this so doubtfull case,  
Did hang in long suspence what would ensue,  
To whether side should fall the soueraine place:  
At length, she looking vp with chearefull view,  
The silence brake, and gaue her doome in speeches few.

I well consider all that ye haue said,  
And find that all things stedfastnesse do hate  
And changed be: yet being rightly wayd  
They are not changed from their first estate;  
But by their change their being do dilate:  
And turning to themselves at length againe,  
Do worke their owne perfection so by fate:  
Then ouer them *Change* doth not rule and raigne;  
But they raigne ouer change, & do their states maintaine.

Cease therefore daughter further to aspire,  
And thee content thus to be rul'd by mee:  
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire;  
But time shall come that all shall changed bee,  
And from thenceforth, none no more change shal see,  
So was the *Titanesse* put downe and whist,  
And *Ioue* confirm'd in his imperiall see.  
Then was that whole assembly quite dismist,  
And *Nature* selfe did vanish; whither, no man wist.

## The VIII. Canto, vnperfite.

Hen I bethinke me on that speech whylere,  
Of *Mutability*, and well it way:  
Me seemes, that though she all vnworthy were  
Of the Heav'ns Rule; yet very sooth to say,  
In all things else she beares the greatest sway.  
Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,  
And loue of things so vaine and cast away:  
Whose flowing pride, so fading and so sickle,  
Short *Time* shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle.

Then gin I thinke on that which *Nature* said,  
Of that same time when no more *Change* shall be,  
But stedfast rest of all things firmly stayd  
Vpon the pillours of Eternity,  
That is contray to *Mutability*:  
For, all that moueth, doth in *Change* delight:  
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally  
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight: (light)  
O that great Sabaoth God, graunt me that Sabaoth

FINIS.





16012.



LONDON,

Printed by *H.L.* for *Matthew Lowmes.*







**A LETTER OF THE AV-**  
thors, expounding his whole intention in the  
*course of this worke: which for that it giueth great*  
light to the Reader, for the better vnderstanding is here-  
vnto annexed.

To the right noble and valorous, Sir *Walter Ra-*  
*leigh, Knight, Lo: Wardein of the Stanneries, &*  
*her Maiesties Lieutenaunt of the Countie of Cornewayll.*



I R, knowing how doubtfully all Alle-  
gories may be construed, and this booke  
of mine, which I haue entituled *The Faery*  
*Queene*, being a continued Allegorie, or  
darke conceit, I haue thought good, as  
well for auoyding of ielous opinions &  
misconstructions, as also for your better  
light in reading thereof, (being so by you  
commanded) to discover vnto you the  
generall intention and meaning, which in  
the whole course thereof I haue fashio-  
ned, without expressing of any particular  
purposes or by-accidents therein occasio-  
ned. The generall end therefore of all the booke, is to fashion a gentleman  
or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline. Which for that I concei-  
ued should be most plausible and pleasing, beeing coloured with an histori-  
call fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for varie-  
tie of matter, then for profit of the ensample: I chose the historie of King  
*Arthure*, as most fit for the excellencie of his person, beeing made famous  
by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the danger of enuie,  
and suspicion of present time. In which I haue followed all the antique Po-  
ets historicall: first *Homer*, who in the persons of *Agamemnon* and *Ulysses*,  
hath ensampled a good Gouvernour and a vertuous man, the one in his *Iliad*,  
the



## The Authors Intention.

the other in his *Odysseus*: then *Virgil*, whose like intention was to doe in the person of *Aeneas*: after him *Ariosto* comprised them both in his *Orlando*: and lately *Tasso* disleuered them againe, and formed both parts in two persons, namely, that part which they in Philosophy call *Ethice*, or vertues of a priuate man, coloured in his *Rinaldo*: The other named *Politice* in his *Godfredo*. By entample of which excellent Poets, I labour to pourtraict in *Arthure*, before he was King, the image of a braue Knight, perfected in the twelue priuate morall vertues, as *Aristotle* hath deuised, the which is the purpose of these first twelue bookes: which if I find to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged, to frame the other part of politike vertues in his person, after that he came to bee King.

To some I knowe this method will seeme displeasing, which had rather haue good discipline deliuered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they vse, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall deuises. But such, mee seeme, should be satisfied with the vse of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their shewes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to common sense. For this cause is *Xenophon* preferred before *Plato*, for that the one in the exquisite depth of his iudgement, formed a Common-wealth such as it should be; but the other, in the person of *Cyrus* and the *Persians*, fashioned a gouernment such as might best be: So much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by enlample, then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the person of *Arthure*: whom I conceiue, after his long education by *Timon* (to whom hee was by *Merlin* deliuered to be brought vp, so soone as hee was borne of the Lady *Igrayne*) to haue scene in a dreame or vision the *Faerie Queene*, with whose excellent beautie rauished, hee awaking, resolved to seeke her out: and so beeing by *Merlin* armed, and by *Timon* thoroughly instructed, he went to seek her forth in *Faery Land*. In that *Faery Queene*, I meane glory in my generall intention: but in my particular, I conceiue the most excellent and glorious person of our soueraigne the Queene, and her kingdome in *Faery Land*. And yet in some places else, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering shee beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empreffe, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in *Belphebe*, fashioning her Name according to your owne excellent conceit of *Cynthia*, (*Phoebe* and *Cynthia* beeing both names of *Diana*.) So in the person of Prince *Arthure*, I sette forth *Magnificence* in particular, which vertue, for that (according to *Aristotle* and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of *Arthure* appliable to that vertue, which I write of in that Booke. But of the twelue other vertues, I make xii other Knights the Patrons, for the more varietie of the historie: Of which these three bookes containe three. The first, of the Knight of the *Redecrosse*, in whō I expresse *Holinesse*: The second of Sir *Guyon*, in whom I set forth

*Temperance*:

## The Authors Intention.

*Temperance*: The third of *Britomartus*, a Lady Knight, in whom I picture *Chastitie*. But because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupt, and as depending vpon other antecedents, it needs that yee know the occasion of these three Knights seuerall aduentures. For the methode of a Poet historicall, is not such as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affaires orderly as they were done, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thrusteth into the midst, euen where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the things forepast, and diuining of things to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all. The beginning therefore of my historie, if it were to be told by an Historiographer, should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I deuise that the *Faery Queene* kept her Annuall feast twelue daies: vpon which twelue seuerall dayes, the occasions of the twelue seuerall aduentures hapned, which beeing vndertaken by twelue seuerall Knights, are in these twelue books seuerally handled and discoursed.

The first was this: In the beginning of the feast, there presented himselfe a tall clownish young man, who falling before the *Queen of Faeries*, desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might nor refuse: which was, that hee might haue the archieument of any aduenture, which during that feast should happen; that beeing granted, he rested himselfe on the floore, vnfit through his rusticitie for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladie in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a Dwarf behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the armes of a Knight, and his speare in the Dwarfes hand. She falling before the *Queen of Faeries*, complained that her father and mother, an ancient King & Queene, had been by an huge Dragon many yeeres shut vp in a brazen Castle, who thence suffered them not to issue: and therefore besought the *Faery Queene* to assigne her some one of her Knights to take on him that exployt. Presently that clownish person vpstarting, desired that aduenture: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gaine-saying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end, the Lady told him, vnlesse that Armour which shee brought, would serue him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, v. Ephes.) that hee could not succeed in that enterprise: which beeing forth-with put vpon him with due furnitures therevnto, he seemed the goodliest man in all that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And esloones taking on him knighthood, & mounting on that strange Courser, hee went forth with her on that aduenture: vwhere beginneth the first booke, viz.

*A gentle Knight was pricking on the Plaine, &c.*

The second day there came in a Palmer bearing an Infant with bloodie hands, whose Parents he complained to haue been slaine by an Enchaunteresse called *Acrasia*: and therefore craued of the *Faery Queene*, to appoint him some Knight, to performe that aduenture, which beeing assigned to

¶ 2.

Sir



The Authors Intention.

Sir *Guyon*, he presently went forth with that same Palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke and the whole subiect thereof. The third day there came in a Groome, who complained before the *Faery Queene*, that a vile Enchaunter called *Busirane*, had in hand a most faire Lady called *Amoretta*, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yeeld him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir *Scudamour* the louer of that Lady presently tooke on him that aduenture. But being vnable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with *Britomartis*, who succoured him, and reskewed his loue.

But by occasion heereof, many other aduentures are intermedled, but rather as Accidents, then intendments: As, the loue of *Britomart*, the overthrow of *Marinell*, the miserie of *Florimell*, the vertuousnesse of *Belphebe*, the lasciuiousnes of *Hellenora*, and many the like.

Thus much Sir, I haue briefly ouer-run to direct your vnderstanding to the wel-head of the History, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe all the discourse, which otherwise may happely seeme tedious and confused. So humbly crauing the continuance of your honourable fauour towards me, and th'eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leaue.

23. Ianuarie. 1589.

Yours most humbly affectionate,

Edm. Spenser.



A VISION VPON THIS  
conceit of the *Faery Queene*.

**M**E thought I saw the graue where *Laura* lay,  
Within that Temple, where the Vessall thaine  
Was wont to burne; and passing by that way,  
To see that buried dust of liuing fame,  
Whose tombe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,  
All suddenly I saw the *Faery Queene*:  
At whose approach the soule of *Petrarch* wept,  
And from thence forth those Graces were not seene.  
For they this *Queene* attended; in whose steed  
Obluion laid him downe on *Lauras* herse:  
Heereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,  
And grones of buried ghosts the heauens did perse.  
Where *Homers* spright did tremble all for grieft,  
And curst th'accesse of that celestiall thiefe.

Another of the same.

**T**HE praise of meane wits this worke like profit brings,  
As doth the Cuckoes song delight when *Philomena* sings:  
If thou hast formed right true vertues face beerein:  
Vertue her selfe can best discerne, to whom they written bin.  
If thou hast beauty praised, let her sole lookes diuine,  
Iudge if ought therein be amisse, and mend it by her eyne.  
If Chastitie want ought, or Temperance her dew,  
Behold her Princely mind aright, and write thy *Queene* anew.  
Meane-while she shall perceiue, how far her vertues sore  
Abooue the reach of all that liue, or such as wrote of yore:  
And thereby will excuse and fauour thy good will:  
Whose vertue cannot be exprest, but by an Angels quill.  
Of me no lines are loud, nor letters are of price,  
Of all which speake our English tongue, but those of thy deuice.

W. R.

To the learned Shepherd.

**C**ORIN, I see by thy new raking rake,  
Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braines,  
That leades the Muse in highty verse to maske,  
and loathe the Lutes that long to lowly swanes.  
That lifts thy notes from Shepheards vnto Kings,  
So like the lincly Larks that mouating sing.

Thy lovely *Rosalind* seemes now forlome,  
and all thy gentle flocks forgotten quight:  
Thy changed hart now holds thy pipes in scorn,  
those pretty pipes that did thy mates delight:  
Those trustie mates, that loued thee so well,  
Whom thou gav'st mirth: as they gaue thee the bell.

¶ 3.



To the learned Shepheard.

Yet as thou carst with thy sweete round layes,  
didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers:  
So moughtst thou now in these refined layes,  
delight the daintie eares of higher powers.  
And so mought they in their deep skanning skill,  
Allow and grace our *Cotlins* flowing quill.

And faine befall that *Faerie Queene* of thine,  
in whole faire eyes loue linkt with vertue sits:  
Enfusing by those beauties siers diuine,  
such high conceits into thy humble wits,  
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes,  
From rustick tunes, to chaunt heroick deedes.

So mought thy *Redcrosse-Knight* with happy hand  
victorious be in that faire Islands right:  
Which thou dost weile in Type of *Faery Land*,  
Elysian blessed field, that *Abyen* hight.  
That shields her friends, and warres her mighty foes,  
Yet still with people, peace, and plentie floes.

But (holly shepheard) though with pleasing stile,  
thou feast the humour of the Courtly traine:  
Let not conceit thy settled sense beguile,  
ne daunted be through enuy or disdain.  
Subiect thy doome to her Empyring spright,  
From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes light.

Hobbynoll.

Faire *Themis* streame, that from *Lyd* s stately  
unst paying tribute to the Ocean seas, (towne,  
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne  
Be silent, while this *Brytaine Oke* plays:  
Neere thy sweet banks, there liues that sacred crowne,  
Whole hand srowes *Palme* and neuer-dying bayes,  
Let all at once, with thy lost murmuring sowne  
Present her with this worthy Poets prayes.  
For he hath taught his drifts in shepherds weeds,  
And deepe conceits now sings in *Faeries* deeds.

R. S.

Grace Muses, march in triumph and with praises,  
Our Goddesse heere hath given you leaue to land:  
And bids this rare dispenser of your graces  
Bow downe his brow vnto her sacred hand.  
Deserts finds due in that most princely doome,  
In whole sweet breast are all the Muses bredde:  
So did that great *Avogarys* carst in Roome  
With leaues of fame adorne his Poets hedde.  
Faire be the gerdon of your *Faerie Queene*,  
Euen of the fairest that the world hath seene.

H. B.

When stout *Achilles* heard of *Helem* rape,  
And what reuenge the States of Greece deuise'd:  
Thinking by sleight the fatal warres to scape,  
In womans weedes himselfe he then disguis'd:  
But this deuise *Plysses* soone did spy,  
And brought him forth, the chance of war to try.

When *Spenser* saw the fame was spread so large,  
Through *Faery-Land*, of their renowned *Queene*:  
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,  
As in such haughty matter to be scene,  
To seeme a shepheard then he made his choice,  
But *Sidney* heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And as *Plysses* brought faire *Thetis* sonne  
From his retyred life to menage armes:  
So *Spenser* was by *Sidneys* speeches wonne,  
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes:  
For well he knew, his Muse would soone be tyred  
In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as *Achilles* in those warlike frayes,  
Did win the *Palme* from all the *Grecian* Peeres:  
So *Spenser* now to his immortall praise,  
Hath wonne the *Laurell* quite from all his seeres.  
What though his taske exceed a humane wit,  
He is excus'd, sith *Sidney* thought it fit.

W. L.

To looke vpon a worke of rare deuise  
The which a workman setteth out to view,  
And not to yeeld it the deserued prise,  
That vnto such a workmanship is dew,  
Doth either proue the iudgement to be naught,  
Or else doth shew a mind with enuy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,  
Which no man goes about to discommend,  
Would raise a ialous doubt, that there did lurke  
Some secret doubt, whereto the praise did tend.  
For when men know the goodnes of the worke,  
Tis needlesse for the hoast to haue a signe.

Thus then to shew my iudgement to be such  
As can discerne of colours black, and white,  
As all to free my mind from enuies touch,  
That neuer giues to any man his right,  
I heere pronounce this workmanship is such  
As that no pen can set it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,  
Not for to shew the goodnes of the warre:  
But such hath been the custome heereofore,  
And customes very hardly broken are.  
And when your taste shall tell you this is true,  
Then looke you giue your hoast his vtmost due.

Ignote.



To the right honourable the Earle  
of Cumberland.

Redoubted Lord, in whose courageous mind  
The flowre of cheualry now blooming faire,  
Doth promise fruit worthy the noble kind,  
Which of their praises haue left you the haire;  
To you this humble present I prepare,  
For loue of vertue and of Martiall praise.  
To which though nobly ye inclined are,  
As goodly well ye shewd in late assaies,  
Yet braue ensample of long passed daies,  
In which true honour ye may fashiond see,  
To like desire of honour may ye raise,  
And fill your mind with magnanimitee.  
Receiue it Lord therefore as it was ment,  
For honor of your name and high descent.

E. S.

To the most honourable and excellent Lord, the Earle  
of Essex, Great Maister of the Horse to her Highnesse, and  
Knight of the Noble order of the Garter, &c.

Magnifick Lord, whose vertues excellent  
Doe merit a most famous Poets wit,  
To be thy liuing praises instrument  
Yet doe not sdeigne, to let thy name be writ  
In this base Poeme, for thee far unfit.  
Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby:  
But when my Muse, whose feathers nothing slit  
Doe yet but fladge, and lowly learne to fly  
With bolder wing shall dare aloft to fly  
To the last praises of this *Faery Queene*,  
Then shall it make more famous memory  
Of thine Heroicke parts, such as they beene.  
Till then vouchsafe thy noble countenance,  
To these first labours needed furtherance.

E. S.





To the right honourable the Earle of  
*Ormond and Ossorie.*

Receiue most noble Lord a simple taste  
Of the wilde fruit, which sauage soyle hath bred,  
Which beeing through long wars left almost waste,  
With brutish barbarisme is ouerspred:  
And in so faire a Land, as may be red,  
Not one *Parnassus*, nor one *Helicon*  
Left for sweet Muses to be harboured,  
But where thy selfe hast thy braue mansion;  
There in deed dwell faire Graces many one,  
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits,  
And in thy person without Paragone  
All goodly bounty and true honour sits.  
Such therefore, as that wasted soyle doth yield,  
Receiue deare Lord in worth, the fruit of barren field.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lo. Ch. Howard, Lo.  
high Admirall of England, Knight of the noble order of the Garter,  
and one of her Maiesties priuie Councell, &c.

And yee, braue Lord, whose goodly personage,  
And noble deeds each other garnishing,  
Make you ensample to the present age,  
Of th'old Heroës, whose famous offspring  
The antique Poets wont so much to sing,  
In this same Pageant haue a worthy place,  
Sith those huge castles of Castilian king,  
That vainly threatned kingdoms to displace,  
Like flying Doves ye did before you chase;  
And that proud people woxen insolent  
Through many victories, didst first deface:  
Thy praises euerlasting monument  
Is in this verse engrauen semblably,  
That it may liue to all posterity.

E. S.



To the right honourable Sir *Christopher Hatton*,  
Lord high Chauncelor of England, &c.

Those prudent heads, that with their counsels wise  
Whilome the pillours of th'earth did sustaine,  
And taught ambitious *Rome* to tyrannise,  
And in the neck of all the world to raine,  
Oft from those graue affaires were wont abstaine,  
With the sweet Lady Muses for to play:  
So *Ennius* the elder Africane,  
So *Maro* oft did *Cæsars* cares allay.  
So you great Lord, that with your counsell sway  
The burden of this kingdome mightily,  
With like delights sometimes may eke delay  
The rugged brow of carefull Policie:  
And to these idle rimes lend little space,  
Which for their titles sake may find more grace.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lo. *Burleigh*, Lord  
high Treasurer of England.

To you right noble Lord, whose carefull brest  
To menage of most graue affaires is bent,  
And on whose mightie shoulders most doth rest  
The burden of this kingdomes gouernment,  
As the wide compasse of the firmament,  
On Atlas mighty shoulders is opstaid;  
Vnsitly I these idle rimes present,  
The labour of lost time, and wit vnstaid:  
Yet if their deeper sense be inly waid,  
And the dim veile, with which from common view  
Their fairer parts are hid, aside be laid,  
Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.  
Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receaue,  
And wipe their faults out of your censure graue.

E. S.





To the right honourable the Earle of Oxenford,  
*Lord high Chamberlaine of England.*

**R** Eceiue most noble Lord, in gentle gree,  
The vnripe fruite of an vnready wit:  
Which by thy countenaunce doth craue to bee  
Defended from foule Enuies poysonous bit.  
Which so to doe may thee right well besit,  
Sith th'antique glory of thine ancestry  
Vnder a shady veile is therein writ,  
And eke thine owne long liuing memory,  
Succeeding them in true nobility:  
And also for the loue, which thou doost beare  
To th'*Heliconian* Imps, and they to thee;  
They vnto thee, and thou to them most deare:  
Deare as thou art vnto thy selfe, so loue  
That loues and honours thee, as doth behoue.

*E. S.*

To the right honourable the Earle of  
*Northumberland.*

**T** He sacred Muses haue made alwaies clame  
To be the Nourfes of Nobility,  
And Registres of euerlasting fame,  
To all that armes professe and cheualry.  
Then by like right the noble Progeny,  
Which them succeed in fame and worth, are tyde  
T'embrace the seruice of sweet Poetry,  
By whose endenours they are glorified,  
And eke from all, of whom it is enuide,  
To patronize the authour of their praise,  
Which giues them life, that else would soone haue dide,  
And crownes their ashes with immortall baies.  
To thee therefore, right noble Lord, I send  
This present of my paines, it to defend.

*E. S.*



To the right honourable the Lord of *Hunsdon*,  
*High Chamberlaine to her Maestie.*

**R** Enowned Lord, that for your worthinesse  
And noble deeds haue your deserued place,  
High in the fauour of that Emperesse,  
The worlds sole glory; and her sexes grace,  
Heere eke of right haue you a worthy place,  
Both for your neerels to that *Faery Queene*,  
And for your owne high merit in like case:  
Of which, apparant prooffe was to be seene,  
When that tumultuous rage and fearefull deene  
Of Northerne rebels ye did pacifie,  
And their disloyall powre defaced clene,  
The record of enduring memory.  
Liue Lord for euer in this lasting verse,  
That all posteritie thy honor may reherse.

*E. S.*

To the most renowned and valiant Lord, the  
*Lord Grey of Wilton, Knight of the noble*  
*order of the Garter, &c.*

**M** Ost noble Lord, the pillor of my life,  
And Patrone of my Muses pupillage,  
Through whose large bountie poured on me rife,  
In the first season of my feeble age,  
I now doe liue, bound yours hy vassalage:  
Sith nothing euer may redeeme, nor reauē  
Out of your endlesse debt so sure a gage,  
Vouchsafe in worth this small gift to receaue,  
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leaue  
Of all the rest, that I am tyde t'account:  
Rude rimes, the which a rustlick Muse did weaue  
In sanage stile, far from Parnasso mount,  
And roughly wrought in an vnlearned Loomie:  
The which vouchsafe, deere Lord, your fauourable doome.

*E. S.*





To the right honourable the Lord of *Buckhurst*,  
one of her Maiesties priuie Councill.

IN vaine I thinke (right honourable Lord)  
By this rude rime to memorize thy name;  
Whose learned Muse hath writ her owne record,  
In golden verse, worthy immortall fame:  
Thou much more fit, (were leisure to the same)  
Thy gracious Soueraignes praises to compile.  
And her imperiall Maiestie to frame,  
In loftie numbers and heroïck stile.  
But sith thou maist not to, giue leaue a while  
To baser wit, his power therein to spend,  
Whose grosse defaults thy daintie pen may file,  
And vnaduised ouersights amend.  
But euermore vouchsafe it to maintaine  
Against vile *Zoylus* backbitings vaine.

E. S.

To the right honourable Sir *Fr. Walsingham*,  
Knight, principall Secretarie to her Maiestie, and  
of her honourable priuie Councill.

THat Mantuane Poets incompared spirit,  
Whose girland now is set in bighest place,  
Had not *Mecœnas* for his worthy merit,  
It first aduunst to great *Augustus* grace,  
Might long (perhaps) haue lien in silence bace,  
Ne been so much admir'd of later age.  
This lowely Muse, that learnes like steps to trace,  
Flies for like aide vnto your Patronage,  
That are the great *Mecœnas* of this age,  
As well to all that ciuill artes professe,  
As those that are inspir'd with Martiall rage,  
And craues protection of her feeblenesse:  
Which if ye yeeld, perhaps ye may her raise  
In bigger tunes to sound your lining praise.

E. S.



TO THE RIGHT NOBLE  
Lord and most valiant Captaine, Sir *Ioh. Norris*,  
Knight, Lord President of Mounster.

WHO euer gaue more honourable prize  
To the sweet Muse, then did the Martiall crew;  
That their braue deeds she might immortalize  
In her shrill tromp, and sound their praises dew?  
Who then ought more to fauour her, then you  
Most noble Lord, the honor of this age,  
And Precedent of all that Armes ensue?  
Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,  
Tempred with reason and aduizement sage  
Hath fild sad *Belgick* with victorious spoile,  
In *France* and *Ireland* left a famous gage,  
And lately shak't the *Lusitanian* soile.  
Sith then each where thou hast dispred thy fame,  
Loue him, that hath eternized your name.

E. S.

To the noble and valorous Knight, Sir *Wal. Raleigh*, Lo. War-  
dein of the Stanneryes, and Lieutenaunt of Cornwaile.

TO thee that art the *Sommers* Nightingale,  
Thy soueraigne Goddesses most deare delight,  
Why doe I send this rustick Madrigale,  
That may thy tune full eare vnseason quite?  
Thou onely fit this Argument to write,  
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her bowre,  
And dainty loue learnd sweetly to endite.  
My rimes I knowe vnseasonary and sowre,  
To taste the streames, that like a golden showre  
Flowe from thy fruitfull head, of thy Loues praise,  
Fitter perhaps to thunder Martiall showre,  
When so thee list thy loftie Muse to raise:  
Yet till that thou thy Poeme wilt make knowne,  
Let thy faire *Cinthias* praises be thus rudely showne.

E. S.





TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
and most vertuous Lady, the Countesse  
of Penbroke.

REmembrance of that most Heroick spirit,  
The heauens pride, the glory of our daies,  
Which now triumpheth through immortall merit  
Of his braue vertues, crownd with lasting baies  
Of heavenly blis and euerlasting praies;  
Who first my Muse did lift out of the flore,  
To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies;  
Bids me most noble Lady to adore  
His goodly image liuing euermore,  
In the diuine resemblance of your face;  
Which with your vertues ye embellish more,  
And native beautie deck with heavenly grace:  
For his, and for your owne especiall sake,  
Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth to take.

E. S.





THE  
SHEPHEARDS  
CALENDER:

CONTAINING  
TWELVE ÆGLOGUES, PRO-  
PORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE  
MONETHS.

ENTITLED,

To the Noble and vertuous Gentleman, most  
worthy of all titles, both of learning and chi-  
ualrie, Master Philip Sidney.



AT LONDON,  
Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes, and are to  
be sold at the signe of the Bishops head in  
Paules Church-yard. 1611.





## TO HIS BOOKE.

*Goe, little Booke: thy selfe present,  
As child whose parent is vnkent,  
To him that is the president  
Of noblenesse and chiuallrie:  
And if that Enuy barke at thee,  
As sure it will, for succour flee  
Under the shadow of his wing.  
And, asked who thee forth did bring,  
A shepheards straine say did thee sing,  
All as his straying flocke he fedde;  
And when his honor bath thee redde,  
Graue pardon for thy hardy-head.  
But if that any aske thy name,  
Say thou wert base begot with blame:  
For why thereof thou takest shame.  
And when thou art past ieopardie,  
Come tell me what was said of mee,  
And I will send more after thee.*

Immerito.



TO THE MOST EXCELLENT  
and learned, both Oratour and Poet, master  
*Gabriel Haruey*, his verie speciall and singular good friend, E. K.  
commendeth the good liking of this his good labour, and the  
patronage of the new Poet.



*Vncouth, vnkist*, saide the old famous Poet *Chaucer*:  
whom for his excellencie and wonderfull skill in ma-  
king, his scholler *Lidgate*, a woorthy scholler of so ex-  
cellent a master, calleth the loadstarre of our language:  
and whom our *Colin Clout* in his Eglogue calleth *Ty-  
tirus*, the God of Shepheards; comparing him to the  
worthinesse of the Roman *Tytirus*, *Virgil*. Which pro-  
uerbe, mine owne good friend M. *Haruey*, as in that good old poet, it serued  
well *Pindarus* purpose, for the bolstering of his bawdie brocage, so very wel  
taketh place in this our new Poet, who for that he is vncouth (as said *Chau-  
cer*) is vnkist; and vnkown to most men, is regarded but of a fewe. But I  
doubt not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowledge of men, and  
his worthinesse be sounded in the trumpe of Fame, but that he shall be not  
onely kist, but also beloued of all, embraced of the most, and wondred at of  
the best. No lesse, I thinke, deserueth his wittinesse in deuising, his pithinesse  
in vttering, his complaint of loue so louely, his discourses of pleasure so plea-  
santly, his pastorall rudenesse, his morall wisesnesse, his due obseruing of *De-  
uorum* euerie where, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speech, and ge-  
nerally, in all seemelic simplicitie of handling his matters, and framing his  
words: the which of many things that in him be strange, I know will seeme  
the strangest; the wordes themselues beeing so ancient, the knitting of them  
so short and intricate, and the whole period and compasse of his speech so  
delightfome for the roundnesse, and so graue for the strangenesse. And first  
of the words to speake, I grant they be something hard, and of most men vn-  
vled, yet both English, and also vled of most excellent Authours, and most  
famous poets. In whom, when as this our poet hath beene much trauailed  
and thoroughly read, how could it be (as that woorthy Oratour said) but that  
walking in the Sunne, although for other cause hee walked, yet needes hee  
must be sunne-burnt; and hauing the sound of those ancient poets still ring-  
ing in his eares, hee mought needs in singing, hit out some of their tunes.  
But whether hee vseth them by such casualtie and custome, or of set purpose  
and



# THE EPISTLE.

and choise, as thinking the fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of Shepheards; either for that their rough sound would make his rimes more ragged and rusticall: or else because such old and obsolete words are most vsed of Country folke; sure I thinke, and thinke I thinke not amisse, that they bring great grace, and as one would say, authoritie to the verse. For albe, amongst many other faults, it specially be objected of *Valla*, against *Linie*, and of other against *Salust*, that with ouer-much studie they affect antiquitie, as conuering thereby credence, and honour of elder yeeres; yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the like, that those ancient solemne words, are a great ornament, both in the one, and in the other: the one labouring to set forth in his worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of grauitie and importance. For, if my opinion faile not, *Tully* in that booke, wherein he endeoureth to set forth the patterne of a perfect Orator, saith, that oft-times an ancient word maketh the stile seeme graue, and as it were reuerend, no otherwise then we honour and reuerence gray haire, for a certaine religious regard, which we haue of old age. Yet neither euery where must old wordes be stuffed in, nor the common Dialect, & manner of speaking so corrupted thereby, that as in old buildings, it seeme disorderlie and ruinous. But as in most exquisite pictures, they vse to blazend portrait, not onely the daintie lineaments or beautie, but also round about it to shadow the rude thickets and craggie clifts, that by the basenesse of such parts, more excellencie may accrew to the principall (for oftentimes wee finde our selues, I know not how, singularly delighted with the shew of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order): euen so doe those rough and harsh tearmes, enlumine and make more cleerely to appeare the brightnesse of braue and glorious words. So, oftentimes, a discord in musike maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the worthie poet *Alceus*, to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a well-shaped bodie. But if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choice of old & vnwonted words, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, either of witlesse headinesse in iudging, or of heedlesse hardinesse in condemning: for not marking the compasse of his bent, he will iudge of the length of his cast. For in my opinion, it is one especiall praise of many, which are due to this poet, that he hath laboured to restore as to their rightfull heritage, such good and naturall English words, as haue been long time out of vse, and almost cleane disherited. Which is the onely cause, that our mother tongue, which trulie of it selfe is both full enough for prose, & stately enough for verse, hath long time been counted most bare and barren of both. Which default, when as some endeoured to salue and recure, they patched vp the holes with peeces and ragges of other languages; borrowing heere of the French, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latine; not weighing how ill those tongues accord with themselves, but much worse with ours: So now they haue made our English tongue a galimaufrey, or hodgepodge of all other speeches.

Other

# THE EPISTLE.

Other-some, not so well scene in the English tongue, as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to heare an old word, albeit very naturall and significant, cry out straight way, that we speake no English, but gibberish, or rather, such as in old time *Euanders* mother spake: whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their owne mother tongue, to bee counted strangers, and aliens. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what they vnderstand not, they straightway deeme to be senselesse, & not at all to be vnderstood: Much like to the Mole in *Aesops* fable, that being blind herselfe, would in no wise be perswaded that any beast could see. The last, more shamefull then both, that of their owne country and naturall speech (which together with their Nurles milke they sucked) they haue so base and bastard iudgement, that they will not onely theselues not labour to garnish & beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it should be embellished; Like to the dog in the maunger, that himselfe can eate no hay, & yet barketh at the hungrie bullock, that so faine would feed: whose currish kinde, though it cannot be kept fro barking, yet I conne them thank that they refraine from byting.

Now, for the knitting of sentences, which they call the ioynts & members thereof, & for all the compasse of the speech, it is round without roughnesse, and learned without hardnesse, such indeed as may be perceiued of the least, vnderstood of the most, but iudged onely of the learned. For what in most English writers vseth to be loose, and as it were vnright, in this Author is well grounded, finely framed, and stronglie trussed vp together. In regard whereof I scorne and spew out the rakehellie rout of our ragged rymers (for so themselves vse to hunt the letter) which without learning boast, without iudgement iangle, without reason rage and some, as if some instinct of poetical spirit had newly rauished them about the meannesse of common capacitie. And being in the midst of all their brauerie, suddenly, either for want of matter, or rime, or hauing forgotten their former conceit, they seeme to be so pained & trauailed in their remembrance, as it were a woman in child-birth, or as that same Pythia, when the traunce came vpon her: *Osrabidum fera corda domans, &c.*

Neuerthelesse, let them a Gods name feed on their owne folly, so they seeke not to darken the beames of others glorie. As for *Colin*, vnder vvhole perion the Authors selfe is shadowed, how farre he is from such vaunted titles, and glorious shewes, both himselfe sheweth, where he saith:

*Of Muses Hobbinoll, I conne no skill.* And

*Enough is me to paint out my vnrest, &c.*

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, wherein it seemeth hee chose rather to vnfold great matter of argument couertly, then professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Vvhich moued him rather in Aeglogues the other wise to write; doubting perhaps his ability, which he little needed; or minding to furnish our tongue with this kind, wherein it faulteth or following one example of the best & most ancient poets, which deuiled this kinde



## THE EPISTLE.

of writing, beeing both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trie their habilities: like as young birds, that be newlie crept out of the nest, by little and little first prooue their tender wings, before they make a greater flight. So flew *Theocritus*, as you may perceiue hee was alreadie full fledged. So flew *Virgil*, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew *Mantuanus*, as not beeing full somd. So *Petrarque*. So *Boccace*. So *Marot*, *Sanazarui*, and also diuerse other excellent both Italian and French poets, whose footing this Authour euery where followeth: yet so as few, but they be well sented, can trace him out. So finally flieth this our new Poet, as a bird whose principals be scarce growne out, but yet as one that in time shall be able to keepe wing with the best.

Now, as touching the generall drift and purpose of his Aeglogues, I mind not to say much, him selfe labouring to conceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his vnstaied youth had long wandered in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in which time, to mitigate & allay the heate of his passion, or else to warne (as hee saith) the young shepheards [his equals and companions] of his unfortunate folly, he compiled these twelue Aeglogues, which for that they be proportioned to the state of the twelue Moneths, he tearmeth it the *Shepheards Calender*, applying an old name to a new worke. Heerevnto haue I added a certaine Glosse or scholion, for the exposition of old wordes, & harder phrases; which manner of glossing and commenting, well I wote, will seeme strange and rare in our tongue: yet, for so much as I knew, many excellent and proper deuises, both in words and matter, would passe in the speedie course of reading, either as vnkowne, or as not marked; & that in this kind, as in other wee might be equall to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I was made priuie to his counsaile & secret meaning in the, as also in sundry other works of his. Which albeit I knowe hee nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his friendship, him selfe being for long time far estranged, hoping that this will the rather occasion him, to put forth diuerse other excellent works of his, which sleep in silence, as his *Dreams*, his *Legends*, his *Court of Cupid*, & sundry others, whose commendation to set out, were very vaine, the things though worthy of many, yet beeing knowne to few. These my present paines, if to any they be pleasurable, or profitable, be you iudge, mine owne maister *Harney*, to whom I haue both in respect of your worthinesse generally, & otherwise vpon some particular & speciall considerations, vowed this my labour, & the maidenhead of this our common friends poetrie, him selfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and worthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull maister *Philip Sidney*, a speciall fauourer & maintainer of all kinde of learning. Whole cause, I pray you sir, if enuie shall stirre vp any wrongfull accusation, defend with your mighty Rhetoricke, and other your rath gifts of learning, as you can, and shield with

## THE EPISTLE.

with your good will, as you ought, against the malice & outrage of so many enemies, as I know will be set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glorie. And thus recommending the Authour vnto you, as vnto his most speciall good friend, and my selfe vnto you both, as one making singular account of two so very good & so choise friends, I bid you both most hartily farewell, & commit you & your commendable studies to the tuition of the greatest.

*Your owne assuredly to be  
commanded, E. K.*

### Post scr.

Now I trust, *M. Harney*, that vpon sight of your speciall friends and fellow poets doings, or else for enuie of so many worthy Quidams, which catch at the garland which to you alone is due, you will be periwaded to pluck out of the hateful darkness, those so many excellent English poems of yours, which lie hid, and bring them forth to eternall light. Trust me, you doe them great wrong, in depriving them of the desired sunne, and also your selfe, in smothering your deserued praises, and all men generally, in withholding from them so diuine pleasures, which they might conceiue of your gallant English verses, as they haue already done of your Latine poems, which in my opinion, both for inuention and elocution, are very delicate and superexcellent. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good *M. Harney*. From my lodging at London, the tenth of Aprill. 1579.







## The generall Argument of the whole Booke.

**L**ittle, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first originall of *Aeglogues*, hauing already touched the same. But, for the word *Aeglogues*, I knowe is vnkowne to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they thinke) I will say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes, the inuentours of them, called *Aeglogas*, as it were, *Aegon*, or *Aeginomonlogi*, that is *Goatheardes* tales. For although in *Virgil* and others, the speakers be more *Shepherds*, then *Goatheardes*, yet *Theocritus*, in whom is more ground of authoritie then in *Virgil*, this specially from that deriuing, as from the first head & well-spring the whole inuention of these *Aeglogues*, maketh *Goatheardes* the persons and Authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grosse of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleue, that they are more rightly tearmed *Eclogai*, as they would say, extraordinarie discourses of vnecessary matter: which definition, albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the Analysis & interpretation of the word. For they be not tearmed *Eglogæ*, *Aeglogues*: which sentence this Author verie well obseruing, vpon good iudgement, though indeede fewe *Goatheardes* haue to doe herein, neuerthelesse doubteth not to call them by the used and best knowne name. Other curious discourses heereof I reserve to greater occasion.

These twelve *Aeglogues* euery where answering to the seasons of the twelve Moneths, may be well diuided into three formes or rankes. For either they be *Plaintiue*, as the first, the sixth, the eleventh, and the twelfth: or *Recreative*, such as all those be, which containe matter of loue, or commendation of speciall personages: or *Morall*, which for the most part be mixed with some *Satyricall* bitterness; namely, the second of reuerence due to old age, the fifth of coloured deceit, the seauenth and ninth of dissolute *Shepherds* and *Pastors*, the tenth of contempt of *Poetrie* and pleasant wits. And to this diuision may euery thing heerein be reasonably applied: a few onely except, whose special purpose and meaning I am not pricke to. And thus much generally of these twelve *Aeglogues*.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Aeglogues*. Now will we speake particularly of all, and first of the first, which he calleth by the first Monethes name, *Ianuarie*: wherein to some he may seeme fowly to haue faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that Moneth, which beginneth not the yeere. For it is well knowne, and stoutly maintained with strong reasons of the learned, that the yeere beginneth in *March*: for then the sunne renueth his finished course, and the seasonable Spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasure thereof being buried in the sadnesse of the dead Winter, now worne away, renueth.

This opinion maintaine the old *Astrologers* and *Philosophers*, namely, the reuerend *Andalo*, and *Macrobius*, in his holy daies of *Saturne*: which account also was generally obserued, both of *Grecians* & *Romans*. But sauing the leaue of such learned heads, we maintaine a custome of counting the seasons from the Moneth *Ianuary*, vpon a more speciall cause then the heathen *Philosophers* euer could conceiue: that is, for the incarnation of our mightie Saviour, & eternall Redeemer the Lord *Christ*, who as the renewing the state of the decayed World, and returning the compassse of expired yeeres, to their former date, and first commencement, left to vs his Heires a memoriall of his byrth, in the end of the last yeere and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternall Monument of our saluation, leaneth also vpon good prooffe of speciall iudgement.

For albeit that in elder times, when as yet the count of the yeere was not perfected, as afterward it was by *Iulius Cæsar*, they beganne to tell the Moneths from *Marches* beginning; and according to the same, God (as is said in Scripture) commaunded the people of the *Iewes* to count the Moneth *Abib*, that which we call *March*, for the first Moneth, in remembrance that in that Moneth hee brought them out of the Land of *Aegypt*: yet, according to tradition of latter times it hath bene otherwise obserued, both in gouernment of the Church, and rule of mightiest Realmes. For from *Iulius Cæsar*, who first obserued the leape yeere, which he called *Bissexilem Annum*, and brought into a more certaine course the odde wandering daies, which of the Greekes were called *Hyperbainontes*, of the *Romans* *Intercalares* (for in such matter of learning I am forced to vse the tearmes of the learned) the Moneths haue bene numbred twelve, which in the first ordinance of *Romulus* were but tenne, counting but 304 daies in euery yeere, and beginning with *March*. But *Numa Pompilius*, who was the father of all the *Romane Ceremonies*, and Religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the Sunne, nor the Moone, thereunto added two Moneths, *Ianuarie* and *Februarie*: wherein it seemeth, that wise king minded vpon good reason to beginne the yeere at *Ianuarie*, of him therefore so called *Ianua anni*, the gate & enterance of the yeere, or of the name of the god *Ianus*: to which god, for that the old *Paynims* attributed the birth and beginning of all creatures new coming into the world, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned, the beginning and first entrance of the yeere. Which account for the most part hath hitherto continued. Notwithstanding,



## THE ARGUMENT.

ding, that the Egyptians beginne their yeere at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbines, and very purpose of the Scripture it selfe, God made the world in that Moneth, that is called of them Tisri. And therefore he commaunded them to keepe the feast of Paullions, in the end of the yeere, in the xv. day of the seventh Moneth, which before that time was the first.

But our Authour, respecting neither the subtiltie of the one part, nor the antiquitie of the other, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicitie of common vnderstanding, to beginne with Ianuarie, weening it perhaps no decorum that shepheards should be seene in matter of so deepe insight, or canuase a case of so doubtfull iudgement. So therefore beginneth hee, and so continueth hee throughout.



## IANVARIE.



### Aegloga prima.

#### ARGUMENT.

IN this first Aeglogue, *Colin Clout*, a Shepheards boy, complaineth himselfe of his vnfortunate loue, beeing but newly (as it seemeth) enamoured of a countrey Lasse called *Rosalind*: with which strong affection being verie sore trauelled, hee compareth his carefull ease to the sad season of the yeere, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne vvinter-beaten flocke. And lastly, finding himselfe robbed of all former pleasure and delight, he breaketh his Pipe in peeces, & casteth himselfe to the ground.

#### COLIN CLOUT.

**A** Shepheards boy (no better doe him call)  
When Winters wastefull spight was almost spent,  
All in a sunshyne day, as did befall,  
Led forth his flocke, that had been long ypent.  
So faint they wore, and feeble in the fold,  
That now ynnethes their feet could them vphold.

All as the sheepe, such was the shepheards looke,  
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while!)  
May seeme he low'd, or else some care he took:  
Well couth he tune his Pipe, and frame his stile.  
Tho to a hill his fainting flock he led,  
And thus him plainde, the while his sheepe there fed.

Yee gods of loue, that pittie louers paine,  
(If any gods the paine of louers paine:)  
Looke from above, where you in ioyes remaine,  
And bow your eares vnto my dolefull digne.  
And P a n thou shepheards God, that once did loue,  
Pittie the paine, that thou thy selfe didst proue.

Thou barren ground, who Winters wrath hath wasted,  
Art made a mirror, to behold my plight:  
Whilom thy fresh spring flow'd, and after hastid  
Thy Sommer proude, with Daffodillies light.  
And now is come thy Winters stormie stare,  
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou mask'dst late.

Such rage as Winters, rageth in my heart,  
My life-blood freezing, with vnkindly cold:  
Such stormie floures, doe breed my balefull smart,  
As if my yeeres were waste, and waxen old.  
And yet, alas, but now my spring begonne,  
And yet, alas, it is already done.

You naked trees, whose shadie leanes are lost,  
Whereto the birds were wont to build their house:  
And now are cloth'd with mosse, and hoar-frost,  
In stead of blossoms, where with your buds did flourish.  
I see your teares, that from your boughs doe draine,  
Whole drops in dierie ynter remaine.



Alas my lustfull lease is dry and seare,  
My timely buds with wailing all are wasted:  
The blossome, which my branch of youth did beare,  
With breathed sighs is blowne away, and blasted,  
And from mine eyes the drizzling teares descend,  
As on your boughs the yficles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,  
Whose knees are weake, through fast, and euill fare:  
Must witness well by thy ill gouernment,  
Thy Maisters mind is overcome with care.  
Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne,  
With mourning pine I, you with pining mourne.

A thousand sithes I curse that carefull houre,  
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:  
And eke ten thousand sithes I blesse the stoure,  
Wherein I saw so faire a sight as thee.  
Yet all for nought: such sight hath bred my bane:  
Ah God, that loue should breed both ioy and paine!

It is not Hobbino!, wherefore I plaine,  
Albee my loue he lecke with daily suit:  
His clownish gifts and curtesies I disdaine,

His kiddes, his cracknels, and his early fruit.  
Ah, foolish Hobbino!, thy gifts been vaine:  
Colin them giues to Rosalinde againe.

I loue thilke Lasse, (alas, why doe I loue?)  
And am forlorne, (alas, why am I forne?)  
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reprove,  
And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne.  
Shepheards deuise she hateth as the snake, (make.)  
And laughes the songs, that COLIN CLOUT doth

Wherefore my Pipe, albee rude PAN thou please,  
Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would,  
And thou vnluckie Muse, that woont to ease  
My musing minde, yet canst not, when thou should,  
Both Pipe and Muse, shall fore the while abide.  
So broke his Oaten Pipe, and downe did lie.

By that, the welked PHOEBVS gan auale  
His wearie waine, and now the foolish NIGHT,  
Her mantle blacke through heauen gan ouerhaile.  
Which seene, the pensue boy halfe in despayre  
Arose, and homeward droue his sunned sheepe,  
Whose hanging heads did seem his careful case to weepe.

Colins Embleme.

Anchora Speme.

GLOSSE

Colin Clout, is a name not greatlie vsed, and yet haue I seene a poesie of M. Skelton, vnder that title. But indeede the word Colin is French, and vsed of the French poet Marot (if he be worthy the name of a poet) in a certaine Eglogue. Vnder which name this poet secretly shadoweth himselfe, as sometime did Virgil vnder the name of Tyrtus, thinking it much fitter then such Latine names, for the great vnlikelihood of the language.

Vnnethes, scarcely.

Couth, cometh of the verbe Cogne, that is, to knowe, or to haue skill. As wel interpreted the same, the worthy sir Tho. Smith, in his booke of gouernment: where of I haue a perfect copie in writing, lent me by his kinsman, and my very singular good friend, M. Gabriel Harvey, as also of some other his most graue and excellent writings.

Sith, time. Neighbour-towne, the next towne: expressing the Latine, Vicinia.

Stoure, a fit.

Seare, withered.

His clownish gifts, imitateth Virgils verse:

Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbino!, is a fained country name, wherby, it being so common & vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very speciall & most familiar friend, whom he intirely and extraordinarily loued, as peraduenture shall be more largely declared heereafter. In this place seemeth to be some sauour of disorderly loue, which the learned call Pederastice: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For who that hath

read

read Plato his Dialogue called Alcibiades, Xenophon & Maximus Tyrius, of Socrates opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is to be allowed and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates vsed it: who saith, that indeed he loued Alcibiades extremely, yet not Alcibiades person, but his soule, which is Alcibiades owne selfe. And so is Pederastice much to bee preferred before Gynerastice, that is, the loue which inflameth men with lust toward womankind. But yet let no man thinke, that heerein I stand with Lucian, or his diuelish disciple Unico Aretino, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes, of forbidden and vnlawfull fleshlinesse. Whose abhominable error is fully confuted of Perionius, and others.

I loue: a prettie Epanorthosis in these two verses, and withall, a Paronomasia, or playing with the word, where he saith, I loue thilke Lasse, alasse, &c.

Rosalinde, is also a fained name, which beeing well ordered, will bewray the verie name of his loue and Mistresse, whom by that name hee colourerth. So as Ouid shadoweth his loue vnder the name of Corynna, which of some is supposed to be Iulia, the Emperour Augustus his daughter, and wife to Agrippa: so doth Aruntius Stella, euery where call his Ladie Asteris & Ianthes, albeit it is well knowne that her right name was Violantilla: as witnesseth Strutius in his Epithalamium. And so the famous paragon of Italy, Madonna Caelia, in her letters, enuolopeth her selfe vnder the name of Zima, and Petrona vnder the name of Belloschia. And this generally hath been a common custome of counterfainting the names of secret personages.

Auale, bring downe.

Ouerhaile, draw ouer.

Embleme.

His Embleme or Posie is heere vnder added in Italian, Anchora speme: the meaning whereof is, that notwithstanding his extreame passion and lucklesse loue, yet leaning on hope, hee is somewhat recomforted.



B.

Februarie.



*Aegloga secunda.*

## ARGVMENT.

**T**His Aeglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secret or particular purpose. It specially containeth a discourse of old age, in the person of *Thenot*, an old shepheard, who for his crookednesse and vnlustfulnesse, is scorned of *Cuddie*, an vnhappy heardmans boy. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeere now drooping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeere, so then in our bodies, there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the cruddled blood, and freezeth the weather-beaten flesh, with stormes of fortune, and hoare frosts of care. To which purpose, the old man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Breere, so liuely, and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CVDDY.

**A**H for pittie, will ranke Winters rage  
These bitter blasts neuer gin t' assuage?  
The keene cold blowes through my beaten hide,  
All as I were through the body gride.  
My ragged ronts all shiver and shake,  
As done high towers in an earthquake:  
They wont in the wind wagge their wriggle tiales,  
Pearke as a Peacocke: but now it awailes.

THENOT.

Lewdly complaine, thou lasie ladde,  
Of Winters wracke for making thee sad.  
Must not the world wend in his common course,  
From good to bad, and from bad to worse,  
From worse, vnto that is worst of all,  
And then returne to his former fall?  
Who will not suffer the stormie time,  
Where will he liue till the lustie prime?  
Selfe haue I worne out thrice thirtie yeeres,

THENOT.

Some in much ioy, many in many teares:  
Yet neuer complained of cold nor heate,  
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat:  
Ne neuer was to Fortune foe-man,  
But gently tooke, that vngently came.  
And euer my flock was my chiefe care,  
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

CVDDY.

No matuaile **THENOT**, if thou can beare  
Cheerfully the Winters wrathfull cheare.  
For age and winter accord full nie,  
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrie:  
And as the lowring weather looks downe,  
So seemest thou like good-Friday to frowne.  
But my flowing youth is foe to frost,  
My slup vnwont in stormes to be tost.

THENOT.

The Soueraigne of Seas he blames in vaine,

That

That once Sea-beat, will to sea againe,  
So loyning liue you little-heard-groomes,  
Keeping your beasts in the budded broomes.  
And when the shining sunne laugheth once,  
You deemen, the Spring is come at once.  
Tho ginne you, fond flies, the cold to scorne,  
And growing in Pipes made of greene corne,  
You thinke to be Lords of the yeare:  
But est, when ye count you freed from feare,  
Comes the breame Winter with chamfired browes,  
Full of wrinkles and frostie furrowes,  
Drearily shooting his stormie dart,  
Which cruddles the blood, and pricketh the heart.  
Then is your carelesse courage accoyed,  
Your carefull heards with cold be annoyed.  
Then pay you the price of your surquedrie,  
With weeping, and wayling, and mulerie.

CVDDIE.

Ah foolish old man, I scorne thy skill,  
That wouldst me, my springing youth to spill.  
I deeme thy braine emperished bee,  
Through rustie eld, that hath rotted thee:  
Or sicker thy head very tottie is,  
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.  
Now thy selfe hath lost both lop and top,  
Als my budding branch thou wouldst crop:  
But were thy yecres greene, as now been mine,  
To other delights they would encline.  
Tho wouldst thou learne to caroll of loue,  
And hery with hymnes thy Lasse gloue.  
Tho wouldst thou pipe of *PHILIS* praise:  
But *PHILIS* is mine for many daies.  
I wonne her with a girdle of gelt,  
Emboist with bugle about the belt.  
Such an one shepheard would make full faine:  
Such an one would make thee young againe.

THENOT.

Thou art a son, of thy loue to boast:  
All that is lent to loue will be lost.

CVDDY.

Seest, how brag yond bullocke beares,  
So smirke, so smooth, his pricked eares?  
His hornes been as brade, as raine-bowe bent,  
His dewlap as lithe, as Lasse of Kent.  
See how he venteth into the winde,  
Weenest of loue is not his minde?  
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,  
So lustle becom they, so weake, so wan,  
Clothed with cold, and hoarie with frost,  
Thy flocks father his courage hath lost.  
Thy Ewes that wont to haue blowne bags,  
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags.  
The rather Lambes been starued with cold,  
All for their maister is lustle and old.

THENOT.

**CVDDY**, I wot thou kenst little good,  
So vainly to aduance thy headlesse hood.  
For youth is a bubble blowne vp with breath,  
Whose wit is weakenesse, whose wage is death,  
Whose way is wildernes, whose inne Penance,  
And stoopegallant Age the host of Greuance.

But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,  
Which I cond of *TYRIVS* in my youth,  
Keeping his sheepe on the hills of Kent?

CVDDY.

To nought more, **THENOT**, my mind is bent,  
Then to heare novels of his deute:  
They been so well thewed, and so wise,  
What euer that good old man bespake.

THENOT.

Many meete tales of youth did he make,  
And some of loue, and some of chauldrie:  
But none fitter then this to apply,  
Now listen awhile and harken the end.

**T**Here grew an aged Tree on the greene,  
A goodly Oake sometime had it beene,  
With armes full strong and largely displaide,

But of their leaues they were disaraid:  
The body big and mightily pight,  
Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height:  
Whilome had been the king of the field,  
And mochel mast to the husband did yeeld,  
And with his nuts larded many swine,  
But now the gray mosse marred his time,  
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,  
His top was bald, and wasted with wormes,  
His honour decayed, his branches fere.

Hard by his side grew a bragging Breere,  
Which proudly thrust into th' element,  
And seemed to threat the Firmament.  
It was embellisht with blossoms faire:  
And thereto aye wanned to repaire

The shepheards daughters to gather flowres,  
To paint their garlands with his coloures,  
And in his small bushes vied to shrowde:  
The sweet Nightingale singing so lowde:  
Which made this foolish Breere we so bold,  
That on a time he cast him to scold,  
And siebbe the good Oake, for he was old.

Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke?  
Nor for fruite, nor for shadow serues thy stocke:

Seest how fresh my flowres been spred,  
Died in Lilly white, and Crimso red,  
With leaues engrained in lustie greene,  
Colours meet to cloathe a maiden Queene.  
Thy waste bignesse but cumberes the ground,  
And dirkes the beautie of my blossoms round.  
The mouldie mosse, which thee accolleth,  
My Cinamon smell too much annoyeth.  
Wherefore I rede thee hence to remoue,  
Least thou the price of my displeasure proue.  
So spake this bold Breere with great didaine:  
Little him answered the Oake againe,  
But yeilded, with shame and greefe adawed,  
That of a weede he was overcrawed.

It chanced after vpon a day,  
The husbandmans selfe to come that way,  
Of custome to surview his ground,  
And his trees of state in compasse round.  
Him when the spightfull Breere had eiped,  
Causelesse complained, and lowdly cried

B 2

Vnto



Vnto his Lord, stirring vp sterne strife:  
 O my liege Lord, the God of my life,  
 Pleaseth you pond your suppliants plaint,  
 Caused of wrong, and cruell complaint,  
 Which I your poore Vassall daily endure:  
 And but your goodnesse the same recure,  
 Am like for desperate dole to die,  
 Through felonous force of mine enemie.  
 Greatly aghast with this pitious plea,  
 Him rested the good-man on the lea,  
 And bad the Breere in his plaint proceed,  
 With painted words tho gan this proude weed,  
 (As most vilen ambitious folke)  
 His coloured crime with craft to cloke.  
 Ah my soueraigne, Lord of Creatures all,  
 Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,  
 Was not I planted of thine owne hand,  
 To be the Primrose of all thy land,  
 With flowing blossoms, to furnish the prime,  
 And skarlet berries in Sommer time?  
 How falls it then, that this faded Oake,  
 Whose bodie is fere, whose branches broke,  
 Whose naked armes stretch vnto the fire,  
 Vnto such tyrannie doth aspire?  
 Hindring with his shade my louely light,  
 And robbing me of the sweet sunnes sight?  
 So beate his old boughs my tender side,  
 That oft the blood springeth from wounds wide:  
 Vntimely my flowres forced to fall,  
 That been the honour of your Coronall.  
 And oft hee lets his canker-wormes light,  
 Vpon my branches, to worke me more spight:  
 And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,  
 Wherewith my fresh florets been defast.  
 For this, and many more such outrage,  
 Crauing your goodlyhead to assuage  
 The rancorous rigour of his might,  
 Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right:  
 Submitting me to your good sufferance,  
 And praying to be garded from greouance.  
 To this, this Oake cast him to reply  
 Well as he couth: but his enemie  
 Had kindled such coles of displeasure,  
 That the good man nould stay his leasure,  
 But home him hasted with furious heate,  
 Encreasing his wrath with many a threat,  
 His harmefull hatchet he hent in hand,  
 (Alas, that it so ready should stand)  
 And to the field alone he spreadeth.  
 (Aye little help to harme there needeth)

Thenors Embleme.  
*Iddio perche è vecchio,  
 Fa suoi al suo essemplio.*

Cuddies Embleme.  
*Niuno vecchio,  
 Spanenta Iddio.*

Anger nould let him speake to the tree,  
 Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee:  
 But to the root bent his sturdie stroake,  
 And made many wounds in the waste Oake.  
 The axes edge did oft turne againe,  
 As halfe vnwilling to cut the graine:  
 Seemed, the senselesse iron did feare,  
 Or to wrong holy eld did forbear.  
 For it had been an auncient tree,  
 Sacred with many a mystere.  
 And often crost with the Priestes crew,  
 And often hallowed with holy water dew.  
 But like fantasies weren foolerie,  
 And broughten this Oake to this miserie.  
 For nought mought they quiten him from decay:  
 For fiercely the good man at him did lay.  
 The blocke oft groned vnder the blowe,  
 And sighed to see his neere ouerthrowe.  
 In fine, the Steele had pierced his pith,  
 Tho downe to the ground he fell forthwith.  
 His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,  
 Th'earth shrunke vnder him, and seemed to shake.  
 There lieth the Oake, pittied of none.  
 Now stands the Breere like a Ford alone,  
 Puffed vp with pride and vaine pleasure:  
 But all this glee had no continuance.  
 For effsoones Winter gan to approch,  
 The blustering Boreas did encroch,  
 And beat vpon the solitarie Breere:  
 For now no succour was him neere.  
 Now gan he repent his pride too late,  
 Yore naked left and disconsolate.  
 The byting frost nippt his stalke dead,  
 The watric wet weighed downe his head,  
 And heaped snowe burnd him so sore,  
 That now vpright he can stand no more:  
 And beeing downe, is trode in the dirt,  
 Of cattell, and brouzed, and forely hurt.  
 Such was th'end of this ambitious Breere,  
 For scorning Eld.

CYDDIE.  
 Now I pray thee Shepheard, tell it not forth;  
 Meere is a long tale, and little worth.  
 So long haue I listened to thy speech,  
 That grafted to the ground is my breech:  
 My heart blood is well nigh frome I feele,  
 And my galage growne fast to my heele:  
 But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted.  
 Hie thee home Shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

GLOSSE.

## GLOSSE.

Keene, sharpe.  
 Gride, pierced: an old word much vsed of *Lidgate*, but not found (that I knowe of) in *Chaucer*.  
 Ronts, young bullocks.  
 Wracke, ruine or violence, whence commeth shipwracke: and not wreake, that is vengeance or wrath.  
 Foman, a foe.  
 Thenot, the name of a Shepheard in *Marot* his *Eglogues*.  
 The Soueraigne of Seas, is *Neptune*, the God of the Seas. The saying is borrowed of *Mimus Publilianus*, which vsed this prouerbe in a verse:  
*Improbe Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.*  
 Heardgroomes, *Chaucers* verse almost whole.  
 Fond flies, He compareth carelesse sluggards, or ill husbandmen to flies, that so soone as the Sunne shineth, or it waxeth any thing warme, begin to flie abroad, when suddenly they be ouertaken with cold.  
 But est when: a very excellent and lively description of Winter, so as may bee indifferently taken, either for old age, or for winter season.  
 Breeme, Chill, bitter. *Chamfred*, chapt, or wrinkled.  
 Accoied, plucked downe and daunted. *Surquedrie*, pride.  
 Eld, old age. *Siker*, sure. *Tottie*, wauering.  
 Corbe, crooked. *Herie*, worship.  
 Phyllis, the name of some maid vnknowne, whom *Cuddie* (whose person is secret) loued. The name is vsuall in *Theocritus*, *Virgil*, and *Mantuanus*.  
 Belt, a girdle, or waste band. *A son*, a foole. *Lytbe*, soft and gentle.  
 Veneeth, snuffeth in the wind. *Thy flocks father*, the ram. *Craggs*, necks.  
 Rather Lambes, that beewed early in the beginning of the yeere.  
 Touthis, a verie morall and pithy Allegorie of youth, and the lusts thereof, compared to a wearie wayfaring man.  
 Tyrtius, I suppose he meanes *Chaucer*, whose praise for pleasant tales cannot die, so long as the memorie of his name shall liue, and the name of poetrie shall endure.  
 Well shaued, that is, *Bene morata*, full of morall wisenesse.  
 There grew. This tale of the Oake and the Breere, he telleth as learned of *Chaucer*, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to *Aesops* fables. It is very excellent for pleasant descriptions, beeing altogether a certaine Icon, or Hypotyposis of disdainfull yonkers. *Embellisht*, beautified and adorned.  
 To wonne, to haunt or frequent. *Sneb*, checke.  
 Way standst, the speech is scornfull and verie presumptuous.  
 Engrained, died in graine.  
 Accloietb, accumbreth. *Adawed*, daunted and confounded.  
 Trees of state, taller trees, fit for timber wood. *Sterne strife*, said *Chaucer*.  
 Fell and sturdie. *O my liege*, a manner of supplication, wherein is kindlie coloured the affection and speech of ambitious men.  
 Coronall, garland. *Flourets*, young blossoms.  
 The Primrose, the chiefe and worthiest.  
 Naked armes, metaphorically meant of the bare boughs, spoiled of leaues. This colourably he speaketh, as adiudging him to the fire.  
 The blood, spoken of a blocke, as it were of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and  
 B 3.



(as they say) *Kai' exochen.*

*Hoarie lockes*, metaphorically for withered leaues.

*Hent*, caught. *Noula*, for would not. *Aye*, euermore.

*Wounds*, gashes. *Enaunter*, least that.

*The Priests crew*, holy-water pot, wherewith the popish priests vsed to sprinkle & hallow the trees from mischance. Such blindness was in those times: which the poet supposeth to haue been the finall decay of this ancient Oake.

*The blocke oft groaned*: a liuely figure, which giueth sense and feeling to vn sensible creatures, as *Virgil* also saith: *Saxa gemunt gaudio, &c.*

*Boreas*, the Northren wind, that bringeth the most stormy weather.

*Glee*, Cheare and iollitie.

*For scorning eld*, And minding (as should seeme) to haue made rime to the former verse.

*Galage*, a startup or clownish shooe.

### Embleme.

This Embleme is spoken of *Thenot*, as a morall of his former tale: namelic, that God, which is himselfe most aged, beeing before all ages, and without beginning, maketh those whom he loueth, like to himselfe, in heaping yeeres vnto their daies, and blessing them with long life. For the blessing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto whom God will so blesse. And albeit that many euill men reach vnto such fulnesse of yeeres, and some also waxe old in miserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euill men, such number of yeeres is added, that they may in their last daies repent, and come to their first home: So the old man checketh the raw-headed boy, for despising his gray and frostie haire.

Whom *Cuddie* doth counterbasse with a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken in deed at the first in contempt of old-age generally. For it was an old opinion, & yet is continued in some mens conceit, that men of yeeres haue no feare of God at all, or not so much as younger folke: For that beeing ripened with long experience, & hauing passed many bitter brunts, and blasts of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrath of God, nor danger of men; as beeing either by long and ripe wisdom armed against all mischances and aduersities, or with much trouble hardened against all trouble some tides. Like vnto the Ape, of which is said in *Afops* fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lion, he was at first sore agast, and dismaid at the grimnesse and austeritie of his countenance; but at last, beeing acquainted with his lookes, he was so farre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and iest at him: Such long experience breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please *Erasmus*, a great clarke, and good old father, more fatherly and fauourably, to construe it in his Adages, for his owne behoofe; That by the prouerbe, *Nemo senex metuit Iouem*, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at all, but that they be far from superstition and idolatrous regard of false gods, as is *Iupiter*. But his great learning notwithstanding, it is too plaine, to be gaine-said, that old men are much more inclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heads.

March,

## MARCH.



### Aegloga tertia.

#### ARGVMENT.

IN this Aeglogue, two shepherds boyes, taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of loue and other pleasance, which to Spring-time is most agreeable. The speciall meaning heereof, is to giue certaine marks and tokens, to knowe *Cupid*, the Poets God of loue. But more particularly I thinke, in the person of *Thomalin*, is meant some secret friend, who scorned loue and his Knights so long, till at length himselfe was entangled, and vnwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is *Cupids* arrow.

WILLIE.

THOMALIN.

THOMALIN, why sitten wee so,  
As weren ouerwent with wo,  
Vpon so faire a morrow?  
The ioyous time now nigheth fast,  
That shall allege this bitter blast,  
And flake the Winter sorrow.

THOMALIN.

Siker WILLIE, thou warrest well:  
For Winters wrath begins to quell,  
And pleasant Spring appeareth.  
The grasse now ginnes to be refreht:  
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,  
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

WILLIE.

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne studd,  
How bragly it begins to budde,  
And vter his tender head?  
FLORA now calleth forth each flower,  
And bids make ready MAIAs bower,

That new is vprist from bed.  
Tho shall we sporten in delight,  
And learne with LETTICES to weze light,  
That scornfully lookes askeance:  
Tho will we little Loue awake,  
That now sleepeth in LETTICE lake,  
And pray him leaden our daunce.

THOMALIN.

WILLIE, I weene thou be asstot:  
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,  
But is abroad at his game.

WILLIE.

How kenst thou that he is awoke?  
Or hast thy selfe his slumber broke?  
Or made priuie to the same?

THOMALIN.

No, but happily I him spide,  
Where in a bush he did him hide,  
With wings of purple and blew.

And



And were not, that my sheepe would stray,  
The priuie markes I would bewray,  
Whereby by chance I him knew.

WILLIE.

THOMALIN, haue no care for thy,  
My selfe will haue a double eye,  
Yllike to my flocke and thine:  
For als at home I haue a fyre,  
A shepdame eke as hote as fyre,  
That duly aduises counts mine.

THOMALIN.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serue,  
My sheepe for that may chance to swerue,  
And fall into some mischiefte.  
For sheens is but the third morrow,  
That I chaunst to fall asleep with sorrow:  
And waked againe with griefe:  
The while thilke lame vnhappy Ewe,  
Whose clouted legges her hurt doth shew,  
Fell headlong into a dell,  
And there vniointed both her bones:  
Mought her necke been iointed attones,  
Shee should haue need no more spell.  
Th'elc was so wanton and so wood,  
(But now I trowe can better good)  
She mought ne gang on the greene.

WILLIE.

Let be, as may be, that is past:  
That is to come, let be forecast.  
Now tell vs what thou hast scene.

THOMALIN.

It was vpon a holy day,  
When shepheards groomes han leaue to play,  
I cast to goe a shooting:  
Long wandring vp and downe the land,  
With bowe and bolts in either hand,  
For birds in bushes tooting:  
At length, within the Ivie todde,  
(There shrouded was the little God)  
I heard a busie bustling,  
I bent my bolt against the bush,  
Listning if any thing did rush,  
But then heard no more rustling.  
Tho peeping close into the thicke,  
Might see the moouing of some quicke,

Whose shape appeared not:  
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,  
My courage carnd it to awake,  
And manfully therat shot.  
With that sprang forth a naked swaine,  
With spotted wings like Peacocks traine,  
And laughing lope to a tree,  
His gilden quiver at his backe,  
And siluer bowe which was but slacke,  
Which lightly he bent at mee.  
That seeing, I leueld againe,  
And shot at him with might and maine,  
As thicke, as it had hailed.  
So long I shot, that all was spent,  
Tho pumie stones I hastily hent,  
And threw: but nought auailed.  
He was so wimble and so wight,  
From bough to bough he leaped light,  
And oft the pumies latched.  
Therewith affraid, I ranne away:  
But he, that earst seem'd but to play,  
A shaft in earnest snatched,  
And hit me running, in the heele:  
For then I little smart did feelee,  
But soone it fore increased.  
And now it rankleth more and more,  
And inwardly it festreth fore,  
Ne wote I, how to cease it.

WILLIE.

THOMALIN, I pittie thy plight,  
Perdy with Loue thou diddest fight:  
I know him by a token.  
For once I heard my father say,  
How he him caught vpon a day,  
(Whereof he will be wroken)  
Entangled in a fowling net,  
Which he for carrion crowes had fet:  
That in our Peare-tree haunted:  
Tho said, he was a winged lad,  
But bowe and shafts as then none had:  
Else had he fore be daunted.  
But see, the Welkin thicks apace,  
And stouping P H O E A V S steepes his face:  
Its time to haste vs homeward.

Willies Embleme.

To be wise, and eke to loue,  
Is granted scarce to God above.

Thomalins Embleme.

Of honie and of gaul, in loue there is store.  
The honie is much, but the gaul is more.

GLOSSE.

## GLOSSE.

This Eglogue seemeth somewhat to resemble that same of *Theocritus*, wherein the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shotte at a winged boy in a tree, was by him warned to beware of mischiefte to come.

*Ouerwent, ouergone.*

*Alegg, to lessen or assuage.*

*To quell, to abate.*

*Welkin, the skie.*

*The Swallow*, which bird vseth to be counted the messenger, and as it were the fore-runner of the Spring.

*Flora*, the Goddesse of flowers, but indeed (as saith *Tacitus*) a famous harlot, which with the abuse of her body hauing gotten great riches, made the people of Rome her heire: who in remembrance of so grear beneficence, appointed a yearely feast for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some doe thinke, *Andronica*, but *Flora*: making her the goddesse of all flowers, and dooing yeerely to her solemne sacrifice.

*Maia's bower*, that is, the pleasant field, or rather the May bullies, *Maia* is a goddesse, and the mother of *Mercurie*, in honour of whom the moneth of May is of her name so called, as saith *Macrobius*.

*Lettice*, the name of some Country Lasse.

*Ascaunce*, askew, or askint.

*For thy, therefore.*

*Lethe*, is a lake in hell, which the poets call the lake of forgetfulness: (For *Lethe* significth forgetfulness) wherein the soules beeing dipped, did forget the cares of their former life. So that by sleeping in *Lethe* lake, hee meaneth hee was almost forgotten, and out of knowledge, by reason of Winters hardnesse, when all pleasures, as it were, sleepe and weare out of mind.

*Assotte, to dote.*

*His slumber*: to breake Loues slumber, to exerceise the delights of loue and wanton pleasures.

*Wings of purple*, so is he fained of the poets.

*For als*, he imitateth *Virgil's* verse:

*Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta nouerca, &c.*

*A dell*, a hole in the ground.

*Spell*, is a kind of verse or charme, that in elder times they vsed often to say ouer every thing that they would haue preferred: as the night-spell for theeues, and the wood-spell. And heere-hence, I thinke, is named the Gospell, or word. And so saith *Chaucer*, Listen Lordings to my spell.

*Gang, goe.*

*An Iviertodde*, a thicke bush.

*Swaine*, a boy: For so is he described of the Poets, to be a boy. *Calvaies* fresh and lustie, blindfolded, because hee maketh no difference of personages, with diuerse coloured wings, full of flying fancies, with bowe and arrow, that is with glaunce of beautie, which pricketh as a forked arrow. Hee is said also to haue shafts, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorrow for the loue that is disdained or forsaken. But who list more at large to behold *Cupid's* colours and furniture, let him reade either *Propertius*, or *Moschus* his *Idyllion* of winged loue, beeing now most excellently translated into Latine, by the singular learned man *Angelus Politianus*: Which worke I haue scene, amongst other of this poets doings, very well translated also into English rimes.

*Wimble and wight*, quicke and deliuer.

In



*Latched, caught.*

*In the heele*, is very poetically spoken, and not without speciall iudgement. For I remember that in *Homer* it is said of *Thetis*, that shee tooke her young babe *Achilles* beeing newly borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the riuer of *Stix*. The verue whereof is, to defend & keepe the bodies washed therein, from any mortall wound. So *Achilles* beeing washed all ouer saue onely his heele, by which his mother held, was in the rest invulnerable: therefore by *Paris* was fained to be shot with a poysoned arrow in the heele, while he was busie about the marrying of *Polixena*, in the Temple of *Apollo*. Which mysticall fable *Enstathius* unfolding, saith: that by wounding in the heele, is meant lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best Physicians) to the priue parts, there passe certaine veines and slender sinewes, as also the like come from the head, and are caried like little pipes behind the eares: so that (as saith *Hippocrates*) if those veines there be cut asunder, the partie straight becommeth cold & vnfruitfull. Which reason our poet well weighing, maketh this shepheards boy of purpose to be wounded in the heele.

*Wroken, reuenged.*

*For once*. In this tale is set out the simplicitie of shepheards opinion of loue.

*Stouping Phoebus*, is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting.

### Embleme.

Heereby is meant, that all the delights of loue, wherein wanton youth vvalloveth, bee but follie mixt with bitterness, and sorrowe sawced with repentance. For besides that the verie affection of Loue it selfe tormenteth the mind, & vexeth the bodie many waies, with vnrestfulness all night, and wearinesse all day, seeking for that wee cannot haue, & finding that we would not haue: euen the selfe things which best before vs liked, in course of time, and change of riper yeeres, which also there-withall changeth our wonted liking & former fantasies, will then seem loathsome, and breed vs annoyance, when youths flower is withered, and we find our bodies and wits answere not to such vaine iollitie and lustfull pleafance.



Aprill,



### Aegloga quarta.

#### ARGUMENT.

**T**His Aeglogue is purposely intended to the honor & praise of our most gracious Soueraigne, Queene *Elizabeth*. The speakers heereof be *Hobbinoll* and *Thenot*, two shepheards: the which *Hobbinoll* beeing before mentioned, greatly to haue loued *Colin*, is heere set forth more largely, complaining him of that boyes great misaduenture in loue, whereby his mind was alienated, and withdrawne not onely from him, who most loued him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasant piping, as cunning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby hee taketh occasion, for prooffe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to record a song, which the said *Colin* sometime made in honour of her Maiestie, whom abruptly he tearmeth *Elisa*.

THENOT.

**T**ell me good *HOBBINOLL*, what gars thee greet?  
What hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambs ytorne?  
Or is thy Bagpipe broke, that sounds so sweet?  
Or art thou of thy loued Lasse forlorne?

Or beene thine eyes attempted to the yeere,  
Quenching the gasping furrwes thirst with raine?  
Like Aprill showre, so streames the trickling teares  
Adowne thy cheekes, to quench thy thirstie paine.

HOBBINOLL.

Not this, nor that, so much doth make me mourne,  
But for the Lad, whom long I loued so deere,  
Now loues a Lasse, that all his loue doth scorn:  
He plung'd in paine, his tressed lockes doth teare.

HOBBINOLL.

Shepheards delights hee doth them all forswear.  
His pleasant Pipe, which made vs merriment,  
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear  
His wonted songs, wherein he all out-went.

THENOT.

What is he for a Lad, you so lament?  
Is loue such pinching paine, to them that proue?  
And hath he skill to make so excellent,  
Yet hath so little skill to bridle loue?

HOBBINOLL.

*Colin* thou kenst the Southerne shepheards boy:  
Him loue hath wounded with a deadly dart  
Whilome on him was all my care and ioy,  
Forcing with gifts to winne his wanton hart.

But



But now from me his madding mind is flart,  
And wooes the widdowes daughter of the glenne:  
So now faire ROSALINDE hath bred his smart,  
So now his friend is changed for a fren.

THE NOT.

But if his datties be so trimly dight,  
I pray thee HOBINOLL record some one,  
The whiles our flocks doe graze about in sight,  
And we close throwed in this shade alone.

HOBINOLL.

Contented I: then will I sing his lay,  
Of faire ELISA, Queene of Shepheards all:  
Which once he made, as by a spring he lay,  
And tuned it vnto the waters fall.

YE daintie Nymphs, that in this blessed brooke,  
do bathe your brest,  
For sake your watric bowres, and hither looke,  
at my request.

And eke you virgins that on Parnasse dwell,  
Whence floweth Helicon, the learned Well,  
Helpe me to blaze  
Her worthy praise,  
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of faire ELISA be your siluer song,  
that blessed wight:  
The flowre of Virgins, may she flourish long,  
in princely plight.  
For she is SYRINX daughter without spot:  
Which PAN the shepheards God of her begot:  
So sprung her grace  
Of heavenly race,  
No mortall blemish may her blot.

See, where she sits vpon the grassie greene,  
(O seemely sight)  
Yclad in Scarlet, like a mayden Queene,  
and Erimines white.  
Vpon her head a Crimofin Coronet,  
With damaske Roses, and Daffadillies set:  
Bayleaves betwene,  
And Primroses greene,  
Embellish the sweet Violet.

Tell me, haue yee scene her angel-like face,  
like PHOEBE faire?  
Her heavenly hamour, her princely grace,  
can you well compare?  
The Red rose medled with the White yfere,  
In either cheek depeincten luely cheere:  
Her modest eye,  
Her Maieslie,  
Where haue you scene the like but there?

I saw PHOEBVS thrust out his golden hed,  
vpon her to gaze:  
But when he saw, how broad her beames did spread  
it did him amaze.  
He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,  
Ne durst againe his fierie face out-showe:

Let him, if he dare,  
His brightnesse compare  
With hers, to haue the ouerthrowe.

Shew thy selfe CYNTHIA, with thy siluer raies,  
and be not abasht:  
When she the beames of her beautie displaies,  
O how art thou dasht?

But I will not match her with LATONAES seede:  
Such follie, great sorrow to NOBE did breede,  
Now she is a stone,  
And makes daily mone,  
Warning all other to take heede.

PAN may be proude, that euer he begot,  
such a Bellibone,  
And SYRINX reioyce, that euer was her lot  
to beare such an one.  
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,  
To her will I offer a milke white Lambe:  
Shee is my Goddesse plaine,  
And I her shepheards swaine,  
Albee forsworne and forswat I am.

I see CALLIOPE speed her to the place,  
where my Goddesse shines:  
And after her the other Muses trace  
with their Violines.  
Beene they not Bay-branches, which they doe beare,  
All for ELISA in her hand to weare?  
So sweetly they play:  
And sing all the way,  
That it a heauen is to heare.

Lo, how finely the Graces can it foote  
to the Instrument:  
They dauncen desfly, and singen soote,  
in their mentment.  
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce euent:  
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeuened.  
Shee shall be a Grace  
To fill the fourth place,  
And raigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither rennes this bezie of Ladies bright,  
raunged in a rowe?  
They been all Ladies of the Lake behight,  
that vnto her goe.  
CHLOE, that is the chiefe Nymph of all,  
Of Oliue branches beares a Coronall:  
Oliues been for peace,  
When warres doe surcease:  
Such for a Princess beene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,  
hie you there apace:  
Let none come there but that Virgins been,  
to adorne her grace.  
And when you come, whereas she is in place,  
See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:  
Bind your sillets fast.

And gird in your waste,  
For more finenesse with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hither the Pinke, and purple Cullumbine,  
with Gilliflowres:  
Bring Coronations, and Sops in vyne,  
worne of Paramours.

Strowe me the ground with Daffadownillies,  
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and Loued Lillies:  
The prettie Pawnee,  
And the Cheuilaunce,  
Shall match with the faire flowre Delice.

Now rise vp ELIZA, decked as thou art,  
in royall ray:  
And now ye daintie Damsels may depart

each one his way.

I feare, I haue troubled your troups too long:  
Let dame ELIZA thanke you for her long.  
And if you come heather,  
When Damsels I gather,  
I will part them all you among.

THE NOT.

And was thilke time long of COLIN owne making:  
Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:  
Great pittie it, he be in such taking,  
For naught euen, that been so lewdly bent.

HOBINOLL.

Siker I hold him for a greater fon,  
That loues the thing he cannot purchase,  
But let vs homeward: for night draweth on,  
And twinkling starres the daylight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

*O quam te memorem virgo!*

Hobbinols Embleme.

*O dea certe.*

## GLOSSE.

*Gars thee greet*, causeth thee veepe & complaine. *Forlorne, left & forsaken.*  
*Attempted to the yeere*, agreeable to the season of the yeere, that is Aprill, vvhich  
moneth is most bent to showers and seasonable raine: to quench, that is, to delay the  
drought, caused through drinellse of March winds.

*The Lad, Colin Clout. The Lasse, Rosalinda. Tressed locke*, vvvithered and curled.  
*Is he for a lad?* A strange maner of speaking. *vvh*at manner of lad is he?

*To make*, to rime and versifie. For in this word, making, our old English Poets  
were wont to comprehend all the skill of Poetrie, according to the Greeke vvord  
*Poiein*, to make, whence cometh the name of Poets.

*Colin thou kenst*, knowest. Seemeth heereby that Colin pertaieth to some Sou-  
thern Noble man, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent; the rather, because he so often na-  
meth the Kentish downes: and before, *As liethe*, as lisse of Kent.

*The widdowes*. He calleth Rosalind the widdowes daughter of the Glenne, that is, of  
a countrey Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather said to colour and concale  
the person, then simply spoken. For it is vvell knowne, euen in spight of *Colin* and  
*Hobbinoll*, that she is a gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endued with any vul-  
gar and common gifts, both of nature and maners: but such indeed, as need neither  
*Colin* be ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor *Hobbinoll* be grieved  
that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular vertues:  
Specially deferuing it no lesse, then either *Myrto* the most excellent Poet *Theocri-  
tus* his darling, or *Lauretta* the diuine *Petrarches* goddesse, or *Himera* the vvorthy  
poet *Stesichorus* his Idol: vpon whom hee is said to much to haue doted, that in re-  
gard of her excellencie, hee scorned and wrote against the beautie of *Helena*. For  
which his presumptuous and vvhedie hardinesse, hee is said by vengeance of the  
gods, (thereat being offended) to haue lost both his eyes.

*Frenne*, a stranger. The word I thinke was first poetically put, and afterward vsed  
in common custome of speech for forrenne.

*Dight*, adorned. *Laye*, a song, as Roundelays, or Virelays.

C.

In



In all this song, is not to be respected what the worthinesse of her Maieſtie deſerueth, nor what to the highneſſe of a Prince is agreeable, but what is moſt comely for the meannesse of a ſhepherds wit, or to conceiue, or to vtter. And therefore he calleth her *Elifa*, as through rudeneſſe tripping in her name: and a ſhepherds daughter; it beeing very vnfit, that a ſhepherds boy, brought vp in the ſleepfold, ſhould know, or euer ſeeme to haue heard of a Queenes royaltie.

*Te daintie*, is as it were an *Exordium ad preparandos animos*.

*Virgini*, the nine Muſes, daughters of *Apollo*, and *Memorie*, vvhofe abode the Poets feigne to be on *Parnallus*, a hill in Greece, for that in that countrey ſpecially flouriſhed the honour of all excellent ſtudies.

*Helicon*, is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of *Parnallus*, and alſo of a mountaine in *Boetia*; out of the vvhich floweth the famous ſpring *Caltalius*, dedicate alſo to the Muſes: of vvhich ſpring it is ſaid, that vvhien *Pegasus* the vvinged horſe of *Perſeus* (vvhich by is meant fame, and flying renowne) ſtrooke the ground with his hoofe, ſuddainly thereout ſprang a vvell of moſt cleare and pleaſant vvater, vvhich from thence was conſecrate to the Muſes and Ladies of learning.

*Your ſiluer ſong*, ſeemeth to imitate the like in *Hefyodus argurion melos*.

*Syrinx*, is the name of a Nymph of *Arcadie*, vvhom when *Pan* being in loue purſued, ſhe flying from him, of the Gods vvas turned into a reed. So that *Pan* catching at the reeds, in ſtead of the *Damoſell*, and puffing hard, (for hee was almoſt out of vvinde) with his breath made the reedes to pipe; vvhich he ſeeing, tooke of them, and in remembrance of his loſt loue, made him a pipe thereof. But heere by *Pan* and *Syrinx* is not to be thought, that the ſhepherds plainly meant thoſe poeticall Gods: but rather ſuppoſing (as ſeemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine & immortal (ſo as the *Paynim*s were vvont to iudge of all Kings and Princes, according to *Homer*s ſaying;

*Thumos de megas eſti diotrephos baſileos.*

*Time d'ek dias eſti, philes de emetia Zeus.*

could deuife no parents in his iudgement ſo vvorthy for her, as *Pan* the ſhepherds God, and his beſt beloued *Syrinx*. So that by *Pan* is heere meant the moſt famous and victorious king, her highneſſe farther late of vvorthie memorie, King *Henrie* the eight. And by that name, oftentimes (as heereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mightie potentates: And in ſome place, *Chriſt* himſelfe, who is the verie *Pan* and God of ſhepherds.

*Crimſon Coronet*: he deuifeth her crowne to be of the fineſt and moſt delicate flowers, in ſtead of pearles and precious ſtones wherewith Princes diademes vſe to be adorned and emboid.

*Embelliſht*, beautified and ſet out.

*Phebe*, the Moone, vvhom the Poets feigne to be ſiſter vnto *Phœbus*, that is the Sunne.

*Medled*, mingled.

*T're*, together. By the mingling of the Redde roſe and the White, is meant the vvniting of the two principall houſes of *Lancaster* & *Yorke*: by whoſe long diſcord and deadly debate, this realme many yeeres vvas fore trauailed, and almoſt cleane decayed: Till the famous *Henry* the ſeauenth, of the line of *Lancaster*, taking to wife the moſt vertuous princeſſe *Elizabeth*, daughter to the fourth *Edward* of the houſe of *Yorke*, begat the moſt royall *Henry* the eight aforeſaid, in whom was the firſt vvnion of the White roſe, and the Redde.

*Calliope*, one of the nine Muſes: to vvhom they aſſigne the honour of all poeticall inuention, & the firſt glory of the Heroical verſe. Other ſay, that ſhe is the Goddeſſe of *Rhetoricke*: but by *Virgil* it is manifeſt, that they miſtake the thing. For there

there is in his Epigrams, that Art ſeemeth to be attributed to *Polymnia*, ſaying:

*Signat eunetamam, loquiturque Polymnia geſtu.*

Which ſeemeth ſpecially to be meant of Action, and Elocution, both ſpeciall parts of *Rhetoricke*: beſide that her name, vvhich (as ſome conſtrue it) importeth great remembrance, containeth another part. But I hold rather with them, which call her *Polymnia*, or *Polyhimnia*, of her good ſinging.

*Bay branches*, be the ſigne of honour and victorie, and therefore of mighty conquerours worne in their triumphs; and eke of famous Poets, as ſaith *Petrarch* in his Sonets.

*Arbor viſtorioſa trintphale,*  
*Honor d' Imperadori & di Poeti, &c.*

*The Graces*, be three ſiſters, the daughters of *Jupiter*, (vvhofe names are *Aglaia*, *Thalia*, *Euphroſine*: and *Homer* onely addeth a fourth. i. *Pafithea*) otherwiſe called *Charites*, that is, thanks. Vvhom the Poets ſained to be goddeſſes of all beaurie & comlineſſe; vvhich therefore (as ſaith *Theodotius*) they make three, to weete, that men ought to be gracious and bountifull to other freely: then to receiue benefits at other mens hands courteouſly: and thirdly, to requite them thankfully: vvhich are three ſundry actions in liberalitie. And *Boccace* ſaith, that they be painted naked (as they vv ere indeed on the tombe of *C. Iulius Cæſar*) the one hauing her back to vvards vs, and her face from vvard, as proceeding from vs: the other two toward vs: noting double thank to be due for the benefit we haue done.

*Deſſly*, finely and nimbly. *Soote*, ſweete. *Meriment*, mirth.

*Beuie*. A beuie of Ladies, is ſpoken figuratiuely for a companie or a troupe, the term is taken of Larkes. For they ſay a beuie of Larkes, euen as a couey of Partridges, or an eye of Pheasants.

*Ladies of the lake*, be Nymphs. For it was an old opinion among the ancient heathen, that of euery ſpring and fountaine was a goddeſſe the Soueraigne. Which opinion ſtuck in the minds of men not many yeeres ſince, by means of certain fine fablers, & loude lyers, ſuch as were the authors of king *Arthur* the great, & ſuch like, vvhom tell many an vnlawfull leaſing of the Ladies of the lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the vvord Nymph in Greeke, ſignifieth vvell-water; or otherwiſe, a Spouſe or Bride.

*Behight*, called or named.

*Chloris*, the name of a Nymph, and ſignifieth greenneſſe: of vvhom is ſaid, that *Zephyrus* the VVeſtern wind being in loue with her, & coucting her to vvife, gaue her for a dowrie, the chieſedome and ſoueraigntie of all flovvres, and green hearbs, grovvng on the earth.

*Olines beene*. The Oliue was wont to be the Enſigne of peace and quietneſſe, either for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and ſo carefully looked to as it ought, but in time of peace: or elſe, for that the Oliue tree, they ſay, will not grovve neare the Firre tree, vvhich is dedicate to *Mars* the God of battaile, and vſed moſt for ſpeares, and other inſtruments of vvare. VVherevpon is finely ſained, that when *Neptune* and *Minerua* ſtroue for the naming of the City of *Athens*, *Neptune* (ſtriking the ground vvith his Mace, cauſed a horſe to come forth, that importeth war; but at *Minerua*s ſtroke, ſprung out an Oliue, to note that it ſhould be a nurſe of learning, & ſuch peaccable ſtudies.

*Bind your*, ſpoken rudely, and according to ſhepherds ſimplicite.

*Bring*: all theſe be names of flowers. Sops in wine; a flower in colour much like to a Car-



a Carnation, but differing in sinell and quantitie. Flowre delice, that which they vseto mistearme, flowre deluce, beeing in Latine called *Flos deliciarum*.

A bellibone, or a Bonnibel, homely spoken for a faire maid, or bonilasse.

Forsworne, and forswat, ouer-laboured and sunne-burnt.

I saw Phœbus, the Sunne. A sensible narration, and a present view of the thing mentioned, which they call *Parousia*.

Cynthia, the Moone, so called of *Cinthus* a hill, where she was honoured.

*Latonaes seede*, was *Apollo* and *Diana*. Whom vwhen as *Niobe* the wife of *Amphion* scorned, in respect of the noble fruite of her wombe, namely, her seauen sonnes, and so many daughters, *Latona* beeing therewith displeased, commaunded her son *Phœbus* to slay all the sonnes, and *Diana* all the daughters: vwhereat the vnfortunate *Niobe* beeing sore dismaied, and lamenting out of measure, was fained by the Poets to be turned into a stone, ypon the Sepulchre of her children: for which cause, the Shepheard saith, he will not compare her to them, for feare of misfortune.

*Now rise*, is the conclusion. For hauing so decked her with praises and comparisons, he returneth all the thanke of his labour, to the excellencie of her maiestie.

When *Damsius*, A base reward of a clownish giuer.

*Tblent*, Y is a poeticall addition, blent, blended.

### Embleme.

This poesie is taken out of *Virgil*, & there of himselfe vsed in the person of *Aeneas* to his mother *Venus*, appearing to him in likenesse of one of *Diannes* damosels, beeing there most diuinely set forth. To which similitude of diuinitie, *Hobbinoll* comparing the excellencie of *Elisa*, and being through the vworthinnesse of *Colins* song, as it were, overcome with the hu genesse of his imagination, bursteth out in great admiration (*O quàm te memorem virgo!*) beeing otherwise vnable, then by sudden silence, to expresse the vworthinnesse of his conceit. Whom *Theriot* answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his grant and approuance, that *Elisa* is no whit inferior to the Maiestie of her, of who the poet so boldly pronounced, *O dea ceres*.



May.



### Aegloga quinta.

#### ARGVMENT.

IN this fift Aeglogue, vnder the person of two shepheards, *Piers* and *Palinode*, be represented two formes of Pastours or Ministers; or the Protestant and the Catholike: whole chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other: with whom hauing shewed, that it is dangerous to maintaine any fellowship, or giue too much credite to their colourable and fained good will, hee telleth him a tale of the Foxe, that by such a counterpoint of craftinesse, deceiued and deuoured the credulous Kidde.

#### PALINODE.

#### PIERS.

#### PALINODE.

IS not this the merrie month of May,  
When loue-lads masken in fresh aray?  
How falls it then, we no merrier beene,  
Ylike as others, girt in gawdie Greene?  
Our blonket lincies been all too fid  
For thilke same season, when all is yclad  
With pleafince, the ground with grasse, the woods  
With greene leaues, the bushes with blossoming buds.  
Youths folke now flocken in euery where,  
To gather May-baskets, and smelling Breere:  
And home they hasten the posts to dight,  
And all the Kirke pillars ere day light,  
With Hawthorne buds, and sweet Eglantine,  
And garlands of Roses, and Sops in wine.  
Such merrie-make holy Saints doth queme:  
But we heere sitten as drownd in a dreame.  
PIERS.  
For yonkers PALINODE such follies sit,  
But we tway beene men of elder wit.

Siker, this morrow, no longer ago,  
I saw a shole of Shepheards out go,  
With singing, and showing, and solly cheere:  
Before them yode a lustie Taberc,  
That to the meynie a home-pipe plaid,  
Whereto they dauncen each one with his maide,  
To see these folkes make such iouissance,  
Made my hart after the pipe to daunce.  
Tho to the greene wood they speeden them all,  
To fetchen home May with their muscall:  
And home they bringen in a royall throne,  
Crowned as king: and his Queene attorne  
Was Ladie FLORA, on whom did attend  
A faire flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend  
Of louely Nymphs. (O that I were there,  
To helpe the Ladies their May-bush barre)  
Ah PIERS, been thy teeth on edge, to thinke,  
How great sport they gaynen with little winker.



## PIERS.

Perdie, so farr am I from enuie,  
That their fondnesse inly I pittie:  
Those fayours little regarden their charge,  
While they letting their sheepe runne at large,  
Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,  
In lustinesse, and wanton merriment.  
I hulke same been shepheards for the diuels stedde,  
That playen while their flocks be vsedde.  
Well it is seene their sheepe is not their owne,  
That letten them runne at randon alone.  
But they been hired for little pay,  
Of other, that caren as little as they,  
What fallen the flock, so they han the fleece,  
And get all the gaine, paying but a peece.  
I mule, what account both these will make,  
The one for the hire, which he doth take,  
And th' other for leauing his Lords taske,  
When great P A N account of shepheards shall aske.

## PALINODE.

Siker, now I see thou speakest of spight,  
All for thou lackest some dele their delight.  
I (as I am) had rather be enuied,  
All were it of my foe, then fondly pittied:  
And yet, if need were, pittied would be,  
Rather then other should scorne at me:  
For pittied, is mishap, that nas remedie,  
But scorned, been deeds of fond foolerie.  
What shoulde shepheards other things tend,  
Then sith their God his good does them send,  
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,  
The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure.  
For when they be dead, their good is ygone,  
They sleepen in rest, well as other moe:  
Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,  
But what they left behind them, is lost.  
Good is no good, but if it be spent,  
God giueth good for none other end.

## PIERS.

Ah P A L I N O D E, thou art a worlds childe:  
Who touches pitch mought needs be defilde.  
But Shepheards (as Algrind vsed to say)  
Mought not liue ylike, as men of the lay.  
With them it sits to care for their heire,  
Enaunter their heritage doe impair:  
They must provide for meanes of maintenance,  
And to continue their wont countenance.  
But shepheard must walke another way,  
Sike worldly souenance he must fore-say.  
The sonne of his loynes why should he regard,  
To leaue enriched with that he hath spar'd?  
Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,  
Eke cherish his childe, if in his waies he stood?  
For if he misliue, in lewdnesse and lust,  
Little bootes all the wealth and the trust,  
That his father left by inheritance,  
All will be soone wasted with misgouernance.  
But through this, and other their miscreance,  
They maken many a wrong chiquiance,  
Heaping vp waues of wealth and woe,  
The floods whereof shall them ouerflowe.

Sike mens follie I cannot compare  
Better, then to the Apes foolish care,  
That is so enamoured of her young one,  
(And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)  
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,  
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.  
So often times, when as good is ment,  
Euill ensueth of wrong entent.

The time was once, and may againe retorne,  
(For oft may happen that hath been before)  
When shepheards had none inheritance,  
Ne of land, nor see in sufferance:  
But what might arise of the bare sheepe,  
(Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.  
Well ywis was it with shepheards tho:  
Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgo,  
For P A N himselfe was their inheritance,  
And iule them seru'd for their maintenance.  
The shepheards God so well them guided,  
That of nought they were vnprouided:  
Butter enough, hony, milke, and whay,  
And their flock fleeces them to array.  
But tract of time, and long prosperitie,  
(That, nource of vice, this of insolencie)  
Lulled the Shepheards in such securitie,  
That not content with loyall obeyfance,  
Some gan to gaze for greedy gouernance,  
And match themselves with mightie potentates,  
Louers of Lordships, and troublers of states.  
Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke aloft,  
And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft.  
Tho vnder colour of shepheards, some while,  
There crept in Wolues, full of fraude and guile,  
That often deuoured their owne sheepe,  
And often the shepheards that did them keepe.  
This was the first source of shepheards sorrow,  
That now will be quit with bale, nor borrow.

## PALINODE.

Three things to beare, been very burdenous,  
But the fourth to forbear, is outrageous.  
Women that of loues longing once lust,  
Hardly forbear, but haue it they must:  
So when choler is enflamed with rage,  
Wanting reuenge, is hard to aswage:  
And who can counsell a thirstie soule,  
With patience to forbear the offred boule?  
But of all burdens, that a man can beare,  
Most is, a foolles talke to beare and to heare.  
I weene the giant has not such a weight,  
That beares on his shoulders the heauens height.  
Thou findest fault, where nys to be found,  
And buildest strong warke vpon a weake ground:  
Thou railest on right, without reason,  
And blamest hem much, for small encheafon.  
How woulde shepheards liue, if not so?  
What should they pynen in paine and wo?  
Nay, say I thereto, by my deare borrow,  
If I may rest, I will liue in sorrow.

Sorrow ne need to be hastened on:  
For he will come without calling anon,  
While times enduren of tranquillitie.

Vfen we freely our felicitie:  
For when approchen the stormie flowres,  
We mought with our shoulders beare off the sharpe  
And sooth to saine, nought seemeth sike strite, (showres,  
That shepheards to twinen each others life,  
And layen their faults the world before,  
The while their foes done each of them scorne,  
Let none mislike of that may not be amended:  
So contek, soone by concord, mought be ended,

## PIERS.

Shepheard, I list no accordance make  
With shepheard, that does the right way forsake.  
And of the twaine, if choise were to me,  
Had leuer my foe, then my friend he be.  
For what concord han light and darke sam?  
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?  
Such fators, when their false harts been hid,  
Will do, as did the Foxe by the Kid.

## PALINODE.

Now P I E R S, of fellowship, tell vs that saying:  
For the Lad can keepe both our flocks from straying.

## PIERS.

T H I L K E same Kidde (as I can well deuise)  
Was too very foolish and vnwise.  
For, on a time, in Sommer season,  
The Goat her dame, that had good reason,  
Yode forth abroad vnto the greene wood,  
To bronze, or play, or what she thought good:  
But, for she had a motherly care  
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,  
She set her youngling before her knee,  
That was both fresh and lovely to see,  
And full of fauour, as Kidde mought bee.  
His velvet head began to shoote out,  
And his wreathed hornes gan newly sprout:  
The blossomes of lust to bud did begin,  
And sprung forth rankly vnder his chin.

My sonne (quoth she) and with that gan weepe:  
(For carefull thoughts in her hart did creepe)  
God blesse thee poore Orphan, as he mought me,  
And send thee ioy of thy iollitie.  
Thy father (that word she spake with paine,  
For a sigh had nigh rent her hart in twaine)  
Thy father, had he liued this day,  
To see the branches of his body display,  
How would he haue ioyed at this sweet sight?  
But ah, false Fortune such ioy did him spight,  
And cutt off his daies with vntimely wo,  
Betraying him vnto the trames of his fo.  
Now I a wailefull widow behight,  
Of my old age haue this one delight,  
To see thee succede in thy fathers stead,  
And flourish in flowers of lustie head.  
For euen so thy father his head vpheld,  
And so his hautie hornes did he weld.

Tho marking him with melting eyes,  
A thrilling throb from her hart did arise,  
And interrupted all her other speech,  
With some old sorrow that made a new breach:  
Seemed she saw (in her younglings face)  
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.

At last, her fullen silence she broke,  
And gan his new budded beard to stroke.  
Kiddie (quoth she) thou kenst the great care,  
I haue of thy health and thy wellfare,  
Which many wilde beastes liygen in waite,  
For to intrap in thy tender state:  
But most the Foxe, maister of collusion:  
For he has vowed thy last confusion.  
For thy my Kiddie, be ruled by me,  
And neuer giue trust to his trecherie:  
And if he chance come when I am abroad,  
Sparte the yate fast, for feare of fraude.  
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,  
Open the doore at his request.

So schooled the Goate her wanton sonne,  
That answered his mother, all should be done.  
Tho went the pensine Dame out of doore,  
And chaunt to stumple at the threshold foote:  
Her stumbling step somewhat her amazed,  
(For such as signes of ill lucke hath been dispraised),  
Yet forth she yode, therat halfe agait,  
And Kiddie the doore sparred after her fast.  
It was not long after she was gone,  
But the false Foxe came to the doore anon.  
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,  
But all as a poore pedler he did wend:  
Bearing a trusse of trifles at his back,  
As belles, and babies, and glasses in his pack.  
A biggen he had got about his braine,  
For in his headpeece he felt a fore paine.  
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,  
For with great cold he had got the gout.  
There at the doore he cast me downe his packe,  
And laid him downe, and groined, alack, alack:  
Ah deere Lord, and sweet Saint Charitie,  
That some good body would once pittie me.

Well heard Kiddie all this fore complaint,  
And lengd to know the cause of his complaint:  
Tho creeping close behind the Wickets chaise,  
Priuely he peeped out through a chinkie:  
Yet not so priuely but the Foxe him spied,  
For deceitfull meaning is double eyed.

Ah, good young Maister (then gan he cry)  
Iesus blesse that sweet face I espie,  
And keepe your corps from the carefull shounds  
That in my carrion carkas abounds.

The Kidde, pitying his heauinesse,  
Asked the cause of his great distresse,  
And also who, and whence that he were.  
Tho he, that had wel yroned his leere,  
Thus medled his talke with many a reare:  
Sicke, sicke, alas, a little lacke of deare,  
But I be relieved by your beastle head.  
I am a poore sheepe, albe my colour dunne:  
For with long trauaile I am brent in the sunne.  
And if that my Grandfire me liid, be true,  
Siker I am very sybbe to you:  
So be your goodlihead doe not disdaine  
The base kindred of so simple swaine.  
Of mercie and fauour then I you pray,  
With your ayde to forscall my nere decay.

Tho



Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke:  
Wherein while Kiddie vnares did looke,  
Hee was so enamoured with the newel,  
That nought he deemed deare for the Jewell.  
Tho opened he the dore, and in came  
The false Foxe, as he were starke lame,  
His taile he clapt betwixt his legs twaine,  
Lest he should be defcried by his traine.

Being within, the Kidde made him good glee,  
All for the loue of the glasse he did see,  
After his cheare, the Pedler gan chide,  
And tell many lesings of this, and thar:  
And how he could shew many a fine knack,  
Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe,  
All saue a bell, which he left behind:  
In the basket, for the Kidde to find.  
Which when the Kidde slouped downe to catch,  
He popt him in, and his basket did latch:  
Ne stayed he once, the doore to make fast,  
But ranne away with him in all hast.

Home when the doubtfull Dame had her hide,  
She mought see the dore stand open wide,  
All agast, lowdly she gan to call

Her Kidde: but he nould answere at all,  
Tho on the flore she saw the marchandise,  
Of which her sonne had set too deare a price:  
What helpe: her Kidde she knew well is gone:  
She weeped and wailed, and made great moone,  
Such end had the Kidde: for he nould warned be,  
Of craft coloured with simplicitie,  
And such end pardie does all hem remane,  
That of such fallers friendship beene faile.

PALINODE.

Truly P I E R S, thou art beside thy wit,  
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit,  
Now I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow  
For our sir I O H N, to say to morrow,  
At the Kirke, when it is holiday:  
For well he threanes, but little can say,  
But and if Foxes beene so craftie, as so,  
Much needeth all Shepheards hem to know.

P I E R S.

Of their fallsthood more could I recount,  
But now the bright sunne glineth to dismount:  
And for the deawie night now draw thine,  
I hold it best for vs hometo hie.

Palinodes Embleme.

*Pas men apistos apistei.*

Piers his Embleme.

*Tis d'ara pistis apisto.*

GLOSSE.

*Tilke*, this same moneth. It is applied to the season of the moneth, when all men delight themselves with the pleasure of fields, and gardens and garments.

*Blanket lineries*, gray coats.

*In euery where*, a strange, yet proper kind of speaking.

*Bushes*, a diminutive. i. little bushes of hawthorne.

*Kirke*, Church.

*A shoole*, a multitude: taken of fish, whereof some going in great companies, are said to swim in a shoole.

*Tode*, vvent.

*Fayours*, vagabonds.

*Great Pan*, is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the great and good shepheard. The name is most rightly (mee thinks) applied to him; for *Pan* signifieth all, or omnipotent, which is onely the Lord Iesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of *Eusebius*, in his fift booke *De preparat. Euange.* who thereof telleth a proper storie to that purpose. Which storie is first recorded of *Plutarch*, in his booke of the ceasing of miracles: and of *Lanatore* translated, in his booke of walking spirits. Who saith, that about the sametime that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion, for the redemption of man, certaine persons sayling fro Italie to Cyprus, and passing by certaine Iles called *Paxa*, heard a voyce calling aloud, *Thamus*, *Thamus*, (now *Thamus* was the name of an Egyptian, which was

Pylot

Pylot of the ship) who giuing care to the cry, was bidden, when hee came to *Palodes*, to tell that the great *Pan* was dead: vvhich he doubting to doe, yet for that whe he came to *Palodes* there suddenly was such a calme of vwind, that the ship stood still in the sea vnmouued, he was forced to cry aloud, that *Pan* was dead: vvhether vith all, there was heard such pitious outcries, and dreadfull shrieking, as hath not beene thelike. By vvhich *Pan*, though of some be vnderstood the great Sathanas, vvhose kingdom vvas at that time by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and Death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as hee saith, all Oracles surceased; and enchaunted spirits, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held their peace:) and also at the demaund of the Emperour *Tiberius*, who that *Pan* should be, answere was made him by the wisest and best learned, that it was the sonne of *Mercurie*, and *Penelope*: yet I thinke it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the onely and verie *Pan*, then suffering for his flocke.

*I as I am*, seemeth to imitate the common prouerbe, *Malim inuidere mihi omnes, quam misere scire.*

*Nas*, is a syncope, for ne has, or has not: as nould for would not.

*Tho with them*, doth imitate the Epitaph of the ryotous king, *Sardanapalus*, which he caused to be vwritten on his tombe in Greeke: which verses be thus translated by *Tullie*.

*"Hec habui qua edi, quaque ex aurata libido*

*"Hauri: at illa manent multa ac preclara reliqua.*

Which may thus be turned into English.

*"All that I eate, did I ioy; and all that I greedily gorged:*

*"As for those many goodly matters, left I for others.*

Much like the Epitaph of a good Earle of Deuonshire, which though much more vvifedome bewraieeth then *Sardanapalus*, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beaftlinesse; the verses be these:

*"Ho, ho, who lies heere?*

*"I the good Earle of Deuonshire,*

*"And Mauld my wife that was full deare:*

*"We liued together lxx. yeare.*

*"That we spent, we had:*

*"That we gaue, we haue:*

*"That we left, we lost.*

*Algrind*, the name of a shepheard.

*Enanter*, least that.

*Souenance*, remembrance.

*Chenisaunce*, sometimes of Chaucer vsed for gaine: sometime of other, for spoile, or bootie, or enterprise, and sometime for chiefedome.

*Pan himselfe*, God: according as is said in Deuteronomie, that in diuision of the land of *Canaan*, to the tribe of *Leui* no portion of heritage should be allotted; for God himselfe was their inheritance.

*Some gan*, meant of the Pope, and his Antichristian prelates, which vsurpe a tyrannicall dominion in the Church, and with Peters counterfeit keyes, open a wide gate to all wickednesse and insolent gouernment. Nought heere (spoken, as of purpose to denie fatherlie rule and gouernance (as some maliciously of late haue done, to the great vnrest and hinderance of the Church) but to display the pride & disorder of such, as in stead of feeding their sheepe, in deed feed of their sheepe.

*Sowse*, vvell-spring and originall.

*Borrow*, pledge or suretie.

The



*The Giant*, is the great Atlas, vvhom the poets faine to be a huge Giant, that beareth heauen on his shoulders: beeing indeede a maruailous high mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, vvwhich to mans seeming pearceth the cloudes, & seemeth to touch the heauens. Other thinke, and they not amisse, that this fable vvvas meant of one Atlas, King of the same country, vvho (as the Greekes say) did first find out the hidden course of the starres, by an excellent imagination; vvwherefore the poets fained, that he sustained the firmament on his shoulders. Many other conjectures needlesse betold heereof.

*Warke*, vvorke.

*Encheason*, cause, occasion.

*Deare borrow*, that is our Sauour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.

*Twiten*, blame.

*Nought seemeth*, is vnseemely.

*Contecke*, strife, contention.

*Her*, their, as vseth Chaucer.

*Hau*, for haue.

*Sam*, together.

This tale is much like to that in *Aesops* fables: but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde, may be vnderstood the simple sort of the faithful and true Christians. By his damme, Christ; that hath already vvith carefull vvatchvvords (as heere doth the Gote) vvvarned his little ones, to beware of such doubling deceit. By the Fox, the false and faithlesse Papists, to vvhom is no credite to be giuen, nor fellowship to be vsed.

*The Gate*, the Gote: Northrenly spoken, to turne O into A.

*Tode*, went, asore said.

*She set*, A figure called *Filio*, vvwhich vseth to attribute reasonable actions, and speeches, to vnreasonable creatures.

*The blossomes of lust*, be the young and mossie haire, vvwhich then begin to sprout and shoote forth, when lustfull heat beginneth to kindle.

*And with*, a very poeticall *Pathos*.

*Orphane*, a youngling or pupill, that needeth a tutor or gouernour.

*That word*, a patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a carefull Hyperbaton.

*The branch of the fathers body*, is the child.

*For euen so*, alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgil.

*Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.*

*A thrilling throb*, a pearcing sigh.

*Liggen*, lie.

*Maister of collusion*, i. coloured guile, because the Foxe of all beasts is most wile and craftie.

*Sparre the gate*, shut the doore.

*For such*: the Gotes stumbling, is here noted as an euill signe. The like to be marked in all histories: and that not the least of the Lord Hastings in King Richard the third his daies. For beside his dangerous dreame (which was a shrewd prophesie of his mishap that followed) it is said, that in the morning riding towards the tower of London, there to sit vpon matters of counsell, his horse stumbled twice or thrice by the way: vvwhich of some, that (riding vvith him in his company) were priuy to his neere destinie, vvvas secretly marked, and afterwarde noted for memorie of his great mishap that ensued. For, beeing then as merrie as man might be, & least doubting any mortall danger, he vvvas vvithin two houres after, of the Tyrant put to a shamefull death.

*As belles*: by such trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popish superstition, vvwhich put no small religion in Belles, and babies. i. Idoles, and glaisses, f. Paxes, & such like trumperies.

*Great cold*, for they boast much of their outward patience, and voluntarie sufferance,

rance, as a worke of merit, and holy humbleness.

*Sweet S. Charitie*, the Catholiques common oath, and onely speech, to haue charitable waies in their mouth, and sometime in their outward actions, but neuer inwardly in faith and godly zeale.

*Clinke*, a key-hole: vvwhose diminutue is clicket, vsed of Chaucer for a key.

*Stounds*, fittes: asore said.

*His lere*, his lesson.

*Meddled*, mingled.

*Beasthead*, a greeting to the person of a beast.

*Sibbe*, akinne.

*Newell*, a new thing.

*To forestall*, to preuent.

*Glee*, cheare: asore said.

*Deare a price*, his life which he lost for those toys.

*Such end*, is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale; whose purpose is to warne the Protestant to beware, how he giueth credit to the vnfaithful Catholique: vvwhereof we haue daily proofes sufficient, but one most famous of all, practised of late yeeres by Charles the ninth.

*Faine*, glad or delirous.

*Our sir Iohn*, a popish priest. A saying fit for the grossness of a shepheard, but spoken to raunt vnlearned priests.

*Dismount*, descend or set.

*Nie*, draweth neere.

### Embleme.

Both these Emblemes make one vvhole Hexametre. The first spoken of Palinode, as in reproach of them that be distrustfull, is a peece of Theognis verse, intending, that who doth most mistrust, is most false. For such experience in falshood, breedeth mistrust in the mind, thinking no lesse guile to lurk in others, then in himselfe. But Piers thereto strongly replieth with another peece of the same verse, saying as in his former fable, vvhat faith then is there in the faithlesse? For, if faith be the ground of Religion, which faith they daily false, vvhat hold is there of their Religion? And this is all that they say.







## Aegloga sexta.

## ARGVMENT.

THIS Aeglogue is whollie vowed to the complaining of *Collins* ill success in his loue. For beeing (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a countrey Lasse, *Rosalinde*, and hauing (as seemeth) found place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deere friend *Hobbinoll*, that he is now forsaken vnfaithfully, and in his stead, *Menaclus* another shepheard receiued disloyallie. And this is the whole Argument of this Aeglogue.

## HOBBINOLL.

LO COLIN, heere the place, whose pleasant sight  
From other shades hath weand my wandring mind:  
Tell me, what wants mee heere, to worke delight?  
The simple aire, the gentle warbling wind,  
So calme, so coole, as no where else I find:  
The grassie ground with daintie Daisies dight,  
The Bramble bush, where Birds of every kind  
To th' waters fall their tunes attemper right.

## COLIN.

O happy HOBBINOLL, I blesse thy state,  
That Paradise hast found which ADAM lost.  
Here wander may thy flocke early or late,  
Withouten dread of Wolves to been yroft:  
Thy lonely layes heere maist thou freely boote:  
But I, unhappy man, whom cruell fate,  
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,  
Can no where finde, to shroud my lucklesse pate.

## HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou list aduised be,  
For sake thy soyle, that so doth thee bewitch:  
Leaue me those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,  
Nor holy-bush, nor breere, nor winding vitch.

## COLIN CLOYT.

And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritche,  
And fruitfull flocks been euery where to see:  
Heere no night Rauens lodge, more black then pitch,  
Nor cluishi ghosts, nor gasty Owles doe see.

But friendly Faeries, met with many Graces,  
And lightfoote Nymphs can chase the lingring night,  
With heydegies, and trimly trodden traces,  
Whilst sisters nine, which dwell on *Parnasse* hight,  
Do make them musick, for their more delight:  
And PAN himselfe to kisse their cristall faces,  
Will pipe and daunce, when PHOEBE shineth bright:  
Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.

## COLIN.

And I, whilst youth, and course of carelesse yeeres,  
Did let me walke withouten links of loue,  
In such delights did ioy amongst my peeres:  
But riper age such pleasures doth reproc,  
My fansie eke from former follies moue  
To stayd steps: for time in passing weares  
(As garments doon, which waxen old about)  
And draweth new delights with hoarie haire.

The

Thou couldest sing or lo, and tune my pipe  
Vnto my plannive pleas in verses made:  
Thou wouldst I seeke for Quince-apples vntripe,  
To giue my ROSALINDE, and in Sommer shade  
Dight gaudie Girlonds, was my common trade,  
To crowne her golden locks: but yeeres more ripe,  
And losse of her, whose loue as life I wayde,  
Those weary wanton toyes away did wipe.

## HOBBINOLL.

COLIN, to heare thy rimes and roundelaies,  
Which thou wert wont on wastefull hils to sing,  
I more delight, then Luke in Sommer dayes:  
Whole Echo made the neighbour groues to ring,  
And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring  
Did sounde in shady leaues from sunny rayes,  
Frame to thy song their cheerefull cherping,  
Or hold their peace, for shame of thy sweet layes.

I sawe CALLIOPE with Muses moe,  
Soone as thy Oaten pipe began to found,  
Their Iuone Lutes and Timburius forgoe:  
And from the fountaine, where they late around,  
Renne after hastily thy siluer found.  
But when they came, where thou thy skill didst showe,  
They drewe aback, as halfe with shame confound,  
Shepheard to see, them in their art out-goe.

## COLIN.

Of Muses HOBBINOLL, I conne no skill,  
For they been daughters of the highest IOVE,  
And holden scorne of homely shepheards quill:  
For sith I heard, that PAN with PHOEBE'S stroue,  
Which him to much rebuke and danger droue,  
I neuer list presume to *Parnasse* hill,  
But piping lowe, in shade of lowly groue,  
I play to please my selfe, albeit ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth praise or blame,  
Ne strue to winne renowne, or passe the rest:  
With shepheard sits nor, followe flying fame:  
But feede his flocke in fields, where falls hem best.

## Colins Embleme.

## Gia speme spenta.

## GLOSSE.

Syte, situation and place.

Paradise, A Paradise in Greeke, signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compared the soyle, wherein *Hobbinoll* made abode, to that earthly Paradise, in Scripture called *Eden*, wherein *Adam* in his first creation was placed. Which of the most learned is thought to be in *Mesopotamia*, the most fertile pleasant countrey in the world (as may appeare by *Dionorus Syculus* description of it, in the historie of *Alexanders* conquest thereof) lying betweene the two famous Ri- uers (which are said in Scripture to flowe out of Paradise) *Tygris* and *Euphrates*, whereof it is denominated.

For sake the soyle. This is no poetical fiction, but vnfaignedly spoken of the Poet  
D.



Poet selfe, vvho for speciall occasion of priuate affaires (as I haue been partlie of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, remoued out of the North partes, came into the South, as *Hobbinoll* indeed aduised him priuately.

*Those hilles*, that is, in the North countrey, vvhere he dwelt. *Nis*, is not.

*The dales*. The South parts, vvhere he now abideth; vvwhich though they be full of hilles and vvoods (for Kent is very hilly and vvwoody, and therfore so called: (for *Kant* in the Saxons tongue, signifieth vvwoody) yet in respect of the North parts, they be called dales. For indeed, the North is counted the higher countrey.

*Night Ravens, &c.* By such hatefull birdes, he meaneth all misfortunes (vvhereof they be tokens) flying euery vvhere.

*Friendly Faeries*. The opinion of Faeries and Elfes is very old, and yet sticketh verie religiously in the minds of some. But to roote that ranke opinion of Elfes out of mens harts, the truth is, that there be no such things, nor yet the shadowes of the things, but onely by a sort of bald Friers and knauish shauelings so faigned; vvwhich as in other things, so in that, sought to nouell the common people in ignorance, least being once acquainted vvith the truth of things, they vvould in time smell out the vntruth of their packed pelfe, and Masse-peny religion. But the sooth is, that vvhen all Italy was distract into the factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelyns, beeing tvvo famous houses in Florence, the name began through their great mischiefes & many outrages, to be so odious, or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares, that if their children at any time were froward and wanton, they vvould say to them that the Guelfe or the Gibelyne came. Which vvords now from them (as many things else) be come into our vsage, and for Guelfes and Gibelynes, vve say Elfes and Goblins. No othervvise then the Frenchmen vsed to say of that valiant captaine, the verie scourge of Fraunce, the Lord Thalbot, aftervvard Earle of Shrewsbury, vvwhose noblenesse bred such a terror in the harts of the French, that oft times great armies were defaicted and put to flight at the onely hearing of his name: In so much that the French vvomen, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot cometh.

*Many Graces*, though there be indeed but three Graces or *Charites* (as afore is said) or at the vtmost but foure; yet in respect of many gifts of bountie, there may be said more. And so Musæus saith, that in Heroes either eye there sate a hundreth Graces. And by that authoritie, this same Poet in his Pageants, saith, An hundreth Graces on her eye-lid sate, &c.

*Haydegues*, A countrey daunce or round. The conceit is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce vvnto the Muses, and Pan his musicke, all night by Moone-light. To signifie the pleasantnesse of the soyle.

*Peeres*, Equals and fellow shepheards.

*Queene-apples vnripe*, immitating Virgils verse:

*Ipse ego canalegam tenera lanugine mala.*

*Neighbour groues*, a strange phrase in English, but vvord for vvord expressing the Latine, *vicina nemora*.

*Spring*, not of vvater, but of young trees springing.

*Calliope*, afore said. This staffe is full of very poetical inuention.

*Tamburines*, an old kind of instrument, vvwhich of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

*Pan with Phœbus*. The tale is well knowne, how that Pan and Apollo struing for excellencie in musicke, chose Midas for their Iudge: vvwho being corrupted with partiall affection, gaue the vvictory to Pan, vvnder seruued: for vvwhich, Phœbus set a paire of

of Atles cares vpon his head, &c.

*Tityrus*: that by Tityrus is meant Chaucer. hath been already sufficiently said, & by this more plaine appeareth, that he saith, he told merie tales. Such as be his *Canterbury tales*; vv whom he calleth God of the Poets for his excellencie: so as Tullie calleth *Lentulus*, *Deum vite sue*, i. the God of his life.

To make, to verifie.

*Ovvum*, A pretie Epanorthosis or correction.

*Discurtisie*: he meaneth the falseness of his loue Rotalinde, vvwho forsaking him, had chosen another.

*Point of vvorthy wit*, the pricke of deserued blame.

*Menaleas*, the name of a shepheard in Virgil: but heere is meant a person vvknownne and secret, against vv whom he often bitterly inueyeth.

*Vnderfong*, vvndermine and deceiue by false suggestion.

*Embleme*.

You remember, that in the first Aeglogue, Colins Poetrie was *Anchora sperme*: for as then there was hope of fauour to be found in time. But now beeing cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as vv whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished & turned into despair, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come: vv which is all the meaning of this Embleme.

## IVLY.



### Aegloga septima.

#### ARGVMENT.

**T**his Aeglogue is made in the honour & commendation of good shepheards, and to the shame and dispraise of proude & ambitious Pastors; Such as Morrell is heere imagined to be.

D 2.

THE



## THOMALIN.

Is not this like some a Goteheard prowde  
that sits on yonder banke:  
Whose straying heard themselves doth shrowde  
among the bushes ranke?

## MORRELL.

What ho, thou iolly shepherds swaine,  
come vp the hill to mee:  
Better is, then the lowly plaine,  
als for thy flocke, an<sup>d</sup> thee.

## THOMALIN.

Ah, God shield, man, that I should clime,  
and learne to looke aloft:  
This reade is rife, that oftentime  
great c<sup>o</sup>mbers fall vnsoft.  
In humble dales is footing fast,  
the trode is not so tickle:  
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,  
yet is his misse not mickle.  
And now the sun hath reared vp,  
his fierie-footed teme,  
Making his way betwene the Cup  
and golden Diademe:  
The rampant Lion hunts he fast,  
with dogges of noisome breath,  
Whose balefull barking brings in hast,  
pines, plagues, and dreerie death.  
Against his cruell scorching heare  
where thou hast couerture:  
The wastfull hilles vnto his threat  
is a plaine ouerture.  
But if thee lust, to holden chat  
with seely shepherds swaine:  
Come downe, and learne the little whar,  
that THOMALIN can saie.

## MORRELL.

Siker, thou'st but a laetic loord,  
and rekes much of thy swinke,  
That with fond termes, and witlesse words  
to blere mine eyes doost thinke.  
In euill houre thou hentst in hond  
thus holy hills to blame,  
For sacred vnto Saints they stond,  
and of them han their name.  
S. Michels mount who does not knowe,  
that wards the Westerne coast?  
And of S. Bridgets bowre I trowe,  
all Kent can rightly boast:  
And they that con of Muses skill,  
saie most whar, that they dwell  
(As Goteheards wont) vpon a hill,  
beside a learned vrell.  
And wonned not the great God PAN,  
vpon mount *Oliuet*:  
Feeding the blessed flocke of DAN,  
which did himselfe beget?

## THOMALIN.

O blessed sheepe, O shepherd great,  
that bought his flocke so deare:  
And them did saue with bloudie sweat,  
from Wolues that would them teare.

## MORRELL.

Beside, as holy fathers saie,  
there is a holy place:  
Where TITAN riseth from the maine,  
to ren his daily race.  
Vpon whose top the starres been staied,  
and all the skie doth leane,  
There is the caue where PHOEBE laied,  
the shepherd long to dreame.  
Whilome there vsed shepherds all  
to feed their flocks at will,  
Till by his folly one did fall,  
that all the rest did spill.  
And thence shepherds beene foresaid  
from places of delight:  
For thy, I ween thou be afraid,  
to clime this hilles hight,  
Of Synah can I tell thee more,  
and of our Ladies bowre:  
But little needs to strowe my store,  
suffice this hill of our.  
Heere han the holy FAYNES recourse,  
and SYLVANES haunten rathe,  
Heere has the salt Medway his source,  
wherein the Nymphes doe bathe:  
The salt Medway that trickling streames  
adowne the dales of Kent,  
Till with the elder brother Themes,  
his brackish waues be meynt.  
Here growes *Melampode* euery where,  
and *Teribinth*, good for Gotes:  
The one, my madding Kids to smere,  
the next, to heale their throtes.  
Hereto, the hilles been nigher heauen,  
and thence the passage ethe:  
As well can proue the pearcing leuio,  
that seldome falles beneath.

## THOMALIN.

Siker thou speakest like a lewd lorell,  
of heauen to deem so:  
How be I am but rude and borrell,  
yet nearer waies I know.  
To Kirke the narre, to God more farre,  
has been an old said saw,  
And he that strives to touch a starre,  
oft stumbles at a straw.  
Alsoone may shepherds clime to skie,  
that leades in lowly dales:  
As Goteheards proud that sitting hie,  
vpon the mountaine sailes.  
My seely sheepe like well belowe,  
they need not *Melampode*,  
For they been hale enough, I trowe,  
and liken their abode.  
But if they with thy Gotes should yede,  
they soone might be corrupted:  
Or like not of the frowie fede,  
or with the weeds be glutted.  
The hills where dwelled holy Saints,  
I reuerence and adore:  
Not for themselves, but for the Saints,

which

which han been dead of yore.  
And now they been to heauen forewent,  
their good is with them go:  
Their sample onely to vs lent,  
that als we mought do so.  
Shepherds they weren of the best,  
and liued in lowly leas:  
And ths their foules be now at rest,  
who done we them disease?  
Such one he was (as I haue heard)  
O ALGRIND, often saie:  
That whilome was the first shepherd,  
and liued with little gaine:  
And meke he was, as meeke mought be,  
simple, as simple sheepe,  
Humble, and like in each degree  
the flock which he did keepe.  
Often he vied of his sheepe,  
a sacrifice to bring.  
Now with a Kidde, now with a sheepe,  
the Altars hallowing.  
So louted he vnto the Lord,  
Such fauour coult he find,  
That neuer fithens was abhord  
the simple shepherds kind.  
And such I weene the brethren were,  
that came from *Canaan*:  
The brethren twelue, that kept yfere  
the flocks of mighty PAN.  
But nothing such thilke shepherd was,  
whom *Ida* hill did beare,  
That left his flock to fetch a Lasse,  
whose loue he bought too deare:  
For he was proud, that ill was paid,  
(no such mought shepherds bee)  
And with lowd lust was ouer-laid:  
tway things doen ill agree:  
But shepherds mought be meeke and mild,  
well eyed, as ARGVS was,  
With fleshy follies vndeilde,  
and stout as steed of brasse.  
Sike one (said ALGRIND) MOSES was,  
that saw his Makers face,  
His face more cleare, then crystall glasse,  
and spake to him in place.  
This had a brother, (his name I knowe)  
the first of all his cote:  
A shepherd true, yet not so true,  
as he that earst I hore.  
Whilome all these were lowe, and leefe,  
and loued their flocks to feede,  
They neuer strouen to be chiefe:  
and simple was their weede.  
But now (thanked be God therefore)  
the world is well amend:  
Their weeds bene not so nighly wore,  
such simple sheepe mought them shend.  
They been yclad in purple and pall,  
so hath their God them blist:  
They raigne and rulen ouer all,

Palinodes Embleme. *In medio virtus.* Morrells Embleme. *In summo felicitas.*

and Lord it as they list:  
Ygit with beltes of glitter and gold,  
(mought they good shepherds been)  
Their PAN their sheepe to them has sold.  
I say, as some haue seene.  
For PALINODES (if thou him ken)  
yode late on pilgrimage  
To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then  
he saw thilke mislage.  
For shepherds (said he) there doen lead,  
as Lords done otherwhere:  
Their sheepe han crafts, and they the bread:  
the chips, and they the cheere:  
They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,  
(O silly sheepe the while)  
The corne is theirs, let others thresh,  
their hands they may not file.  
They han great store, and thristie flocks,  
great friends, and feeble foes:  
What need hem caren for their flocks,  
their boyes can looke to thote.  
These Wilards welter in wealths waues,  
pampred in pleasures deepe:  
They han far kernes, and leany knowes,  
their fasting flocks to keepe.  
Sike misther men been all misgone,  
they heape hilles of wrath:  
Sike filie shepherds han we none,  
they keepe all the path.

## MORRELL.

Heere is a great deale of good matter,  
lost for lacke of telling:  
Now siker I fte thou doost but clutter:  
harmes may come of melling.  
Thou medlest more then shall haue thanke  
to witen shepherds wealth:  
When folke been far, and riches ranke,  
it is a signe of health.  
But say me, what is ALGRIND, he  
that is so oft bynempt?

## THOMALIN.

He is a shepherd great in gree,  
but hath been long ypent:  
One day he fate vpon a hill,  
(as now thou wouldst mee,  
But I am taught by ALGRINDS ill,  
to loue the lowe degree.)  
For sitting so with bared scalpe,  
an Eagle lored hie,  
That weening his white head was chaffe,  
a shell fish downe let lie.  
She weend the shell fish to haue broke,  
but therewith bruzde his braine:  
So now astonied with the stroke,  
he lies in lingring paine.

## MORRELL.

Ah good ALGRIND, his hap was ill,  
but shall be better in time:  
Now farewell shepherd, fith this hill  
thou hast such doubt to clime.



## GLOSSE.

*A Gotheard*, by Gotes in scripture bee represented the vicked and reprobate, whose Pastour also must needs be such.

*Banke*, is the seate of honour. *Straying heard*, vvhich wander out of the way of truth. *Als*, for also. *Climbe*, spoken of ambition.

*Great climbers*, according to Seneca his verse,

*Decidunt celsa grauiore lapsu.*

*Mickle*, much.

*The sunne*: a reason vvhich refused to dwell on the mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scorching Sunne, according to the time of the yeere, vvhich is the hottest moneth of all.

*The Cup and Diademe*, be two signes in the firmament, through which the sunne maketh his course in the moneth of Iuly.

*Lion*, this is poetically spoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion with one dog. The meaning vvhich is, that in Iuly the Sun is in Leo. At which time, the Dog starre, which is called Syrius, or Canicula, raigneth, vvhich immoderate heate causing pestilence, drought, and many diseases.

*Ouerture*, an open place: the vword is borrowd of the French, and vsed in good Writers.

*To holden chat*, to talke and prate.

*A lorde*, vvas wont among the old Britons to signifie a Lord. And therefore the Danes, that long time vsurped their tyrannie heere in Britannie, were called for more dread then dignitie, Lurdans, i. Lord Danes. At vvhich time it is said, that the insolencie and pride of that nation vvas so outrageous in this Realme, that if it fortun'd a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, & saw the Dane set foote vpon the same, he must returne back, till the Dane vvere cleane ouer, or else abide the price of his displeasure, vvhich vvas no lesse then present death. But beeing afterward expelled, the name of Lurdane became so odious vnto the people, vvhom they had long oppressed, that euen at this day they vse for more reproche, to call the quartane Ague the feauer-Lurdane.

*Reck much of thy swinke*, counts much of thy paines.

*Weetlesse*, not vnderstood.

*S. Michaels mount*, is a promontorie in the West part of England.

*A hill*, Parnassus afore said.

*Pan*, Christ.

*Dan*, one tribe is put for the whole nation, per Synecdochen.

*Where Titan*, the Sunne. Which storie is to be read in Diodorus Syc. of the hill Ida, from vvhence he saith, all night time is to be seene a mightie fire, as if the skie burned, vvhich toward morning beginneth to gather a round forme, and thereof riseth the Sunne, vvhom the Poets call Titan.

*The shepherd*, is Endymion, vvhom the Poets saie to haue beene so beloued of Phoebe, i. the Moone, that he vvas by her kept asleepe in a caue by the space of thirtie yeeres, for to enioy his company.

*There*, that is, in Paradise; vvhich, through error of the shepherds vnderstanding, he saith, that all shepherds did vse to feed their flocks, till one, (that is) Adam, by his folly and disobedience, made all the rest of his offspring to be debarred, and shut out from thence.

*Sinab*, a hill in Arabia, vvhich God appeared.

*Our Ladies bowre*, a place of pleasure so called.

*Faunus, or Syluanus*, be of Poets fained to be Gods of the vvhod.

*Medway*,

*Medway*, the name of a river in Kent, which running by Rochester, meeteth vvvith Thames: vvhom he calleth his elder brother, both because he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the sea.

*Meint*, mingled. *Melampode*, and *Terebinth*, be hearbs good to cure diseased Goats, of the one speaketh Mantuan: and of the other, Theocritus.

*Terminthou tragon eikaton acromonia.*

*Nigher heauen*: note the shepherds simpleness, vvhich supposeth that from the hills is nigher vvvay to heauen.

*Leitun*, lightning; vvhich he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnesse to heauen, because the lightning doth commonly light on high mountaines, according to the saying of the Poet:

*Feruntque summas fulmina montes.*

*Lorrell*, a losell.

*A borrell*, a plaine fellow.

*Narre*, nearer.

*Hole*, for hole.

*Tede*, go.

*Fronye*, mustie or mossie.

*Of yore*, long ago.

*Forewent*, gone afore.

*The first shepherd*, vvas Abell the righteous, vvhom (as Scripture saith) bent his mind to keeping of sheep, as did his brother Caine to tilling the ground.

*His keepe*, his charge, i. his flocke. *Limited*, did honour and reuerence.

*The breshren*, the twelue sonnes of Iacob, which were shepherds, and liued onely thereupon.

*Whom Ida*, Paris, which (being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy) for his mother Hecubas dreame, (vvhich being vvvith child of him, dreamed she brought forth a fire-brand, that set the towne of Ilium on fire) vvas cast forth on the hill Ida; where beeing fostered of shepherds, he eke in time became a shepherd, and lastly came to the knowledge of his parentage.

*A Lasse*, Helena, the wife of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, vvas by Venus for the golden apple to her giuen, then promised to Paris: vvhom thereupon, with a sort of Iustie Trojans, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troy; which vvas the cause of the tenne yeeres warre in Troy, and the most famous Citie of all Asia, lamentably sacked and defaced.

*Argus*, vvas of the Poets deuised to be full of eyes, and therefore to him was committed the keeping of the transformed Cow, Io: so called, because that in the print of the Cowes foote, there is figured an I in the midst of an O.

*His name*, he meaneth Aaron: vvhose name, for more Decorum, the shepherd saith hee hath forgot, least his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy writ, should seeme to exceed the meanenesse of the person.

*Not so true*: for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatrie.

*In purple*, Spoken of the Popes and Cardinals, vvhich vse such tyrannicall colours and pompous painting.

*Belt*, girdles.

*Glitter and glittering*; a participle, vsed sometimes in Chaucer, but altogether in Ioh. Goore.

*Their Pan*, that is, the Pope, vvhom they count their God and greatest shepherd.

*Palmode*, a shepherd, of vvhose report he seemeth to speake all this.

*Wizards*, great learned heads.

*Welter*, vvalow.

*Kerne*, a Churle or Farmer.

*Sike misser men*, such kind of men.

*Swrlly*, stately and proude.

*Melling*, medling.

*Bett*,



*Ben,* Better. *Benempt,* named. *Gree,* for degree.  
*Algrund,* the name of a shepheard afore said, vvhose mishappe he alludeth to the  
 chaunce that happened to the Poet *Aeschylus*, that was brained with a shell fish.

## Embleme.

By this poesie Thomalin confirmeth that, vvhich in his former speech by sundry reasons he had prooued: for beeing both himselfe sequestred from all ambition, and also abhorring it in others of his cote, he taketh occasion to praise the meane & lowly state, as that wherein is safetie without feare, and quiet without danger, according to the saying of old Philosophers, that Vertue dwelleth in the midst, beeing environed with two contrarie vices: vvhether to Morrell replieth with continuance of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountie dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicitie dwelleth in supremacie. For, they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree: so as if any thing be higher or better, then that way ceaseth to be perfect happinesse. Much like to that which once I heard alledged in defence of humilitie, out of a great Doctor, *Suorum Christus humillimus*: vvhich saying, a gentleman in the company taking at the rebound, beat backe againe with a like saying of another Doctor, as he said, *Suorum Deus altissimus*.

## AVGVST.



## Aegloga octaua.

## ARGVMENT.

IN this Aeglogue is set forth a delectable controuersie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgil fashioned his third & seauenth Aeglogue. They chose, for Vmpere of their strife, Cuddy a neat-heards boy: who hauing ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin he saith was Author.

WILL.

WILL. PERIGOT. CUDDY.

Tell me PERIGOT, what shall be the game,  
 Wherefore with mine thou dare thy musick match?  
 Or been thy Bagpipes renne farre out of frame?  
 Or hath the Crampe thy ioynts benumd with ach?

PERIGOT.

Ah WILL, when the hart is ill assaide,  
 How can Bagpipe or ioynts be well apaide?

WILL.

What the foule euill hath thee so bestad?  
 Whilome thou wast peregrall to the best,  
 And wont to make the iolly shepheards glad,  
 With pypping and dauncing, did passe the rest.

PERIGOT.

Ah, WILL, now I haue leard a new daunce:  
 My old musick marde by a new mischaunce.

WILL.

Mischiefe mought to that mischaunce befall,  
 That so hath rapt vs of our meriment:  
 But rede me, what paine doth thee so appall?  
 Or louest thou, or been thy younglings miswent?

PERIGOT.

Loue hath misled both my younglings and mee:  
 I pine for paine, and they my plaint to see.

WILL.

Perdie and wele away: ill may they thrive:  
 Neuer knew I louers sheepe in good plight:  
 But and if times with me thou dare strue,  
 Such fond fantasies shall soone be put to flight.

PERIGOT.

That shall I doe, though mochel worse I fared:  
 Neuer shall be said that PERIGOT was dared.

WILL.

Then loe PERIGOT, the pledge which I plight,  
 A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre:  
 Wherin is enchaied many a faire fight,  
 Of Beares and Tygers, that maken fierce warre:  
 And ouer them spred a goodly wilde Vine,  
 Entrailed with a wanton liue twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolves iawes:  
 But see, how fast renneth the shepheards swaine,  
 To save the innocent from the beasts pawes:  
 And heere with his sheephooke hath him laine.  
 Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer seene?  
 Well mought it be seene any hauest Queene.

PERIGOT.

Thereto will I pawne yonder spotted Lambe,  
 Of all my flocke there nis like another:  
 For I brought him vp without the Dambe:  
 But COLIN GLOYT taste me of his brother,  
 That he purchast of me in the plaine field:  
 Sore against my will was I forst to yeeld.

WILL.

Siker make like account of his brother,  
 But who shall iudge the wager wonne or lost?

PERIGOT.

That shall yonder heardgroom, and none other,  
 Which ouer the pousse hitherward doth post.

WILL.

But for the Sunnebeame so fore doth vs beate,

Were not better, to shunne the seorching heate?  
 PERIGOT.

Well agreed WILL: then sit thee downe swaine,  
 Sike a long weare hearest thou, but COLIN sing.

CUDDY.

Ginne, when ye list, ye iolly shepheards swaine:  
 Sike a iudge, as CUDDY, were for a king.

PER.

I tell vpon a holy eue,

WILL.

hey ho holiday,

PER.

When holy fathers wont to strue:

WILL.

now ginne this roundelay.

PER.

Sitting vpon a hill so hie,

WILL.

hey ho the high hill,

PER.

The while my flocke did feede thereby,

WILL.

the while the shepheard selfe did spill:

PER.

I saw the bounding Bellibone:

WILL.

hey ho Bonibell,

PER.

Tripping ouer the dale alone,

WILL.

she can trip it very well.

PER.

Well decked in a frock of gray,

WILL.

hey ho gray is greet,

PER.

And in a kirtle of greene say,

WILL.

the greene is for maidens meet.

PER.

A chaplet on her head she wore,

WILL.

hey ho chapelet,

PER.

Of sweet Violets therein was store,

WILL.

she sweeter then the Violet.

PER.

My sheepe did leaue their wonted fooode,

WILL.

hey ho seely sheepe,

PER.

And garde on her, as they were wood,

WILL.

wood as he, that did them keepe.

PER.

As the bonilasse passed by,

WILL.

hey ho bonilasse,

PER.

She rowde at me with glauncing eye,

WILL.

as cleare as the crystal glasse:

PER.

All as the sunny beame so bright,

WILL.

hey ho the sunne beame,

PER.

Glaunceth from PHOEBVS face forthright,

WILL.

so loue into thy hart did streame:

PER.

Or as the thunder cleaues the clowdes,

WILL.

hey ho the thunder,

PER.

Wherin the lightdome leuin shroudes,

WILL.

so cleaues thy soule alonder:

PER.

Or as Dame CYNTHYA siluer ray,

WILL.

hey ho the Moone light,

PER.

Vpon the glittering waue doth play:

WILL.

such play is a pittious plight.

PER.

The glaunce into my heart did glide,

WILL.

hey ho the glider,

PER.

Therewith my soule was sharply gride,

WILL.

such wounds soone wexen wider.

PER.

Hasting to raunch the arrowe out,

WILL.

hey ho PERIGOT,

PER.

I left the head in my hart roote:

WILL.

it was a desperate shot.

PER.

There it rankleth aye more and more,

WILL.

hey ho the arrow,

PER.

Ne can I find salue for my sore:

WILL.

loue is a curelesse sorrow.

PER.

And though my bale with death I bought,

WILL.

And though my bale with death I bought,



WILL. hey ho heavy cheere,  
 PER. Yet should thilke Lasse not from my thought:  
 WILL. so you may buy gold too deere.  
 PER. But whether in painfull loue I pine,  
 WILL. hey ho pinching paine,  
 PER. Or thrice in wealth, she shall be mine.  
 WILL. but if thou can her obtaine.  
 PER. And if for gracelesse griefe I die,  
 WILL. hey ho gracelesse griefe,  
 PER. Wiltesse, she slue me with her eye,  
 WILL. let thy folly be the priefe.  
 PER. And you that saw it, simple sheepe,  
 WILL. hey ho the faire flock,  
 PER. For priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,  
 WILL. and mone with many a mock.  
 PER. So learn'd I loue on a holy cue,  
 WILL. hey ho holy day,  
 PER. That euer since my hart did grieue,  
 WILL. now endeth our roundelay.

CYDDY.  
 Siker, like a roundle neuer heard I none,  
 Little lacketh PERIGOT of the best,  
 And WILLIE is not greatly ouer-gone,  
 So weren his vnder-songs well addrest.

WILLY.  
 Heardgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye,  
 Areede vprightly, who has the victorie?

CYDDY.  
 Faith of my soule, I deeme each haue gained.  
 For thy, let the Lambe be WILLY his owne:  
 And for PERIGOT so well hath him pained,  
 To him be the wroughten Mazer alone.

PERIGOT.  
 PERIGOT is well pleased with the doome:  
 Ne can WILLY wite the witelesse heardgrome.

WILLY.  
 Neuer dempt more right of beautie I weene,  
 The shepheard of Ida, that iudg'd beauties Queene.

CYDDY.  
 But tell me shepheards, should it not yshend  
 Your roundels fresh, to heare a dolefull verse  
 Of ROSALINDE, (who knowes not ROSALINDE?)  
 That COLIN made: ylike can I you rehearse.

PERIGOT.  
 Now say it CYDDY, as thou art a ladde:  
 With mery thing its good to meddle sad.

WILLY.  
 Faith of my soule, thou shalt ycrownded be  
 In COLINs steed, if thou this song areed:  
 For neuer thing on earth so pleaseth me,  
 As him to heare, or matter of his deed.

Perigot his Embleme.

*Vincenti gloria victi.*

Willies Embleme.

*Vinto non vitto.*

Cuddies Embleme.

*Kelice chi puo.*

CYDDY.  
 Then listen each vnto my heauie lay,  
 And tune your pipes as ruthfull, as ye may.

YE wastfull woods beare witnesse of my woe,  
 Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:  
 Ye carelesse birds are priue to my cries,  
 Which in your songs were wont to make apart:  
 Thou pleasant spring hast luld me oft asleep,  
 Whose streams my trickling teares did oft augment.  
 Resort of people doth my griefes augment,  
 The walled townes doe worke my greater woe:  
 The Forrest wide is fitter to resound  
 The hollow Echo of my carefull cries,  
 I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,  
 Whose wailefull wants debars mine eyes of sleepe,  
 Let streames of teares supply the place of sleepe:  
 Let all that sweet is, void: and all that may augment  
 My dole, draw neere. More meet to waile my woe,  
 Beene the wilde woods, my sorrowes to resound,  
 Then bed, nor bowre, both which I fill with crier,  
 When I them see so waste, and find no part  
 Of pleasure past. Heere will I dwell apart  
 In gastfull groue therefore, till my last sleepe  
 Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment  
 With sight of such as change my restless woe:  
 Helpe me ye baneful birds, whose stricking sound  
 Is signe of dreery death, my deadly cries  
 Most ruthfully to tune. And as my cries  
 (Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)  
 You heare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,  
 Increase, so let your yrksome yelles augment.  
 Thus all the nights in plaints, the day in woe,  
 I vowed haue to waste, till life and sound  
 She home returne, whose voices siluer sound  
 To cheerfull songs can change my cheerelesse crie.  
 Hence, with the Nightingale will I take part,  
 That blessed bird, that spends her time of sleepe  
 In songs and plaintiue pleas, the more taugment  
 The memory of his misdeed, that bred her woe.  
 And you that seeke no woe, when as the sound  
 Of these my nightly cries ye heare apart,  
 Let breake your soundersleepe, and pittie augment.

PERIGOT.  
 O COLIN, COLIN, the shepheards joy,  
 how I admire each turning of thy verse:  
 And CYDDY, fresh CYDDY, the liefest boy,  
 how dolefully his dole thou didst rehearse.

CYDDY.  
 Then blow your pipes shepheards, till you be at home:  
 The night higheth fast, its time to be gone.

## GLOSSE.

*Bestadde*, disposed, ordered. *Peregall*, equall. *Wailome*, once.  
*Rust*, bereft, depriued. *Miswent*, gone all ray. *Ill may*, according  
 to Virgill:

*Infelix o semper onis pecus.*

*A Mazer*. So also doe Theocritus and Virgil feigne pledges of their strife.  
*Enchased*, engrauen. Such prettie descriptions euery where vseth Theocritus, to  
 bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause indeed, he by that name tearmeth his  
 Aeglogues: for Idyllion in Greek, signifieth the shape or picture of any thing, wher-  
 of his booke is full. And not as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be cal-  
 led, not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the Goteheards in them.

*Entrailed*, vvrought betweene.

*Haruest Queene*, The manner of countrey folke in haruest time.

*Pouffe*, Peale.

*It fell vpon*. Perigot maketh all his song in praise of his Loue, to whom Willy  
 answereth euery vnder verse. By Perigot, vvho is meant, I cannot vprightly say:  
 but if it be, who is supposed his Loue, shee deferueth no lesse praise, then hee giueth  
 her.

*Greet*, vweeping and complaint.

*Chapler*, a kinde of Garland like a

*crowne*.

*Lenin*, Lightning.

*Cynthia*, vvvas said to be the Moone.

*Gryde*, pearced.

*But if*, not vnlesse.

*Squint eye*, partiall iudgement.

*Each hane*,

so saith Virgil:

*Et vitula tu dignus, o hic &c.*

*Doome*, iudgement.

*Dempt*, for deemed, iudged.

*Wite the witelesse*, blame the blamelesse.

*The shepheard of Ida*, vvvas said to be Paris.

*Beauties Queene*, Venus, to vvhom Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as the price  
 of her beautie.

## Embleme.

The meaning heereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poesie claiming the  
 conquest, and Willie not yeelding, Cuddie the Arbitrer of their cause, and Patron of  
 his ovvne, seemeth to challenge it, as his due: saying, that he is happie vvwhich can:  
 so abruptly ending; but he meaneth either him, that can vvwin the best, or moderate  
 himselfe beeing best, and leaue off with the best.

September.





*Aegloga nona.*

ARGUMENT.

Herein Diggon Davie is deuised to be a shepheard, that in hope of more gaine, draue his sheepe into a farre countrey. The abuses whereof, & loose liuing of popish Prelates, by occasion of Hobbinsols demaund, he discourseth at large.

HOBINOLL.

DIGGON DAVIE.

DIGGON DAVIE, I bid her God day:  
Or DIGGON her is, or I mislay.

Her was her, while it was day light,  
But now her is a most wretched wight.  
For day that was, is wightly past,  
And now at earst the darke night doth last.

DIGGON, areede who has thee so dight?  
Neuer I wist thee in so poore a plight.  
Where is the faire flocke, thou wast wont to leade?  
Or been they chaffred? or at mischief dead?

Ah for loue of that, is to thee most leefe,  
HOBINOLL, I pray thee gall not my old greefe:  
Sike question rippeth vp cause of new woe;  
For one opened, mote vnfold many mo.

Nay, but sorrow close shrowded in hart,  
I knowe, to keepe is a burdenous smart.  
Each thing imparted, is more eath to beare;  
When the raine is fallen, the clouds wax cleare,  
And now sithence I saw thy head last,  
Thrice three Moones been fully spent and past:

Since when thou hast measured much ground,  
And wandred wele about the world round,  
So as thou can many things relate:  
But tell me first of thy flocks estate.

My sheepe been wasted, (woe is me therefore)  
The iolly shepheard that was of yore,  
Is now nor iolly, nor shepheard more.  
In forreine coasts men said, was plentie:  
And so there is, but all of misery.  
I dempt there much to haue eeked my store,  
But such eeking hath made my hart sore.  
In the countreies where I haue been,  
No beeing for those, that truly meane:  
But for such as of guile maken gaine,  
No such countrey as there to remaine.  
They setten to sale their shops of shame,  
And maken a market of their good name.  
The shepheards there robben one another,  
An' layen baies to beguile her brother.  
Or they will buy his sheepe forth of the cote,  
Or they will caruen the shepheards throte.  
The shepheards swaine you cannot well ken,  
But it be by his pride, from other men:

Thy

They looken bigge, as Bulles that been bare,  
And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,  
As Cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranke.

That vnneath may I stand any more:  
And now the Westerne wind bloweth sore,  
That is in his chiefe soueraigntee,  
Beating the withered leafe from the tree.  
Sit we downe heere vnder the hill:  
Tho may we talke and tellen our fill,  
And make a mocke at the blustering blast:  
Now say on DIGGON what euer thou hast.

That heereby there I whilome wide to keepe,  
All were they lustie, as thou diddest see,  
Been all sterued with pine and penurie:  
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke paine,  
Driuen for need to come home againe.

Ah son, now by thy losse art taught,  
That feldome change the better brought.  
Content who liues with tried state,  
Need feare no change of frowning fate:  
But who will seeke for vnkowne gaine,  
Oft liues by losse, and leaues with paine.

I wote ne HOBIN how I was bewicht,  
With vaine desire, and hope to be enricht.  
But siker so it is, as the bright starre  
Seemeth a greater, when it is farr:  
I thought the soyle would haue made me rich:  
But now I wote it is nothing sich.  
For either the shepheards been idle and still,  
And led of their sheepe, what way they will:  
Or they been false, and full of couetise,  
And casten to compasse many wrong Emprise.  
But more been fraught with fraude and spight,  
Ne in good nor goodnesse taken delight:  
But kinde coales of conteeke and yre,  
Wherewith they set all the world on fire:  
Which when they thinke againe to quench,  
With holy water they doen hem all drench,  
They say they con to heauen the high way:  
But by my soule I dare vnder say.  
They neuer set foote in that same trode,  
But balke the right way, and strayen abroad:  
They boast they han the diucl at commaund:  
But aske them, therefore what they haue pouned.  
Marry that great PAN bought with great borrow,  
To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorrow.  
But they han sold thilke same long agoe:  
For they would draw with hem many moe.

But let hem gang alone a Gods name:  
As they han trowed, so let hem beare blame.

Then plainly to speake of shepheards most what:  
Bad is the best (this English is flat)  
Their ill haviour gartes men mislay,  
Both of their doctrine, and their fay.  
They say the world is much war then it woont,  
All for her shepheards is bestly and bloont.  
Other faine, but how truly I note,  
All for they holden thame of their cote.  
Some stick not to say (hote cole on her tongue)  
That sike mischief graeth hem among.  
All for they casten too much of worlds care,  
To decke her Dame, an' enrich her heire:  
For such encheason, if you goe nie,  
Few chimnyes reeken you shall espie:  
The fat Oxe that woont ligge in the stall,  
Is now fast stalled in her crumell.  
Thus chatten the people in their steads,  
Ylike as a Monster of many heads.  
But they that shooten neere the prick,  
Saine, other the fat from their beards doe lick.  
For bigg Bulls of Basin brace hem about,  
That with their hornes batten the more stout:  
But the leane foules treaden vnder foote,  
And to seeke redresse mought little boote:  
For liker been they to pluck away more,  
Then ought of the gotten good to restore.  
For they been like foule waimoires ouergrast,  
That if thy galse once sicketh fast,  
Themore to winde it out thou doest swinke,  
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sinke.  
Yet better leaue off with a litle losse,  
Then by much wrestling to leefe the grosse.

Now DIGGON, I see thou speakest too plaine:  
Better it were, a litle to faine,  
And cleanly couer that cannot be cured.  
Such ill, as is forced, mought needs be endured.  
But of sike Pastors how do the flocks creepe?

Sike as the shepheards, like been her sheepe,  
For they will listen to the shepheards voice:  
But if he call hem, at their good choice.  
They wander at will, and stay at pleasure,  
And to their folds yeas as their owne leasure.  
But they had be better come at their call:  
For many han vnto mischief fall,  
And been of rauinous vvolues yrent,  
All for they could be buxome and bent.

Fie on thee DIGGON, and all thy foule leasing,  
Well is knowne that since the Saxon king,  
Neuer was Woolfe seene, many nor some,  
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome:  
But the fewer Wolues (the sooth to faine)  
The more been the Foxes that heere remaine.

DIGGON,



DIGGON.

Yes, but they gang in more secret wise,  
And with sheeps clothing doen hem disguise.  
They talke not widely as they were wont,  
For feare of raungers and the great hoonr:  
But primly prouling to and fro,  
Enaunter they mought be inly know.

HOBBINOLL.

Or prinie or pert if any bin,  
We haue great bandogs will teare their skin.

DIGGON.

Indeed thy Ball is a bold bigge cur,  
And could make a iolly hole in their fur.  
But not good dogs hem needeth to chafe,  
But heedie shepheards to discern their face:  
For all their craft is in their countenance,  
They been so graue, and full of maintenance.  
But shall I tell thee what my selfe know,  
Chaunced to ROFFIN not long ygoe?

HOBBINOLL.

Say it out, DIGGON, what euer it hight,  
For not but well mought him beight.  
He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,  
And with his word his worke is conuenable.  
COLIN CLOUT I weene be his selfe boy,  
(Ah for COLIN he whilome my toy)  
Shepheards sich, God mought vs many fend,  
That doen so carefully their flocks tend.

DIGGON.

Thilke same shepheard mought I well marke:  
He has a dogge to bite or to barke,  
Neuer had shepheard so keene a cur,  
That wake-th, and if but a lease fur.  
Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,  
That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulse,  
And euer at night went to repaire  
Vnto the flock, when the Welkin shone faire,  
Yclad in clothing of feely sheepe,  
When the good old man vied to sleepe.  
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,  
(For he had eft learned a curre call)  
As if a Wolfe were among the sheepe,  
With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,  
And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)  
To raunge the fields with open throte.  
Tho when as Lowder was farre away,  
This woluishe sheepe would catchen his pray,  
A Lambe, or a Kid, or a weanell wast:  
With that to the wood would he speed him fast.  
Long time he vied this slippery pranke,  
Ere ROFFIN could for his labour him thanke.  
At end, the shepheard his praefise spied,  
(For ROFFIN is wise, and as ARGVS cied)  
And when at euen he came to the flock,  
Fast in their folds he did them locke,  
Andooke out the Woolfe in his counterfeit cote,  
And let out the sheepes blood at his throte.

HOBBINOLL.

Marry DIGGON, what should him affray

To take his owne where euer it lay?

For had his wealand been a little widder,  
He would haue deuoured both hidder and shidder.

DIGGON.

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,  
Too good for him had been a great deale worse:  
For it was a perillous beast aboute all,  
And eke had he cond the shepheards call:  
And oft in the night came to the shepcote,  
And called Lowder, with a hollowe throte,  
As if the old mans selfe had been.  
The dogge his maisters voice did it ween,  
Yet halfe in doubt he opened the doore,  
And ranne out, as he was wont of yore.  
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,  
Fast by the hilde the Wolfe Lowder caught:  
And had not ROFFIN renne to the stein,  
Lowder had been slaine thilke same euen.

HOBBINOLL.

God shield man, he should so ill haue thrue,  
All for he did his deuoir be true.  
If sike been Wolues, as thou hast told,  
How mought we, DIGGON, hem behold.

DIGGON.

How, but with heed and watchfulnesse,  
For fallen hem of their wilnesse?  
For thy with shepheard fittes not play,  
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:  
But euer ligen in watch and ward,  
From suddane force their flocks for to gard.

HOBBINOLL.

Ah DIGGON, thilke same rule were too straight,  
All the cold season to watch and waite,  
We beene of flesh, men as other bee,  
Why should we be bound to such miserie?  
What euer thing lacketh changeable rest,  
Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

DIGGON.

Ah, but HOBBINOLL, all this long tale  
Nought easeth the care, that doth me forhaile,  
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,  
My pitious plight and losse to amend?  
Ah good HOBBINOLL, mought I thee pray,  
Of ayde or counsell in my decay.

HOBBINOLL.

Now by my soule, DIGGON, I lament  
The haplesse mischiefe, that has thee hent:  
Nethelste thou seest my lowly faile,  
That froward fortune doth euer auaille.  
But were HOBBINOLL, as God mought please,  
DIGGON should soone find fauour and ease.  
But if to my cottage thou wilt resort,  
So as I can, I will thee comfort:  
There maist thou ligen in a vetchy bed,  
Till fairer Fortune shew forth his head.

DIGGON.

Ah HOBBINOLL, God mought it thee requite,  
DIGGON on few such friends did euer lite.

Diggon's Embleme.

Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSSE.

## GLOSSE.

The Dialect and phrased of speech in this Dialogue, seemeth somevwhat to differ from the common. The cause vvhich is supposed to be, by occasion of the parties herein meant, vvhich being verie friend to the Authour hereof, had bene long in forreine countries, and there scene many disorders, vvhich he heere recounteth to Hobbinnoll.

*Bidde her*, Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to pray, vvhich of cometh beads for prayers; and so they say, To bidde his beades. *l. to say his prayers.*

*Wightly, quickly, or suddainly*. *Chaffred, told.* *Dead as mischiese*, an vnusall speech, but much vsurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

*Heefe, Deafe*. *Et hee, eadie*. *Thrice three Moones, nine Moneths.* *Measured, for trauailed.*

*Was, vvoe, Northernly*. *Beesed, encreased.* *Curuen, cur.* *Kenne, knowe.* *Cragge, necke.* *State, stoutly.* *Stanke,*

*vvearie or fame.* *And now*, he applieth it to the time of the yeere, vvhich is in the end of haruest, vvhich they call the fall of the lease: at which time the Westerne wind beareth most sway.

*A mocke*, Imitating Horace, *Debes iudicium venie.* *Lorne, left.* *Soote, sweet.* *Vncouth, vnknowne.* *Heerby, there,*

*heere and there.* *As the bright*, translated out of Mantuan, *On Euphrate, for enterprise.* *Pet Syn-*

*copen*. *Constecke*, arise, *Arise, arise*. *Trode, path*. *Marrie that*, that is, their soules, vvhich by Popish Exorcismes and practises they

*damne to hell.* *Blacks, hell.* *Gangd goe*. *Wolfe, maner.* *Mark, obscure.* *Warre, worse.*

*Crumenall, purse.* *Brace, compasse.* *Euche, fete*. *decalibn*. *ouergrowne vwith grasse.* *Galage, shoe.* *The grasse, the vwhole.*

*Buxome and bent*, meeke and obedient.

*Saxon King*. King Edgar that raigned here in Britannie in the yeere of our Lord, vvhich King caused all the VVolues, vvhich of then vvas flore in this country, by a

proper policie to be destroyed. So as neuer since that time, there haue been Wolues heere found, vnlesse they euer brought from other countries. And therefore

Hobbinnoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for saying that there be VVolues in Eng-

land.

*Now in Christendome*. This saying seemeth to be strange and vnreasonable: but in-

deed it vvas vvon to be an old proverbe and common phrase. The originall where-

of vvas, for that the most part of England in the raigned of King Ethelbert was chris-

tened, Kent onely except, vvhich remained long after in misbeliefe, and vnchriste-

ned: So that Kent vvas counted no part of Christendome.

*Great hunt*. Executing of lawes and iustice.

*Enaunter, leall that.* *Inly, inwardly: afore said.* *Priny or pert*, openly faith Chaucer.

*Robyn*, the name of a shepheard in Marot his Aeglogue of Robin & the King. Who he heere commendeth for grear care and wise gouernance of his flock.

*Colin Clout*. Now I thinke no man doubteth, but by Colin is meant the Authors selfe, vvhose especial good friend Hobbinnoll faith hee is, or more rightly Maister Gabriell

E 2.



Gabriell Haruey: of vvhose especiall commendation, as well in Poetrie as Rhetoricke and other choice learning, vvee haue lately had a sufficient triall in diuers his vvorks, but specially in his *Musarum Lachryme*, and his late *Gratulationum Valdensium*: vvhich booke in the progresse at Audley in Essex, he dedicated in writing to her Maiestie; afterward, presenting the same in print to her Highnesse at the worshipfull Maister Capels in Hertfordshire. Beside other his sundry most rare and very notable writings, partly vnder vnknowne titles, and partly vnder counterfeited names; as his *Tyrannomastix*, his *Old Natalitia*, his *Rameidos*, and especially that part of *Philomusus*, his diuine *Anticosmopolita*, and diuers others.





From *PLUTO*'s balefull Bowre withouten leaue:  
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.

*CYDDY.*

So prayſen babes the Peacocks ſpotted traine,  
And wondren at bright *ARGVS*'s blazing eye:  
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?  
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?  
Sike praife is ſmoke, that ſheddeth in the ſkye,  
Sike words been winde, and waſten ſoone in vaine.

*PIERS.*

Abandon then the baſe and viler clowne,  
Liſt vp thy ſelfe out of the lowly duſt:  
And ſing of bloody *MARS*, of warres, of guſts,  
Turne thee to thoſe, that weld the awfull crowne,  
To doubt knights, whoſe woundleſſe armour ruſts,  
And helmes vnbruzed, wexen daily browne.

There may thy Muſe diſplay her ſtuttering wing,  
And ſtretch her ſelfe at large from Eaſt to Weſt:  
Whither thou liſt in faire *ELISA*'s reſt,  
Or if thee pleaſe in bigger notes to ſing,  
Advanee the worthy whom ſhe loueth beſt,  
That fiſt the white Beare to the ſtake did bring.

And when the ſtubborne ſtroke of ſtronger ſounds,  
Has ſomewhat ſlackt the tenor of thy ſtring:  
Of loue and luſthead tho maſt thou ſing,  
And carroll lowde, and lead the Millers round,  
All were *ELISA* one of thiſe ſame ring,  
So mought our *CYDDIES* name to heauen ſound.

*CYDDY.*

Indeed the Romiſh *TITVRVS*, I heare,  
Through his *MECOENAS*'s left his Outen reed,  
Whereon he earſt had taught his flocks to feed,  
And laboured lands to yeeld the timely eare,  
And eſt did ſing of warres and deadly deede,  
So as the heauens did quake his verſe to heare.

But ah! *MECOENAS* is yclad in clay,  
And great *AVGVSTVS* long ygoe is dead:  
And all the Worthies ligger wrapt in lead,  
That matter made for Poets on to play,  
For euer, who in derring doe were dead,  
The loſtie verſe of hem was loued aye.

But after vertue gan for age to ſtouple,  
And mighty manhood brought a bedde of eaſe:  
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a peaſe,  
To put in preace among the leaſed troupe:  
Tho gan the ſtreames of flowing wits to ceaſe,  
And ſunbright honour pend in ſhamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poëſie,  
Yet of the old ſtocke gan to ſhoote againe:

Or it mens follies mote to force to ſaine,  
And roll with reſt in rimes of ribaudry:  
Or as it ſprung, it wither muſt againe:  
Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

*PIERS.*

O peerleſſe poeſie, where is then thy place?  
If not in Princes palace thou dooſt ſit  
(And yet is Princes palace the moſt ſit)  
Ne breſt of baſer birth doth thee in brace:  
Then make thee wings of thine aſpiring wit,  
And, whence thou camſt, ſlie back to heauen ſpace.

*CYDDY.*

Ah *PERCY*, it is all too weake and wanne,  
So high to ſore and make ſo large a flight:  
Her peece pincons been not ſo in plight,  
For *COLIN* ſits ſuch famous flight to ſeanne:  
He, were he not with loue ſo ill bedight,  
Would mount as high, and ſing as ſoote as Swanne.

*PIERS.*

Ah ſon, for loue does teach him climbe ſo hie,  
And liſt him vp out of the loathſome mire:  
Such immortal mirror, as he doth admire,  
Would raiſe ones minde about the ſtarry ſkie,  
And cauſe a caitiue courage to aſpire:  
For loſtie loue doth lothe a lowly eye.

*CYDDY.*

All otherwiſe the ſtate of Poet ſtands,  
For lordly loue is ſuch a tyranne fell:  
That where he rules, all power he doth expell,  
The vaunted verſe a vacant head demands,  
Ne wont with crabbed eare the Muſes dwell:  
Vnwilely weaues, that takes two webs in hand.

Who euer caſts to compaſſe waightie priſe,  
And thinks to throwe out thundring words of threat:  
Let powre in lawiſh cups and thirſtie bits of meate,  
For *BACCHVS* fruit is friend to *PHOEBVS* wife:  
And when with Wine the braine begins to ſweat,  
The numbers flowe as faſt as ſpring doth riſe.

Thou kenſt not *PERCY* how the time ſhould rage,  
O if my temples were diſtained with wine,  
And girt in Girlands of wilde Iuie twine,  
How I could reare the Muſe on ſtately ſtage,  
And teach her tread aloft in buſkin fine,  
With queint *BELONA* in her equipage.

But ah, my courage cooles ere it be warme,  
For thy content vs in this humble ſhade:  
Where no ſuch troublous tides han vs aſſaide,  
Here we our ſlender pipes may ſafely charme.

*PIERS.*

And when my Gates ſhall han their bellies laide,  
*CYDDY* ſhall haue a Kidde to ſtore his farne.

Cuddies Embleme.

*Agitante caſſicimus illo, &c.*

GLOSSE.

## GLOSSE.

This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his 16 Idilion, wherein hee reproved the Tyranne Mero of Syracuſe for his niggardite toward Poets, in whom is the povver to make men immortall for their good deedes, or ſhamefull for their naughtie life. And the like alſo is in Mantuane. The like heereof, as alſo that in Theocritus, is more loſtie then the reſt, and applied to the height of poeticall wit.

*Cuddy*. I doubt whether by *Cuddy* be ſpecified the Authours ſelfe, or ſome other. For in the eight Aeglogue the ſame perſon was brought in, ſinging a Cation of Colins making, as he ſaith. So that ſome doubt, that the perſons be different.

*Whylome*, ſometime.

*Outen reedes*, Aunen.

*Ligge ſo laide*, lye ſo faint and vnluſtie.

*Dapper*, pretie.

*Frye*, is a bold Metaphore, forced from the ſpawning filies, for the multitude of young fiſh be called the Frye.

*To reſtraine*. This place ſeemeth to conſpire with Plato, who in his firſt booke de *Legibus* ſaith, that the firſt inuention of Poetrie was of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinit number of youth vſually came to their great ſolemne feaſtes called Panegyrica, which they vſed euery five yeares to hold, ſome learned man beeing more able then the reſt, for ſpeciall gifts of wit and Muſick, would take vpon him to ſing fine verſes to the people, in praife either of vertue or of victorie, or of immortalitie, or ſuchlike. At vvhofe vvonderfull gift all men beeing aſtonied, and as it vvore raviſhed vvith delight, thinking (as it vvwas indeed) that he vvwas inſpired from aboue, called him *Vatem*: vvwhich kinde of men aftervvard, framing their verſes to lighter muſick (as of Muſicke there be many kinds, ſome ſadder, ſome lighter, ſome martiall, ſome heroicall: and ſo diuerſly eke affect the minds of men) found out lighter matter of Poetrie alſo, ſome playing vvith loue, ſome ſcorning at mens faſhions, ſome powred out in pleaſure, & ſo were called Poets, or makers.

*Senſe becauſe*. What the ſecret vvorking of muſick is in the minds of men, as vvell appeareth heereby, that ſome of the ancient Philoſophers, and thoſe the moſt vvife, as Plato and Pythagoras, held for opinion, that the mind vvwas made of a certain harmonie and muſicall numbers, for the great compaſſion, and likenelle of affection in the one and the other, as alſo by that memorable hiltory of Alexander: to vvhom vvhen as Timotheus the great Muſician played the Phrygian melody, it is ſaid that he vvwas diſtraught vvith ſuch vvunwonted furie, that ſtraightvvay riſing from the table in great rage, he cauſed himſelfe to be armed, as ready to go to vvwar (for that muſick is very vvvar-like.) And immediatly, vvhen as the Muſician changed his ſtroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he vvwas ſo far from vvarring, that he ſate as ſtill, as if he had been in matters of counſell. Such might is in muſick. Wherefore Plato and Ariſtotle, forbid the Arabian Melody from children and youth. For that being altogether on the ſift and ſeauenth tone, it is of great force to mollifie and quench the kindly courage, vvwhich vvſeth to burne in our young breasts. So that it is not incredible vvwhich the Poet heer ſaith, that the muſick can becauſe the ſoule of ſenſe.

*The ſhepherd that*, Orpheus: of vvhom it is ſaid, that by his excellent ſkil in Muſick and Poetry, he recovered his vvife Eurydice from hell.

*Argus eyes*. Of Argus is before ſaid, that Iuno to him committed her husband Iupiter his Paragon Io, becauſe he had an hundreth eyes: but aftervvard Mercurie vvith his muſick lulling Argus aſleep, ſlevv him, and brought Io avvvay; vvhoſe eyes it is ſaid that Iuno for his eternall memory, placed in her byrd the Peacocks taile, for thoſe coloured ſpots indeed reſemble eyes.

*Wound*



*Woundlesse armour*, vnwounded in war, do rust through long peace.

*Display*. A poeticall metaphore, vvhich of the meaning is, that if the Poet list shew his skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Aeglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veine and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gracious Soueraigne, vvhom (as before) he calleth *Eliſa*. Or if matter of knighthood and chivalry please him better, that there be many noble and valiant men, that are both vvvorthy of his paines in their deserued praises, and also fauourers of his skill and facultie.

*The worthy*, he meaneth (as I ghesse) the most honorable and renowned the Earle of Leicester, vvhom by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bewraieith, being not likely that the names of vvvorthy Princes be known to countrey clownes.

*Slack*, that is, vvhether thou changeſt thy verse to ſtately course, to matter of more pleasure and delight.

*The Millers*, a kind of daunce.

*Ring*, company of dauncers.

*The Romish Tityrus*, vvell knevv noble Virgil, vvhich by Mecenas meanes vvas brought into the fauour of the Emperour Augustus, and by him moued to write in loftier kind, then he earſt had done.

*Whereon*: in these three verses are the three ſeueral vvvorks of Virgil intended, for in teaching his flock to feed, is meant his Aeglogue. In labouring of lands, is his Georgiques. In ſinging of vvarres and deadly dread, is his diuine Aeneis figured.

*In derring do*, in manhood and chivalrie.

*For euer*. He sheweth the cause vvhich Poets vverewont to be had in ſuch honour of noble men, that is, that by them their vvvorthineſſe and valour ſhould through their famous poesies be commended to all posterities. Wherefore it is ſaid, that Achilles had neuer been ſo famous, as he is, but for Homers immortal verses, which is the onely aduantage, which he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great, comming to his tombe in Sigues, vvvith naturall teares bleſſed him, that euer it vvas his hap to be honoured with ſo excellent a Poets vvork as ſo renowned & ennobled onely by his meane. Vvhich being declared in a moſt eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no leſſe worthily ſet forth in a Sonnet.

*Giunto Alessandro à la famosa tomba,*

*Del ſero Achillo ſoſpirando diſſe*

*O fortunato che ſi chiaro tromba* *Trouaſti, &c.*

And that ſuch account hath been alway made of Poets, as vvell sheweth this, that the vvvorthy Scipio in all his vvarres againſt Carthage and Numantia, had euer more in his company, and that in moſt familiar ſort, the good old Poet Ennius: as also that Alexander deſtroying Thebes, vvhether he was enformed, that the famous Lyrick poet Pindarus vvas borne in that City, not onely commaunded ſtraightly, that no man ſhould vpon paine of death, do any violence to that houſe, or otherwiſe: but also ſpecially ſpared moſt, and ſome highly reuwarded that vvore of his kinne. So fauoured he the onely name of a Poet. Which praiſe otherwiſe was in the ſame man no leſſe famous, then when he came to ranſacking of king Darius coffers, whom he lately had ouerthrowne, he found in a little coffer of ſiluer the two bookes of Homers vvorks, as laid vp there for ſpeciall Jewels & riches: vvhich he taking thence, put one of them daily in his boſome, and the other euery night lay vnder his pillow. Such honour haue Poets alwayes found in the ſight of Princes & noble men, which this Authour heere very well ſheweth, as elſe where more notably.

*But after*: he sheweth the cause of contempt of poetrie to be idleneſſe and baſeneſſe

neſſe of mind.

*Pent*, ſhut vp in ſloth, as in a coope or cage.

*Tom Piper*, an ironicall Sarcaſmus, ſpoken in deriſion of theſe rude vvits, vvhich make more account of a ryming ribaud, then of ſkill grounded vpon learning and iudgement.

*Ne breſt*, the meaner ſort of men.

*Her peeced pinions*, vnperfect ſkill:

Spoken vvvith humble modeſtie.

*As ſoote as Swanne*. The compariſon ſeemeth to be ſtrange: for the ſwan hath euer vvvonne ſmall commendation for her ſweet ſinging: but it is ſaid of the learned, that the Swanne a little before her death, ſingeth moſt pleaſantly, as prophesying by a ſecret inſtinct her neere deſtinie, as vvell ſaith the Poet elſewhere in one of his Sonets:

The ſiluer Swan doth ſing before her dying day,

As ſhe that feelles the deep delight that is in death, &c.

*Immortal myrrour*, Beautie, vvhich is an excellent obiect of poeticall ſpirits, as appeareth by the vvvorthy Petrarch, ſaying:

*Floris facena il mio debile ingegno.*

*Ala ſua ombra, & creſcer ne gli affanni.*

*A caryne courage*, A baſe and abieſt mind.

*For loſtie loue*. I thinke this playing vvvith the letter, be rather a fault then a figure, as well in our Engliſh tongue, as it hath been alwayes in the Latin, called *Cacozelon*.

*A vacant*, imitateth Mantuans ſaying, *Vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Paſcit.*

*Lauish cups*, Reſembleth the common verſe, *Facundi calices quæ non fecere diſertum.* O if my: he ſeemeth heere to be rauished vvvith a poeticall furie. For (if one rightly marke) the numbers riſe ſo full, and the verſe groweth ſo bigge, that it ſeemeth hee had forgot the meaſure of ſhepheards ſtate and ſtile.

*Wild Iuie*: for it is dedicate to Bacchus, and therefore it is ſaid, that the Mænades (that is, Bacchus frantick prielts) vved in their ſacrifice to carrie Thyrfos, which were pointed ſtaues or Iauelins, vvrapped about with Iuie.

*In buſkin*. It vvas the manner of poets and players in Tragedies, to vvare buſkins, as also in Comedies to vve ſocks and light ſhoes. So that the buſkin in poetrie, is vved for tragical matter, as is ſaid in Virgill, *Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno.* And the like in Horace, *Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno.*

*Queint*, ſtrange. Bellona the goddeſſe of battell, that is Pallas: vvhich may therefore vvell be called queint, for that (as Lucian ſaith) vvhether Iupiter her father vvas in trauaile of her, he cauſed his ſonne Vulcan with his axe to heaw his head. Out of vvhich leaped out luſtily a valiant Damſell armed at all points: vvhom Vulcan ſeeing ſo faire and comely, lightly leaping to her, proffered her ſome curteſie, vvhich the Lady diſdaining, ſlaked her ſpeare at him, and threatned his ſaucineſſe. Therefore ſuch ſtrangenelle is vvell applied to her.

*Equipage*, order.

*Tydes*, ſeaſons.

*Charme*, temper and order. For charmes vverewont to be made by verſes, as Ouid ſaith: *Aut ſi carminibus.*

*Embleme*.

Heereby is meant, as also in the vvhole courſe of this Aeglogue, that poetrie is a diuine inſtinct, and vvnaturall rage paſſing the reach of common reaſon. Whom Piers answereth *liphonomatias*, as admitting the excellencie of the ſkill, whereof in Cuddie he had alreadie had a taſte.

November.





### *Aegloga vndecima.*

#### ARGVMENT.

**I**N this xi. Aeglogue hee bewaileth the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secret, and to me altogether vnknowne, albeit of himselfe I often required the same. This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which hee made vpon the death of Loyes the French Queene. But farre passing his reach, and in mine opinion, all other the Aeglogues of this booke.

THENOT.

**C**OLIN, my deare, when shall it please thee sing,  
As thou wert wont, songs of some iouliuence?  
Thy Muse too long slumbereth in sorrowing,  
Lulled asleepe through looses misgouernance.  
Now somewhat sing, whose endlesse souenaunce,  
Among the shepherds swaines may aye remaine:  
Whether thee list thy loued Lasse aduance,  
Or honour PAN with hymnes of higher vaine.

COLIN.

**T**HENOT, now is the time of mery-make,  
Nor PAN to herie, nor with loue to play:  
Sike mirth in May is meetest for to make,  
Or Sommer shade, vnder the cocked hay.  
But now sad Winter welked hath the day,  
And PHOEBVS weary of his yeerely taske,  
Ystablisht hath his steeds in lowly lay,  
And taken vp his Inne in Fishes hake,  
Thalke fullen season sadder plight doth aske,  
And loatheth sike delights, as thou doost praise:  
The mourfull Muse in mirth now list ne maske,  
As she was wont in youth and sommer dayes,  
But if thou algate list light virelayes,  
And looser songs of loue to vnderfong:

COLIN.

Who but thy selfe deserues like Poets praise?  
Relieve thy Oaten pypes, that sleepe long.

THENOT.

The Nightingale is soueraigne of song,  
Before him sits the Titmouse silent be:  
And I, vnfit to thrust in skilfull throng,  
Should COLIN make iudge of my foolerie?  
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,  
And haue been waitred at the Muses vrell:  
The kindly dew drops from the higher tree,  
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.  
But if sad winters wrath, and season chill,  
Accord not with thy Muses meriment:  
To sadder times thou maist attune thy quill,  
And sing of sorrow and deaths dreeriment.  
For dead is DIDO, dead alas and drent,  
DIDO the great shepherd his daughter sheene:  
The fairest May she was that euer went,  
Her like she has not left behind I weene.  
And if thou wilt bewaile my wofull teene,  
I shall thee giue yond Colset for thy paine:  
And if thy rymes as round and ruffall been,  
As those that did thy ROSALINDE complaine,

Mark

Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gaine,  
Then Kid or Colset, which I thee benempt:  
Then vp I lay, thou iolly shepherd swaine.  
Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

COLIN.

**T**HENOT, to that I chose, thou dost me rempt,  
But ah! too vrell I wote my humble vaine,  
And how my rymes been rugged and vnkempt:  
Yet as I con, my cunning I will straine.

**V**P then MEMPOME, the mourfull Muse of  
Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afore: (nine,  
Vp grisly ghosts, and vp my ruffall rime,  
Matter of mirth now shall thou haue no more:  
For dead she is, that mirth thee made of yore,  
DIDO my deare, alas is dead,  
Dead, and lieth wrapt in lead:  
O heauie herse,  
Let streaming teares be poured out in store:  
O carefull verse.

Shepherds, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abide,  
Waile ye this wofull waste of Natures warke:  
Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pride:  
Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke:  
The sunne of all the world is dimme and darke:  
The earth now lacks her wonted light,  
And all wedwell in deadly night:  
O heauie herse,  
Breake we our pipes, that shrill as loude as Larke,  
O carefull verse.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)  
Whose better daies death hath shut vp in woe?  
The fairest flowre our girlond all among,  
Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.  
Sing now ye shepherds daughters, sing no mo  
The songs that COLIN made you in her prail,  
But into weeping turne your wanton layes.  
O heauie herse:  
Now is time to die. Nay, time was long ygoe,  
O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flowret of the field doth fade,  
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale?  
Yet soone as Spring his mantle doth display,  
It flowreth fresh, as it should neuer faile.  
But thing on earth that is of most auale,  
As vertues branch and beauties bud,  
Reliuen not for any good.  
O heauie herse,  
The branch once dead, the bud eke needs must quail,  
O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was a wofull word to saie)  
For beauties praise and pleasure had no peere:  
So well she coult the shepherds entertaine,  
With cakes and cracknells, and such countrey cheere,  
Ne would she leorne the simple shepherds swaine:  
For she would call him often heame,  
And giue him Curds and clouted Creece.

O heauie herse:

Als COLIN CLOUT she would not once detain,  
O carefull verse.

But now sike happy cheere is turned to heavy chauce,  
Such pleasure now displast by dolors daunce:  
All Musicke sleepes, where death doth lead the daunce,  
And shepherds wonted solace is extinct:  
The biewe in blacke, the greene in gray is tint:  
The gaudy girlonds deckt her grane,  
The faded flowres her Corse embrace,  
O heauie herse,  
Mourne now my Muse, now mourne with teares besprent,  
O carefull verse.

O thou great shepherd LOBBER, how great is thy  
Where bin the nosegayes that she dight for thee? (griefe,  
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,  
The knotted rush-rings, and gilt Rosemarie?  
For thee deemed nothing too deere for thee.  
Ah, they been all yclad in clay,  
One bitter blast blew all away.  
O heauie herse,  
Thereof nought remains but the memorice,  
O carefull verse.

Aye me that dreerie death should strike so mortall stroke,  
That can vndoe Dame Natures kindly courtesie:  
The faded locks fall from the losse Oke,  
The fouds do gaspe, for dried is their soulesie,  
And fouds of teares flowe in their stead perforce.  
The mantled meadowes mourne,  
Their sundry colours tounce.  
O heauie herse,  
The heauens doe melt in teares without remorse,  
O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,  
And hang their heads, as they would learne to weepe:  
The beasts in Forrest waile as they were woode,  
Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring sleepe:  
Now shee is gone that safely did hem keepe.  
The Turtle on the bared branch,  
Laments the wound, that death did lanch,  
O heauie herse:  
And PHOEBVS her song with teares doth sleepe,  
O carefull verse.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing & daunce,  
And for her girlond Olive branches beare,  
Now balefull boughs of Cyprus done aduance:  
The Muses that were wont greene bayes to weare,  
Now bringen bitter Eldre branches here:  
The fatall sisters eke repent,  
Her vitall threed so soone was spent.  
O heauie herse,

Mourne now my Muse, now mourne with heauie cheere,  
O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope  
Of mortall men, that twinke and sweat for nought,

And



So was the husbandman left to his losse,  
And they vnto their fortunes change to losse.  
After which sort they wandered long while,  
Abusing many through their cloaked guile;  
That at the last they gan to be desiered  
Of every one, and all their sleights espied.  
So as their begging now them failed quite;  
For none would giue, but all men would them wite:  
Yet would they take no paines to get their liuing,  
But seeke some other way to gaine by giuing,  
Much like to begging, but much better named;  
For many beg, which are thereof ashamed.  
And now the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,  
And th'Ape a callocke side-long hanging downe;  
For they their occupation meant to change,  
And now in other state abroad to range:  
For, since their souldiers Pas no better spedd,  
They forg'd another, as for Clerks, booke-redd.  
VWho passing forth, as their adventures fell,  
Through many hips, which needs not hereto tell;  
At length, chaunc't with a formall Priest to meete,  
VWhom they in euill manner first did greete,  
And after askt an almes for Gods deare loue,  
The man straight-way his choler vp did moue,  
And with reproachfull teames gan them reuile,  
For following that trade so base and vile;  
And askt what Licence, or what Pas they had?  
Ah (said the Ape, as sighing wondrous sad)  
It's an hard case, when men of good deseruing  
Must either driuen be perforce to steruing,  
Or asked for their Pas by euery squib,  
That list at will them to reuile or snib:  
And yet (God wote) small oddes I often see  
Twixt them that aske, and them that asked bee.  
Nathelisse, because you shall not vs misdeeme,  
But that we are as honest as we seeme,  
Yee shall our Passport at your pleasure see,  
And then ye will (I hope) well moued bee.  
Which when the Priest beheld, he view'd it nere,  
As if therein some Text he studying were;  
But little else (God wote) could thereof skill:  
For, read he could not Euidence, nor Will,  
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,  
Ne make one title worse, ne make one better:  
Of such deepe learning little had he neede,  
Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greeke, that breedeth  
Doubts mongst Divines, and difference of Texts,  
From whence arise diuersitie of Sects,  
And hatefull heresies of God abhor'd:  
But this good Sir did follow the plaine Word,  
Ne medled with their controuersies vaine,  
All his care was, his seruice well to saue,  
And to read Homelies on holidayes,  
VWhen that was done, he might attend his playes;  
An easie life, and fit high God to please.  
He, hauing ouer-lookt their Pas at ease,  
Gan at the length them to rebuke againe,  
That no good trade of life did entertaine,  
But lost their time in wandring loose abroad,  
Seeing the world, in which they bootlesse boad,

Had waies enow for all therein to liue;  
Such grace did God vnto his creatures giue,  
Said then the Fox; Who hath the world not tride,  
From the right way full eath may wander wide.  
VVe are but Nouices, new come abroad,  
VVe haue not yet the tract of any troad,  
Nor on vs taken any state of life,  
But ready are of any to make priue.  
Therefore, might please you, which the world haue  
Vs to aduise, which forth but lately moued,  
Of some good course, that we might undertake:  
Ye shall for euer vs your bondmen make.  
The Priest gan weke halfe proud to be so praid,  
And thereby willing to afford them ayde;  
It seemes (said he) right well that ye be Clerks,  
Both by your witty words, and by your werkes.  
Is not that name enough to make a liuing  
To him that hath a whit of Natures giuing?  
How many honest men see yee arise  
Daily thereby, and growe to goodly prize?  
To Deanes, to Archdeacons, to Commillaries,  
To Lords, to Principalls, to Prebendaries;  
All iolly Prelates, worthy rule to beare,  
Who euer them enue: yet spight bites neare.  
Why should ye doubt then, but that ye likewise  
Might vnto some of those in time arise?  
In the meane time to liue in good estate,  
Louing that loue, and hating those that hate;  
Being some honest Curate, or some Vicker,  
Content with little in condition sicker.  
Ah! but (said th'Ape) the charge is wondrous great,  
To feede mens soules, and haue an heauy threat.  
To feede mens soules (quoth he) is not in man:  
For, they must feede themselves, doe what we can.  
We are but charg'd to lay the meat before:  
Eate they that list, we neede to doe no more.  
But God it is that feeds them with his grace,  
The bread of life pour'd downe from heauenly place.  
Therefore said he, that with the budding rod  
Did rule the Jewes, *All shall be taught of God.*  
That same hath Iesus Christ now to him taught,  
By whom the flock is rightly fed and taught:  
He is the Shephard, and the Priest is hee;  
We but his shephard swaines ordain'd to bee.  
Therefore heere-with doe not your selfe dismay;  
Ne is the paines so great, but beare ye may;  
For not so great as it was wont of yore,  
It's now adayes, ne halfe so straight and sore.  
They whylome vsed duly euery day  
Their seruice and their holy things to say,  
At noone and euen, besides their Anthemes sweet,  
Their peny Masses, and their Complynes meet,  
Their Diriges, their Trentals, and their Shifts,  
Their memories, their singings, and their gifts.  
Now all those needlesse works are laid away;  
Now once a weeke vpon the Sabbath day,  
It is enough to doe our small deuotion,  
And then to follow any merry motion.  
Ne are we tyde to fast, but when we list,  
Ne to weare garments base of wollen twiste.

But with the finest silks vs to aray,  
That before God we may appeare more gay,  
Rembling *Aaron's* glory in his place:  
For farr vnto it is, that person base  
Should with vile clothes approach Gods maiestie,  
Whom no vnclennes may approach nee:  
Or that all men which any master serue,  
Good garments for their seruice should deserue;  
But he that serues the Lord of hostis most high,  
And that in highest place, approach him nigh,  
And all the peoples prayers to present  
Before his throne, as on ambassage sent  
Both to and fro, should not deserue to weare  
A garment better, than of wooll or haire.  
Beside, we may haue lying by our sides  
Our lovely Lasses, or bright shining Brides:  
VVe be not tyde to wilfull chastite,  
But haue the Gospell of free libertie.  
By that he ended had his ghastly sermon,  
The Foxe was well induc'd to be a Parson;  
And of the Priest chiffoones gan to enquire,  
How to a Benefice he might aspire.  
Marie there (said the Priest) is art indeede,  
Much good deepe learning one therout may reede,  
For, that the ground-workes is, and end of all,  
How to obtaine a Beneficall.  
First therfore, when ye haue in handsome wise  
Your selfe attired, as you can devise,  
Then to some Noble man your selfe apply,  
Or other great one in the world's eye,  
That hath a zealous disposition  
To God, and so to his religion:  
There must thou fishion eke a godly zeale,  
Such as no carper may contrayre reueale:  
For, each thing fained bought more warie bee.  
There thou must walke in sober garniture,  
And seeme as Saint-like as Saint *Radegund*:  
Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,  
And vnto euery one doe certis mecke:  
These lookes (nought saying) doe a Benefice seeke,  
And be thou sure one not to lack ere long.  
But if thee list vnto the Court to throng,  
And there to hunt after the hoped pray,  
Then must thou thee dispose another way:  
For there thou needs must learne, to laugh, to lie,  
To face, to forge, to scosse, to companie,  
To crouche, to please, to be a beetle flock  
Of thy great Masters will, to scorne, or mock:  
So must thou haunce mock out a Benefice,  
Vnlesse thou canst one conuie by deuce,  
Or cast a figure for a Bishoprick:  
And if one could, it were but a choole-trick.  
Thele be the waies, by which without reward  
Livings in Court be gotten, though full hard.  
For nothing there is done without a fee:  
The Courtier needs must recompenced bee  
With a Beneficence, or haue in gage  
The *Primities* of your Parlounge.  
Scarce can a Bishoprick forpas them by,  
But that it must be gele in priuie.

Doe not thou therefore seeke a liuing there,  
But of more priuate persons seeke elsewhere,  
Where-as thou mayst conuie a better penie,  
Ne let thy learning question'd be of any.  
For some good Gentleman that hath the right  
Vnto his Church tot to present a wight,  
Will cope with thee in reasonable wite;  
That if the liuing yearly doe arise  
To fortie pound, that then his youngest sonne  
Shall twency haue, and twency thou hast wonne:  
Thou hast it wonne, for it is of franke gits,  
And he will care for all the rest to stut;  
Both, that the Bishop may admit of thee,  
And that therein thou maist maintaine bee.  
This is the way for one that is vnlearn'd  
Liuing to get, and not to be discern'd.  
But they that are great Clerks, haue neerer wayes,  
For learning sake to liuing them to raise:  
Yet many eke of them (God wote) are driuen,  
To accept a Benefice in peeces riuen.  
How saist thou (friend) haue I not well discours'd  
Vpon this Common place (though plaine, not wourld)?  
Better a short tale, then a bad long shrugging.  
Neeter any more to learne to get a liuing?  
Now sure and by my hallidome (quoth he)  
Ye a great master are in your degree:  
Great thanks, I yeeld you for your discipline,  
And doe not doubt, but duly to encline  
My wits thereto, as ye shall shortly heare.  
The Priest him with good speed, and well to fare,  
So parted they, as eithers way them led.  
But th'Ape and Foxe ere long so well them sped,  
Through the Priests whollome counsell lately taught,  
And through their owne faire handling wisely wrought,  
That they a Benefice twixt them obtained;  
And craily Reynold was a Priest ordain'd.  
And th'Ape his Parish Clarke procur'd to bee,  
Then made they reuell route and goodly glee.  
But ere long time had passed, they to ill  
Did order their affaires, that th'eail will  
Of all their Parishners they had constrain'd;  
Who to the Ordinate of them complain'd,  
How foully they their offices abus'd;  
And them of crimes and heresies accus'd.  
That Parishners he often for them sent;  
But they neglecting his commaundement  
So long persisted obstinate and bold,  
Till at the length he published to hold  
A Visitation, and then cryed thither:  
Then was high time their wits about to gather;  
VWhat did they then, but made a composition  
With their next neighbour Priest for high condition,  
To whom their liuing they resigned quight  
For a few pence, and cam away by night.  
So passing through the Countrey in disguise,  
They fled far off; where none might see their disguise.  
And after that long strided heere and there,  
Through euery field and forrest farre and neere,  
Yet neuer found occasion for their raigne,  
But almost steru'd, did much saken and pained.



At last, they chaunc't to meet vpon the way  
The Mule, all deckt in goodly rich aray,  
With bells and bosses, that full lowdly rung,  
And costly trappings, that to ground downe hung.  
Lowly they him saluted in meeke wise:  
But he through pride and fancies gan despise  
Their meannesse; scarce vouchsaite them to requite.  
Whereat the Fox deepe growning in his spite,  
Said, Ah! for Mule, now blest be the day,  
That I see you so goodly and so gay  
In your attires, and eke your silken hyde  
Fill'd with round flesh, that euery bone doth hide,  
Seemes that in fruitfull pastures you doe liue,  
Or Fortune doth you secret fauour giue.  
Foolish Fox (said the Mule) thy wretched need  
Priseth the thing that doth thy sorrow breed.  
For well I wene, thou canst not but enue  
My wealth, compar'd to thine owne misery,  
That so leane and meagre waxen late,  
That scarce thy legs vphold thy feeble gate.  
Ay me (said then the Fox) whom euill hap  
Vnworthy in such wretchednes doth wrap,  
And makes the scorne of other beasts to bee:  
But read (saie Sir, of grace) from whence come yee  
Or what of tydings you abroad doe heare?  
Newes may perhaps some good vntweeting beare.  
From royall Court I lately came (said he)  
VVhere all the brauerie that eye may see,  
And all the happinesse that hart desire,  
Is to be found; he nothing can admire,  
That hath not seene that heavens portraiture:  
But tydings there is none I you assure,  
Save that which common is, and knowne to all,  
That Courtiers as the tyde doe rise and fall.  
But, tell vs (said the Ape) we doe you pray,  
Who now in Court doth beare the greatest sway,  
That if such fortune doe to vs befall,  
VVe may seeke fauour of the best of all.  
Marie (said he) the highest now in grace,  
Be the wilde beasts, that twifest are in chace;  
For in their speedie course and nimble flight  
The Lion now doth take the most delight:  
But chiefly, ioyes on foote them to behold,  
Enchaste with chape and circulet of gold:  
So wilde a beast so tame y taught to bee,  
And buxome to his bands is ioy to see,  
So well his golden Circlet him becometh:  
But his late chaine his Liege vnto esteemeth:  
For so braue beasts hee loueth best to see  
In the wilde Forrest ranging free and free.  
Therefore if fortune thee in Court to liue,  
In case thou euer there wilt hope to thriue,  
To some of these thou must thy selfe apply:  
Elle, as a thistle downe in th' ayre doth flye,  
So, vaine she shall thou to and fro be tost,  
And lose thy labour and thy fruitlesse cost.  
And yet full few that follow them I see,  
For vertues here regard aduanced bee,  
But either for some gainfull benefite,  
Or that they may for their owne taints be free.

Nath'lesse, perhaps, ye things may handle so,  
That ye may better thriue then thousands mo.  
But (said the Ape) how shall we first come in,  
That after we may fauour seeke to win?  
How elle (said he) but with a good bold face,  
And with big words, and with a stately pace,  
That men may thinke of you in generall,  
That to be in you, which is not at all:  
For, not by that which is, the world now deemeth  
(As it was wont) but by that same it seemeth.  
Ne doe I doubt, but that ye well can fashion  
Your selues there-to, according to occasion:  
So fare ye well, good Courtiers may ye bee;  
So proudly neighing, from them parted hee.  
Then gan this craftie couple to deuise,  
How for the Court themselves they might agize:  
For thither they themselves meant to addresse,  
In hope to finde there happier success;  
So well they listned, that the Ape anon  
Him selfe had clothed like a Gentleman,  
And the slie Fox, as like to be his groom,  
That to the Court in seemly sort they come.  
VVhere the fond Ape himselfe vprearing hy  
Vpon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,  
As if he were some great Magnifico,  
And boldly doth amongst the boldest go.  
And his man Reynold with fine counterfeits  
Supports his credite and his countenance.  
Then gan the Courtiers gaze on euery side,  
And stare on him, with big lookes balen wide,  
Wondering what mister wight he was, and whence:  
For he was clad in strange accoutrements,  
Fashion'd with quaint deuises neuer seene  
In Court before, yet there all fashions beene:  
Yet he them in newtangle nefe did pass:  
But his behauiour altogether was  
Alia Turcisia, much the more admir'd,  
And his lookes lustre, as if he aspy'd  
To dignitie, and design'd the lowe degree;  
That all which did such strangenesse in him see,  
By secret meanes gan of his state enquire,  
And priuily his seruants thereto hire:  
VVho, throughly arm'd against such couerture,  
Reported vnto all, that he was sure  
A noble Gentleman of high regard,  
Which through the world had with long trauell far'd,  
And seene the manners of all beasts on ground:  
Now heere arriv'd, to see if like he found.  
Thus did the Ape at first him credit giue,  
Which afterwards he wisely did maintaine  
VVith gallant shoue, and daily more augment  
Through his fine feats and Courtly complement:  
For he could play, and dance, and vaute, and spring,  
And all that else pertained to reuelling,  
Onely through kindly aptnes of his ioynts.  
Besides, he could doe many other poynts,  
The which in Court him selfe used to good stead:  
For, he amongst Ladies could their fortunes read  
Out of their hands, and misse leasings tell,  
And juggle finely, that became him well:

But he so light was at legier demaine,  
That what he coucht, came not to light againe:  
Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly lookee,  
And tell them, that they greatly him mistooke:  
So would he scoffe them out with mockerie,  
For he therein had great felicie:  
And with sharp quips ioy'd others to defice,  
Thinking that their disgracing did him grace:  
So whilst that other like vaine wits he pleased,  
And made to laugh, his hart was greatly reared,  
But the right gentle mind would bite his lip,  
To heare the such so good men to nip:  
For though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,  
And common Courtiers loue to gybe and reare,  
At euery thing, which they heare spoken of,  
And the best speeches with ill meaning full of  
Yet the braue Courtier, in whose brauour thought  
Regard of honour harbours more than ought,  
Doth loath such base condition, to backbite  
Anies good name for enuie or despite:  
He stands on reames of honourable mind,  
Ne will be carried with the common wind  
Of Courts inconstant mutabilitie,  
Ne after euery rattling fable flie:  
But heares, and leas the follies of the rest,  
And thereof gathers for himselfe the best:  
He will not creepe, nor crouch with fained face,  
But walks vpriht with comely stedfast pace,  
And vnto all doth yeeld due curtesie;  
But not with kist hand belowe the knee,  
As that same Apish crew is wont to do:  
For he did ioues himselfe embate there-to,  
He hates toule leasings, and vile flatterie,  
Two filthy blot in noble Gentrie:  
And loth he full idleness he doth detest,  
The canker-worme of euery gentle brest:  
The which to banish with faire exercise  
Of knightly teates, he daily doth deuise:  
Now menaging the moutnes of stubborne steedes,  
Now practising the proote of warlike deedes,  
Now his bright armes allaying, now his speare,  
Now the high-aymed ring away to beare:  
At other times he casts to lew the chace  
Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race,  
To enlarge his breath (large breath in armes most needful)  
Or else by wrestling to wax strong and heedful,  
Or his lustie armes to stretch with Eughen bowe,  
And manly legs, still passing to and fro,  
VVithout a gowne hee him selfe belide:  
A vaine ensample of the Persian pride,  
VVho after he had wonne the Assyrian foe,  
Did euer after scorne on foote to goe:  
Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with toyle  
Himselfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle  
Vnto his rest, and there with sweet delight  
Of Musicks skill reuiues his toyled spright:  
Or else with Loues, and Ladies gentle sports,  
The ioy of youth, himselfe hee recomforts:  
Or lastly, when the body list to pule,  
His minde vnto the Muses hee with-draws:

Sweet Lady Muses, Ladies of delight,  
Delights of life, and ornaments of light:  
With whom hee close confers with wise discourse,  
Of Natures workes, of heauens comenall course,  
Of forraire lands, of people diuers,  
Of kingdome change, or diuels government,  
Of dreadfull battales, of renowned Knights,  
With which hee kindly in an bitious spight  
To like desire and praise of noble fauour,  
The onely vp-shot where-to hee doth amere:  
For all his minde on honour fixt is,  
To which hee leueth all his purposes,  
And in his Princes seruice spends his daies,  
Not so much for to game, or for to rase  
Himselfe to high degrees as for his grace,  
And in his liking to winne worthy place,  
Through due desert and comely carriage,  
In what-so please employ his personage,  
That may be matter meete to gaue him praise:  
For he is fit to ste in all assays,  
Whether for Armes and warlike ameuance,  
Or else for wile and euill good ameuance,  
For he is practis'd well in pohtie,  
And there-to doth his courting most apply:  
To leane the entredale of Princes strange,  
To marketh intent of Countells, and the change  
Of states, and eke of priuate men some while,  
Supplanted by fine fallhood and faire guile:  
Of all the which hee gathereth what is fit,  
To enrich the storehouse of his powerfull wit,  
Which through wise speeches, and graue conference  
Hee daily ceakes, and brings to excellencie.  
Such is the rightfull Courtier in his kinde:  
But vnto such the Ape leueth not his mind:  
Such were for him his fit companions,  
Such would descry his lewd conditions:  
But the young lustie gallants hee did chuse  
To follow, meete to whom hee might discusse  
His wilde pleasaunce, and ill-pleasing vaine,  
A thousand wayes hee them could entertaine,  
With all the thirtlesse games that may be found,  
With mumming and with masking all around,  
VVith dice, with cards, with balliards far and neere,  
VVith shuttlecocks, and firing mainly weere,  
VVith courtizans, and colly vntize,  
VVhereof still some what to his share did rize:  
Ne, them to pleasure, would hee sometimes scorne  
A Pandars come (so basely was hee borne):  
There-to hee could time louing vertes frame,  
And play the Poet dnt, But ah! for shame,  
Let not his Poets praise, whole onely pride  
Is vertue to aduance, and vice to deide,  
Be with the worke of lotels wit defamed,  
Ne let such verses Poetry be named:  
Yet he the name on him would rashly take,  
Maugre the sacred Mules, and it make  
A seruant to the vile affliction  
Of such, as he depended most vpon,  
And with the lugey sweet thereof allure  
Chaste Ladies eares to fantasies impure.



To such delights the noble wits he led  
Which him relieu'd, and their vaine humors fed,  
VWith fruitlesse follies, and vnfound delights.  
But if perhaps into their noble sprights  
Desire of honour, or braue thought of armes  
Did euer creepe, then with his wicked charmes  
And strong conceits he would it driue away,  
Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day.  
And when to loue of letters did inspire  
Their gentle wits, and kindly wise desire  
That chiefly doth each noble mind adorne,  
Then he would scoffe at learning, and eke scorn  
The Sectaries thereof, as people base,  
And simple men, which neuer came in place  
Of worlds affaires, but in darke corners mowd,  
Murr'd of matters, as their bookes them shewd,  
Ne other knowledge euer did attaine,  
But with their gownes their grauitie maintaine,  
From them he would his impudent lewd speach  
Against Gods holy Ministers oft reach,  
And mock Diuines and their profession:  
VWhat else then did he by progression,  
But mock high God himselfe, whom they professe?  
But what car'd he for God or godlinesse?  
All his care was himselfe how to aduance,  
And to vphold his courtly countenance  
By all the cunning meanes he could deuise;  
Were it by honest waies, or otherwise,  
He made small choice: yet sure his honestie  
Got him small gaine, but shamelesse flattery,  
And filthy broage, and vnseemly shifts,  
And borowe base, and some good Ladies gifts:  
But the best help, which chiefly him sustain'd,  
Was his man Reynolds purchase which he gain'd,  
For he was schoold by kind in all the skill  
Of close conueyance, and each practise ill  
Of coosinage and cleanly knauerie,  
Which oft maintain'd his masters brauery.  
Besides, he vs'd another slippery flight,  
In taking on himselfe in common sight,  
False personages, fit for euery sted,  
With which he thousands cleanly coosined:  
Now like a Merchant, Merchants to deceaue,  
With whom his credite he did often leaue  
In gage, for his gay Masters hopelesse dett:  
Now like a Lawyer, when he land would lett,  
Or sell fee-simples in his Masters name,  
Which he had neuer, nor ought like the same:  
Then would he be a Broker, and draw in  
Both wares and money, by exchange to win:  
Then would he seeme a Farmer, that would sell,  
Bargaines of woods, which he did lately fell,  
Or corne, or cattle, or such other ware,  
There-by to coosin men not well aware;  
Of all the which there came a secret fee  
To th'Ape, that he his countenance might see.  
Besides all this, he vs'd oft to beguile  
Poore suters, that in Court did haunt some while:  
For he would learne their busines secretly,  
And then informe his Master hastily,

That he by meanes might cast them to prevent,  
And beg the lute the which the other meant.  
Or otherwise, false Reynold would abuse  
The simple Suter, and with him to chuse  
His Master, being one of great regard  
In Court, to compass any lute nor hard,  
In case his paines were recompenc'd with reason:  
So would he worke the silly man by treason  
To buy his Masters friuolous good will,  
That had not power to doe him good or ill.  
So pittifull a thing is Suters state.  
Most miserable man, whom wicked fate  
Hath brought to Court, so sue for had-ywift,  
That few haue found, and many one hath mist;  
Full little knowest thou that halt not tride,  
VWhat hell it is, in lunge long to bide:  
To loose good dayes that might be better spent;  
To waste long nights in penfull discontent:  
To speed to day, to be put back to morrow;  
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;  
To haue thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres;  
To haue thy asking, yet waite many yeeres;  
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;  
To care thy hart through comfortlesse despair;  
To fawne, to crouche, to wait, to ride, to ronne;  
To spend, to giue, to want, to be vdonne.  
Vnhappy wight, borne to defaunt end,  
That doth his life in so long tendence spend.  
Who euer leaues sweet home, where meane estate  
In safe assurance, without strife or hate,  
Finds all things needfull for contentment meeke,  
And will to Court for shadowes vaine to seeke,  
Or hope to gaine, himselfe a daw will try:  
That curse God send vnto mine enemy.  
For none but such as this bold Ape vnblyt,  
Can euer thrise in that vn lucky quest;  
Or such as hath a Reynold to his man,  
That by his shifts his Master furnish can.  
But yet this Foxe could not so closely hide  
His crafty feates, but that they were descide  
At length, by such as fate in iustice feat,  
VWho for the same him fouly did entreat;  
And hauing worthily him punished,  
Out of the Court for euer banished,  
And now the Ape wanting his huckster man,  
That wont prouide his necessities, gan  
To growe into great lack, ne could vp-holde  
His countenance in those his garments olde;  
Ne new ones could he easily prouide,  
Though all men him vncafed gan deride,  
Like as a Puppier placed in a play,  
Whose part once past, all men bid take away:  
So that he driuen was to great distresse,  
And shortly brought to hopelesse wretchednesse.  
Then closely as he might, he cast to leaue  
The Court, not asking any Pas or leaue;  
But ran away in his rent rags by night,  
Ne euer stayd in place, ne spake to wight,  
Till that the Foxe his copelmate he had found,  
To whom complaying his vnhappy stound,

At last againe with him in trauell joynd,  
And with him fard some better chauce to finde.  
So in the world long time they wandered,  
And mickle want and hardnesse suffered;  
That them repented much so foolishly  
To come so farre to seeke for misery,  
And leaue the sweetnes of contented home,  
Though eating hips, and drinking warty fume.  
Thus as they them complained to and fro,  
VWhile through the forest rechelesse they did goe,  
Lo where they spide, how in a gloomy glade,  
The Lion sleeping lay in secret shade,  
His Crowne and Scepter lying him beside,  
And hauing doft for beat his dreadfull hide:  
VWhich when they sawe, the Ape was fore afraid,  
And would haue fled with terror all dismayd.  
But him the Foxe with hardly words did stay,  
And bad him put all cowardize away:  
For now was time (if euer they would hope)  
To ayme their counsels to the fairest scope,  
And them for euer highly to aduance,  
In case the good which their owne happy chauce  
Them freely offred, they would wisely take.  
Scarce could the Ape yet speake, so did he quake,  
Yet as he could, he askt how good might growe,  
Where nought but dread & death do seeme in shewe.  
Now (said he) whiles the Lion sleepeth sound,  
May we his Crowne and Mace take from the ground,  
And eke his skinne, the terror of the wood,  
Where-with we may our selues (if we thinke good)  
Make Kings of beasts, and Lords of forests all,  
Subiect vnto that powre imperiall.  
Ah! but (said th'Ape) who is to bold a wretch,  
That dare his hardy hand to thote out-stretch;  
VWhen as he knowes his meed, if he beside,  
To be a thousand deathes, and shame beside?  
Fond Ape (said then the Foxe) into whose brest  
Neuer crept thought of honour, nor braue gest,  
VWho will not venture life a King to bee,  
One ioyous houre in blisfull happinesse,  
Than dwell in dust inglorious and base,  
Where none shall name the number of his place?  
One ioyous houre in blisfull happinesse,  
I chuse before a life of wretchednesse.  
Be therefore counselled herein by mee,  
And shake off this vile-barted cowardice.  
If hee awake, yet is not death the next,  
For we may couler it with some pretext  
Of this, or that, that may excuse the crime:  
Else we may flye; thou to a tree mayst clime,  
And I creepe vnder ground; both from his reach:  
Therefore be rul'd to doo as I doe teach.  
The Ape, that cast did nought but chill and quake,  
Now gan some courage vnto him to take,  
And was content to attempt that enterpryse,  
Tickled with glory and rash couetise;  
But first gan question, whether should assay  
Those royall ornaments to steale away.  
Mary that shall your selfe (quoth he thereto)  
For ye be fine and nimble it so doo;

Of all the beasts which in the forests bee,  
Is not a fitter for this turne than yee:  
Therefore, mine owne deare brother take good heed,  
And euer thinke a kingdom is your part.  
Loath was the Ape (though praised) to aduance,  
Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,  
Afraid of euery leate that thir'd him by,  
And euery stick, that vnderneath did ly;  
Vpon his uppers nicely he vp went,  
For making noyle, and still his eare he lent  
To euery sound, that vnder heauen blew,  
Now went, now slept, now crept, now backward drew,  
That it good sport had been him to haue eyde:  
Yet at the last (so well he him applyde,)  
Through his fine handling, and his cleanly play,  
He all those royall signes had stolne away,  
And with the Foxes helpe them borne aside,  
Into a secret corner vnspiee.  
VWhether when as they came, they fell at worke,  
VWhether of them should be the Lord of Lords:  
For th'Ape was stryfull, and ambitious;  
And the Foxe guilefull, and most couetous,  
That neither pleased was, to haue the raine  
Twixt them diuided into two twaine,  
But either (algates) would be Lords alone:  
For Loue and Lordship bide no paragone.  
I am most worthy (said the Ape) with I  
For it did put my life in scapardie:  
There-to I am in person and in stature  
Most like a man, the Lord of euery creature,  
So that it seemeth I was made to raigne,  
And borne to be a kingly Soueraigne.  
Nay (said the Foxe) Sir Ape you are astray:  
For though to steale the Diademe away  
Were the worke of your nimble hand, yet I  
Did first deuise the plot by policie;  
So that it wholly springeth from my wit:  
For which also I claime my selfe more fit  
Than you, to rule: for gouernment of state  
Will without wisdom soone be runate.  
And where you claime your selfe for outward shape  
Most like a man, Man is not like an Ape  
In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and spirit;  
But I therein most like to him doe merit:  
For my lie wyles and subtil craftinesse,  
The title of the kingdom to possesse.  
Nath'lesse (my brother) since we parted are  
Vnto this poynt, we will appeale our iare,  
And I with reason meet will rest content,  
That ye shall haue both crowne and gouernment,  
Vpon condition that ye ruled bee  
In all affaires, and counsell'd by mee;  
And that ye let none other euer drawe  
Your minde from mee, but keepe this as a lawe:  
And hereupon an oath vnto me plighte.  
The Ape was glad to end the lute so light,  
And there-to swore: for who would not outstare,  
And oft vnswaite, a Diademe to beare?  
Then freely vp thote to yall spoyles hee tooke,  
Yet at the Lions skin heainly quooke;



But it dissembled, and vpon his head  
The Crowne, and on his back the skin he did,  
And the false Foxe him helped to array.  
Then when he was all dight, he tooke his way  
Into the Forrest, that he might be seene  
Of the wilde beasts in his new glory sheene.  
There the two fitt, whom he encountred, were  
The Sheepe and the Ape, who stricken both with feare  
At sight of him, gan fast away to flye,  
But vnto them the Foxe aloud did cry,  
And in the Kings name bad them both to stay,  
Vpon the paine that thereof follow may.  
Hardly nath'lesse were they restrained so,  
Till that the Foxe forth toward them did go,  
And there dissuaded them from needlesse feare,  
For that the King did fauour to them beare;  
And therefore dreadlesse bad them come to Corte:  
For no wilde beasts should doe them any tort  
There or abroad, ne would his maiestie  
Vie them but well, with gracious clemencie,  
As whom he knew to him both fast and true;  
So he perswaded them with homage due  
Themselues to humble to the Ape prostrate,  
VWho gently to them bowing in his gate,  
Received them with chearfull entertaine.

Thence, forth proceeding with his princely traine,  
He shortly met the Tygre, and the Bore,  
Which with the simple Camell rag'd fore  
In bitter words, seeking to take occasion,  
Vpon his fleshy corps to make invasion:  
But soone as they this mock-King did espy,  
Their troublous strife they stinced by and by,  
Thinking indeed that it the Lion was.  
He then to proue whether his power would pass  
As currant, sent the Foxe to them straight way,  
Commanding them their cause of strife bewray;  
And if that wrong on either side there were,  
That he should warne the wronger to appeare  
The morrow next at Court, it to defend;  
In the meane time vpon the King attend.

The subtle Foxe so well his message said,  
That the proud beasts him readily obeyd:  
Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomack woxe,  
Strongly encourag'd by the crafty Foxe;  
That King indeed himselfe he shortly thought,  
And all the beasts him feared as they ought:  
And followed vnto his Palace hie,  
Where taking Conge, each one by and by  
Departed to his home in dreadfull awe,  
Full of the feared sight which late they sawe.

The Ape thus seized of the Regall throne,  
Effsoones by counsell of the Foxe alone,  
Gan to provide for all things in assurance,  
That so his rule might longer haue endurance.  
First, to his Gate he pointed a strong gard,  
That none might enter but with issue hard:  
Then for the safegard of his personage,  
He did appoint a warlike equipage  
Of forraigne beasts, not in the Forrest bred,  
But part by land, and part by water fed;

For tyrannie is with strange ayde supported,  
Then vnto him all monstrous beasts resorted  
Bred of two kindes, as Griffons, Minotaures,  
Crocodiles, Dragons, Beavers, and Centaures:  
With those himselfe he strengthened mightilie,  
That feare he need no force of enemy.  
Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,  
Like as the Foxe did guide his gracelesse skill,  
And all wilde beasts made vassals of his pleasures,  
And with their spoyle enlarg'd his priuate treasures.  
No care of iustice, nor no rule of reason,  
No temperance, nor no regard of season  
Did thenceforth euer enter in his minde,  
But crueltie, the signe of currish kinde,  
And disdainfull pride, and wilfull arrogance;  
Such followes those whom fortune doth aduance.

But the false Fox most kindly plaid his part:  
For, whatsoever mother wit, or arte  
Could worke, he put in prooffe: no practise lie,  
No counterpoint of cunning policie,  
No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,  
But he the same did to his purpose wring.  
Nought suffered he the Ape to giue or graunt,  
But through his hand must passe the Flaunt.  
All offices, all Leases by him leapt,  
And of them all what-so he likt, he kept.  
Iustice he sold in iustice for to buy,  
And for to purchase for his progeny.  
Ill might it prosper, that ill gotten was:  
But so he got it, little did he pass.  
He fed his cubs with fat of all the soyle,  
And with the sweet of others sweating toyle,  
He crammed them with crumbs of Benefices,  
And filld their mouthes with meeds of malices,  
He cloathed them with all colours saue white,  
And loaded them with Lordships and with might,  
So much as they were able well to beare,  
That with the weight their backs nigh broken were;  
He chaffred Chayres in which Churchmen werelst,  
And breach of lawes to priuie ferme did let.  
No statute so established might be,  
Nor ordinance so needfull, but that he  
Vould violate, though not with violence,  
Yet vnder colour of the confidence  
The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,  
And reckned him the kingdoms corner-stone.  
And euer when he ought would bring to pass,  
His long experience the platforme was:  
And when he ought not pleasing would put by,  
The cloke was care of thrift, and husbandry,  
For to encrease the common treasures store;  
But his owne treasure he encreased more,  
And lifted vp his lofty towres therby,  
That they began to threat the neighbour sky:  
The whiles the Princes Palaces fell fast  
To ruine: (for what thing can euer last?)  
And whilst the other Peeres for pouertie  
Vvere forc't their ancient houses to let lie,  
And their old Castles to the ground to fall,  
VWhich their forefathers famous ouer all

Had founded for the Kingdoms ornament,  
And for their memories long monument,  
But he no count made of Nobilitie,  
Nor the wilde beasts whom armes did glorifie,  
The Realmes chiefe strength & girland of the Crowne;  
All these through fained crimes he thrust adowne,  
Or made them dwell in darknes of disgrace:  
For none, but whom he list might come in place.  
Of men of armes he had but small regard,  
But kept them lowe, and streightned very hard.  
For men of learning little he esteemed;  
His wisdom he aboute their learning deemed.  
As for the rascall Commons least he cared;  
For not so common was his bounty shared:  
Let God (said he) if please, care for the many,  
I for my selfe must care before else any:  
So did he good to none, to many ill,  
So did he all the kingdom rob and pill.  
Yet none durst speake, nor none durst of him plaine;  
So great he was in grace, and rich through gaine.  
Ne would he any let to haue access  
Vnto the Prince, but by his owne addresse:  
For all that else did come, were sure to faile,  
Yet would he further none but for auail.  
For, on a time the Sheepe, to whom of yore  
The Fox had promised of friendship store,  
VWhat time the Ape the kingdom first did gaine,  
Came to the Court, her case there to complaine,  
How that the Wolfe her mortall enemy  
Had stithence slaine her Lambe most cruelly;  
And therefore cra'd to come vnto the King,  
To let him knowe the order of the thing.  
Soft gooddy Sheepe (then said the Foxe) not so:  
Vnto the King so rash ye may not goe.  
He is with greater matter buied,  
Than a Lamb, or the Lambs owne mothers head.  
Ne certes may I take it well in part,  
That ye my cousin Wolfe so fouly thwart,  
And seeke with slander his good name to blot:  
For there was cause, else doe it he would not.  
Therefore surcease good Dame, and hence depart.  
So went the Sheepe away with heauie hart.  
So many moe, so euerly one was vied,  
That to giue largely to the boxe refused.

Now when high Ioue, in whose almighty hand  
The care of Kings, and power of Empires stand,  
Sitting one day within his turret lie,  
From whence he viewes with his black-lidded eye,  
VWhat-so the heauen in his wide vawre contains,  
And all that in the deepest earth remains,  
And troubled kingdom of wilde beasts beheld,  
Whom not their kindly Soueraigne did weld,  
But an vsurping Ape with guile suborn'd,  
Had all subvert, he disdainfully it scorn'd.  
In his great hart, and hardly did reframe,  
But that with thunder-bolts he had him slaine;  
And driuen downe to hell, his dewest meed:  
But him auizing, he that dreadfull deed  
Forbore, and rather chose with scornfull shame  
Him to auenge, and blot his brutish name

Vnto the world, that neuer after any  
Should of his race be voyd of infamy:  
And his false counsellor, the cause of all,  
To damne to death, or dole perpetuall,  
From whence he neuer should be quit, nor stall'd,  
Forth-with he *Mercurius* vnto him call'd,  
And bad him flie with neuer-reiling speed  
Vnto the Forrest, where wilde beasts doe breed,  
And there enquireing priuily, to learne,  
VWhat did of late chance to the Lion Reame,  
That he rul'd not the Empire, as he ought;  
And whence were all those plaints vnto him brought  
Of wrongs and spoiles, by salvage beasts commanzed;  
VWhich done, he bad the Lion be remitted  
Into his seat, and thole same treachours vile  
Be punished for their presumptuous guile.  
The sonne of *Mars* soone as he recei'd  
That word, straight with his azure wings he cleau'd  
The liquid cloudes, and lucid firmament;  
Ne staid, till that he came with sleepe descent  
Vnto the place, where his presence did shoue.  
There stouping like an arrowe from a bowe,  
He soft arrived on the grassie Plaine,  
And fairly passed forth with ease paine,  
Till that vnto the Palace nigh he came.  
Then gan he to himselfe new shape to frame,  
And that faire face, and that Ambrosiall heu,  
Which wonts to deck the Gods immortal crew,  
And beautifie the shining firmament,  
He doft, vsit for that rude rabblement.  
So standing by the gates in strange disguise,  
He gan enquire of some in leetwize,  
Both of the King, and of his government,  
And of the Foxe, and his false blandishment:  
And euermore he heard each one complaine  
Of foule abuses both in realme and regne,  
Which yet to proue more true, he meant to see,  
And an eye-witnes of each thing to bee.  
Tho, on his head his dreadfull haire he dight,  
VWhich maketh him invisible in fight,  
And mocketh th'eyes of all the lookers on,  
Making them thinke it but a vision. (werda)  
Through power of that, he runnes through enemies  
Through power of that, he pulseth through the herds  
Of rauenous wilde beasts, and doth beguile  
Their greedie mouthes of the expected spoile;  
Through power of that, his cunning theueries  
He wonts to worke, that none the same espies:  
And through the power of that, he putteth on,  
VWhat shape he list in apparition.  
That on his head he wore: and in his hand  
He tooke *Caduceus* his soakie wand,  
With which the damned ghosts he gouerneth,  
And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth.  
VWith that he causeth sleepe to seize the eyes,  
And seaze the harts of all his enemies;  
And when him list, an vniuersall night  
Throughout the world he makes ou' every wight:  
As when his Sire with *Alemania* lay,  
Thus dight, into the Court he tooke his way,



Both through the gard, which neuer him descide,  
 And through the watchmen, who him neuer spide:  
 Thence, for he past into each secret part,  
 Whereas he sawe (that sorely grieu'd his hart)  
 Each place abounding with foule iniuries,  
 And tild with treasure rackt with robberies:  
 Each place defilde with blood of guiltles beasts,  
 Which had bene slaine to serue the Apes behests;  
 Gluttony, malice, pride, and couetize,  
 And lawlesnes reigning with riotize;  
 Besides the infinite extortions,  
 Done through the Foxes great oppressions,  
 That the complaints thereof could not be tolde.  
 Which when he did with lothfull eyes behold,  
 He would no more endure, but came his way,  
 And cast to seeke the Lion where he may,  
 That he might worke the auengement for this shame,  
 On those two caytiues, which had bred him blame.  
 And seeking all the Forrest busily,  
 At last he found, where sleeping he did ly:  
 The wicked weed, which there the Foxe did lay,  
 From vnderneath his head he tooke away,  
 And then him waking, forced vp to rize.  
 The Lion looking vp, gan him auize,  
 As one late in a trance, what had of long  
 Become of him: for fantasie is strong.  
 Arise (said *Mercurie*) thou sluggish beast,  
 That heere liest senselesse, like the corpele deceast,  
 The whilst thy kingdome from thy head is rent,  
 And thy throne royall with dishonor blent:  
 Arise, and doe thy selfe redeeme from shame,  
 And be aueng'd on those that breed thy blame.  
 There-at enraged, soone he gan vp-start,  
 Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart,  
 And rousing vp himselfe, for his rough hide  
 He gan to reach; but no where it eside.  
 There-with he gan full terribly to rore,  
 And chaust at that indignity right sore.  
 But when his Crowne and scepter both he wanted  
 Lord how he fum'd, and sweld, and rag'd and panted;  
 And threatned death, and thousand deadly dolours  
 To them that had purloyn'd his Princely honours!  
 With that in haste, disroabed as he was,  
 He toward his owne Palace forth did pass;

And all the way he roared as he went,  
 That all the Forrest with astonishment  
 Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein  
 Fled fast away from that so dreadfull din.  
 At last, he came vnto his mansion,  
 Where all the gates he found fast lockt anon,  
 And many warders round about them stood,  
 With that he roard aloud, as he were wood;  
 That all the Palace quaked at the sound,  
 As if it quite were ruen from the ground,  
 And all within were dead and hartlesse left;  
 And th'Ape himselfe, as one whose wits were rest,  
 Fled heere and there, and euery corner sought,  
 To hide himselfe from his owne feared thought,  
 But the false Fox, when he the Lion heard,  
 Fled closely forth, straight-way of death afraid,  
 And to the Lion came full lowly creeping,  
 With fained face, and watry eyne halfe weeping,  
 T'excuse his former treason and abuson,  
 And turning all vnto the Apes confusion:  
 Nath'lesse, the royall Beast forbore beleeking,  
 But bad him stay at ease till further preuening.  
 Then when he sawe no entrance to him graunted,  
 Roaring yet lowder that all harts it daunted,  
 Vpon those gates with force he fiercely flew,  
 And rending them in peeces, felly flew  
 Thole warders strange, and all that else he met.  
 But th'Ape still flying, he no where might get:  
 From rouse to rouse, from beame to beame he fled  
 All breathlesse, and for feare now almost ded:  
 Yet him at last the Lion spide, and caught,  
 And forth with shame vnto his iudgement brought.  
 Then all the beasts he caus'd assembled bee,  
 To heare their doome, and sad ensample see.  
 The Foxe, first Author of that treacherie,  
 He did vncase, and then abroad let fle.  
 But th'Apes long taile (which then he had) he quight  
 Cut off, and both eares pared of their hight;  
 Since which, all Apes but halfe their eares haue left,  
 And of their taitles are vtterly bereft.  
 So Mother Hubbard her discourse did end:  
 Which pardon me, if I amisse haue pend;  
 For, weake was my remembrance it to hold,  
 And bad her tongue that it so bluntly told.

FINIS.



COLIN CLOVTS  
**COME HOME**  
 AGAINE.

By *Edm. Spencer.*



AT LONDON,  
 Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lowmes.*



COME HOME  
AGAINE

By Edm. Spenser.



Printed by H. L. for Edm. Spenser.



TO THE RIGHT WORTHY  
and noble Knight, Sir *Walter Raleigh*, Captaine  
of her Maiesties Guard, Lord Wardein of the Stan-  
neries, and Lieutenant of the Countie  
of *Cornwall*.



IR, that you may see that I am not alwaies idle as yee  
thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether  
vndutifull, though not precisely officious; I make you  
present of this simple Pastorall, vnworthy of your high-  
er conceipt for the meanenesse of the stile, but agreeing  
with the truth in circumstance and matter. The vvhich

I humbly beseech you to accept in part of payment of  
the infinite debt in which I acknowledge my selfe bounden vnto you (for  
your singular fauours, and sundry good turnes shewed to me at my late be-  
ing in England) and with your good countenance protect against the ma-  
lice of euill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and miscon-  
strue my simple meaning. I pray continually for your happinesse. From  
my house at Kilcolman, the 27. of December. 1591.

*Yours euer humbly,*

Ed. Sp.



A 2.

Colin





## COLIN CLOVTS

come home againe.

**T**HE shepheards boy (best known by that name)  
That after TITVS first sung his lay,  
Lies of sweet loue, without rebuke or blame,  
Sate (as his custome was) vpon a day,  
Charming his oaten pipe vnto his peres,  
The shepheard swaines that did about him play:  
Who all the while with greedy listfull eares,  
Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,  
Like hartlesse Deere, dismayd with thunders sound.  
At last, when as he piped had his fill,  
He rested him: and sitting then around,  
One of those groomes (a iolly groom was hee,  
As euer piped on an oaten reed,  
And lou'd this shepheard dearest in degree,  
Hight HOBANOL) gan thus to him areed:  
COLOIN, my life, my life, how great a losse  
Had all the shepheards nation by thy lacke?  
And I, poore swaine, of many, greatest crosse:  
That sith thy Muse first since thy turning back  
Was heard to sound as she was wont on hie,  
Hast made vs all so blessed and so blythe,  
Whilst thou wast hence, all dead in dole did lie:  
The woods were heard to waile full many a sythe,  
And all their birds with silence to complaine:  
The fields with faded flowers did seeme to mourne,  
And all their flocks from feeding to refraine:  
The running waters wept for thy returne,  
And all their fish with languour did lament:  
But now both woods and fields, and floods reuiue,  
Sith thou art come, their cause of meriment,  
That vs late dead, hast made againe aliue:  
But were it not too painefull to repeat  
The passed fortunes which to thee befell  
In thy late voyage, we thee would intreat,  
Now at thy leisure them to vs to tell.  
To whom the shepheard gently answered thus,  
HOBANOL, thou temptest me to that I couet:  
For of good passed, newly to discus,  
By double vsurie doth twise renew it.  
And since I saw that Angels blessed eye,  
Her worlds bright sun, her heauens fairest light,  
My mind full of my thoughts serene,  
Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight:  
Since that same day in nought I take delight,  
Ne feeling haue in any earthly pleasure,  
But in remembrance of that glorious bright,

My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall treasure,  
Wake then my pipe, my sleepe Muse awake,  
Till I haue told her praises lasting long:  
HOBANOL desires, thou maist it not forsake,  
Harke then ye iolly shepheards to my song.  
With that, they all gan throng about him noyse,  
With hungry eares to heare his harmonies:  
The whiles their flocks, deuoid of dangers feare,  
Did round about them feede at libertie.  
One day (quoth he) I late (as was my trade)  
Vnder the foote of MOUNTAINE, that mountaine hore,  
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade,  
Of the greene alders by the MYLLE ASH shore:  
There a strange shepheard chauntt to find me out,  
Whether allured with my pipes delight,  
Whose pleasing sound yshuffled far about,  
Or thither led by chaunce, I know nor right:  
Whom when I asked from what place he came,  
And how he hight: himselfe he did yclepe,  
The shepheard of the OCEAN by name,  
And said he came far from the main-sea deepe.  
He sitting me beside in that lime shade,  
Prouoked me to play some pleasant fit,  
And when he heard the musick which I made,  
He found himselfe full greatly pleas'd at it:  
Yet, amuling my pipe, he took in hand  
My pipe, before that amuled of many,  
And plaid thereon: (for well that skill hee had)  
Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.  
He pip't, I sung: and when he sung, I piped,  
By change of turnes, each making other mery,  
Neither enuying other, nor enuied.  
So piped we, vntill we both were wearie:  
There interrupting him, a bonny swaine,  
That CYDOR hight, him thus auenece bespake:  
And shouldst thou not thy reely counterfeine,  
I would request thee COLOIN, for my sake,  
To tell what thou didst sing, when he did play.  
For well I weene it worth recounting was,  
Whether it were some hymne, or roorall lay,  
Or caroll made to praise thy loued Lasse.  
Nor of my loue, nor of my Lasse, quoth he,  
I then did sing, as then occasion fell:  
For loue had me forlorne, forlorne of me,  
That made me in that desire choose to dwell.  
But of my riner BANCOOAS loue I song.



Colin Clouts come home againe.

Which to the shiny M V L L A he did beare,  
And yet doth beare, and euer will, so long  
As water doth within his banks appeare.  
Of fellowship, said then that bonny Boy,  
Record to vs that louely lay againe:  
The stay whereof, shall nought these eares annoy,  
Who all that C O L I N makes, do euer faime.  
Heare then, quoth he, the tenor of my tale,  
In fort as I it to that shepheard told:  
No leasing new, nor Grandams fable tale,  
But ancient truth, confirm'd with credence old.  
Old father M O L E, (M O L E hight that mountain gray  
That wall'st the Northside of A R M V L L A dale)  
He had a daughter fresh as flowre of May,  
Whose name was vnto that pleasant vale:  
M V L L A the daughter of old M O L E, so hight  
The Nympe, which of that water courie has charge,  
That springing out of M O L E, doth run downe right  
To B Y T T E V A N T, where spreading forth at large,  
It giueth name vnto that ancient Citie,  
Which K I E N E M V L L A H cleped is of old:  
Whole cragg'd ruines breed great ruth and pittie,  
To travellers, which it from farre behold.  
Full faime she lou'd, and was belou'd full faime.  
Of her owne brother riuier, B R E G G hight,  
So hight because of this deceitfull traine,  
Which he with M V L L A wrought to win delight.  
But her old fire, more carefull of her good,  
And meaning her much better to preferre,  
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,  
Which A L L O hight, Broad-water called farre:  
And wrought so well with his continuall paine,  
That he that riuier for his daughter wonne:  
The dowre agreed, the day assigned plaine,  
The place appointed where it should be donne.  
Nath'lesse the Nympe her former liking held:  
For loue will not be drawne, but must be ledde,  
And B R E G G did so well her fancie weld,  
That her good will he got, her first to wedde.  
But for her father sitting still on hie,  
Did warily still watch which way she went,  
And eke from farre obseru'd with ialous eye,  
Which way his course the wanton B R E G G bent,  
Him to deceiue for all his watchfull ward,  
The wily lout d'ld deuise this slight:  
First into many parts his streame he shar'd,  
That whilst the one was watcht, the other might  
Passe vnto side to meet her by the way:  
And then besides, those little streames so broken,  
He vnder ground so closely did conuay,  
That of their passage doth appeare no token,  
Till they into the M V L L A S water slide.  
So secretly did he his loue enioy:  
Yet not so secret but it was descride,  
And told her father by a shepherds boy.  
Who wondrous wroth for that so foule despight,  
In great auenge did roll downe from his hill  
Huge mightie stones, the which encomber might  
His passage, and his water-courses spill.  
So of a Riuier, which he was of old,  
He none was made, but leaured all to nought,

And lost among those rocks into him rold,  
Did lose his name: so deare his loue he bought.  
Which hauing said, him T H E S T Y L I S bespake,  
Now by my life, this was a merry lay:  
Worthy of C O L I N S selfe, that did it make.  
But read now eke of friendship I thee pray,  
What dutie did that other shepheard sing?  
For I doe couet most the same to heare,  
As men vse most to couet forraigne thing.  
That shall I eke, quoth he, to you declare.  
His song was all a lamentable lay,  
Of great vnkindnesse, and of vltige hard,  
Of C Y N T H I A the Lady of the Sea,  
Which from her presence, faultlesse him debar'd.  
And euer and anon with singulr rise,  
He cried out, to make his vnder song,  
Ah my loues Queene, and Goddesse of my life,  
Who shall me pittie, when thou doost me wrong?  
Then gan a gentle bonylasse to speake,  
That M A R T I N hight, Right well he sure did plaine,  
That could great C Y N T H I A S fore displeasure breake,  
And moue to take him to her grace againe.  
But tell on further C O L I N, as befall  
Twixt him and thee, that thee did hence diswade.  
When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,  
Quoth he, and each an end of singing made,  
He gan to cast great liking to my lore,  
And great disliking to my lucklesse lot,  
That banish'd had my selfe, like wight forlore,  
Into that waste, where I was quite forgor.  
The which to leaue, thenceforth he counsell'd mee,  
Vnto for man, in whom was ought regardfull,  
And wend with him, his C Y N T H I A to see:  
Whose grace was great, & bountie most rewardfull.  
Besides her peerlesse skill in making well,  
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,  
Such as all womankind did farre excell:  
Such as the world admyr'd, and praised it:  
So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,  
He me perswaded forth with him to fare:  
Nought tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill,  
Small needments else need shepherds to prepare.  
So to the sea we came; the sea? that is,  
A world of waters heaped vp on hie,  
Rolling like mountaines in wide wilderness,  
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse cry.  
And is the sea, quoth C O R I D O N, so fearefull?  
Fearefull much more, quoth he, then hart can feare:  
Thousand wilde beasts, with deep mouthes gaping dire,  
Ther in still wait, poore passengers to teare.  
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,  
Before he die, already dead with feare,  
And yet would liue with heart halfe stony cold,  
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.  
And yet as ghastly dreadfull as it seemes,  
Bold men, presuming life for gaine to sell,  
Dare tempt that gulfe, and in those wandring streames  
Seek waies vnkowne, waies leading downe to hell.  
For as we stood there waiting on the strand,  
Behold, an huge great vessel to vs came,  
Dauncing vpon the waters back to lond,

Colin Clouts come home againe.

As if it leind the danger of the same:  
Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,  
Glew'd together with some subtil matter,  
Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,  
And life to moue it selfe vpon the water.  
Strange thing, how bold & swift the monster was,  
That neither car'd for wind, nor haile, nor raine,  
Nor swelling waues, but thorough them did passe  
So proudly, that she made them roare againe.  
The same aboard vs gently did receaue,  
And without harme, vs farre away did beare,  
So fare, that land our mother vs did leaue,  
And nought but sea and heauen to vs appeare.  
Then hartlesse quite and full of inward feare,  
That shepheard I besought to me to tell,  
Vnder what skie, or in what world we were,  
In which I saw no liuing people dwell.  
Who me recomforting all that he might,  
Told me that that same was the Regiment  
Of a great shepherdesse, that C Y N T H I A hight,  
His liege, his Ladie, and his lifes Regent.  
If then, quoth I, a shepherdesse she be,  
Where be the flocks and herds, which she doth keepe?  
And where may I the hills and pastures see,  
On which she vseth for to feed her sheepe?  
These be the hills, quoth he, the surges hie,  
On which faime C Y N T H I A her herds doth feed:  
Her herds be thousand fishes with their frise,  
Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.  
Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chiefe,  
Is T R I T O N, blowing loud his wreathed horne:  
At sound whereof, they all for their reliefe  
Wend to and fro at euening and at morne.  
And P R O T E Y S eke with him does driue his heard  
Of stinking Seales and Porcpiscas together,  
With hoary head and deawie dropping beard,  
Compelling them which way he list, and whither.  
And I among the rest of many least.  
Haue in the Ocean charge to me assign'd:  
Where I will liue or die at her behest,  
And serue and honour her with faithfull mind.  
Besides, an hundred Nymphs all heauenly borne,  
And of immortal race, do still attend, (shorne,  
To wash faime C Y N T H I A S sheepe, when they be  
And fold them vp, when they haue made an end.  
Those be the Shepherds which my C Y N T H I A serue,  
At sea, beside a thousand moe at land:  
For land and sea my C Y N T H I A doth deserue  
To haue in her commandement at hand.  
Thereat I wondred much, till wondring more  
And more, at length we land far off descride:  
Which sight much gladded me for much afore  
I feard, least land we neuer should haue eyde:  
Thereto our ship her course directly bent,  
As if the way she perfectly had knowne.  
We L V N D A Y passe: by that same name is ment  
An Island, which the first to West was showne.  
From thence another world of land we kend,  
Floting amid the sea in icopardie,  
And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,  
Against the seas encroching crueltie.

Those same the shepheard, told me, were the fowls  
In which dame C Y N T H I A her land-bende fed,  
Faime goodly fields, then which A R M V L L A yeelds  
None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.  
The first to which we nigh approch'd, was  
An high head-land, thrust far into the sea,  
Like to an horne, whereof the name it had,  
Yet seem'd to be a goodly pleasant lea:  
There did a loftie mount at first vs greet,  
Which did a stately heape of stones vpreare,  
That seem'd amid the surges for to beere,  
Much greater then that frame, which vs did beere:  
There did our ship her fruitfull wombe vnload,  
And put vs all ashore on C Y N T H I A S land.  
What land is that thou meanst, then C Y N D Y said,  
And is there other, then whereon we stand?  
Ah C Y N D Y, then quoth C O L I N, thou'st a foe,  
That hast not seene least part of Natures worke:  
Much more there is vnkend, then thou doost kon,  
And much more that does from mens knowledge lurke.  
For that same land much larger is then this,  
And other men and beasts and birds doth feed:  
There fruitfull corne, faime trees, fresh herbage is  
And all things else that liuing creatures need.  
Besides, most goodly riuers there appeare,  
No whit inferiour to thy F V N C H I N S prairie,  
Or vnto A L L O, or to M V L L A cleare:  
Nought hast thou foolish boy seene in thy daies,  
But if that land be there, quoth he, as here,  
And is their heauen likewise there all one?  
And if like heauen, be heauenly graces there,  
Like as in this same world where we do won?  
Both heauen and heauenly graces doe much more,  
Quoth he, abound in that same land, then this.  
For there all happy peace and pientous store  
Conspire in one to make contented blisse:  
No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,  
No bloodie illues, nor no leprothes,  
No grieu'd famine, nor no raging sword,  
No nightly bodrags, nor no hue and cries:  
The shepherds there abroad may safely be,  
On hills and downes, withouten dread or danger:  
No ravenous Wolues the good mans hope destroy,  
Nor outlawes sell affray the forest ranger.  
There learned Arts do flourish in great honor,  
And Poets wits are had in peerlesse price:  
Religion hath lay powre to rest vpon her,  
Aduauncing vertue, and suppressing vice.  
For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,  
Had people grace it gratefully to vie:  
For God his gifts there plentifully bestowes,  
But gracelesse men them greatly doe abuse.  
But say on further, then said C O R Y L A S,  
The rest of thine adventures, that betyded,  
Forth on our voyage we by land did passe,  
Quoth he, as that same shepheard still vs guidel,  
Vntill that we to C Y N T H I A S presence came:  
Whose glory, greater then my simple thought,  
I found much greater then the former fame:  
Such graces I cannot compare to ought:  
But if I her like ought on earth might read,

I would



Colin Clouts come home againe.

I would her liken to a crowne of Lillies,  
Vpon a virgin brides adorned head,  
With Roses dight, and Goolds and Daffadillies  
Or like the circlet of a Turtle true,  
In which all colours of the Rainebowe bee:  
Or like faire P O E S S garland shining new,  
In which all pure perfection, one may see,  
But vaine it is to thinke by paragone  
Of earthly things, to iudge of things diuine:  
Her power, her mercy, & her wisdom, none  
Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define,  
Why then do I base shepheard bold and blind,  
Presume the things so sacred to prophane?  
More in it is to adore with humble mind,  
The image of the heauens in shape humane.  
With that, A L E X I S broke his tale asunder,  
Saying, By wondering at thy C Y N T H I A s praise:  
C O L I N, thy selfe thou mak'st vs more to wonder,  
And her vpraising, doost thy selfe vpraise.  
But let vs heare what grace she shewed thee,  
And how that shepheard strange, thy cause aduanced?  
The shepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)  
Vnto that Goddesse grace me first enhanced:  
And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare,  
That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,  
And it desir'd at timely houres to heare,  
All were my notes but rude and roughly dight.  
For not by measure of her owne great mind,  
And wondrous worth she mot my simple song,  
But ioyd that country shepheard ought could hind  
Worth harkening to, amongst that learned throng.  
Why? said A L E X I S then, what needeth thee  
That is so great a shepheardesse her selfe,  
And hath so many shepheards in her see,  
To heare thee sing, a simple silly Elfe?  
Or be the shepheards which doe serue her laesie?  
That they list not their merry pipes apply,  
Or be their pipes vtunable and crasie,  
That they cannot her honour worthily?  
Ah nay, said C O L I N, neither so, nor so.  
For better shepheards be not vnder skie,  
Nor better able, when they list to blow  
Their pipes aloud, her name to glorifie.  
There is good H A R P A L V S, now woxen aged,  
In faithfull seruice of faire C Y N T H I A,  
And there is C O R I D O N, but meanly waged,  
Yet ablest wit of most I knowe this day.  
And there is sad A L C Y O N, bent to mourne,  
Though fit to frame an euermourning dittie,  
Whose gentle spright for D A P H N E S death doth tourne  
Sweet layes of loue, to endlesse plaints of pittie.  
Ah pensie boy pursue that braue conceit,  
In thy sweet Eglantine of M E R I F L Y R E,  
Lift vp thy notes vnto their wonted height,  
That may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure.  
There eke is P A L I N, worthy of great praise,  
Albe he enuie at my rusticke quill:  
And there is pleasing A L C O N, could he raise  
His tunes from layes, to matter of more skill.  
And there is old P A L E M O N, free from spight,  
Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer rewe:

Yet he himselfe may rewe be more right,  
That sung so long vntill quite hoarse he grew.  
And there is A L A B A S T E R, throughly taught  
In all his skill, though knowne yet to few:  
Yet were he knowne to C Y N T H I A as he ought,  
His Elfe's would be redde anew.  
Who liues that can match that heroiick song,  
Which he hath of that mightie Princeesse made?  
O dreaded Dread, doe not thy selfe that wrong,  
To let thy fame lie so in lidden shade:  
But call it forth, & call him forth to thee,  
To end thy glory, which he hath begun:  
That when he finisheth his as it should be,  
No brauer Poeme can be vnder Sun.  
Nor P O N O R T Y B V S swans, so much renowned,  
Nor all the brood of Geese so highly praised,  
Can match that Muse, when it with Bayes is crowned,  
And to the pitch of her perfection raised.  
And there is a new shepheard late vp sprung,  
The which doth all afore him far surpass:  
Appearing well in that well tuned song,  
Which late he sung vnto a scornfull Lasse.  
Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly flie,  
As daring not too rashly mount on high,  
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie,  
In loues soft layes, and looser thoughts delight.  
Then rouze thy feathers quickly D A N I E L,  
And to what course thou please thy selfe aduance:  
But most, me seemes, thy accent will excell,  
In Tragickie plaints and passionate mischance.  
And there that shepheard of the O C E A N I S,  
That spends his wit in loues consuming smart:  
Full sweetly tempered is that Muse of his,  
That can emperie a Princes mightie hart.  
There also is (ah no, he is not now)  
But since I said he is, he quite is gone,  
A M Y N T A S quite is gone and lies full lowe,  
Hauing his A M A R I L L I S left to none.  
Helpe, & ye shepheards, helpe ye all in this,  
Helpe A M A R I L L I S this her losse to mourne:  
Her losse is yours, your losse A M Y N T A S is,  
A M Y N T A S, flowre of shepheards pride forlorne:  
He, whilst he liued, was the noblest swaine,  
That euer piped on an oaten quill:  
Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine,  
And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.  
And there, though last not least is A E T I O N,  
A gentler shepheard may no where be found:  
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts inuention,  
Doth like himselfe heroically found.  
All these, and many others moe remaine,  
Now after A S T R O F E L L is dead and gone.  
But while as A S T R O F E L L did liue and raigne,  
Amongst all these was none his Paragone:  
All these do flourish in their sundry kind,  
And doe their C Y N T H I A immortall make:  
Yet found I liking in her royall mind,  
Not for my skill, but for that shepheards sake.  
Then spake a lovely Lasse, light L V C I D A:  
Shepheard, enough of shepheards thou hast told,  
Which fauour thee, and honour C Y N T H I A,

Colin Clouts come home againe.

But of so many Nymphs which she doth hold  
In her retinew, thou hast nothing said,  
That seemes, with none of them thou fauour foundest,  
Or art ingratefull to each gentle maid,  
That none of all their due deserts refoundest.  
Ah far be it, quoth C O L I N C L O V T, from me,  
That I of gentle Mayds should ill deserue:  
For that my selfe I doe professe to be  
Vassall to one, whom all my dayes I serue.  
The beame of beautie sparkled from above,  
The flowre of vertue and pure chastitie:  
The blossome of sweet ioy and perfect loue,  
The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie,  
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,  
To her my hart I nightly martyrise:  
To her my loue I lowly do prostrate,  
To her my life I wholly sacrifice,  
My thought, my heart, my loue, my life is shee:  
And I hers euer onely, euer one:  
One euer I, all vowed hers to bee,  
One euer I, and others neuer none.  
Then thus M E L I S S A said: Thrice happy Mayd,  
Whom thou doost so enforce to deifie:  
That woods, and hills, and valleyes, thou hast made  
Her name to echo vnto heauen hie,  
But say, who else vouchsafed thee of grace?  
They all, quoth he, me graced goodly well,  
That all I praise: but in the highest place,  
V R A N I A, sister vnto A S T R O F E L L,  
In whose braue mind, as in a golden coffer,  
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are:  
More rich then pearles of I N D I E, or gold of O P H I R,  
And in her sex more wonderfull and rare.  
Nelesse praise worthy I T H E A N A read,  
Whose goodly beames though they be ouer-dight  
With mourning stole of carefull widowhead,  
Yet through that darksome vale do glister bright.  
She is the velle of bountie and braue mind,  
Excelling most in glorie and great light:  
She is the ornament of woman-kind,  
And Courts chiefe garland, with all vertues dight.  
Therefore great C Y N T H I A her in chiefeest grace  
Doth hold, and next vnto her selfe aduance,  
Well worthie she of so honourable place:  
For her great worth and noble gouernance.  
Nelesse praise-worthy is her sister deare,  
Faire M A R I A N, the Muses onely darling:  
Whose beautie shineth as the morning cleare,  
With siluer dew vpon the Roses pearling.  
Nelesse praise-worthy is M A N S I L L A,  
Best knowne by bearing vp great C Y N T H I A S traine:  
That same is she to whom D A P H N A I D A  
Vpon her neeces death I did complaine.  
She is the patterne of true womanhead,  
And onely mirrhor of feminitie:  
Worthy next after C Y N T H I A to tread,  
As she is next her in nobilitie.  
Nelesse praise-worthy G A L A T H E A seemes,  
Then best of all that honourable crew,  
Faire G A L A T H E A with bright shining beames,  
Inflaming feeble eyes that her doe reuew.

She there then waited vpon C Y N T H I A,  
Yet there is not her won, but heere with vs  
About the borders of our rich C O S M O S,  
Now made of M A S A, the Nymph delicious,  
Nelesse praise-worthy faire N E A E R A I S,  
N E A E R A, ours, not theirs, though there she be,  
For of the famous S H Y R E, the Nymph sweete,  
For high desert, aduanc'd to that degree,  
She is the blossome of grace and curtesie,  
Adorned with all honourable parts:  
She is the branch of true nobilitie,  
Belou'd of high and lowe with faithfull hart:  
Nelesse praise-worthy S T E L L A do I read,  
Though nought my praises of her needed are,  
Whom verie of noblest shepheard lately dead  
Hath prais'd and rais'd about each other state:  
Nelesse praise-worthy are the sisters three,  
The honour of the noble familie:  
Of which I meanest boast my selfe to be,  
And most, that vnto them I am so nie,  
P H Y L L I S, C H A R I L L I S, & sweet A M A R I L L I S,  
P H Y L L I S the faire is eldest of the three:  
The next to her is bountifull C H A R I L L I S,  
But th'youngest is the highest in degree.  
P H Y L L I S, the flowre of rare perfection,  
Faire spreading forth her leaues with fresh delight,  
That with their beauties amorous reflexion,  
Bereau of sense each rash beholders sight,  
But sweet C H A R I L L I S is the Paragone  
Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praise,  
Admyr'd of all, yet enuied of none,  
Through the mylde temperance of her goodly raies.  
Thrice happy doe I hold thee noble swaine,  
The which art of so rich a spoile possit,  
And embracing deare without disdain,  
Hast sole possession in so chaste a breast:  
Of all the shepheards daughters which there bee,  
(And yet there be the fairest vnder skie,  
Or that elsewhere I euer yet did see)  
A fairer Nymph yet neuer saw mine eye:  
She is the pride and primrose of the rest,  
Made by the Maker selfe to be admyr'd:  
And like a goodly bea on high adrest,  
That is with sparkes of heavenly beames fired.  
But A M A R I L L I S, whether fortunate,  
Or else vnfortunate may I read,  
That freed is from C Y P R I D S yoke by fate,  
Since which, he doth new bands aduention dread.  
Shepheard what euer thou hast heard to be  
In this or that prayd diuersly apart,  
In her thou must them all assembled see,  
And seald vp in the treasure of her hart.  
Ne thee lesse worthy gentle F L A V I A,  
For thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme:  
Ne thee lesse worthy courteous C A N D I D A,  
For thy true loue and loyalte I deeme.  
Besides yet many mo that C Y N T H I A serue,  
Right noble Nymphs, & high to be commended,  
But if I all should praise as they deserue,  
This sun would faile me ere I haile had ended.  
Therefore in closure of a thankfull munde,

I deeme



Colin Clouts come home againe.

I deeme it best to hold eternally,  
Their bounteous deeds & noble fauours shrynd,  
Then by discourse them to indigne.  
So hauing said, A G L A Y R A him bespake:  
C O L I N, well worthy were those goodly fauours  
Bestowd on thee, that so of them doost make,  
And them requitest with thy thankfull labours.  
But of great C Y N T H I A S goodnesse and high grace  
Finnish the storie which thou hast begunne.  
More eath, quoth he, it is in such a case,  
How to begin, then knowe how to haue done.  
For every gift, and every goodly meed,  
Which she on me bestowd, demands a day;  
And every day, in which she did a deed,  
Demands a yeere, it duly to display.  
Her words were like a streame of honny sweeting,  
The which doth softly trickle from the hieue,  
Able to melt the hearers hart vnweeting,  
And eke to make the dead, againe aliue.  
Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes,  
Which load the bunches of the fruitfull Vine:  
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,  
And fill the same with store of timely Wine.  
Her lookes were like beames of the morning Sunne,  
Forth-looking through the windowes of the East:  
When first the fleecie cattell haue begun  
Vpon the perled grasse to make their feast.  
Her thoughts are like the fume of Frankincence,  
Which from a golden Censer forth doth rise:  
And throwing forth sweet odours blandsome,  
In rolling globes vp to the vaured skies.  
There she beholds with high aspiring thought,  
The cradle of her owne creation:  
Emongst the seats of Angels heauenly wrought,  
Much like an Angell in all forme and fashion.  
C O L I N, said C Y D D Y then, thou hast forgot  
Thy selfe, mefemes, too much, to mount to hie:  
Such loftie flight, base shepheards seemeth not,  
From flocks and fields, to Angels and to skie.  
True, answered he: but her great excellence,  
Lifts me about the measure of my might:  
That being filld with furious insolence,  
I feele my selfe like one yrappt in spight.  
For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,  
Then want I words to speake it fitly forth:  
And when I speake of her what I haue thought,  
I cannot thinke according to her worth.  
Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,  
So long as life my limbs doth hold together,  
And when as death these vitall bands shall breake,  
Her name recorded I will leaue for euer.  
Her name in every tree I will endosse,  
That as the trees doe growe, her name may growe:  
And in the ground each where will it engrosse,  
And fill with stones, that all men may it knowe.  
The speaking woods, & murmuring waters fall,  
Her name lie teach in known termes to frame:  
And eke my lambs when for their dams they call,  
Lie teach to call for C Y N T H I A by name.  
And long while after I am dead and rotten,  
Amongst the shepheards daughters dauncing round,

My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,  
But sung by them with flowrie gyrlonds crown'd,  
And ye, who so ye be, that shall suruiue,  
When as ye heare her memorie renewed,  
Be witness of her bountie here aliue,  
Which she to C O L I N her poore shepheard shewed.  
Much was the whole assembly of those heards  
Moov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake:  
And stood awhile astonisht at his words,  
Till T H E S T Y L I S at last their silence brake,  
Saying, Why C O L I N, since thou foundst such grace  
With C Y N T H I A, and all her noble crew:  
Why didst thou euer leaue that happy place,  
In which such wealth might vnto thee accrew?  
And backe returnedst to this barren soile,  
Where cold and care and penurie doe dwell,  
Here to keepe sheepe, with hunger and with toile:  
Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell.  
Happy indeed, said C O L I N, I him hold,  
That may that blessed presence still enioy,  
Of fortune and of enuy vncontrolld,  
Which still are wont most happy states to annoy:  
But I by that which little while I proued,  
Some part of those enormities did see,  
The which in Court continually hooued,  
And followd those which happy seemd to bee.  
Therefore I silly man, whose former dayes  
Had in rude fields been altogether spent,  
Durst not aduenture such vnknown waies,  
Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment,  
But rather chose back to my sheepe to tourne,  
Whose vtmost hardnesse I before had tri'd,  
Then hauing leard repentance late, to mourne  
Emongst those wretches which I there descride.  
Shepheard, said T H E S T Y L I S, it seemes of spight  
Thou speakest thus gainst thy felicitie,  
Which thou enuiest, rather then of right  
That ought in them blame-worthy thou doost spie.  
Cause haue I none, quoth he, of cankered will  
To quite them ill, that me demeand so well:  
But selfe-regard of priuate good or ill,  
Moues me of each, so as I found, to tell,  
And eke to warne young shepheards wandring wit,  
Which through report of that lifes painted blisse,  
Abandon quiet home, to seeke for it,  
And leaue their lambs to losse, mislead amisse.  
For sooth to say, it is no sort of life,  
For shepheard fit to lead in that same place,  
Where each one seeks with malice and with strife,  
To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,  
Himselfe to raise: and he doth soonest rise  
That best can handle his deceitfull wit,  
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights deuise,  
Either by slaundring his well deemed name,  
Through leasings lewd, and fained forgerie:  
Or else, by breeding him some blot of blame,  
By creeping close into his secrecie,  
To which him needs, a guilefull hollow hart,  
Masked with faire dissembling curtesie,  
A filed tongue, furnisht with tearmes of art:  
No art of schoole, but Courtiers schoolery.

Colin Clouts come home againe.

For arts of schoole haue there small countenance,  
Counted but toyes to busie idle braines:  
And there professors find small maintenance,  
But to be instruments of others gaires.  
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,  
Vnlesse to please, it selfe it can apply:  
But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shrit,  
As base, or blunt, vnmeet for melodie.  
For each mans worth is measur'd by his weede,  
As Harts by hornes, or Asses by their eares:  
Yet Asses been not all whose eares exceed,  
Nor yet all Harts, that hornes the highest beares.  
For highest lookes haue not the highest mind,  
Nor haughtie words most full of highest thoughts:  
But are like bladders blowne vp with wind,  
That beeing prickt doe vanish into noughts.  
Euen such is all their vaunted vanitie,  
Nought else but smoke, that fumeth soone away:  
Such is their glorie that in simple eye  
Seeme greatest, when their garments are most gay.  
So they themselves for praise of foolles doe sell,  
And all their wealth for painting on a wall:  
With price whereof, they buy a golden bell,  
And purchase highest roomes in bower and hall:  
Whiles single Truth and simple Honesty  
Do wander vp and downe despyd of all:  
Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry  
Disdaines so much, that none them in doth call.  
Ah C O L I N, then said H O B B I N O R, the blame  
Which thou imputest, is too general,  
As if not any gentle wit of name,  
Nor honest mind might there be found at all.  
For well I wote, fith I my selfe was there,  
To wait on L O B B I N (L O B B I N well thou knowest)  
Full many worthy ones then waiting were,  
As euer else in Princes Court thou viewest.  
Of which, among you many yet remaine,  
Whose names I cannot readily now ghesse:  
Those that poore Suters papers doe retaine,  
And those that skill of medicine profess.  
And those that do to C Y N T H I A expound  
The ledden of strange languages in charge:  
For C Y N T H I A doth in Sciences abound,  
And giues to their professors stipends large.  
Therefore vnjustly thou doost wite them all,  
For that which thou mistakedst in a few.  
Blame is, quoth he, more blamelesse general,  
Then that which priuate errors doth purlew:  
For well I wote, that there amongst them be  
Full many persons of right worthy parts,  
Both for report of spotlesse honesty,  
And for profession of all learned arts,  
Whose praise heereby no whit impaired is,  
Though blame doe light on those that faultie be:  
For all therest doe most what fare amis,  
And yet their owne misfaring will not see:  
For either they be puffd vp with pride,  
Or fraught with enuie, that their galls doe swell,  
Or they their daies to idleness diuide,  
Or drowned lie in pleasures wastfull well,  
In which like Moldwasps nouling still they lurke,

Vnmindfull of cheefe parts of mannes life,  
And doe themselves for want of other worke,  
Vaine votaries of lasie loue professe,  
Whose seruise high so basely they intew.  
That C Y P R I S selfe of them ashamed is:  
And mustering all his men in V E N V S view,  
Denies them quite for seruitors of his.  
And is loue then, said C O N Y L A S, once knowne  
In Court, and his sweet lore professed there:  
I weened sure he was our God alone:  
And onely wood in fields and forests here.  
Not so, quoth he, loue most abused there:  
For all the walls and windowes there are writ,  
All full of loue, and loue, and loue my deere,  
And all their talke and studie is of it.  
Ne any there doth braue or vaunt same,  
Vnlesse that some gay Mistresse budge he beates:  
Ne any one himselfe doth ought esteeme,  
Vnlesse he swim in loue vp to the eares.  
But they of Loue and of his sacred leue,  
(As it should be) all otherwise deuise,  
Then we poore shepheards are accustomed here,  
And him doe sue and serue all otherwise.  
For with lewd speeches and licentious deeds,  
His mightie mysteries they doe prophane,  
And vie his idle name to other needs,  
But as a complement for courting vaine,  
So him they do not serue as they professe,  
But make him serue to them for lordly vices,  
Ah my dread Lord, that doost hege harts possesse,  
Avenge thy selfe on them for their abuses.  
But we poore shepheards, whether rightly so,  
Or through our rudenesse into error led,  
Do make religion how we rashly go,  
To serue that God, that is so greatly dred:  
For him the greatest of the Gods we deeme,  
Borne without Syre or couples, of one kind:  
For V E N V S selfe doth solcly couples seeme,  
Both male and female, through commixture ioyn'd.  
So pure and spotlesse C Y P R I S forth she brought,  
And in the gardens of A D O N I S nurst:  
Where growing, he his owne perfection wrought,  
And shortly was of all the Gods the first.  
Then got he bowe and shafts of gold and lead,  
In which so fell and puissant he grew,  
That I o v e n himselfe his powre began to dread,  
And taking vp to heauen, him god had new.  
From thence he shooes his arrows euery where  
Into the world, at random as he will,  
On vs fraile men, his wretched vassals heere,  
Like as himselfe vs pleated fine or spill.  
So we him worship, so we him adore,  
With humble harts to heauen vp-listed hie,  
That to true loue he may vs euermore  
Preferre, and of their grace vs dignifie:  
Ne is there shepheard, ne yet shepheards swaine,  
What-euer feeds in forest or in field,  
That dare with euill deed or leaching vaine,  
Blaspheeme his power, or termes vnworthy yield.  
Shepheard it seemes that some celestiall rage  
Of loue, quoth C Y D D Y is breatht into thy breast, The



Colin Clouts come home againe.

That powreth forth the oracles so sage,  
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art possest,  
But neuer wilt I till this present day,  
Albe of loue I alwaies humbly deemed,  
That he was such an one, as thou doost say,  
And so religiously to be esteemed,  
Well may it seeme by this thy deepe insight,  
That of that God the Priest thou shouldst bee:  
So well thou worst the mystere of his might,  
As if his godhead thou didst present see.

Of loues perfection perfectly to speake,  
Or of his nature rightly to define,  
Indeed, said COLIN, passeth reasons reach,  
And needs his pitch expresse his powre diuine.  
For long before the world he was y'borne,  
And bred aboue in VENVS holome deare:  
For by his powre the world was made of yore,  
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.  
For how should else things so far from attone,  
And so great enemies as of them bee,  
Be euer drawne together into one,  
And taught in such accordance to agree?

Through him the cold began to couet heate,  
And water fire: the light to mount on fire,  
And th'heauie downe to peize the hungry estate,  
And voidnesse to seekerfull fanatic.  
So beeing former foes, they waxed friends,  
And gan by little learne to loue each other:  
So beeing knit, they brought forth other kinds  
Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.  
Then first gan heauen out of darknesse dread  
For to appeare, and brought forth cheerfull day:  
Next gan the earth to shewe her naked head,  
Out of deepe waters which her drowned away.

And shortly after, eueri living wight  
Crept forth like wormes out of their slime nature,  
Soone as on them the Sunne bke gining light,  
Had powred kinde heat and formall feature,  
Thenceforth they gan each one his like to loue,  
And like himselfe desire for to beget.  
The Lyon chose his mate, the Turtle Dove  
Her deare, the Dolphin his owne Dolphin:  
But man that had the sparke of reasons might,  
More then the rest to rule his passion,  
Chose for his loue the fairest in his sight,  
Like as himselfe was fairest by creation.

For beaunie is the bayt which with delight  
Doth man allure, for to enlarge his kind,  
Beaunie, the burning Lampe of heauens light,  
Daring her beames into each feeble mind:  
Against whose power, nor God nor man can find  
Defence, ne ward the danger of the wound,  
But being hurt, seeke to be medicind  
Of her that first did stir that mortall stownd.

Then doe they cry and call to loue apace,  
With prayers lowd importuning the skie,  
Whence he them heares, & when he list shew grace,  
Does grant them grace that otherwise would die.  
So loue is Lord of all the world by right,  
And rules the creatures by his powerfull saw:  
All beeing made the vassalls of his might,

Through secret sense which thereto doth them draw,  
Thus ought all louers of their Lord to decme:  
And with chaste heart to honour him alway:  
But who so else doth otherwise esteeme,  
Are out-lawes, and his lore doe disobay.  
For their desire is base, and doth not merit  
The name of loue, but of disloyall lust:  
Ne mongst true louers they shall place inherit,  
But as Exuls out of his court be thrust.

So hauing said, MELISSA spake at will,  
COLIN, thou now full deeply hast diuin'd  
Of loue and beaunie, and with wondrous skill,  
Hast CYPRIOT selfe depainted in his kind.  
To thee are all true louers greatly bound,  
That doost their cause so mightily defend:  
But most, all women are thy debtors found,  
That doost their bountie full so much commend.

That ill, said HOBBIHOT, they him requite,  
For hauing loued euer one most deare,  
He is repaid with scornes and foule despite,  
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare.

Indeed, said CYCLOP, I haue often heard  
Faure ROSALINDE of diuers fowly blamed:  
For beeing to that swaine too cruell hard,  
That her bright glorie else hath much defamed.  
But who can tell what cause had that faire Mayd  
To vse him so that loued her so well:  
Or who with blame can iustly her vprayd,  
For louing not? for who can loue compell?  
And sooth to say, it is foolhardie thing,  
Rashly to wyten creatures so diuine,  
For demigods they be, and first did spring  
From heauen, though graue in frailnesse feminine.  
And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,  
How one that fairest HELENUS disreue:  
Through judgement of the gods to beenywoken,  
Lost both his eyes, and so remaiend long while,  
Till he recanted had his wicked times,  
And made amends to her with trebble praise:  
Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read beuimes,  
How rashly blame of ROSALINDE ye raise.

Ah shepherds, then said COLIN, ye newet  
How great a guile ypon your heads ye draw:  
To make so bold a doome with words vnmeet,  
Of thing celestiall, which ye neuer saw:  
For she is not like as the other crew  
Of shepherds daughters which amongst you bee,  
But of diuine regard and heauenly-bew,  
Excelling all that euer ye did see.

Not then to her, that scorned thing so base,  
But to my selfe the blame, that lookt so hie:  
So hie her thoughts as she her selfe haue place,  
And loath each lowly thing with lotie eye.  
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to graue  
To simple swaine, with her I may not loue:  
Yet that I may her honour parauant,  
And praise her worth, though far my wit aboue.  
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the grieffe,  
And long affliction which I haue endured:  
Such grace sometimes shall giue me some reliefe,  
And ease of paine which cannot be recured.

Colin Clouts come home againe.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which doe see  
And heare the languours of my too long dying,  
Vnto the world for euer witness bee,  
That hers I die, nought to the world denying,  
This simple trophie of her great conquest.

So, hauing ended, he from ground did rise,  
And after him spake eke all the rest:  
All loth to part, but that the glooming skie  
Ward them to draw their bleeding docks to rest.  
FINIS.



ASTROPHEL.

A Pastorall Elegie vpon the death of the most Noble  
and valorous Knight, Sir Philip Sidney.

DEDICATED  
To the most beautifull and vertuous Ladie, the  
Countesse of Essex.

ASTROPHEL.

Shepheards that wont on pipes of oaten reede,  
Of times to plaine your loues concealed smart:  
And with your pious layes haue learned to breed  
Compassion in a country-lusses hart;  
Harken ye gentle shepheards to my song,  
And place my dolefull plaint, your plaints among.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,  
The mournfullst verse that euer man heard tell:  
To you whose softened hearts it may empierse,  
With dolours dart, for death of *Astrophel*.  
To you I sing, and to none other wight:  
For well I wot my rimes been rudely dight.

Yet as they beene, if any nycer wit  
Shall hap to heare, or conet them to read:  
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,  
Made not to please the liuing, but the dead:  
And if in him found pittie euer place,  
Let him be mou'd to pittie such a case.

B.

A gentle



Colin Clouts come home againe.

**A** Gentle Shepherd borne in ARCADY,  
Of gentlest race that euer shepherd bore:  
About the grassie banks of HAMONY,  
Did keepe his sheepe, his little flock and store.  
Full carefully he kept them day and night,  
In fairest fields, and ASTROPHEL he hight.

Young ASTROPHEL, the pride of shepherds praise,  
Young ASTROPHEL, the rusticke Lasses loue:  
Far passing all the Pastors of his dayes,  
In all that seemely shepherd might behoue.  
In one thing onely fayling of the best,  
That he was not so happy as the rest.

For from the time that first the Nymph his mother  
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambes to feed,  
A slender swaine, excellling faire each other,  
In comely shape, like her that did him breed,  
He grew vp fast in goodnesse and in grace,  
And doubly faire wox both in mind and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,  
With gentle vsage, and demeanure mild:  
That all mens hearts with secret iustishment  
He stole away, and weeingly beguild.  
Ne spight it selfe, that all good things doth spill,  
Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his ioyance innocent,  
Sweet without fowre, and honny without gall:  
And he himselfe seemd made for meriment,  
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.  
There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,  
When ASTROPHEL so euer was away.

For he could pipe and daunce, and caroll sweet,  
Emongst the shepherds in their shearing feast:  
As Sommers lark, that with her song doth greet  
The dawning day, forth comming from the East.  
And layes of loue he also could compose.  
Thrice happy she, whom he to praise did chose.

Full many Maydens often did him woo,  
Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,  
Or make for them as he was wont to doo,  
For her that did his hart with loue inflame.  
For which they promised to dight, for him,  
Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

And many a Nymph, both of the wood and brooke,  
Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill:  
Both crysall vells and shadie groues forooke,  
To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill.  
And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,  
Or mellow fruite, if it were harvest time.

But he, for none of them did care a whit,  
Yet wood Gods for them often sighed fore:  
Ne for their gifts, vnworthy of his wit,  
Yet not vnworthy of the countries store.  
For one alone he car'd, for one he fight,  
His lifes desire, and his deare loues delight.

STELLA the faire, the fairest starre in skie,  
As faire as VENUS, or the fairest faire:  
(A fairer starre saw neuer liuing eye)  
Shot her sharpe pointed beames through purest ayre.  
Her he did loue, her he alone did honor,  
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all vpon her.

To her he vowd the seruice of his dayes,  
On her he spent the riches of his wit:  
For her he made hymnes of immortall praise,  
Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.  
Her, and but her, of loue he worthy deemed,  
For all therest but little he esteemed.

Ne her with idle words alone he vowd,  
And verses vaine, (yet verses are not vaine)  
But with braue deeds to her sole seruice vowd,  
And bold atchieuements her did entertaine.  
For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,  
Both wife and hardie (too hardie alas)

In wrestling, nimble; and in running, swift:  
In shooting, steddie; and in swimming, strong:  
Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift,  
And all the sports that shepherds are among.  
In euery one, he vanquishd euery one,  
He vanquishd all, and vanquishd was of none.

Besides, in hunting, such felicitie,  
Or rather, infelicitie he found:  
That euery field, and forest farre away,  
He sought, where saluage beasts do most abound.  
No beast so saluage but he could kill,  
No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill matcht with such courage as he had,  
Did prick him forth with proud desire of praise:  
To seeke abroad, of danger nought ydrad,  
His Mistresse name, and his owne fame to raise.  
What needeth perill to be sought abroad,  
Sith round about vs, it doth make abroad?

It fortun'd, as he that perilous game  
In forraigne soile pursued far away:  
Into a forest wide and waste he came,  
Where store he heard to be of saluage pray.  
So wide a forest, and so waste as this,  
Nor famous ARDEN, nor foule ARLO is.

There his wel-wouen toyles and subtil traines  
Helaid, the brutish nation to enwrap:  
So well he wrought with practise and with paines,  
That he of them great troupes did soone entrap.  
Full happy man (misweening much) was hee,  
So rich a spoyle within his power to see.

Estfoones all heedlesse of his dearest hale,  
Full greedily into the heard he thrust,  
To slaughter them, and worke their finall bale,  
Least that his toyle should of their troupes be burst.  
Wide wounds emongst them many one he made,  
Now with his sharpe bore-speare, now with his blade.

Colin Clouts come home againe.

His care was all, how he them all might kill,  
That none might scape (so partiall vnto none)  
Ill mind, so much to mind anothers ill,  
As to become vnminfull of his owne.  
But pardon it vnto the cruell skie,  
That from himselfe to them withdrew his eyes.

So as he rag'd emongst that beastly rout,  
A cruell beast of most accursed brood:  
Vpon him turnd (despaire makes cowards stout)  
And with fell tooth, accustomed to blood,  
Launched his thigh with so mischieuous might,  
That it both bone and muscles riu'd quight.

So deadly was the dint, and deepe the wound,  
And so huge streames of blood there-out did flow,  
That he endured not the direfull sound,  
But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw:  
The whiles the captiue heard his nets did rend,  
And hauing none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while his shepheard peares,  
To whom alieue was nought so deare as hee:  
And ye faire Maydes, the matches of his yeares,  
Which in his grace did boast you most to bee?  
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need,  
To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed?

Ah wretched boy! the shape of dreerie heads,  
And sad example of mans sudden end:  
Full little faileth but thou shalt be dead,  
Vnpitied, vnphaynd, of foe or friend.  
Whilst none is nigh, thine eye-lids vp to close,  
And kisse thy lips like faded leaues of rose.

A sort of Shepherds sewing of the chace,  
As they the Forrest ranged on a day:  
By fate or fortune came vnto the place,  
Whereas the lucklesse boy yet bleeding lay:  
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still haue bled,  
Had not good hap those shepherds thither led.

They stopp'd his wound (too late to stop it was)  
And in their armes then softly did him reare:  
Tho (as he wild) vnto his loued Lasse,  
His dearest loue him dolefully did beare.  
The dolefull beere that euer man did see,  
Was ASTROPHEL, but dearest vnto mee.

She when she sawe her loue in such a plight,  
With cruddled blood and filthy gore deformed:  
That wont to be with flowers and gyrlonds dight,  
And her deare fauours dearely well adorned.  
Her face, the fairest face that eye mote see,  
She likewise did deforme, like him to bee.

Her yellowe locks, that shone so bright and long,  
As sunny beames in fairest sommers day:  
She fiercely tore, and with outrageous wrong  
From her red cheeks the roses rent away.  
And her faire brest, the treasure of ioy,  
She spoyled thereof, and filled with annoy.

His pallid face, impictured with death,  
She bathed oft with teares, and dried oft:  
And with sweet kisses suckt the wallowing breath,  
Out of his lips, like Lilkes, pale and soft.  
And oft she cald to him, whoe solued nought,  
But onely by his looks did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret,  
And pitious moone the which she for him made,  
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can set,  
But he whole hart like sorrow did invade.  
At last, when paine his vitall power had spent,  
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staid not whit,  
But after him did make vntimely haite:  
Forth-with her ghost out of her corps did stir,  
And followed her make, like Tumble chaff:  
To proue that death their hearts cannot diuide,  
Which liuing were in loue so firmly tied.

The Gods which all things see, this scene beheld,  
And pitying this paire of louers new,  
Transformed them there lying on the field,  
Into one flowre, that is both red and blew.  
It first growes red, and then to blew doth slide,  
Like ASTROPHEL, which thereto was made.

And in the midst thereof a starre appears,  
As fairly fornd as any starre in skyes:  
Resembling STELLA in her freshest yeeres,  
Forth dawning beames of beauefull om her eyes,  
And all the day it standeth full of dew,  
Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.

That hearbe of some, Starlight is call'd by name,  
Of others, PENTHEA, though not so well:  
But thou, where euer thou doest find the same,  
From this day forth doe call it ASTROPHEL.  
And when soeuer thou it seest doost take,  
Doe pluck it softly for that shepherds sake.

Heereof when tydings far abroad did passe,  
The shepherds all which loued him full deare  
(And sure full deare of all he loued was)  
Did thither flocke, to see what they did heare.  
And when that pitious spectacle they viewed,  
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And euery one did make exceeding moene,  
With inward anguish, and great griefe oppress'd:  
And euery one did weepe, and waile, and moene,  
And meanes deu'd to shew his sorrow best:  
That from that houre since first on grassie Greene  
Shepherd kept sheepe, was not like mourning scene.

But first, his sister, that CLOANDA hight,  
The gentlest shepherdesse that liues this day:  
And most resembling both in shape and spright  
Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay.  
Which least I marre the sweetness of the verse,  
In sort as she it sung, I will rehearse.



## Colin Clouts come home againe.

**A**Y me! to whom shall I my case complaine,  
That may compassion my impatient grieft  
Or where shall I vnfold my inward paine,  
That my enriuen heart may find reliefe?  
Shall I vnto the heavenly powres it shew?  
Or vnto earthly men, that dwell below?

To heauens? ah! they alas the Authors were,  
And workers of my vnremedied wo:  
For they foresee what to vs happens here,  
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so.  
From them comes good, from them comes also ill,  
That which they made, who can them warne to spill.

To men? ah! they alas like wretched bee,  
And subiect to the heauens ordinance:  
Bound to abide what euer they decree.  
Their best redresse, is their best sufferance,  
How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,  
The which no lesse, need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrowe mourne,  
Sith none aliue like sorrowfull remaines:  
And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne,  
To pay their vsury with double paines.  
The woods, the hills, the riuers shall resound  
The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.

Woods, hills and riuers, now are desolate,  
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace:  
And all the fields do waile their widow state,  
Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface.  
The fairest flowre in field that euer grew,  
Was *ASTROPHE*; that was, we all may rew.

What cruell hand of cursed foe vnkowne,  
Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre?  
Vntimely cropt, before it well were growne,  
And cleane defaced in vntimely howre.  
Great losse to all that euer him did see,  
Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee.

Breake now your girlonds, O ye shepheards lasses,  
Sith the faire flowre, which them adorn'd, is gon:  
The flowre, which them adorn'd, is gone to ashes,  
Neuer againe let Lasse put girlond on.  
In stead of girlond, weare sad Cypres now,  
And bitter Elder, broken from the bow.

Ne euer sing the loue-layes which he made:  
Who euer made such layes of loue as hee?  
Ne euer read the riddles, which he said  
Vnto your selues, to make you mery glee.  
Your mery glee is now laid all abed,  
Your mery maker now alas is dead.

Death the deuourer of all worlds delight,  
Hath robbed you, and rest fro me my ioy:  
Both you and me, and all the world he quight  
Hath robd of ioyance, and left sad annoy.  
Ioy of the world, and shepheards pride was hee,  
Shepheards hope, neuer like againe to see.

Oh Death that hast vs of such riches rest,  
Tell vs at least, what hast thou with it done?  
What is become of him whose flowre here left  
Is but the shadow of his likenesse gone.  
Scarfe like the shadow of that which he was,  
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pas.

But that immortall spirit, which was deckt  
With all the dowries of celestiall grace:  
By soueraine choice from th'heavenly quires select,  
And lineally deu'd from Angels race,  
O what is now of it become, aread,  
Aye me! can so diuine a thing be dead?

Ah no: it is not dead, ne can it die,  
But liues for aye, in blisfull Paradise:  
Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie,  
In bed of Lillies, wrapt in tender wife,  
And compass all about with Roses sweet,  
And daintie Violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds all of celestiall brood,  
To him doe sweetly caroll day and night:  
And with strange notes, of him well vnderstood,  
Lull him asleepe in Angel-like delight:  
Whilst in sweet dreame to him presented bee  
Immortall beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure  
Of their diuine aspects, appearing plaine,  
And kindling loue in him about all measure,  
Sweet loue, still ioyous, neuer feeling paine.  
For what so goodly forme he there doth see,  
He may enioy from iealous rancor free.

There liueth he in euerlasting blis,  
Sweet spirit, neuer fearing more to die:  
Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,  
Ne fearing fawge beasts more cruelle tie.  
Whilst we beere wretches waile his priuate lack,  
And with vaine vowes doe often call him back.

But liue thou there still happy, happy spirit,  
And giue vs leaue thee heere thus to lament:  
Not thee that doost thy heauens ioy inherit,  
But our owne selues, that heere in dole are drent.  
Thus doe we weepe and waile, and weare our eyes,  
Mourning in others, our owne miseries.

Which when she ended had, another swaine,  
Of gentle wit, and daintie sweet deuice:  
Whom *ASTROPHE* full deare did entertaine,  
Whilst heere he liu'd, and held in passing price:  
Hight *THESTYLIS*, began his mournful tounce,  
And made the Muses in his song to mourne.

And after him full many other moe,  
And euery one in order lou'd him best,  
Gan digth themselves t'expresse their inward woe,  
With dolefull Lyes vnto the time addrest.  
The which I here in order will rehearse,  
As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse.



## The mourning Muse of *Thestylis*.

**C**ome forth ye Nymphs, come forth,  
Forlake your warty bowres,  
Forlake your mossy caues,  
and help me to lament:  
Helpe me to tune my dolefull notes  
to gurgling found  
Of *LITHE*s tumbling streames:  
Come let teares of ours,  
Mixe with his waters fresh.  
O come, let one consent  
Ioyne vs to mourne with wailefull plaints  
the deadly wound  
Which fatal clasp hath made:  
decreed by higher powres.  
The dreery day in which  
they haue from vs yrent  
The noblest plant that might  
from East to West be found.  
Mourne, mourne, great *PHILIP*s fall,  
mourne we his wofull end,  
Whom spightfull death hath pluckt  
vntimely from the tree,  
Whiles yet his yeares in flowre  
did promise worthy fruite.  
Ah dreadfull *MARS*!  
why didst thou nor thy knight defend?  
What wrathfull mood,  
what fault of ours hath mooued thee  
Of such a shining light  
to leaue vs destitute?  
Thou with benigne aspect  
sometime didst vs behold,  
Thou hast in *BRITONS* valour  
tane delight of old,  
And with thy presence oft  
vouchsaf't to attribute  
Fame and renowne to vs  
for glorious martiall deeds.  
But now their irefull beames  
haue chill'd our harts with cold,  
Thou hast estrang'd thy selfe,  
and deignest not our land:  
Farre off to others now,  
thy fauour honour breeds,  
And high disdain doth cause  
thee shunne our Clime (I feare)  
For hadst thou not been wroth,  
or that time neere at hand,  
Thou wouldst haue heard the cry  
that wofull *ENGLAND* made,

Eke *ZEELAND*s pitious plaints,  
and *HOLLAND*s toren harte  
Would haply haue appeald  
thy diuine angry mind:  
Thou shouldst haue seene the trees  
refuse to yeeld their shade,  
And wailing, to let fall  
the honour of their head,  
And birds in mournfull tunes  
lamenting in their kind:  
Vp from his tombe  
the mightie *CORINEY* stode,  
Who curling oft the fates  
that this mishap had bred,  
His hoary locks he tare,  
calling the heauens vnkind.  
The *THAMES* was heard to roare,  
the *REYNE* and eke the *MOSSE*,  
The *SCHALD*, the *DANOVV* selfe  
this great mischance did rue,  
With torment and with griefe:  
their fountaines pure and cleare  
Were troubled, and with swelling floods  
declar'd their woes.  
The Muses comfortlesse,  
the Nymphs with paled huc,  
The *SYLVAN* Gods likewise  
came running farr and neare,  
And all with teares bedew'd,  
and eyes cast vp on his,  
O help, O help ye Gods,  
they ghastly gan to cry.  
O change the cruell fate  
of this so rare a wight,  
And grant that Natures course  
may measure out his age,  
The beasts their foode forsooke,  
and trembling fearefully,  
Each sought his caue or den,  
this cry did them so fight.  
Out from amid the waits,  
by storme then stir'd to rage,  
This crie did cause to rise  
th'old father *OCSEA*ns hoare,  
Who graue with eld,  
and full of maiestie in sight,  
Spake in this wile:  
Refraine, quoth hee, your tears & plaints,  
Cease these your idle words,  
make vaine requests no more.



## The mourning Muse of Thestylis.

No humble speech nor mone,  
may moue the fixed stint  
Of destinie or death:  
Such is his will that paints  
The earth with colours fresh;  
the darkest skies with store  
Of starry lights: And though  
your teares a hart of flint  
Might tender make,  
yet nought heerein they will preuaile.  
Whiles thus he said,  
the noble Knight, who gan to feele  
His vitall force to faint,  
and death with cruell dint  
Of direfull dart  
his mortall body to assaile,  
With eyes lift vp to heau'n,  
and courage franke as Steele,  
With cheerefull face,  
where valour liuely was exprest,  
But humble mind, he said;  
O Lord, if ought this fraile  
And earthly carkeasse haue  
thy seruice sought t'aduance,  
If my desire haue been  
still to relieue th'opprest:  
If iustice to maintaine  
that valour I haue spent  
Which thou me gaust;  
or if henceforth I might aduance  
Thy name, thy truth,  
then spare me (Lord) if thou think best  
Forbeare these vnripe yeeres.  
But if thy will be bent,  
If that prefixed time  
be come which thou hast set,  
Through pure and feruent faith,  
I hope now to be plast  
In th'euerslasting blisse,  
which with thy precious blood  
Thou purchase didst for vs.  
With that a sigh he fet,  
And straight a cloudie mist  
his senses ouer-cast,  
His lips waxt pale and wan,  
like damaske roses bud  
Cast from the stalk,  
or like in field to purple flowre,  
Which languisheth becing shred  
by culter as it past.  
A trembling chilly cold  
ranne through their veines, which were  
With eyes brim-full of teares  
to see his fatall howre,  
Whose blustering sighes  
at first their sorrow did declare,  
Next, murmuring ensude;  
at last they not forbore  
Paine out-cries, all against  
the heau'ns, that enuiously  
Depriu'd vs of a spright

so perfect and so rare.  
The Sun his lightsome beames  
did throwd, and hide his face  
For grieft, whereby the earth  
feard high eternally;  
The mountaines each where shooke,  
the riuers turnd their streames,  
And th'ayre gan winter-like  
to rage and fret space:  
And grisly ghasts by night were scene,  
and fierie gleames,  
Amid the cloudes  
with claps of thunder, that did seeme  
To rent the skies,  
and made both man & beast affraid:  
The birds of ill presage  
this lucklesse chance fore-told;  
By dierfull noise, and dogs  
with howling made man deeme  
Some mischefe was at hand;  
for such they doe esteeme  
As tokens of mishap,  
and so haue done of old.  
Ah that thou hadst but heard  
his louely STYLIA plaine  
Her grieuous losse,  
or scene her heauie mourning cheere;  
While she with woe oppress,  
her sorrowes did vnfold.  
Her haire hung loose neglect,  
about her shoulders twaine,  
And from those two bright starres,  
to him sometime so deere,  
Her hart sent drops of pearle,  
which fell in foyson downe  
Twixt Lilly and the Rose.  
She wrong her hands with paine;  
And piteously gan say,  
My true and faithfull sheere,  
Alas, and woe is mee,  
why should my fortune frowne  
On me thus frowardly  
to rob me of my ioy?  
What cruell enuious hand  
hath taken thee away,  
And with thee my content,  
my comfort and my stay?  
Thou onely wast the ease  
of trouble and annoy:  
When they did me assaile,  
in thee my hopes did rest.  
Alas, what now is left but grieft,  
that night and day  
Afflicts this wofull life,  
and with continuall rage  
Torments ten thousand waies  
my miserable brest?  
O greedie enuious heau'n,  
what needed thee to haue  
Enrich with such a Iewell  
this vnhappy age,

## The mourning Muse of Thestylis.

To take it backe againe so soone?  
Alas, when shall  
Mine eyes see ought that may  
content them, since thy graue  
My onely treasure hides  
the ioyes of my poore hart?  
As here with thee on earth I liu'd,  
euen so equall  
Me thinks it were with thee  
in heau'n I did abide:  
And as our troubles all  
we heere on earth did part,  
So reason would that there  
of thy most happy state  
I had my share.  
Alas, if thou my trustie guide  
Were wont to be,  
how canst thou leaue me thus alone,  
In darknesse and alray:  
weake, wearie, desolate,  
Plung'd in a world of woe,  
refusing for to take  
Me with thee, to the place of rest  
where thou art gone.  
This said, she held her peace,  
for sorrow tide hir tooing;  
And instead of more words,  
seemd that her eyes a lake  
Of teares had been, they flow'd  
so plentifully therfro:  
And with her sobs and sighes,  
th'ayre round about her roong.  
If VENVS when she wold  
her deare ADONIS shine,  
Ought mou'd in thy fierce hart  
compasion of her woe,  
His noble sisters plaints,  
her sighes and teares emong,  
Would sure haue made thee mild,  
and inly rue her paine:  
A VENUS halfe so faire,  
her selfe did neuer show,  
When from old TITHONS bed,  
shee weeping did arise.  
The blinded archer-boy,  
like Larke in showre of raine  
Sate bathing of his wings,  
and glad the time did spend  
Vnder those crysall drops,  
which fell from her faire eyes,  
And at their brightest beames  
him proynd in louely wise.  
Yet forie for her grieft,  
which he could not amend,  
The gentle boy gan wipe her eyes,  
and cleere those lights,  
Those lights through which,  
his glory and his conquests shine.  
The Graces tuckt her haire,  
which hung like threds of gold,  
Along her Iuorie brest

the treasure of delights.  
All things with her to weep,  
it seemed, did encline,  
The trees, the hills, the dales,  
the caues, the founts so cold,  
The ayre did helpe them mourne,  
with darke cloudes, raine and mist,  
Forbearing many a day  
to cleare it selfe againe,  
Which made them enuious fiare  
the dayes of PERSEUS should,  
Of creatures spoile the earth,  
their fatall threds vn-twist.  
For PHOEBVS gladsome raies  
were wish'd for in vaine,  
And with her quivering light  
LATONA'S daughter faire,  
And CHARLES-VVAINES ke refus'd  
to be the shipmans guide.  
On NEPTVNE warre was made,  
by AEOLVS and his traine,  
Who letting loose the winds,  
toft and torment'd th'ayre,  
So that on eu'ry coast  
men shipwracke did abide,  
Or else were swallow'd vp  
in open sea with waues,  
And such as came to shore,  
were beaten with despair.  
The Medwayes siluer streames,  
that wont so still to slide,  
Were troubled now and wroth:  
whose hidden hollowe saues  
Along his banks with fog  
then throw'd from mans eyes,  
Aye PHILIP did re-found,  
aye PHILIP they did cry.  
His Nymphs were scene no more  
(though custome still it crau'd),  
With haire spread to the wind  
themselues to bathe or sport,  
Or with the hooke or net,  
barefooted wantonly  
The pleasant damne liss  
to entangle or deceiue.  
The shepheards left  
their wonted places of resort,  
Their bagpipes now were still;  
their louing merry layes  
Were quite forgot; and now  
their flocks, men might perceiue  
To wander and to stray,  
all carelessly neglect.  
And in the stead of mirth,  
and pleasure, nightes and dayes,  
Nought els was to be heard,  
but woe, complaints and mone.  
But thou (O blessed soule)  
doo'st haply not respect,  
These teares we shed,  
though full of louing pure aspect,



# The mourning Muse of Thestylis.

Having affixt thine eyes  
on that most glorious throne,  
Where full of maiestie  
the high Creator raignes,  
In whose bright shining face  
thy ioyes are all compleere,  
Whose loue kindles thy spright;  
where happy alwaies one,  
Thou liu'st in blisse  
that earthly passion neuer stains;  
Where from the purest spring  
the sacred Nectar sweet  
Is thy continuall drinke:  
where thou doost gather now  
Of well employed life,  
th' inestimable gaine.  
There VENVS on thee smiles,  
APOLLO gives thee place,  
And MARS in ruerent wise  
doth to thy vertue bow,  
And decks his fiery sphere,  
to doe thee honour most.  
In highest part whereof,

thy valour for to grace,  
A chaire of gold he sets to thee,  
and there doth tell  
Thy noble acts arew,  
whereby euen they that boast  
Themselues of auncient fame,  
as PYRRHVS, HANNIBALL,  
SCIPIO and CAESAR,  
with the rest that did excell  
In martiall prowesse,  
high thy glory do admire.  
All haile therefore.  
O worthy PHILLIP immortal,  
The flower of SYDNEYS race,  
the honour of thy name,  
Whose worthy praise to sing,  
my Muses not aspire;  
But sorrowfull and sad  
these teares to thee let fall,  
Yet wish their verses might  
so farre and wide thy fame  
Extend, that enuies rage,  
nor time might end the same.



A Pa



## A Pastorall Æglogue vpon the death of Sir Philip Sidney, Knight, &c.

(..)

Lycon.

Colin.

COLIN, well fits thy sad cheere this sad stownd,  
This wofull stownd, wherein all things complaine  
This great mishap, this greuous losse of owres.  
Hear'st thou the OROVN? how with hollow sownd  
He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine,  
And seemes to fly vnto the fading flowres,  
Along his bankes, vnto the bared trees;  
PHILLISIDES is dead. Vp iolly swaine,  
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,  
Helpe him to mourne. My hart with griefe doth freefe,  
Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part  
Sure would I beare, though rude: But as I may,  
With sobes and sighes I second will thy song,  
And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart. (teach  
COLIN. Ah LYCON, LYCON, what need skill to  
Agriued mind poure forth his plaints? how long  
Hath the poore Turtle gone to schoole (ween'st thou)  
To learne to mourne her lost Make? No, no, each  
Creature by nature can tell how to waille.  
Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander now?  
Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes  
In dolefull sound. Like him, not one doth faile  
With hanging head to shew a heauie cheere.  
What bird, I pray thee, hast thou seene, that prunes  
Himselfe of late? did any cheerefull note  
Come to thine eares, or glad some sight appeare  
Vnto thine eyes, since that same fatall howre?  
Hath not the ayre put on his mourning coate,  
And testified his griefe with flowing teares?  
Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his powre  
Doth vs inuite to make a sad comfort;  
Come let vs ioyne our mournfull song with theirs.  
Griefe will endure, and sorrow will enforce  
Thy voice, and Echo will our words report.  
LYC. Though my rude times, ill with thy verses  
That others farre excell: yet will I force (frame,  
My selfe to answer thee the best I can,  
And honour my base words with his high name.  
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit  
In secret shade or caue: vouchsafe, O PAN,  
To pardon me, and heare this hard constrain  
With patience while I sing, and pittie it.  
And eke ye rurall Muses, that doe dwell

In these wilde woods; if enuious plaint  
We did endite, or taught a wofull mind  
With words of pure affect, his griefe to tell,  
Instruct me now. Now COLIN then goe on,  
And I will follow thee, though farre behind.  
COL. PHILLISIDES is dead. O hamful death,  
O deadly harme. Vnhappy ATRON,  
When shalt thou see among thy shepherds all,  
Any so sage, so perfect? Whom vneath  
Enuie could touch for vertuous life and skill;  
Curteous, valiant, and libell.  
Behold the sacred PATS, where with haire  
Vnto the sit, in shade of yonder hill.  
And her faire face bent sadly downe, doth send  
A flood of teares to bathe the earth: and there  
Doth call the heauens despitfull, enuious,  
Cruell his fate, that made to short an end  
Of that same life, well worthy to haue been  
Prolonged with many yeeres, happy and famous.  
The Nymphs and ORADAS her round about  
Doe sit lamenting on the grassie greene;  
And with shrill cries, beating their whitest breasts,  
Accuse the direfull dart that death sent out  
To giue the fatall stroke. The starrs they blame,  
That deafe or careless seeme at their request.  
The pleasant shade of stately groues they shun:  
They leaue their cristall springs, where they wont frame  
Sweet bowres of Myrtle twigs and Laurell faire,  
To sport themselves free from the scorching Sun.  
And now the hollowe eares where horror darke  
Doth dwell, whence banisher is the glad some aire  
They seeke: and there in mourning spend their time  
With wailfull tunes, whiles wolues do howle & barke,  
And seeme to beare a burden to their plaint.  
LYC. PHILLISIDES is dead. O dolefull time,  
Why should my tongue expresse thee? who is left  
Now to vphold thy hopes, when they doe faile,  
LYC. O informator! What spightfull fate  
What lucklesse destinie hath thee bereft  
Of thy chief comfort, of thy onely stay?  
Where is become thy wonted happie state,  
(Alas) wherein through my hill and dale,  
Through pleasant woods, & many an unknown way,  
Along



# A Pastorall Aeglogue.

Along the banks of many silver streames,  
Thou with him yodelst and with him didst scale  
The craggy rocks of th'Alpes and Appenine?  
Still with the Muses sporting, while those beames  
Of vertue kindled in his noble brest,  
Which after did so gloriously forth shine?  
But (woe is me) they now quenched are  
All suddainly, and death hath them oppress.  
Loe farther NEPTVNE, with sad countenance,  
How he sits mourning on the strand now bare,  
Yonder, where th' Ocean with his rolling waues  
The white feete walther (wayling this mischance)  
OF DOVER-cliffes. His sacred skirt about  
The Sea-gods all are set: from their moist caues  
All for his comfort gather'd there they be.  
The THAMIS rich, the HYMER rough & stout,  
The fruitfull SEVERNE, with the rest are come  
To helpe their Lord to mourne, and eke to see  
The dolefull sight, and sad pomp funerall  
Of the dead corps passing through his kingdome.  
And all their heads with Cypres gyrlonds crown'd  
With wofull shrikes salute him great and small.  
Eke wailefull Eccho, forgetting her deare  
NARCISSE, their last accents, doth relound.  
COL. PHILLISIDES is dead. O lucklesse age;  
O widow world; O brookes and fountaines cleere;  
O hills, O dales, O woods that oft haue rung  
With his sweet caroling, which could assuage  
The fiercest wrath of Tygre or of Beare.  
Ye Syluans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that among  
These thickets oft haue daunst after his pipe,  
Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden haire,  
That oft haue left your purest crysfall springs  
To harken to his layes, that coulden wipe  
Away all griefe and sorrow from your hearts.  
Alas! who now is left that like him sings?  
When shall you heare againe like harmonie?  
So sweet a sound, who to you now imparts?

*Virtute summa: cætera fortuna.*

L. B.



Loe, where engraue by his hand yet liues  
The name of STILIA, in yonder Bay tree,  
Happy name, happy tree, faire may you grow,  
And spread your sacred branch, which honours giues,  
To famous Emperours, and Poets crowne.  
Vnhappy flocke that wander scattered now,  
What marrell if through griefe ye waken feare,  
Forlake your foode, and hang your heads shorne?  
For such a shepheard neuer shall you guide,  
Whose parting, hath of weale bereft you cleane.  
LYC. PHILLISIDES is dead. O happy sprite,  
That now in heau'n with blessed soules doost bide:  
Looke downe awhile from where thou sittest above,  
And see how busie shepheards be to endite  
Sad songs of griefe, their sorrowes to declare,  
And gratefull memory of their kind loue.  
Behold my selfe with COLIN, gentle swaine  
(Whose learned Muse thou cherishest most whylcare)  
Where we thy names recording, seeke to ease,  
The inward torment and tormenting paine,  
That thy departure to vs both hath bred;  
Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.  
Behold the fountaines now left desolate,  
And withred grasse with Cypres boughes bespred,  
Behold these flowres which on thy graue we strew;  
Which faded, shew the giuers faded state,  
Though eke they shew their feruent zeale and pure  
Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew.  
Whose prayers importune shall the heau'ns for aye,  
That to thy ashes, rest they may assure:  
That learnedst shepheards honour may thy name  
With yeerely prailes, and the Nymphs alway  
Thy tombe may decke with fresh & sweetest flowres;  
And that for euer may endure thy fame.  
COL. The Sun (lo) hastned hath his face to sleepe  
In Western waues: and th'ayre with stormie showres  
Warnes vs to driue homewards our silly sheepe,  
LYCON, let's rise, and take of them good keepe,



# AN ELEGIE, OR FRIENDS PASSION, for his Astrophell.

Written vpon the death of the right Honourable Sir  
Phillip Sydney, Knight, Lord Gouvernour  
of Flushing.

AS then, no winde at all there blew,  
No swelling cloude, acclod the ayre,  
The skie, like grasse of watchet hew,  
Reflected PHOEBVS golden haire,  
The garnisht tree, no pendant stird,  
No voice was heard of any bird.

There might you see the burly Beare,  
The Lion King, the Elephant,  
The maiden Vnicorne was there,  
So was ACTEON'S horned plant,  
And what of wilde or tame are found,  
Were coucht in order on the ground.

ALCIDES speckled Poplar tree,  
The palme that Monarchs doe obtaine,  
With loue-inyce stained the Mulberie,  
The fruite that dewes the Poets braine,  
And PHILIS philbert there away,  
Compared with Myrtle and the Bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,  
With stately height threatening the skie,  
And for the bed of Loue forlorne,  
The blacke & dolefull Ebonie,  
All in a circle compast were,  
Like to an Amphitheatre.

Vpon the branches of those trees,  
The aerie-winged people sat,  
Distinguished in odd degrees,  
One sort is this, another that,  
Here PHILOMELE, that knowes full well,  
What force and wis in loue doth dwell.

The skie-bred Eagle, royall bird,  
Percht there vpon an Oake about,  
The Turtle by him neuer stird,

Example of immortal loue.  
The Swan, that sings about to die,  
Leaving MEANDER, flood thereby.

And that which was of wonder most,  
The Phoenix left sweete Arabia:  
And on a Cedar in this coast,  
Built vp her tombe of spicerie,  
As I coniecture by the name,  
Prepared to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,  
I saw one grouching on the grasse:  
A man or stone, I knew not that,  
No stone: of man the figure was,  
And yet I could not count him one,  
More then the image made of stone.

At length, I might perceine him reare  
His body on his elbowe end:  
Earthly and pale with gashly beare,  
Vpon his knees he vpward tend,  
Seeming like one in vnouth sound,  
To be ascending out the ground.

A grieuous sigh forthwith he throwes,  
As might haue torne the viall strings,  
Then downe his cheekes the teares to flowes,  
As doth the streame of many springs.  
So thunder rends the clowd in twaine,  
And makes a pillage for the raine.

Incontinent, with trembling sound,  
He wofully giu to complaints,  
Such were the accents as might wound,  
And reare a diamond rocke in twaine.  
After his throbs did some-what say,  
Thus heauily he gan to say.

O faine.



## An Elegie.

O tunne, said he, seeing the tunne,  
On wretched me why dost thou shine?  
My flame is false, my comfort done,  
But is the apple of mine eye,  
Shine vpon those possesse delight,  
And let me live in endlesse night.

O grieve that liest vpon my soule,  
As heuie as a mount of lead,  
The remnant of my life controll,  
Comfort me quickly with the dead,  
Halt of this hart, this spire and will,  
Dilem the brest of ASTROPHILL.

And you compassionate of my wo,  
Gentle birds, beasts, and shadie trees,  
I am as false ye long to know,  
What be the sorowes me agreeu's,  
Listen ye then to that mis'ch,  
And heare a tale of teares and ruth.

You knew, who knew not ASTROPHILL,  
(That I should live to say I knew,  
And haue not in possession still)  
Things knowne permit me to renew:  
Of him, you know his merit such,  
I cannot say, you heare too much.

Within these woods of ARCADIE,  
He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,  
And on the mountaine PARTHENIE,  
Vpon the cry stall liquid brooke,  
The Mules met him eu'ry day,  
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended downe the mount,  
His personage seem'd most diuine,  
A thousand graces one might count,  
Vpon his lovely cheerefull cline.  
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,  
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractive kind of grace,  
A full assurance given by lookes,  
Continuall comfort in a face,  
The lineaments of Gospell bookes,  
I trow that count' nance cannot lie,  
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Was neuer eye, did see that face,  
Was neuer eare, did heare that tong,  
Was neuer mind, did mind his grace,  
That euer thought the trauell long:  
But eyes, and eares, and eu'ry thought,  
Were with his sweet perfections caught.

O God, that such a worthy man,  
In whom so rare defects did raigne,  
Desired thus, must leaue vs than,  
And we to wish for him in vaine,  
O could the starres that bred that wit,  
In force no longer fixed sit?

Then being filld with learned dew,  
The Mules willed him to loue,  
That instrument can aptly shew,  
How finely our conceits will moue.  
As BACCUS opens differ-bled harts,  
So loue sets out our better parts.

STELLA, a Nymph within this wood,  
Most rare and rich of heau'nly blis,  
The highest in his fancie stood,  
And she could well demerite this,  
Tis likely they acquainted soone,  
He was a Sun, and she a Moone.

Our ASTROPHILL did STELLA loue,  
O STELLA vaunt of ASTROPHILL,  
Albeit thy graces gods may moue,  
Where wilt thou find and ASTROPHILL,  
The rose and lillie haue their prime,  
And so hath beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie doe excede,  
In common sight of eu'ry eye,  
Yet in his Poesies when we reede,  
It is apparant more thereby,  
He that hath loue and iudgement to,  
Sees more than any others do.

Then ASTROPHILL hath honored thee,  
For when thy body is extinct,  
Thy graces shall eternall be,  
And live by vertue of his inke,  
For by his verses he doth giue,  
To short-lude beautie, aye to liue.

Above all others, this is hee,  
Which erst approued in his song,  
That loue and honour might agree,  
And that pure loue will doe no wrong.  
Sweet saints, it is no sinne nor blame,  
To loue a man of vertuous name.

Did neuer loue so sweetly breath  
In any mortall brest before,  
Did neuer Muse inspire beneath,  
A Poets braine with finer store:  
He wrote of loue with high conceit,  
And beautie reard above her height.

Then PALLAS afterward attyrd,  
Our ASTROPHILL with her deuice,  
Whom in his armor heauen admyrd,  
As of the nation of the skies,  
He sparkled in his armes afarrs,  
As he were dight with fiery startes.

The blaze whereof when MARS beheld,  
(An enuious eye doth see afar)  
Such maiestie, quoth he, is feld,  
Such maiestie my mart may mar,  
Perhaps this may a surer be,  
To let MARS by his deitie.

## An Epitaph.

In this surmize he made with speede  
An Iron cane, wherein he put  
The thunder that in cloudes doth breed.  
The flame and bolt together shut,  
With priue force burst out againe,  
And so our ASTROPHILL was flaine.

This word (was flain) straightway did moue,  
And natures inward life-strings twitch,  
The skie immediately about,  
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,  
The wrastling winds fro' out the ground,  
Fild all the ayre with ratling found.

The bending trees exprest a grone,  
And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall,  
The Forrest beasts made ruthfull mone,  
The birds did tune their mourning call,  
And PHILOMEL for ASTROPHILL,  
Vnto her notes annex a phill.

The Turtle Dove with tunes of ruth,  
Shew'd feeling passion of his death,  
Me thought she said, I tell the truth,  
Was neuer he that drew in breath,  
Vnto his loue more trustie found,  
Than he for whom our griefes abound.

The Swan that was in presence heere,  
Began his funerall dirge to sing,  
Good things, quoth he, may scarce appeere,  
But passe away with speedy wing.  
This mortall life, as death is tride,  
And death giues life, and so he did.

The generall sorrow that was made  
Among the creatures of each kind,  
Fired the Phoenix where she laid,  
Her ashes flying with the wind,  
So as I might with reason see,  
That such a Phoenix nere should bee.

Haply the cinders driuen about,  
May breed an offspring neere that kind,  
But hardly a peere to that I doubt,  
It cannot sinke into my mind,  
That vnder-branches ere can bee  
Of worth and value as the tree.

The Eagle markt with piercing sight,  
The mournfull habite of the place,  
And parted thence with mourning flight,  
To signifye to LOVE the case,  
What sorrow Nature doth sustaine,  
For ASTROPHILL, by enuie flaine.

And while I follow'd, with mine eye,  
The flight the Eagle vpward tooke,  
All things did vanish by and by,  
And disappeared from my looke,  
The trees, beasts, birds, & groue was gone,  
So was the friend that made this mone.

This spectacle had firmly wrought,  
A deepe compassion in my sight,  
My molting hart illude, me thought,  
In streames forth at mine eyes aright,  
And heere my pen is fitt to shrinke,  
My teares discolour to mine inke.

## An Epitaph vpon the right Honourable Sir Philip Sidney, Knight: Lord Gouvernour of Flushing.

To praise thy life, or waile thy worthy death,  
And want thy wit, thy wit, high, pure, diuine,  
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,  
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore,  
And friendly care obscurd in secret brest,  
And loue that enuie in thy life suppress,  
Thy deere life done, and death, hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and living stare,  
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought,  
As one that fild the rising Sun hath sought,  
With words and teares now waile thy timelesse fate.

Drawne was thy race, aright from princely line,  
Nor lesse then such (by gifts that Nature gaue,  
The common mother that all creatures haue)  
Doth vertue shew, and princely linage shine.

A king gaue thee thy name, a kingly mind,  
That God thee gaue, who found it now too deere

For this base world, and hath resum'd it neere,  
To sit in skies, and sort with powers diuine.

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth,  
The heauens made hast, and staid nor yeere, nor time,  
The fruites of age grew ripe in thy first prime,  
Thy will, thy words; thy words the scales of truth.

Great gifts and wisdom rare imploy'd thee thence,  
To treat from kings, with those more great then kings,  
Such hope men had to lay the highest things,  
On thy wise youth, to be transported hence.

Whereoe, to sharpe warres sweet honour did thee call,  
Thy countie's loue, religion, and thy friends:  
Of worthy men, the markes, the liues and ends,  
And her defence, for whom we labour all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,  
Griefe, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes might:  
Thy rising day, saw neuer wofull night,  
But past with praise, from off this worldly stage.

Backe



### An Epitaph.

Back to the campe, by thee that day was brought,  
First thine owne death, and after thy long fame;  
Tearcs to the souldiers, the proud *Cassilians* shame;  
Vertue exprest, and honour truly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath wooed,  
Young yeares, for endlesse yeares, and hope vnshred  
Of fortunes gifts, for wealth that still shall dure,  
Oh happie race with so great praises runne.

England doth hold thy limmes that bred the fame,  
*Flaunders* thy valure, where it last was tried,  
The Campe thy sorrow, where thy bodie died,  
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our minds lay vp thy loue,  
Letters thy learning, thy losse, yecres long to come,  
In worthy harts sorrow hath made thy tombe,  
Thy soule and spright enrich the heauens aboue.

Thy liberall hart imbalm'd in gratefull tearcs,  
Young sighes, sweet sighes, sage sighes bewaile thy fall,  
Enuie her sting, and spight hath left her gall,  
Malice her selfe, a mourning garment weares.

That day their *HANNIBAL* died, our *SCIPIO* fell,  
*SCIPIO*, *CICERO*, & *PETRARCH* of our time,  
Whose vertues wounded by my worthlesse rime,  
Let Angels speake, and heauen thy praises tell.

### An other of the same.

Silence augmenteth grieffe,  
writing increaseth rage,  
Stald are my thoughts, which lou'd,  
and lost, the wonder of our age:  
Yet quickned now with fire,  
though dead with frost ere now,  
Enrag'd I write, I knowe not what:  
dead, quick, I knowe not how.

Hard-harted minds relent,  
and rigors tearcs abound,  
And enuie strangely rues his end,  
in whom no fault she found,  
Knowledge her light hath lost,  
valor hath slaine her knight,  
*SIDNEY* is dead, dead is my friend,  
dead is the worlds delight.

Place penitue wailes his fall,  
whose presence was her pride,  
Time crieth out, my ebbe is come:  
his life was my spring tide,  
Fame mournes in that she lost  
the ground of her reports,  
Each liuing, wight laments his lack,  
and all in sundry sorts.

He was (wo worth that word)  
to each well thinking mind,  
A spotlesse friend, a marchlesse man,  
whose vertue euer shind,  
Declaying in his thoughts,  
his life, and that he writ,  
Highest conceits, longest foresights,  
and deepest works of wit.

He onely like himselfe,  
was second vnto none,  
Whose death (though life) we rue, and  
and all in vaine doe mone, (wrong,  
Their losse, not him waile they,  
that fill the world with cries,  
Death flew not him, but he made death  
his ladder to the skies.

Now sinke of sorow I,  
who liue, the more the wrong,  
Who wishing death, whom death denies,  
whose thred is all too long,  
Who tied to wretched life,  
who looks for no reliefe,  
Must spend my euer dying dayes,  
in neuer ending grieffe.

Harts ease and onely I,  
like parallels runne on,  
Whose equall length, keepe equall bredth,  
and neuer meet in one,  
Yet for not wronging him,  
my thoughts, my sorrowes cell,  
Shall not run out, though leake they will,  
for liking him so well.

Farewell to you my hopes,  
my wonted waking dreames,  
Farewell sometimes enioyed ioy,  
eclipsed are thy beames,  
Farewell false-pleasing thoughts,  
which quietnesse brings forth,  
And farewell friendships sacred league,  
vniting minds of worth.

And farewell merry hart,  
the gift of guiltlesse minds,  
And all sports, which for liues restore,  
varietie assigns,  
Let all that sweet is void:  
in me no mirth may dwell,  
*PHILIP*, the cause of all this woe,  
my lifes content, farewell.

Now rime, the sonne of rage,  
which art no kin to skill,  
And endlesse grieffe, which deads my life,  
yet knowes not how to kill,  
Goe seeke that haplesse tombe,  
which if ye hap to find,  
Salute the stones, that keepe the limmes,  
that held so good a mind.

FINIS.



## PROTHALAMION

OR

A SPOVSALL VERSE: MADE

by *Edmunde Spenser*,

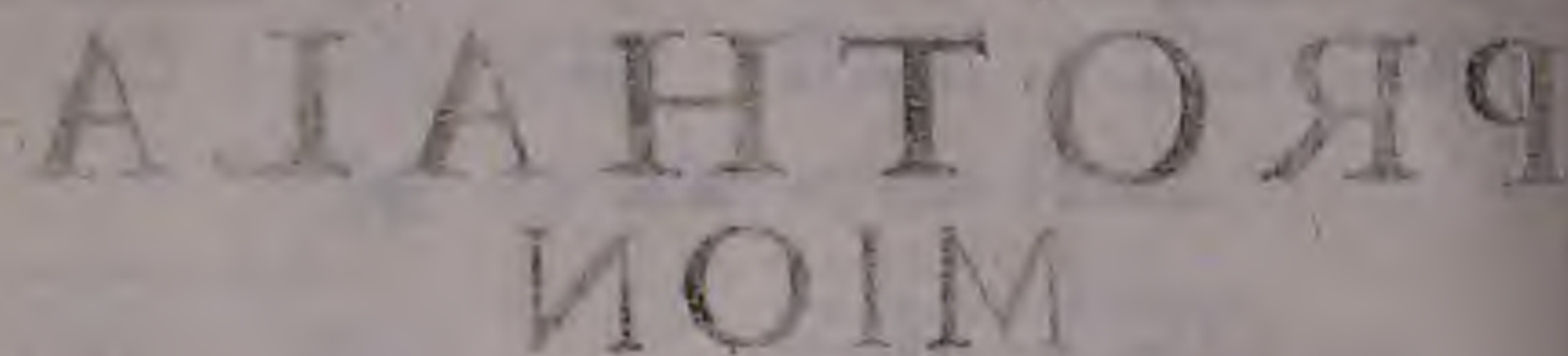
In honour of the double mariage of the two Honourable and vertuous Ladies, the Ladie *Elizabeth*, and the Ladie *Katherine Somerset*; Daughters to the Right Honourable the Earle of *Worcester*: and espoused to the two worthy Gentlemen, *M. Henry Guilford*, and *M. William Peter*, Esquires.



AT LONDON  
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lowmes*.

1611.





A SPOVIAL VERSE: MADE  
by Edmund Spenser

honour of the double marriage of the two Queens  
and various Ladies; the Lady Elizabeth, and the Lady Is-  
abel, daughters in law to the King, were present.  
The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of London.



Printed by H. A. for S. W. & Co. London.



PROTHALAMION.

**C**Alme was the day, & through the trembling ayre,  
Sweet-breathing ZEPHYRVS did softly play  
A gentle spirit, that highly did delay  
Hot TIRANS beames, which then did glyster faire:  
When I, whom fullen care,  
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay  
In Princes Court, and expectation vaine  
Of idle hopes, which still doe flie away,  
Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my braine,  
Walkt forth to ease my paine  
Along the shore of siluer streaming THEMES,  
Whose rutty Banke, the which his River hemmes,  
Was painted all with variable flowers,  
And all the meades adorn'd with daintie gemmes,  
Fit to decke maydens bowres,  
And crowne their Paramours,  
Against the Bridale day, which is not long:  
Sweet THEMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

There, in a Meadow, by the Rivers side,  
A flock of Nymphes I chanced to espy,  
All lovely daughters of the Flood thereby,  
With goodly greenish locks, all loose vntyde,  
As each had been a Bryde,  
And each one had a little wicker basker,  
Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously,  
In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket:  
And with fine fingers, cropt full fearously  
The tender stalkes on his.  
Of euery sort, which in that Meadow grew,  
They gathered some; the Violet pallid blew,  
The little Daxie, that at evening closes,  
The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose tiew,  
With store of vermeil Roses,  
To decke their Bridegroomes posies,  
Against the Bridale day, which was not long:  
Sweet THEMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

With that, I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe,  
Come softly swimming downe along the Lee:  
Two fairer Birds I yet did neuer see:  
The snowe which doth the top of PINDYS strewe,  
Did neuer whiter shewe.

Nor LOVE himselfe when he a Swan would be,  
For loue of LEA, whither did appeare:  
Yet LEA was (they say) as white as he,  
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare:  
So purely white they were,  
That euen the gentle streame, the which them bare,  
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare  
To wet their lilken feathers, least they might  
Soyle their faire plumes, with water not so faire,  
And marre their beauties bright,  
That shone as heavens light,  
Against their Bridale day, which was not long:  
Sweet THEMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

Effloones the Nymphes, which now had flowers their  
 Ran all in haste, to see that silver broode, (fill,  
 As they came floating on the crystill Flood.  
 Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,  
 Their wondring eyes to fill,  
 Them seem'd they neuer saw a sight so fayre,  
 Of Fowles so louely, that they fure did deeme  
 Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre  
 Which through the Skie draw V a n s silver Teeme,  
 For sure they did not seeme  
 To be begot of any earthly Seede,  
 But rather Angels, or of Angels breed:  
 Yet were they bred of S o m m e s - H e a r, they say,  
 In sweetest Season, when each Flower and weed  
 The earth did fresh aray,  
 So fresh they seem'd as day,  
 Euen as their Bridale day, which was not long:  
 Sweet T h e m m e s ranoe softly, till I end my Song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew,  
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,  
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,  
All which, vpon those goodly Birds they threw,  
And all the Waters did strew,  
That like old P <sup>er</sup> <sup>u</sup> <sup>e</sup> <sup>n</sup> <sup>e</sup> <sup>y</sup> <sup>s</sup> Waters they did seeme,  
Whe down along by pleasant T <sup>em</sup> <sup>p</sup> <sup>e</sup> <sup>s</sup> <sup>f</sup> <sup>l</sup> <sup>o</sup> <sup>r</sup> <sup>e</sup> <sup>s</sup> <sup>d</sup> <sup>r</sup> <sup>e</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>m</sup> <sup>s</sup>,  
Scattered with Flowres, through T <sup>h</sup> <sup>e</sup> <sup>s</sup> <sup>e</sup> <sup>e</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>r</sup> <sup>e</sup> <sup>s</sup> <sup>m</sup> <sup>e</sup> <sup>r</sup> <sup>e</sup> <sup>s</sup>,  
That they appeare through Lillies <sup>pleas</sup> <sup>u</sup> <sup>r</sup> <sup>e</sup> <sup>s</sup> <sup>f</sup> <sup>l</sup> <sup>o</sup> <sup>r</sup> <sup>e</sup> <sup>s</sup>,  
Like a Brides Chamber flore:



# PROTHALAMION.

Two of those Nymphes, mean-while two garlands bound,  
Of freshest Flowres, which in that Mead they found,  
The which presenting all in trim Array,  
Their snowie Foreheads therewithall they crownd,  
Whil'ft one did sing this Lay,  
Prepar'd against that Day,  
Against their Bridale day, which was not long:  
Sweet T H E M M E S runne softly, till I end my Song.

Ye gentle Birds, the worlds faire ornament,  
And heavens glorie, whom this happy hower  
Doth leade vnto your louers blisfull bower,  
Ioy may you haue, and gentle hearts content  
Of your loues complement:  
And let faire V E N V S, that is Queene of loue,  
With her hart-quelling Sonne vpon you smile,  
Whose smile they say, hath vertue to remoue  
All loues dislike, and friendships faultie guile  
For euer to assoile.  
Let endlesse Peace your stedfast hearts accord,  
And blessed Plentie waite vpon your bord,  
And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,  
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,  
Which may your foes confound,  
And make your ioyes redound,  
Vpon your Bridale day, which is not long:  
Sweet T H E M M E S runne softly, till I end my Song.

So ended she; and all the rest around  
To her redoubled that her vnder-song,  
Which said, their Bridale day should not be long.  
And gentle Echo from the neighbour ground,  
Their accents did resound.  
So forth, those ioyous Birdes did passe along,  
Adowne the Lee, that to them murmurde low,  
As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,  
Yer did by signes his glad affection show,  
Making his streame runne slow.  
And all the foule which in his flood did dwell  
Gan flocke about these twaine, that did excell  
The rest, so far, as C Y N T H I A doth shend  
The lesser starres. So they entranced well,  
Did on those two attend,  
And their best seruice lend,  
Against their wedding day, which was not long:  
Sweet T H E M M E S runne softly, till I end my Song.

At length, they all to merry L O N D O N came,  
To merry L O N D O N, my most kindly Nurse,  
That to me gaue this Lifes first natine source:  
Though from another place I take my name,  
An house of auncient fame.

There when they came, whereas those bricky towres,  
The which on T H E M M E S brode aged back doth ride,  
Where now the studious Lawyers haue their bowers,  
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to bide,  
Till they decayd through pride:  
Next wherevnto there stands a stately place,  
Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace  
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,  
Whose want too well now feelles my friendlesse case:  
But ah! heere sits not well  
Old woes, but ioyes to tell  
Against the Bridale day, which is not long:  
Sweet T H E M M E S runne softly, till I end my Song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peere,  
Great England's glory, and the Worlds wide wonder,  
Whose dreadfull name, late through all Spaine did thum-  
And H E R C U L E S two pillars standing neere, (der,  
Did make to quake and feare:  
Faire branch of Honour, flower of Cheualrie,  
That fillest England with thy triumphs fame,  
Ioy haue thou of thy noble victorie,  
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name  
That promisseth the same:  
That through thy prowesse and victorious armes,  
Thy Country may be freed from forraigne harmes:  
And great E L I S A B E T H glorious name may ring  
Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide Alarmer,  
Which some braue Muse may sing  
To ages following,  
Vpon the Bridale day, which is not long:  
Sweet T H E M M E S runne softly, till I end my Song.

From those high Towers, this noble Lord issing,  
Like radiant H E S P E R, when his golden haire  
In th'Ocean billowes he hath bathed faire,  
Descended to the Riuers open viewing,  
With a great traine ensuing,  
Aboue the rest were goodly to be scene  
Two gentle Knights of louely face and feature  
Beseming well the bower of any Queene,  
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,  
Fit for so goodly stature:  
That like the twinnes of I O V E they seem'd in sight,  
Which decke the Bauldricke of the Heavens bright,  
They two forth passing to the Riuer's side,  
Receiu'd those two faire Brides, their Loues delight,  
Which at th'appointed tide,  
Each one did make his Bride,  
Against their Bridale day, which is not long:  
Sweet T H E M M E S runne softly, till I end my Song.

FINIS.



# AMORETTI AND EPITHALAMION.

Written by *Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON  
Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lowmes.  
1611.

AMO-





AMORETTI.

G. W. senior, to the Author.

D Arke is the day, whē Phœbus face is shrowded,  
And weaker sights may wander soone astray;  
But whē they see his glorious raies unclowded,  
With steady steps they keepe the perfect way:  
So while this Muse in forraine Land doth stay,  
Invention weepes, and pennies are cast aside,  
The time like night, depriv'd of chearfull day,  
And few doe write, but (ab) too soone may slide.  
Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,  
And with thy wit illustrate Englands fame,  
Daunting therby our neighbors ancient pride,  
That do for poesie challenge chiefeſt name:  
So we that live, and ages ſhall ſucceed,  
With great applauſe thy learned works ſhall need.

A H. Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,  
Piping to shepheards thy sweet vrounde layes:  
Or whether singing in some lofty vaine,  
Heroicke deede, of past, or present dayes:  
Or whether in thy lowly Mistresse praise,  
Thou list to exercise thy learned quill, (please,  
Thy Muse hath got such grace and power to  
Write rare invention, beautified by skil:  
As who therein can euer ioy their fill)  
O therefore let that happy Muse proceed  
To clime the height of vertues sacred hill,  
Where endlessse honour shal be made thy meed.  
Because no malice of succeeding daies,  
Can rase those records of thy lasting praise.

G.W.I.

## SONNET I.

**H** Appy ye leaues, when as those lilly hands,  
which hold my life in their dead-doing might,  
shall handle you, and hold in loues soft bands,  
like captiues trembling at the victors sight.  
And happy lines, on which with starry light,  
those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to looke  
and reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,  
written with teares in harts close bleeding booke  
And happy rimes bath'd in the sacred brooke,  
of **H E L I O N** whence the deuised is,  
when ye behold that Angels blessed looke,  
my soules long lacked foode, my heauens blis,  
Eeues, lines, and rimes, seeke her to please alone,  
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

## SONNET II.

**V**nquiet thought, whom at the first I bred,  
of th' inward bale of my loue pined hart:  
and sithens haue with sighes and lonowes fed,  
till greater then my wombe thou woxen art:  
Breake forth at length out of the inner part,  
in which thou lurkest like to vipers brood:  
and seeke some succour both to ease my smart,  
and also to sustaine thy selfe with food.

But if in presence of that fairest proud  
thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet:  
and with meeke humble selfe and afflicted mood,  
pardon for thee, and grace for me intreat.  
Which if she grant, then live, and my love cherish:  
If not, die soone, and I with thee will perish.

## SONNET III.

**T**He soueraigne beautie which I doe admire,  
winneth the world how worthy to be praised:  
the light whereof hath kindled heavenly fire,  
in my fraile spirit, by her from balencell raised:  
That being now with her huge brightnes dazed,  
basse thing I can no more endure to view:  
but looking still on her, I stand amazed,  
at wondrous sight of so celestialliew.  
So when my tongue would speake her praises dew,  
it stopped is with thoughts aloofishment:  
and when my pen would write her titles true,  
it raueth it with fancies wondrousment:  
Yet in my hart I then both speake and write  
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

## SONNET IIII

New year forth looking out of I AM T A G I T,  
doth seeme to promise hope of new delight:



SONNETS.

and bidding th'old Adieu, his passed date  
bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright,  
And calling forth out of sad Winters night,  
fresh loue, that long hath slept in cheerlesse bower:  
wils him awake, and soone about him dight  
his wanton wings, and darts of deadly power.  
For lustie Spring now in his timely howre,  
is ready to come forth, him to receiue:  
and warne the Earth, with diuers colourd flowre  
to decke her selfe, and her faire mantle weaue.  
Then you faire flowre, in whom fresh youth doth raine,  
Prepare your selfe, new loue to entertaine.

SONNET V.

**R**idely thou wrongest my deare harts desire,  
in finding fault with her too portly pride:  
the thing which I doe most in her admire,  
is of the world vnworthy most enuide.  
For in those loslie lookes is close implide,  
scorne of base things, & deigne of foule dishonor:  
threatning rash eyes which gaze on her so wide,  
that losely they ne dare to looke vpon her.  
Such pride is praise, such portlinesse is honor,  
that boldned innocence beares in her eyes:  
and her faire countenance like a goodly banner,  
spreads in defiance of all enemies.  
Was neuer in this world ought worthy tride,  
Without some sparke of such selfe-pleasing pride.

SONNET VI.

**B**e nought dismayd that her vnmooued mind  
doth still persist in her rebellious pride:  
such loue not like to lusts of baser kind,  
the harder wonne, the firmer will abide.  
The durefull Oake, whose sap is not yet dride,  
is long ere it conceiue the kindling fire:  
but when it once doth burne, it doth diuide  
great heate, & makes his flames to heauen aspire.  
So hard it is to kindle new desire,  
in gentle brest that shall endure for euer:  
deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire  
with chaste affects, that nought but death can seuer.  
Then thinke not long in taking little paine,  
To knit the knot, that cuer shall remaine.

SONNET VII.

**F**aire eyes, the myrrour of my mazed hart,  
what wondrous vertue is containd in you,  
the which both life and death forth from you dart  
into the obiekt of your mightie view?  
For when ye mildly looke with louely hew,  
then is my soule with life and loue inspired:  
but when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,  
then doe I die, as one with lightning fired.  
But since that life is more then death desired,  
looke cuer louely, as becomes you best,  
that your bright beams of my weak cies admired,  
may kindle liuing fire within my brest.  
Such life should be the honor of your light,  
Such death the sad ensample of your might.

SONNET VIII.

**M**ore then most faire, full of the liuing fire,  
kindled aboue vnto the maker neere:  
no eyes but ioyes, in which all powers conspire,  
that to the world nought else be counted deere.  
Through your bright beams doth not the blinded guest  
shoote out his darts to base affections wound:  
but Angels come to leade fraile minds to rest  
in chaste desires, on heauenly beaute bound.  
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within,  
you stop my tongue, and teach my hart to speake,  
you calme the storme that passion did begin,  
strong through your cause, but by your vertue weake.  
Darke is the world, where your light shined neuer:  
Well is he borne, that may behold you cuer.

SONNET IX.

**L**ong while I fought to what I might compare  
those powrefull eyes, which lighten my dark spright:  
yet find I nought on earth, to which I dare  
resemble th' image of their goodly light.  
Not to the Sun: for they doe shine by night:  
nor to the Moone: for they are changed neuer:  
nor to the starres: for they haue purer sight:  
nor to the fire: for they consume not euer:  
Nor to the lightning: for they still perseuer:  
nor to the Diamond: for they are more tender:  
nor vnto Crystall: for nought may them seuer:  
nor vnto glasse: such basenesse mought offend her.  
Then to the Maker selfe they likest bee,  
Whole light doth lighten all that heere we see.

SONNET X.

**V**nrighteous Lord of loue, what law is this,  
that methou makest thus tormented be:  
the whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse  
of her free-will, scorning both thee and me.  
See how the Tyrannesse doth ioy to see  
the huge massacres which her eyes do make:  
and humbled harts brings captiues vnto thee,  
that thou of them mayst mightie vengeance take.  
But her proud hart doe thou a little shake  
and that high looke, with which she doth controll  
all this worldes pride bow to a baser make,  
and all her faults in thy blacke booke enroll:  
That I may laugh at her in equall sort,  
As she doth laugh at me, & makes my paine her sport.

SONNET XI.

**D**aily when I doe seeke and sue for peace,  
and hostages doe offer for my truth:  
she cruell warriour doth her selfe addresse  
to battell, and the wearie war renew'th.  
Ne will be mou'd with reason or with ruth,  
to grant small respite to my restless toile:  
but greedily her fell intent pursu'th,  
of my poore life to make vnpietied spoile.  
Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assoile,  
I would her yield, her wrath to pacifie:  
but then she seekes with torment and tumult,  
to force me liue, and will not let me die.

SONNETS.

All paine hath end, and every war hath peace,  
But mine, no price nor prayer may surcease.

SONNET XII.

**O**ne day I fought with her hurt-thrilling eyes  
to make a truce, and termes to entertaine:  
all fearelesse then of so false enemies,  
which fought me to entrap in treasons traine.  
So, as I then disarmed did remaine,  
a wicked ambush which lay hidden long,  
in the close couert of her guilefull eyen,  
thence breaking forth, did thicke about me throng.  
Too feeble I t' abide the brunt so strong,  
was fott to yeeld my selfe into their hands:  
who me captiuing straight with rigorous wrong,  
haue euer since kept me in cruell bands.  
So Lady, now to you I doe complaine,  
Against your eyes, that iustice I may gaine.

SONNET XIII.

**I**n that proud port, which her so goodly graceth,  
whiles her faire face she reares vp to the skie:  
and to the ground her eye-lids lowe embaceth,  
most goodly temperature ye may descry,  
Mild humblesse, mixt with awfull maiestie.  
for looking on the earth whence she was borne,  
her minde remembreth her mortalitie,  
what so is fairest shall to earth retorne.  
But that same loslie countenance seemes to scorne  
base thing, and thinke how she to heauen may clime:  
treading downe earth, as lothsome and forlorne,  
that hinders heauenly thoughts with drossie slime.  
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me,  
Such lowlinesse shall make you loslie be.

SONNET XIII.

**R**etorne againe my forces late dismayd,  
vnto the siege by you abandon'd quite.  
great shame it is to leane, like one afrajd,  
so faire a peece, for one repulse so light.  
Gainst such strong castles needeth greater might  
then those small forces, ye were wont belay:  
such haughty minds enur'd to hardy fight,  
dildaine to yeeld vnto the first assay.  
Bring therefore all the forces that yee may,  
and lay incessant battery to her hart,  
plaints, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and dismay,  
those engins can the proudest loue conuert:  
And if those faile, fall downe and die before her,  
So dying liue, and liuing doe adore her.

SONNET XV.

**Y**e tradefull Merchants, that with weary toyle,  
doe seek most precious things to make your gaine:  
and both the Indias of their treasure spoile,  
what needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?  
For loe, my loue doth in herselfe containe  
all this worlds riches that may euer be found:  
if Saphyres, loe, her eyes be Saphyres plaine,  
if Rubies, loe, her lips be Rubies found:

If Pearles, her teeth be pearles, both pure and round:  
if Iuorie, her forehead Iuorie weene:  
if Gold, her locks are finest gold on ground:  
if Silver, her faire hands are silver sheene:  
But that which fairest is, let few behold,  
Her mind adorn'd with vertues manifold.

SONNET XVI.

**O**ne day as I vnawily did gaze  
on thole fyre eyes my loues immortal light:  
the whiles my stonish hart stood in a maze,  
through sweet illusion of her lookes delight,  
I more perceiue how in her planting sight,  
legions of loyes with little wings did flie:  
darting their deadly arrowes fierie bright,  
at euery rash beholder passing by.  
One of those archers closely I did spy,  
ayming his arrow at my very hart:  
when suddenly with twinkle of her eye,  
the Damsell broke his mitted dart.  
Had she not so done, sure I had been slaine,  
Yet as it was, I hardly scape with paine.

SONNET XVII.

**T**he glorious portraict of that Angels face,  
made to amaze weak mens contol'd skill:  
and this worlds worthlesse glory to embrace,  
what pen, what penill can expresse her fill?  
For though he colours could deuize at will,  
and eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,  
least trembling, it his workmanship should spill,  
yet many wondrous things there are beside.  
The sweet eye-glances, that like arrowes glide,  
the charming smiles, that rob sense from the hart:  
the lovely plesance, and the losly pride,  
cannot expresse be by any art.  
A greater craftsmans hand thereto doth need,  
That can expresse the life of things, indeed.

SONNET XVIII.

**T**he rolling wheele that runneth often round,  
the hardell Steele in tract of time doth teare:  
and drizzling drops that often do decredound,  
the firmest flint doth in continuance weare:  
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare,  
and long intreatie, soften her hard hart:  
that she wil once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,  
or looke with pity on my painefull smart.  
But when I plead, she bids me play my part,  
and when I weepe, she sayes, Teares are but water:  
and when I sigh, she sayes, I knowe the art,  
and when I wail, she turnes herselfe to laughter.  
So doe I weepe and wail, and plead in vaine,  
Whiles she as Steele and flint doth still remaine.

SONNET XIX.

**T**he merry Cuckowe, messenger of Spring,  
his trumpet shrill hath thrice already sound:  
that warne all louers waite vpon their king,  
who now is comming forth with girland crown'd.



SONNETS.

With noyse whereof the quire of Birds refounded  
their antheims sweet deuized of loues praise,  
that all the woods their Echoes back rebounded,  
as if they knew the meaning of their layes.  
But monglt them all, which did Loues honour raise,  
no word was heard of her that most it ought,  
but she his precept proudly disobayes,  
and doth his idle message set at nought.  
Therefore, O loue, vnlesse she turne to thee  
Ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be.

SONNET XX.

I Naine I seeke and sue to her for grace,  
and doe mine humble hart before her poure:  
the whiles her foote she in my necke doth place,  
and tread my life downe in the lowly floure.  
And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,  
and raigneth ouer euery beast in field,  
in his most pride disdaineth to deuoure  
the silly Lambe that to his might doth yield.  
But she, more cruell and more saluage wilde,  
then eyther Lyon, or the Lionesse:  
shames not to be with guiltlesse blood defilde,  
but taketh glory in her cruellnesse.  
Fairer then fairest, let none euer say,  
That ye were bloodied in a yeelded pray.

SONNET XXI.

VV As it the worke of Nature or of Art,  
which tempred so the feature of her face,  
that pride and meeknes mixt by equall part,  
doe both appeare to adorne her beauties grace?  
For with mild pleasure, which doth pride displace,  
she to her loue doth lookers eyes allure:  
and with sterne count'nance backe againe doth chace  
their looser lookes that stir vp lustes impure,  
With such strange traines her eyes she doth inure,  
that with one looke she doth my life dismay:  
and with another doth it straight recure,  
her smile me drawes, her frowne me driues away.  
Thus doth she traine and teach me with her lookes,  
Such art of eyes, I neuer read in bookes.

SONNET XXII.

T His holy season, fit to fast and pray,  
men to deuotion ought to be inclin'd:  
therefore, I likewise on so holy day,  
for my sweet Saint some seruice fit will find.  
Her temple faire is built within my mind,  
in which her glorious image placed is,  
on which my thoughts doe day and night attend,  
like sacred priests that neuer thinke amis:  
There I to her, as th'author of my blis,  
will build an altar to appease her ire,  
and on the same my hart will sacrifice,  
burning in flames of pure and chaste desire:  
The which vouchsafe, O goddess to accept,  
Amongst thy dearest relicks to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

P ENELOPE for her VLYSSES sake,  
deuiz'd a Web her wooers to deceaue:

in which, the worke that shee all day did make,  
the same at night she did againe vnreave:  
Such subtil craft my Damzell doth conceale,  
th' importune sute of my desire to shonne:  
for, all that I in many daies doe weaue,  
in one short houre I find by her vndonne.  
So when I thinke to end that I begonne,  
I must begin and neuer bring to end:  
for with one looke, she spils that long I sponne,  
and with one word my whole yeares work doth rend.  
Such labour like the Spiders web I find,  
Whose fruitlesse worke is broken with least wind.

SONNET XXIII.

W Hen I behold that beauties wonderment,  
and rare perfection of each goodly part:  
of natures skill the onely complement,  
I honour and admire the makers art.  
But when I feeble the bitter balefull smart,  
which her faire eyes vnwares doe worke in mee:  
that death out of their shyny beames doe dart,  
I thinke that I a new PANDORA see:  
Whom all the Gods in counsell did agree,  
into this sinfull world from heauen to send:  
that she to wicked men a scourge should bee,  
for all their faults with which they did offend.  
But since ye are my scourge, I will intreat,  
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV.

H Ow long shall this like dying life endure,  
and know no end of her owne miserie?  
but waste and weare away in termes vnure,  
twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully.  
Yet better were attonce to let me die,  
and shew the last ensample of your pride:  
then to torment me thus with crueltie,  
to proue your powre, which I too well haue tri'd.  
But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide  
a close intent at last to shew me grace:  
then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,  
as meanes of blis I gladly will embrace:  
And wish that more and greater they might be,  
That greater meed at last may turne to me.

SONNET XXVI.

S Weet is the Rose, but growes vpon a brete:  
sweet is the Iuniper, but sharpe his bought:  
sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere:  
sweet is the firbloom, but his branches rough:  
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rind is tough,  
sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill:  
sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough:  
and sweet is Moly, but his roote is ill.  
So euery sweet with soure is tempred still,  
that maketh it be coueted the more:  
for easie things that may be got at will,  
most sorts of men doe set but little store.  
Why then should I account of little paine,  
That endlesse pleasure shall vnto me gaine.

SONNETS.

SONNET XXVII.

F Aire proud, now tell me, why should faire be proud,  
sith all worlds glory is but drosse vnleane?  
and in the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,  
how euer now thereof ye little weene.  
That goodly Idoll now so gay becene,  
shall dresse her fleshes borrowd faire attire:  
and be forgot as it had neuer been,  
that many now much worship and admire.  
Ne any then shall after it inquire,  
ne any mention shall thereof remaine,  
but what this verse, that neuer shall expire,  
shall to you purchase with her thanklesse paine.  
Faire, be no longer proud of that shall perish,  
But that which shall you make immortal, cherish.

SONNET XXVIII.

T He Laurell leafe, which you this day doe weare,  
giues me great hope of your relenting mind:  
for since it is the badge which I doe beare,  
ye bearing it, doe seeme to me inclin'd:  
The powre thereof, which oft in me I find,  
let it likewise your gentle brest inspire  
with sweet infusion, and put you in mind  
of that proud mayd, whom now those leaues attyre.  
Proud DAPHNE, scornng Phoebus louely fire,  
on the Thessalian shore from him did flie:  
for which the gods in their reuengefull ire  
did her transforme into a Laurell tree.  
Then flie no more faire Loue from Phoebus chace,  
But in your brest his leafe and loue embrace.

SONNET XXIX.

S Ee how the stubborne damzell doth depraue  
my simple meaning with disdainfull scorn:  
and by the bay which I vnto her gane,  
accounts my selfe her captiue quite forlorne.  
The bay, quoth she, is of the Victors borne,  
yeelded them by the vanquish as their meeds,  
and they there-with doe Poets heads adorne,  
to sing the glory of their famous deeds.  
But sith she will the conquest challenge needs,  
let her accept me as her faithfull thrall,  
that her great triumph which my skill exceeds,  
I may in trump of fame blaze ouer all.  
Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes,  
And fill the world with her victorious prayle.

SONNET XXX.

M Y Loue is like to Ice, and I to fire:  
how comes it then that this her cold so great  
is not dissolu'd through my so hot desire,  
but harder growes the more I her intreat?  
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat  
is not delayd by her hart frozen cold:  
but that I burne much more in boyling sweat,  
and feeble my flames augmented manifold?  
What more miraculous thing may be told,  
that fire which all thing melts, should harden Ice:  
and Ice, which is congeald with senselesse cold,  
should kindle fire by wonderfull deuiſe?

Such is the powre of loue in gentle mind,  
That it can alter all the course of kind.

SONNET XXXI.

A H, why hath nature to so hard a hart  
giuen so goodly gifts of beauties grace?  
whose pride depraves each other better part,  
and all those precious ornaments deface.  
Sith to all other beasts of bloody race,  
a dreadfull countenance the giuen hath:  
that with their terror all the rest may chace,  
and warne to shun the danger of their wrath.  
But my proud one doth worke the greater scath,  
through sweet allurement of her louely hew:  
that she the better may in bloody bath  
of such poore thralls, her cruell hands embrew.  
But did she knowe how ill these two accord,  
Such crueltie she would haue soone abhorde.

SONNET XXXII.

T He painfull Smith, with force of feruent heat,  
the hardest Iron soone doth mollifie,  
that with his heavy sledge he can it beat,  
and fashion to what he list apply.  
Yet cannot all these flames in which I fry,  
her hart more hard then Iron soft awtie:  
ne all the plaints and prayers with which I  
doe beat on th' anile of her stubborne wit:  
But still the more she feruent sees my fire,  
the more she friezeth in her wilfull pride:  
and harder growes the harder she is limed,  
with all the plaints which to her be applyde.  
What then remains but I to allies burne,  
And she to stones at length all frozen turne?

SONNET XXXIII.

G Reat wrong I doe, I can it not deny,  
to that most sacred Emperesse my deare dread,  
not finishing her Queene of Faery,  
that more enlarge her liuing prayles dead:  
But LODVVICKE, this of grace to me arread:  
doe ye not thinke th' accomplishment of it,  
sufficient worke for one mans simple head,  
all were it as the rest, but rudely writ.  
How then should I without another wit?  
thinke euer to endure so tedious toyle,  
sith that this one is tost with troublous fire,  
of a proud Loue, that doth my spirit spoyle.  
Cease then, till she vouchsafe to grant me rest,  
Or lend you me another liuing brest.

SONNET XXXIII.

L Ike as a ship, that through the Ocean wide,  
by conduct of some starre doth make her way,  
when as a storme hath dimd her trustie guide,  
out of her course doth wander far astray:  
So I, whose starre, that wont with her bright ray,  
me to direct, with cloudes is ouer-cast,  
doe wander now in darknesse and dismay,  
through hidden perils round about me plac'd.  
D.



## SONNETS.

Yet hope I well, that when this storme is past,  
my HELLER, the lodestar of my life  
will shine againe, and looke on me at last,  
with louely light to cleare my cloudy griefe.  
Till then I wander carefull comfortles,  
In secret sorrow, and sad penfueness.

## SONNET XXXV.

MY hungry eyes through greedy couetice,  
still to behold the object of their paine,  
with no contentment can themselves suffice:  
but hauing pine, and hauing not complaine.  
For lacking it, they cannot life sustaine,  
and hauing it, they gaze on it the more:  
in their amazement like NARSIS vaine,  
whose eyes him star'd: so plentie makes me pore.  
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store  
of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,  
but lothe the things which they did like before,  
and can no more endure on them to looke.  
All this worlds glorie seemeth vaine to me,  
And all their shewes but shadowes, sauing the.

## SONNET XXXVI.

TEll mee, when shall these wearie woes haue end,  
or shall their ruthlesse torment neuer cease:  
but all my daies in pining languor spend,  
without hope of allwagement or release.  
Is there no meanes for me to purchase peace,  
or make agreement with her thrilling eyes:  
but that their crueltie doth still increase,  
and daily more augment my miseries.  
But when ye haue shew'd all extremities,  
then thinke how little glory ye haue gained,  
by slaying him, whose life though ye despise,  
more haue your life in honor long maintained.  
But by his death, which some perhaps will mone,  
Ye shall condemned be of many a one.

## SONNET XXXVII.

WHat guile is this, that those her golden tresses  
she doth attyre vnder a net of gold:  
and with she skill so cunningly them dresses,  
that which is gold or haire, may scarce be told:  
Is it that mens fraile eyes, which gaze too bold,  
shee may entangle in that golden snare:  
and being caught, may craftily enfold  
their weaker harts, which are not well aware?  
Take heede therefore, mine eyes, how ye doe stare  
henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,  
in which, if euer ye entrapped are,  
out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.  
Fondnesse it were for any being free,  
To couet fetters, though they golden bee.

## SONNET XXXVIII.

ARION, when through tempests cruell wrack,  
he forth was throwne into the greedy seas:  
through the sweet musick which his harp did make,  
allur'd a Dolphin him from death to ease.

But my rude musick, which was wont to please  
some daintie eares, cannot with any skill,  
the dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,  
nor moue the Dolphin from her stubborne will.  
But in her pride she doth perseuer still,  
all carelesse how my life for her decays:  
yet with one word she can it saue or spill,  
to spill were pittie, but to saue were praise.  
Chuse rather to be prayd for dooing good,  
Then to be blam'd for spilling guiltlesse blood.

## SONNET XXXIX.

Sweet smile, the daughter of the Queene of loue,  
expressing all thy mothers powrefull art,  
with which she wons to temper angry Io vne,  
when all the gods he threats with thundering dart.  
Sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art.  
for when on me thou shinedst late in sadnesse,  
a melting pleasure ran through euery part,  
and me reuiued with hart-robbling gladnesse.  
Whilst rapt with joy resembling heavenly madnesse,  
my soule was raiust quite as in a trance:  
and feeling thence no more her sorrowes sadnesse,  
fed on the fullnesse of that chearefull glance.  
More sweet then Nectar or Ambrosiall meat,  
Seemd euery bit which thenceforth I did eate.

## SONNET XL.

MArke when she smiles with amiable cheare,  
and tell me whereto can ye liken it:  
when on each eye-lid sweetly doe appeare  
an hundred Graces as in shade to sit.  
Likest it seemeth in my simple wit,  
vnto the faire sunshine in sommers day:  
that when a dreadfull storme away is flit,  
through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray:  
At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,  
and euery beast that to his den was fled,  
comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,  
and to the light lift vp their drooping hed.  
So my storme-beaten hart likewise is cheared,  
With that sun-shine when cloudy lookes are cleared.

## SONNET XLI.

IS it her nature, or is it her will,  
to be so cruell to an humbled foe?  
if nature, then she may it mend with skill:  
if will, then she at will may will forgoe.  
But if her nature and her will be so,  
that she will plague the man that loues her most:  
and take delight to encrease a wretches woe,  
then all her natures goodly gifts are lost.  
And that same glorious beauties idle boast,  
is but a bayt such wretches to beguile,  
as being long in her loues tempest tost,  
shee meanes at last to make her pittious spoile.  
O fayrest faire, let neuer it be named,  
That so faire beauty was so fouly shamed.

## SONNET XLII.

THE loue which me so cruelly tormenteth,  
so pleasing is in my extreamest paine,

## SONNETS.

## SONNET XLVI.

WHen my abodes prefixed time is spent,  
my cruell fate straight bids me wend my way:  
but then from heauen most hideous stormes are sent,  
as willing me against her will to stay.  
Whom then shall I, or heauen or her obey:  
the heauens knowe best what is the best for me:  
but as she will, whose will my life doth sway,  
my lower heauen, so it perforce must be.  
But ye high heauens, that all this sorrowe see,  
sith all your tempests cannot hold me backe,  
affwage your stormes, or else both you and shee,  
will both together me too sorely wrack.  
Enough it is for one man to lustaine  
The stormes, which she alone on me doth raine.

## SONNET XLVII.

TRust not the treason of those smiling lookes,  
vntill ye haue their guilefull traines well tride:  
for they are like but vnto golden hookes,  
that from the foolish fish their bayts doe hide:  
So she with flattering smiles weake harts doth guide  
vnto her loue, and tempt to their decay:  
whom being caught, she kills with cruell pride,  
and feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray:  
Yet euen whilst her bloody hands them slay,  
her eyes looke louely, and vpon them smile:  
that they take pleasure in her cruell play,  
and dying, doe themselves of paine beguile.  
O mightie charme which makes men loose their hane,  
And thinke they die with pleasure, liue with paine.

## SONNET XLVIII.

INNocent paper, whom too cruell hand  
did make the matter to auenge her ire:  
and ere she could thy cause well vnderstand,  
did sacrifice vnto the greedy fire.  
Well worthy thou to haue found better hire,  
then so bad end for hereticks ordained:  
yet heresie nor treason didst conspire,  
but plead thy Masters cause, vniustly pained.  
Whom she, all carelesse of his griefe, constrained  
to vtter forth the anguish of his hart:  
and would not heare, when he to her complained  
the pittious passion of his dying smart.  
Yet liue for euer, though against her will,  
And speake her good, though she requite it ill.

## SONNET XLIX.

FAYre cruell, why are ye so fierce and cruell?  
Is it because your eyes haue power to kill?  
then knowe that mercy is the Mighties well,  
and greater glory thinke to saue, then spill.  
But if it be your pleasure and proud will,  
to shew the powre of your imperious eyes:  
then not on him that neuer thought you ill,  
but bend your force against your enemies.  
Let them feele the vtmost of your cruelties,  
and kill with lookes, as Cockatrices doe:  
but him that at your footstool humbled lies,  
with mercifull regard, giue mercy to.  
D 2.

that all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,  
the more I loue and doe embrace my bane.  
Ne doe I wish (for wishing were but vaine)  
to be acquit from my continuall smart:  
but ioyn, her thrall for euer to remaine,  
and yield for pledge my poore captiued hart:  
The which that it from her may neuer start,  
let her, if please her, bind with Adamant chaine:  
and from all wandering loues which mote peruart,  
in safe assurance strongly it restraine.  
Onely let her abstaine from: crueltie,  
And doe me not before my time to die.

## SONNET XLIII.

S Hall I then silent be, or shall I speake?  
and if I speake, her wrath renew I shall:  
and if I silent be, my hart will breake,  
or choked be with ouerflowing gall.  
What tyrannie is this, both my hart to thrall,  
and eke my tongue with proud restraint to tie:  
that neither I may speake nor thinke at all,  
but like a stupid stock in silence die?  
Yet I my hart with silence secretly  
will teach to speake, and my iust cause to plead:  
and eke mine eyes with meeke humilitie,  
loue-learned letters to her eyes to read:  
Which her deepe wit, that true harts thought can spell,  
Will soone conceiue, and learne to construe well.

## SONNET XLIII.

WHen those renowned noble Peeres of Greece,  
through stubborne pride among themselves did iar,  
forgetfull of the famous golden fleece,  
then OPHRYS with his harp their strife did bar.  
But this continuall, cruell, ciuill war,  
the which my selfe against my selfe doe make:  
whilst my weak powres of passions warreid are,  
no skill can stint, nor reason can asslake.  
But when in hand my tunelesse harpe I take,  
then doe I more augment my foes despight:  
and griefe renew, and passions doe awake  
to battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight.  
Mong'il whom the more I seeke to settle peace,  
The more I find their malice to increase.

## SONNET XLV.

LEaue Lady in your glasse of crytall cleane,  
your goodly selfe for euermore to view:  
and in my selfe, my inward selfe I meane,  
most liuely like behold your semblant true.  
Within my hart, though hardly it can shew  
thing so diuine to view of earthly eye:  
the faire Idea of your celestiall hew,  
and euery part remains immortally:  
And were it not that through your crueltie,  
with sorrow dimmed and deformd it were,  
the goodly image of your visnomy,  
clearer then crytall would therein appeare.  
But if your selfe in me ye plaine will see,  
Remove the cause by which your faire beames darkned

(bee.

Such



SONNETS.

Such mercy shall you make admyr'd to be,  
So shall you live, by giuing life to me.

SONNET L.

**L**ong languishing in double malady,  
Of my harts wound, and of my bodies grieve,  
there came to me a Leach, that would apply  
fit medicines for my bodies best reliefe.  
Vaine man, quoth I, that hast but little priefe,  
in deepe discovery of the minds disease:  
is not the hart of all the body chiefe?  
and rules the members as it selfe doth please?  
Then with some cordials seeke first to appease  
the inward languor of my wounded hart,  
and then my body shall haue shortly ease:  
but such sweet cordials passe Physicians art.  
Then my lifes Leach, doe you your skill reueale,  
And with one salve, both hart and body heale.

SONNET LI.

**D**oe I not see that fairest Images,  
Of hardest Marble are of purpose made?  
for that they should endure through many ages,  
ne let their famous monuments to fade.  
Why then doe I, vntained in Louers trade,  
her hardnesse blame, which I should more commend?  
sith neuer ought was excellent assayed,  
which was not hard t'atchiue and bring to end.  
Ne ought so hard, but he that would attend,  
mote soften it and to his wil allure:  
so doe I hope her stubborne hart to bend,  
and that it then more stedfast will endure.  
Onely my paines will be the more to get her,  
But hauing her, my ioy will be the greater.

SONNET LII.

**S**o oft as homeward I from her depart,  
is prisoner led away with heavy hart,  
is prisoner led away with heavy hart,  
dispoyle of warlike armes and knownen shield.  
So doe I now my selfe a prisoner yield,  
to sorrow and to solitarie paine:  
from presence of my dearest deare exild,  
long while alone in languour to remaine.  
There let no thought of ioy, or pleasure vaine,  
dare to approche, that may my solace breed:  
but sudden dumps, and dreary sad dildaine  
of all worlds gladnesse more my torment feed.  
So I her absence will my penaunce make,  
That of her presence I my meed may take.

SONNET LIII.

**T**he Panther knowing that his spotted hide  
doth please all beasts, but that his looks them fray:  
within a bush his dreadfull head doth hide,  
to let them gaze, whilst he on them may pray.  
Right so my cruell faire with me doth play.  
for with the goodly semblance of her hew,  
she doth allure me to mine owne decay,  
and then no mercy will vnto me shew.

Great shame it is, thing so diuine in view,  
made for to be the worlds most ornament:  
to make the bayte her gazers to embrew,  
good shames to be to ill an instrument.  
But mercy doth with beaute best agree,  
As in their maker ye them best may see.

SONNET LIIII.

**O**f this wolds Theater in which we stay,  
my Loue like the Spectator, idly sits,  
beholding me that all the pageants play,  
disguising diuersly my troubled wits.  
Sometimes I ioy when glad occasion fits,  
and maske in mirth like to a Comedy:  
soone after, when my ioy to sorrow fits,  
I waile, and make my woes a Tragedie.  
Yet she beholding me with constant eye,  
delights not in my mirth, nor rues my smart:  
but when I laugh, she mocks, and when I cry,  
she laughs, and hardens euermore her hart.  
What then can moue her? if not mirth nor mone,  
She is no woman, but a senselesse stone.

SONNET LV.

**S**o oft as I her beaune doe behold,  
and there-with doe her crueltie compare,  
I maruaile of what substance was the mould,  
the which her made attence to cruell faire.  
Not earth; for her high thoughts more heu'nly are,  
not water; for her loue doth burne like fire:  
not ayre; for she is not so light or rare,  
not fire; for she doth frieze with faint desire.  
Then needs another Element inquire  
whereof she mote be made; that is, the skye.  
for, to the heauen her haughty looks aspire:  
and eke her loue is pure immortall hie.  
Then sith to heauen ye likened are the best,  
Be like in mercy as in all the rest.

SONNET LVI.

**F**aire yee be sure, but cruell and vnkind,  
as is a Tygre, that with greedinesse  
hunts after blood, when he by chance doth find  
a feeble beast, doth felly him oppresse.  
Faire be ye sure, but proud and pittilesse,  
as is a storme, that all things doth prostrate:  
finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,  
beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.  
Faire be ye sure, but hard and obdinate,  
as is a rocke amidst the raging floods:  
gainst which, a ship of succour desolate,  
doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.  
That ship, that tree, and that same beast am I,  
Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.

SONNET LVII.

**S**weet warriour, when shall I haue peace with you?  
high time it is this warre now ended were:  
which I no longer can endure to see,  
ne your incessant battry more to beare:

SONNETS.

SONNET LXI.

**T**he glorious image of the Makers beaune,  
my soueraigne hint, the idoll of my thought,  
dare not henceforth about the bounds of daine,  
t'accede of pride, or rashly blame for ought.  
For, being as she is, diuinely wrought,  
and of the brood of Angels beauly borne:  
and with the crew of blest Saints brought,  
each of which did her with their gifts adorne:  
The bud of ioy, the blossome of the roome,  
the beame of light, whom mortall eyes admire:  
what reason is it then but she should scorne  
base things, that to her loue too bold aspire?  
Such beauly formes ought rather worshipping bee,  
Then dare be lou'd by men of meane degree.

SONNET LXII.

**T**he wearie yeeres his race now hauing runne,  
the new begins his compass course anew:  
with shew of morning my lde hath begun,  
betokening peace and plentie to ensue.  
So let vs, which this change of weather view,  
change eke our minds, and former liues amend,  
the old yeeres finnes forscape: let vs eke new,  
and sith the faults with which we did offend.  
Then shall the new yeeres ioy forth freshly send,  
into the glooming world his gladliome ray:  
and all these stormes which now his beaute blend,  
shall turne to calmes, and timely cleare away.  
So, likewise Loue, cheare you your heauy sight,  
And change old yeeres annoy, to new delight.

SONNET LXIII.

**A**fter long stormes and tempests did assay,  
which hardly I endured heretofore,  
in dread of death, and dangerous dismay,  
with which my silly barke was tossed fore:  
I doe at length descry the happy shore,  
in which I hope ere long for to arrive:  
faire soyle it seemes from far, & fraught with store  
of all that deare and daintie is a liue.  
Most happy he, that can at last archiue,  
the ioyous safetie of so sweet a rest:  
whose least delight sufficeth to deprime  
remembrance of all paines which him opprest.  
All paines are nothing in respect of this,  
All sorrowes short that gaine eternall blis.

SONNET LXIIII.

**C**omming to kisse her lips (such grace I found)  
mee seemd I smelt a garden of sweet flowres:  
that dainty odours from them threw around,  
for damzels sith decke their louers bowres.  
Her lips did smell like unto Gilliflowers,  
her ruddy cheeks, like unto Roses red:  
her snow-browes like budded Bellamours,  
her lovely eyes, like Pinks but newly spread.  
Her goodly bosome, like a Strawberry bed,  
her necke, like to a bunch of Cullambines:  
her brest like Lillies, ere their leaues be shed,  
her nipples like young blossomed Iellamines:  
D 3.

So weake my powres, so tore my wounds appeare,  
that wonder is how I should liue a tot,  
seeing my hart through-launced euery where  
with thousand arrowes, which your eyes haue shot:  
Yet shoot ye sharply still, and spare me not,  
but glory thinke to make these cruell stoures.  
ye cruell one, what glory can be got,  
in slaying him that would liue gladly yours?  
Make peace therefore, and grant me timely grace,  
That all my wounds will heale in little space.

SONNET LVIII.

*By her that is most assured to her selfe.*  
**W**eake is th'assurance that weake flesh reposeth  
in her owne powre, and scorneth others ayde:  
that soone it fall, when as she most supposeth  
her selfe assur'd, and is of nought afraid.  
All flesh is fraile, and all her strength vnstayd,  
like a vaine bubble blowne vp with ayre:  
deuouring time & changefull chance haue prayd,  
her glorious pride that none may it repaire.  
Ne none to rich or wise, so strong or faire,  
but faileth, trusting on his owne assurance:  
and he that standeth on the highest stayre  
falls lowest: for on earth nought hath endurance.  
Why then do ye proud faire, misdeeme so faire,  
That to your felicie ye most assured are.

SONNET LIX.

**T**hise happy she, that is so well assur'd  
vnto her selfe, and settled so in hart:  
that neither will for better be assur'd,  
ne feard with worse to any chance to start.  
But like a steddie ship, doth strongly part  
the raging waues, and keeps her course aright:  
ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,  
ne ought for fayer weathers false delight.  
Such selfe assurance need not feare the sight  
of grudging foes, ne fauour seeke of friends:  
but in the way of her owne stedfast might,  
neither to one her selfe nor other bends.  
Most happy she that most assur'd doth rest,  
But he most happy who such one loues best.

SONNET LX.

**T**hey that in course of heavenly spheres are skild,  
to euery planet point his sundry yeare:  
in which her circles voyage is fulfilld,  
as MARS in threecore yeeres doth run his sphere.  
So since the winged God his planet cleare,  
began in me to moue, one yeare is spent:  
the which doth longer vnto me appeare,  
then all those fortie which my life out-went.  
Then by that count, which louers bookes inuent,  
the sphere of CVPID fortie yeeres contains:  
which I haue wasted in long languishment,  
that seemd the longer for my greater paines.  
But let my Loues faire planet short her waies,  
This yeere ensuing, or else short my dayes.



SONNETS.

Such fragrant flowres doe giue most odorous smell,  
But her sweet odour did them all excell.

SONNET LXV.

**T**He doubt which ye misdeeme, faire loue, is vaine,  
that fondly feare to lose your libertie,  
when losing one, two liberties ye gaine,  
and make him bound that bondage earst did free.  
Sweet be the bands, the which true loue doth tie,  
without constraint, or dread of any ill:  
the gentle bird feels no captivity  
within her cage, but sings, and feeds her fill.  
There pride dare not approche, nor discord spill  
the league twixt them, that loyall loue hath bound:  
but simple truth and mutuall good will,  
seekes with sweet peace to salve each others wound:  
There faith doth fearelesse dwell in brasen towre,  
And spotlesse pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

SONNET LXVI.

**T**O all those happy blessings which ye haue,  
with plentiful hand by heauen vpon you throwne,  
this one disparagement they to you gaue,  
that ye your loue lent to so meane a one.  
Yee whole high worths surpassing paragon,  
could not on earth haue found one fit for mate,  
ne but in heauen matchable to none,  
why did ye stoupe vnto so lowly state?  
But ye thereby much greater glorie gate,  
then had ye sortd with a Princes peere:  
for, now your light doth more it selfe dilate,  
and in my darknesse, greater doth appeare.  
Yet since your light hath once enlumin'd me,  
With my reflex, yours shall encreased be.

SONNET LXVII.

**L**ike as a huntsman after weary chace,  
seeing the game from him escape away,  
sits downe to rest him in some shady place,  
with panting hounds beguiled of their pray:  
So after long pursute and vaine assay,  
when I all wearie had the chace forsooke,  
the gentle Deere returnd the selfe-same way,  
thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke:  
There she beholding me with milder looke,  
sought not to flee, but fearelesse still did bide:  
till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,  
and with her owne good will, her firmlye tyde.  
Strange thing me seemd to see a beast so wild,  
So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguile.

SONNET LXVIII.

**M**ost glorious Lord of life, that on this day,  
didst make thy triumph ouer death and sin:  
and hauing harrowd hell, didst bring away  
captiuitie thence captiue, vs to win:  
This ioyous day, deare Lord, with ioy begin,  
and grant that we for whom thou diddest die,  
becing with thy deare blood cleane washt from sin,  
may liue for euer in felicitie:

And that thy loue we weighing worthily,  
may likewise loue thee for the same againe:  
and for thy sake, that all like deare didst buy,  
with loue may one another entertaine.  
So let vs loue, deare Loue, like as we ought,  
Loue is the lesson which the Lord vs taught.

SONNET LXIX.

**T**He famous warriors of the anticke world,  
vnde trophies to erect in stately wise:  
in which they would the records haue enrolld,  
of their great deedes and valarous emprise.  
What trophiee then shall I most fit deuise,  
in which I may record the memorie  
of my loues conquest, peerlesse beauties prize,  
adorn'd with honour, loue, and chastitie.  
Euen this verse, vowed to eternitie,  
shall be thereof immortal moniment:  
and tell her praise to all posteritie,  
that may admire such worlds rare wonderment:  
The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,  
Gotten at last with labour and long toile.

SONNET LXX.

**F**resh Spring, the herald of loues mightie king,  
in whole coat-armour richly are displayd  
all sorts of flowres the which on earth do spring,  
in goodly colours, gloriously arrayd.  
Goe to my loue, where she is carelesse layd,  
yet in her winters bowre not well awake:  
tell her the ioyous time will not be staid,  
vnlesse she doe him by the forelock take.  
Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,  
to wait on loue amongst his lowly crew:  
where euery one that misseth then her make,  
shall be by him amercd with penance dew.  
Make hast therefore sweet loue, whilst it is prime,  
For none can call againe the passed time.

SONNET LXXI.

**I**oy to see how in your drawn worke,  
your selfe vnto the Bee ye doe compare;  
and me vnto the Spyder, that doth lurke  
in close await, to catch her vnaware:  
Right so your selfe were caught in cunning snare  
of a deare foe, and thralld to his loue:  
in whose streight bands ye now captiued are  
so firmlye, that ye neuer may remoue.  
But as your worke is wouen all about,  
with Woodbind flowers and fragrant Eglantine:  
so sweet your prison you in time shall proue,  
with many deare delights bedecked fine.  
And all thenceforth eternall peace shall see,  
Betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

SONNET LXXII.

**O**ft when my spirit doth spread her bolder wings,  
in mind to mount vp to the purest skie:  
it downe is weigh'd with thought of earthly things,  
and clogd with burden of mortallitie,

Where

SONNETS.

Where, when that soueraigne beautie it doth spy,  
resembling heauens glory in her light:  
drawne with sweet pleasures bayt, it back doth flye,  
and vnto heauen forgets her former flight.  
There my fraile fancie fed with full delight,  
doth bathe in blisse, and in indeth most at ease:  
ne thinks of other heauen, but how it might  
her harts desire with most contentment please.  
Hart need not wish none other happinesse,  
But heere on earth to haue such heauens blisse.

SONNET LXXIII.

**B**eing my selfe captiued heere in care,  
my hart, whom none with feruile bands can tie:  
but the faire tresses of your golden haire,  
breaking his prison, forth to you doth flye.  
Like as a bird, that in ones hand doth spy  
desired food, to it doth make his flight:  
euen so my hart, that wont on your faire eye  
to feed his fill, flies backe vnto your sight.  
Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright,  
gently enage, that he may be your thrall:  
perhaps he there may learne with rare delight,  
to sing your name and prayles ouer all.  
That it heereafter may you not repent,  
Him lodging in your bosome to haue lent.

SONNET LXXIII.

**M**ost happy letters fram'd by skilfull trade,  
with which that happy name was first desynd,  
the which three times thrice happy haue me made,  
with gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.  
The first, my beeing to me gaue by kind,  
from mothers wombe deriv'd by due descent,  
the second, is my soueraigne Queene most kind,  
that honour and large riches to me lent.  
The third, my loue, my liues last ornament,  
by whom my spirit out of dust was raisd:  
to speake her praise and glory excellent,  
of all aliuie most worthy to be praised.  
Ye three E L I Z A B E T H s for euer liue,  
That three such graces did vnto me giue.

SONNET LXXV.

**O**ne day I wrote her name vpon the strand,  
but came the waues and walhed it away:  
againe, I wrote it with a second hand,  
but came the tyde, and made my paines his pray.  
Vaine man, said she, that doost in vaine assay,  
a mortall thing so to immortalize,  
for I my selfe shall like to this decay,  
and eke my name be wiped out likewise.  
Not so, quoth I, let baser things deuise  
to die in dust, but you shall liue by fame:  
my verse your vertues rare shall eternize,  
and in the heauens write your glorious name.  
Where, when as death shall all the world subdew,  
Our loue shall liue, and later life renew.

SONNET LXXVI.

**F**aire bosome fraught with vertues riches treasure,  
the nest of loue, the lodging of delight,

the bowre of blisse, the paradise of pleasure,  
the sacred harbour of that heavenly spight:  
How was I raiuit with your lowly sight,  
and my fraile thoughts too rashly led astray:  
whiles duing deepe through amorous mist,  
on the sweet spoile of beautie they did pray.  
And twixt her paps, like early fruites in May,  
whose harvest seemd to hasten now apace:  
they loosely did their wanton wings display,  
and there to rest themselves did boldly place.  
Sweet thoughts, I enuie your so happy rest,  
Which oft I wish, yet neuer was so blest.

SONNET LXXVII.

**W**as it a dreame, or did I see it plaine,  
a goodly table of pure iourie:  
all spred with iuncats, set to entertaine  
the greatest Prince with potentous roialty.  
Mongst which, there in a silver dish did ly  
two golden apples of vnualewd price:  
far passing those which H A R C R I S came by,  
or those which A T A L A N T A did entice.  
Exceeding sweet, yet void of sinfull vice,  
that many sought, yet none could euer taste,  
sweet fruites of pleasure, brought from Paradise:  
by Loue himselfe, and in his garden plaste.  
Her brest that table was so richly spred,  
My thoughts the guests, which would thereon haue fed.

SONNET LXXVIII.

**L**acking my loue, I goe from place to place,  
like a young Fawne, that late hath lost the Hind:  
and seeke each where, where last I saw her face,  
whose image yes I carry fresh in mind.  
I seeke the fields with her late footing lynd,  
I seeke her bowre with her late presence deckt,  
yet nor in field nor bowre I can her find:  
yet field and bowre are full of her aspect:  
But when mine eyes I thereto direct,  
they idly backe returne to me againe,  
and when I hope to see their true object,  
I find my selfe but fed with fancies vaine.  
Cease then mine eyes, to seeke her selfe to see,  
And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

SONNET LXXIX.

**M**en call you faire, and you doe credit it,  
for that your selfe ye daily such doe see:  
but the true faire, that is the gentle wit,  
and vertuous mind, is much more praisd of me:  
For all the rest, how euer faire it be,  
shall turne to nought and lose that glorious hew:  
but onely that is permanent and free  
from fraile corruption, that doth flesh enfew.  
That is true beautie: that doth argue you  
to be diuine, and borne of heavenly food:  
deriu'd from that faire Spirit, from whom all true  
and perfect beautie did at first proceed.  
He onely faire, and what he faire hath made,  
All other faire like flowres vntimely fade.

SON.



SONNETS.

SONNET LXXX.

**A**fter so long a race as I haue runne  
through Faery Land, which those six books compile,  
gine leaue to rest me being halfe foredonene,  
and gather to my selfe new breath awhile.  
Then as a steed refreshed after toile,  
out of my prison I will breake anew:  
and stoutly will that second worke assaile,  
with strong endeouour and attention due.  
Till then gine leaue to me, in pleasant mew  
to sport my Muse, and sing my loues sweet praise:  
the contemplation of whose beauenly hew,  
my spirit to an higher pitch will raise.  
But let her praises yet be lowe and meane,  
For the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

SONNET LXXXI.

**F**aie is my Loue, when her faire golden haire,  
with the loose wind ye wauing chance to marke:  
faie when the rose in her red cheekes appeares,  
or in her eyes the fire of loue doth sparke.  
Faie when her brest like a rich laden barke,  
with precious merchandize she forth doth lay:  
faie when that cloud of pride, which oft doth darke  
her goodly light with smiles she drives away.  
But fairest she, when so she doth display,  
the gate with pearles and rubies richly dight:  
through which her words so wise do make their way  
to beare the message of her gentle spright:  
The rest be works of Natures wonderment,  
But this the worke of harts astonishment.

SONNET LXXXII.

**I**oy of my life, full oft for louing you  
I blesse my lot, that was so lucky placed:  
but then the more your owne mishap I rewe,  
that are so much by so meane loue embased.  
For had the equall heauens so much you graced  
in this as in the rest, ye mote inuent  
some heauenly wit, whose verse could haue enched  
your glorious name in golden monument.  
But since ye deign'd so goodly to relent  
to me your thrall, in whom is little worth,  
that little that I am, shall all be spent,  
in setting your immortall prayes forth:  
Whose losse argument vplifting mee,  
Shall lift you vp vnto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

**M**y hungry eyes, through greedy couetize,  
still to behold the object of their paine:  
with no contentment can themselves suffice,  
but hauing pine, and hauing not complaine.  
For lacking it, they cannot life sustaine:  
and seeing it, they gze on it the more:  
in their amazement like N. A. C. I. S. V. A. I. N. E.  
whose eyes him stard: to please me make pore.  
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store  
of that faie sight, that nothing else they brooke:  
but loathe the things which they did like before,  
and can no more endure on them to looke.

All this worlds glory seemeth vaine to me,  
And all their shewes but shadowes, fauing she.

SONNET LXXXIII.

**L**et not one sparke of filthy lustfull fire  
breake out, that may her sacred peace molest:  
ne one light glance of sensuall desire,  
attempt to worke her gentle minds vnrest.  
But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,  
and modest thoughts breath'd fro wel tempred spirits,  
goe visite her, in her chaste bowre of rest,  
accompanide with Angel-like delights.  
There fill your selfe with those most ioyous sights,  
the which my selfe could neuer yet attaine:  
but speake no word to her of these sad plights,  
which her too constant stiffenesse doth constraîne.  
Onely behold her rare perfection,  
And blesse your fortunes faie election.

SONNET LXXXV.

**T**he world that cannot deeme of worthy things,  
when I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter:  
so doth the Cuckow, when the Mauius sings,  
begin his witlesse note apace to clatter.  
But they that skill not of so heauenly matter,  
all that they knowe not, enuy or admire,  
rather then enuy let them wonder at her,  
but not to deeme of her desert aspire.  
Deepe in the closet of my parts entred,  
her worth is written with a golden quill:  
that me with heauenly furie doth inspire,  
and my glad mouth with her sweet praises fill.  
Which when as Fame in her shrill trump shall thunder,  
Let the world chuse to enuie or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXVI.

**V**enemous tongue, tipt with vile Adders sting,  
of that selfe kind with which the Furies fell  
their snake heads doe combe, from which a spring  
of poysoned words, and spightfull speeches well  
Let all the plagues and horrid paines of hell,  
vpon thee fall for thine accursed hire:  
that with false forged lies, which thou didst tell,  
in my true loue did stirre vp coales of fire.  
The sparkes whereof let kinde thine owne fire,  
and catching hold on thine owne wicked hed  
consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire  
in my sweet peace such breaches to haue bred.  
Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy reward,  
Due to thy selfe, that it for me prepar'd.

SONNET LXXXVII.

**S**ince I did leaue the presence of my loue,  
many long wearie dayes I haue out-worne:  
and many nights, that slowly seemd to moue  
their sad protract from euening vntill morne.  
For, when as day the heauen doth adorne,  
I wish that night the noyous day would end:  
and when as night hath vs of light forlorne,  
I wish that day would shortly reascend.

SONNETS.

Thus I the time with expectation spend,  
and faue my griefe with changes to beguile,  
that further seemes his terme still to extend,  
and maketh every minute seeme a mile.  
So sorrow still doth seeme too long to last,  
But ioyous houres doe flie away too fast.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

**S**ince I haue lackt the comfort of that light  
the which was wont to lead my thoughts astray,  
I wander as in darknesse of the night,  
afraid of euery dangers least dismay.  
Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,  
when others gaze vpon their shadowes vaine:  
but th'only image of that heauenly ray,  
whereof some glance doth in mine eye remaine.  
Of which beholding the Idæa plaine,  
through contemplation of my purest part,  
with light thereof I doe my selfe sustaine,  
and thereon feed my loue-affamish't hart.  
But with such brightness whilst I fill my mind,  
I starue my body, and mine eyes doe blind.

SONNET LXXXIX.

**L**ike as the Culuer on the bared bough,  
sits mourning for the absence of her mate:  
and in her songs sends many a wishfull vew,  
for his returne that seemes to linger late:  
So I alone, now left disconsolate,  
mourne to my selfe the absence of my loue:  
and wandring here and there all desolate,  
seeke with my plaints to match that mournfull Doue:  
Ne ioy of ought that vnder heauen doth houe,  
can comfort me, but her owne ioyous sight:  
whose sweet aspect both God and man can moue,  
in her vnspotted pleasures to delight.  
Darke is my day, whilst her faie light I mis,  
And dead my life that wants such liuely blis.

**I**n youth, before I waxed old,  
The blinded boy, V. A. N. V. S. baby,  
For want of cunning made mee bold,  
In bitter hie to grope for honny:  
But when he saw me stung and cry,  
He tooke his wings and away did flie.

**A**S D. I. A. N. E. hunted on a day,  
She chaunst to come where C. V. P. I. D. lay,  
his quiver by his head:  
One of his shafts she stole away,  
And one of hers did clofe conuay,  
into the others stead:  
With that Loue wounded my Loues hart,  
But D. I. A. N. E. beafts with C. V. P. I. D. s dart.

**I**Saw, in secret to my Dame,  
How little C. V. P. I. D. humbly came:  
and said to her, All haile my mother.  
But when he saw me laugh, for shame  
His face with bashfull blood did flame,  
not knowing V. A. N. V. S. from the other.  
Then, neuer blush C. V. P. I. D., quoth I,  
For many haue err'd in this beantie.

**V**Pon a day, as Loue lay sweetly slumbring  
all in his mothers lap:  
A gentle Bee with his loud trumpet murr'ring,  
about him flew by hap.  
Whereof when he was wakned with the noise,  
and saw the beast so small:  
Whats this (quoth he) that giues so great a voice,  
that wakens men withall?  
In angry wise he flies about,  
And threatens all with courage stout.

**T**O whom his mother closely smiling said,  
twixt earnest and twixt game:  
See thou thy selfe likewise art little made,  
if thou regard the same.  
And yet thou suffrest neither gods in skie,  
nor men in earth to rest:  
But when thou art disposed cruelly,  
their sleepe thou doost molest.  
Then either change thy crueltie,  
Or giue like leaue vnto the flie.

**N**Athlesse, the cruell boy not so content,  
would needs the flie pursue:  
And in his hand with beedlesse hardiment,  
him caught for to subdue.  
But when on it he had his hand did lay,  
the Bee him stung therefore:  
Now out alas, he cride, and wele-away,  
I wounded am full sore:  
The flie that I so much did scorne,  
Hath hurt me with his little horne.

**V**Nto his mother straight hee weeping came,  
and of his griefe complained:  
Who could not chuse but laugh at his fond game,  
though sad to see him pained.  
Thinke now (quoth she) my sonne, how great the smart  
of those whom thou doost wound:  
Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,  
that pittie neuer found:  
Therefore henceforth some pittie take,  
When thou doost spoile of Louers make.

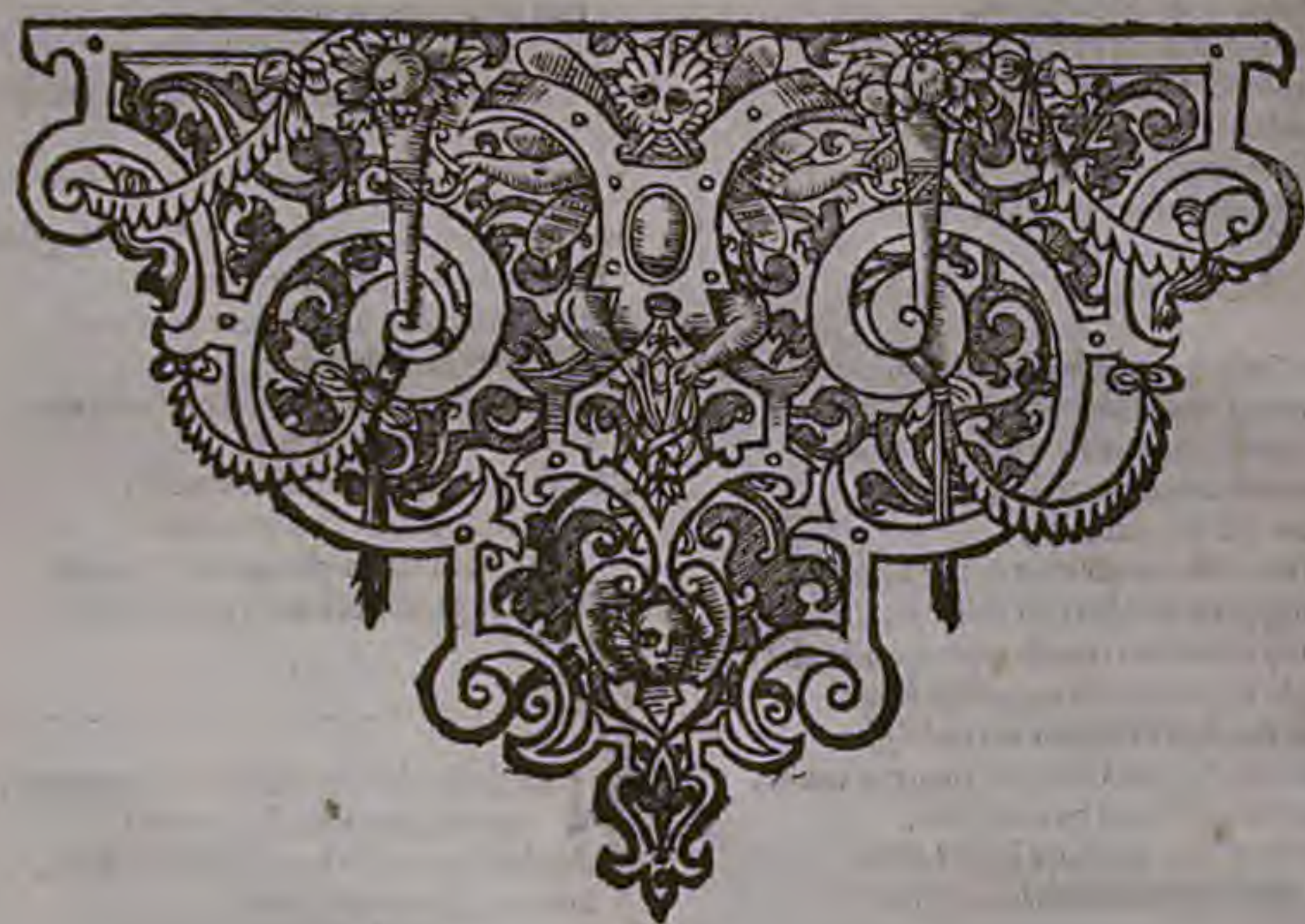


# SONNETS.

She tooke him straight full pittiously lamenting,  
and wrapt him in her smock:  
Shee wrapt him softly, all the while repenting,  
that he the shee did mock.  
She dreit his wound, and it embaulmed well,  
with salve of soueraigne might:  
And then she bath'd him in a daintie well,  
the well of deare delight.  
Who would not oft be stung as this,  
To be so bath'd in VENUS blis?

He wanton boy was shortly well recured  
of that his malady:  
But hee, soone after, fresh againe enured  
his former crueltie.  
And since that time he wounded bath my selfe  
with his sharpe dart of loue:  
And now forgets the cruell carelesse else,  
his mothers heast to proue.  
So now I languish, till he please  
My pining anguish to appeale.

FINIS.



## EPITHALAMION.

By *Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON  
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lowmes.*  
1611.





## EPITHALAMION.

**Y**E learned Sisters, which haue oftentimes  
 Been to me ayding, others to adorne,  
 Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull times,  
 That euen the greatest did not greatly scorne  
 To heare their names sung in your simple layes,  
 But toyed in their praise;  
 And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,  
 Which death, or loue, or fortunes wreck did raise,  
 Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,  
 And teach the woods and waters to lament  
 Your dolefull steriment:  
 Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,  
 And hauing all your heads with garlands crown'd,  
 Helpe me mine owne loues praises to rebound,  
 Ne let the same of any be enuide:  
 So **ORPHEVS** did for his owne bride:  
 So I vnto my selfe alone will sing:  
 The woods shall to me answer, and my echo ring.

**E**Arly before the worlds light giuing Lampe  
 His golden beame vpon the hills doth spread,  
 Hauing disperst the nights vnchearefull dampes,  
 Doe ye awake, and with fresh lustie head,  
 Go to the bowre of my beloued loue,  
 My truste Turtle-doue,  
 Bid her awake; for **HYMNIS** is awake,  
 And long since ready forth his maske to moue,  
 With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake,  
 And many a bachelor to waite on him,  
 In their fresh garments trim.  
 Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,  
 For loe the wished day is come at last,  
 That shall for all the paines and sorrowes past,  
 Pay to her vsury of long delight:  
 And whilst she doth her dight,  
 Doe ye to her of ioy and solace sing,  
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

**R**ing with you all the Nymphes that you can heare  
 Both of the Rivers and the Forrests greene:  
 And of the Sea that neighbours to her neare,  
 All with gay garlands goodly well besene.  
 And let them also with them bring in hand  
 Another gay girland,  
 For my faire Loue, of Lillies and of Roses,  
 Bound true-loue wise, with a blew silke riband.  
 And let them make great store of bridale posies,  
 And let them eke bring store of other flowers  
 To deck the bridale bowers.  
 And let the ground whereas her foote shall tread,  
 For feare the stones her tender foot should wring,  
 Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,  
 And diapred like the discoloured mead,  
 Which doe, doe at her chamber dore await,  
 For she will waken strait,  
 The whiles doe ye this song vnto her sing,  
 The woods shall to you answer, and your echo ring.

**Y**E Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed  
 The siluer scaly trouts doe tread full well,  
 And greedy pikes which vie therein to feed,  
 (Thole trouts and pikes all others doe excell)  
 And ye likewise which keepe the rustie Lake,  
 Where none doe fishes take,  
 Bind vp the locks the which hang scaterd light,  
 And in his waters which your mirror make,  
 Behold your faces as the crysall bright,  
 That when you come whereas my Loue doth lie,  
 No blemish she may spie.  
 And eke ye lightfoot mayds which keepe the dore,  
 That on the hoary mountain ye to towre,  
 And the wilde Wolues which seek them to deuoure,  
 With your Steele darts doe chase from comming vice,  
 Be also present heere,  
 To helpe to deck her, and to helpe to sing,  
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

**W**Ake now my Loue, awake; for it is time,  
 The rolic Morn long since left **TRITONS** bed,  
 All ready to her siluer coach to clime,  
 And **PHOEBVS** gins to shew his glorious head,  
 Harke how the cheerefull birds do chaunt their laies,  
 And carroll of loues praise,  
 The merry Larke her mattins sings aloft,  
 The Thrush replies, the Mavis delect playes,  
 The Ouzell shrills, the Ruddock warbles soft,  
 So goodly all agree with sweet consent,  
 To this daies merriment.  
 Ah my deere Loue, why doe ye sleepe thus long,  
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,  
 T'await the coming of your ioyous make,  
 And hearken to the birds loue-learned song,  
 The dewy leaues among:  
 For they of ioy and pleasure to you sing,  
 That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

**M**Y Loue is now awake out of her dreame,  
 And her faire eyes like flames that dimmed were  
 With darksome cloud, now shew their goodly beames  
 More bright then **HESPERVS** his head doth reare.  
 Come now ye damfels, daughters of delight,  
 Helpe quickly her to dight,  
 But first come ye faire haires which were begot  
 In **IOVS** sweet paradise, of Day and Night,  
 Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,  
 And all that euer in this world is faire,  
 Doe make and still repaire.  
 And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,  
 The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,  
 Helpe to adorne my beautifullst bride:  
 And as ye array, full throw betwene  
 Some graces to be setne:  
 And as ye vnto **VENVS**, to her sing,  
 The whiles the woods shall answer, & your echo ring.  
 E.



# EPITHALAMION.

**N**OW is my Loue all ready forth to come,  
Let all the virgins therefore well await,  
And ye fresh boyes that tend vpon her groome,  
Prepare your selues, for he is coming strait.  
Set all your things in seemely good array,  
Fit for so ioyfull day:  
The ioyfull day that euer sunne did see.  
Faie Sun, shew forth thy fauourable ray,  
And let thy life-full heart not feruent be,  
For feare of burning her sunshiny face,  
Her beautie to disgrace.  
O fairest PHOEBVS, father of the Muse,  
If euer I did honour thee aright,  
Or sing the thing, that mote thy mind delight,  
Doe not thy seruants simple boone refuse,  
But let this day, let this one day be mine,  
Let all the rest be thine.  
Then I thy foueraine prayes loud will sing,  
That all the woods shall answer, and their eccho ring.

**H**Arke how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud  
Their merry musick that resounds from far,  
The pipe, the taber, and the trembling Croud,  
That well agree withouten breach or iar.  
But most of all, the Damzels doe delite,  
When they their tymbrels smite,  
And thereunto doe daunce and carroll sweet,  
That all the senses they doe rauish quite,  
The whiles the boyes run vp and downe the street,  
Crying aloud with strong confused noice,  
As if it were one voyce,  
HYMEN, IO HYMEN, HYMEN they doe shout,  
That euen to the heauens their shouting shrill  
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;  
To which the people standing all about,  
As in approuance doe thereto applaud,  
And loud aduance her laud,  
And euermore they HYMEN HYMEN sing,  
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring.

**L**Oe where she comes along with portly pace,  
Like PHOEBE, from her chamber of the East,  
Arising forth to run her mightie race,  
Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.  
So well it her becomes, that ye would weene  
Some Angell she had been.  
Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,  
Sprinkled with pearle, & perling flowres atweene,  
Doe like a golden mantle her attire:  
And being crowned with a girland greene,  
Seeme like some mayden Queene.  
Her modest eyes abashed to behold  
So many gazers, as on her do stare,  
Vpon the lowly ground affixed are;  
Ne dare lift vp her countenance too bold,  
But blush to heare her prayes sung so loud,  
So farr from being proud.  
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayes sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

**T**ell me ye Merchants daughters, did ye see  
So faire a creature in your towne before?

So sweet, so louely, and so mild as shee,  
Adorned with beauties grace and vertues store:  
Her goodly eyes like Saphyres shining bright,  
Her forehead luerie white,  
Her cheekes like apples which the sun hath rudded,  
Her hips like cherries charming men to bite,  
Her brest like to a bowle of creame vncruded,  
Her paps like lillies budded,  
Her snowie necke like to a marble towre,  
And all her bodie like a palace faire,  
Ascending vp with many a stately staire,  
To honours seate, and chastities sweet bowre.  
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,  
Vpon her so to gaze,  
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,  
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring.

**B**Ut if ye saw that which no eyes can see,  
The inward beautie of her luelly spright,  
Garnisht with heauenly gifts of high degree,  
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,  
And stand astonisht like to those which red  
MEDVSSES mazefull head,  
There dwells sweet loue and constant chastitie,  
Vnsported faith, and comely womanhood,  
Regard of honour, and mild modestie,  
There Vertue reignes as Queene in royall throne,  
And giueth lawes alone,  
The which the base affections doe obey,  
And yeeld their seruices vnto her will,  
Ne thought of thing vncomely euer may  
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.  
Had ye once seene these her celestiall treasures,  
And vneuealed pleasures,  
Then would ye wonder, and her prayes sing,  
That all the woods should answer, and your eccho ring.

**O**Pen the temple gates vnto my Loue,  
Open them wide that she may enter in,  
And all the postes adorne as doth behoue,  
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,  
For to receiue this Saint with honour dew,  
That commeth in to you.  
With trembling steps and humble reuerence,  
She commeth in, before th'almighties view:  
Of her ye virgins learne obadience,  
When so ye come into those holy places,  
To humble your proud faces;  
Bring her vp to th'high altar, that she may  
The sacred ceremonies there pertake,  
The which doe endlesse matrimony make,  
And let the roring Organs loudly play,  
The prayes of the Lord in luelly notes,  
The whiles with hollowe throates  
The Choristers the ioyous Anthems sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and their eccho ring.

**B**Ehold, whiles she before the altar stands,  
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,  
And blesteth her with his two happy hands,  
How the red roses flush vp in her cheekes,  
And the pure snowe, with goodly yermill staine,

Like

# EPITHALAMION.

Like crimson dyde in graine:  
That euen the Angels, which continually  
About the sacred Altar doe remaine,  
Forget their seruice and about her flie,  
Oft peeping in her face, that seemes more faire,  
The more they on it stare.  
But her sad eyes still fastned on the ground,  
Are gouerned with goodly modestie,  
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,  
Which may let in a litle thought vnfound.  
Why blush ye Loue to giue to me your hand,  
The pledge of all our band.  
Sing ye sweet Angels, Alleluia sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

**N**OW all is done: bring home the Bride againe,  
Bring home the triumph of our victorie,  
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,  
With ioyance bring her and with iollitie.  
Neuer had man more ioyfull day then this,  
Whom heauen would heape with blis.  
Make feast therefore now all this luelong day,  
This day for euer to me holy is,  
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,  
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,  
Poure out to all that will,  
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,  
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.  
Crown ye good BACCHVS with a coronall,  
And HYMEN also crowne with wreathes of vine,  
And let the Graces daunce vnto the rest,  
For they can doe it best:  
The whiles the maydens doe their carroll sing,  
To which the woods shall answer, & their eccho ring.

**R**ing ye the bells, ye young men of the towne,  
And leaue your wonted labors for this day:  
This day is holy: doe you write it downe,  
That ye for euer it remember may.  
This day the sunne is in his chiefeest light,  
With BARNABY the bright,  
From whence declining daily by degrees,  
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,  
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.  
But for this time it ill ordained was,  
To chuse the longest day in all the yeare,  
And shortest night, when longest siter weare:  
Yet neuer day so long, but late would passe.  
Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,  
And benefices make all day,  
And daunce about them, and about them sing:  
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

**A**H! when will this long weary day haue end,  
And lend me leaue to come vnto my loue?  
How slowly doe the houres their numbers spend?  
How slowly doth sad TIME his feathers moue?  
Hast thee, O fairest Planet to thy home,  
Within the Westerne some:  
Thy tyred steeds long since haue need of rest.  
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,

And the bright Euening star with golden crell  
Appeare out of the East,  
Faie child of beauty, glorious lampe of loue,  
That all the host of heauen in ranks doost lead,  
And guidest Louers through the night full dread,  
How chearefully thou lookest from above,  
And seem'st to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,  
As ioying in the sight  
Of these glad many, which for ioy doe sing,  
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring.

**N**OW cease ye damzels your delights fore-past,  
Enough it is that all the day was yours:  
Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,  
Now bring the Bride into the bndall bowres.  
Now night is come, now soone her dafary,  
And in her bed let lay:  
Lay her in Lillies and in Violets,  
And silken curtaines ouer her display,  
And odour sheets, and Arras coverlets.  
Behold how goodly my faie Loue doeth ly,  
In proud humility:  
Like vnto MARIAM, when as IOVE her tooke,  
In Tempe, lying on the flowrie gras,  
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,  
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.  
Now it is night, ye damzels may be gone,  
And leaue my Loue alone,  
And leaue likewise your former lay to sing:  
The woods no more shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

**N**OW welcome night, thou night so long expected,  
That long dayes labour doost at last decay,  
And all my cares, which cruell loue collected,  
Hast sumd in one, and cancelled for aye:  
Spread thy broad wing ouer my Loue and me,  
That no man may vs see,  
And in thy sable mantle vs enwrap,  
From feare of perill and foule horror free.  
Let no false treason seeke vs to entrap,  
Nor any drad disquiet once annoy  
The safetie of our ioy:  
But let the night be calme and quiet some,  
Without tempestuous stormes or sad afay:  
Like as when IOVE with faie ALCMENA lay,  
When he begot the great Turyonian groome:  
Or like as when he with thy selfe did lie,  
And begot Maestie.  
And let the mayds and young men cease to sing:  
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their eccho ring.

**L**et no lamenting cries, nor dolefull teares,  
Be heard all night within, nor yet without:  
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,  
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceiued doubt.  
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadfull sights,  
Make sudden sad affrights:  
Ne let house-fires, nor lightnings, helpelesse flames,  
Ne let the Ponke, nor other euill sprites,  
Ne let mischievous Witches with their charmes,  
Ne let Hob-goblins, names whose sense we see not,  
E 2.

Fray



# EPITHALAMION.

Frays with things that be not.  
Let not the shriech-Owle, nor the Storke be heard,  
Nor the night Raven that still deadly yels,  
Nor damned ghosts cald vp with mightie spels,  
Nor grievely vultures make vs once affeard:  
Ne let th'vnpleasant Quyre of Frogs still croking  
Make vs to wistie their chokeng.  
Let none of these their dreary accents sing,  
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their eccho ring.

**B**Vt let still Silence true night watches keepe,  
That sacred peace may in assurance raine,  
And timely sleepe, when it is time to sleepe,  
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant plaine,  
The whiles an hundred little winged loues,  
Like diuers feathered doues,  
Shall flie and flutter round about your bed,  
And in the secret darke, that none reprocues,  
Their pretty stealthes shall worke, and snares shall spread  
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,  
Conceald through couert night.  
Ye sonnes of V a n s, play your sports at will:  
For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,  
Thinks more vpon her paradise of ioyes,  
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.  
All night therefore attend your merry play,  
For it will soone be day:  
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing,  
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your eccho ring.

**VV**Ho is the same, which at my window peeps?  
Or whose is that faire face which shines so bright?  
Is it not C Y N T H I A, shee that neuer sleepest,  
But walks about high heauen all the night?  
O fairest goddess, doe thou not enuy  
My Loue with me to spy:  
For thou likewise didst loue, though now vnthought,  
And for a fleece of wooll, which priuily,  
The Latmian shepheard once vnto thee brought,  
His pleasures with thee wrought.  
Therefore to vs be fauourable now:  
And sicke of womens labours thou hast charge,  
And generation goodly doost enlarge,  
Encline thy will t'effect our wishfull vow,  
And the chaste wombe informe with timely seede,  
That may our comfort breed:  
Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing,  
Ne let the woods vs answer, nor our eccho ring.



Four

**A**Nd thou great I V N O, which with awfull might  
The lawes of wedlocke still doost patronize,  
And the religion of the faith first plight  
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize:  
And eke for comfort often called art  
Of women in their smart,  
Eternally bind thou this louely band,  
And all thy blessings vnto vs impart.  
And thou glad Genius, in whose gentle hand,  
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,  
Without blemish or stain,  
And the sweet pleasures of their loues delight  
With secret ayde doost succour and supply,  
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,  
Send vs the timely fruit of this same night.  
And thou faire H E B E, and thou H Y M E N free,  
Grant that it may so bee.  
Till which we cease your further praise to sing,  
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

**A**Nd ye high heauens, the temple of the gods,  
In which a thousand torches flaming bright  
Doe burne, that to vs wretched earthly cloads,  
In dreadfull darknesse lend desired light:  
And all ye powers which in the same remaine,  
More then we men can faigne,  
Poure out your blessing on vs plentiously,  
And happy influence vpon vs raine,  
That we may raise a large posteritie,  
Which from the earth, which they may long possesse,  
With lasting happinesse,  
Vp to your haughty palaces may mount,  
And for the guerdon of their glorious merit,  
May heauenly tabernacles there inherit,  
Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.  
So let vs rest, sweet Loue, in hope of this,  
And cease till then our timely ioyes to sing,  
The woods no more vs answer, nor our eccho ring.

**S**ong made in lieu of many ornaments,  
With which my loue should duly haue been deckt,  
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,  
Ye would not stay your due time to expect,  
But promist both to recompence,  
Be vnto her a goodly ornament,  
And for short time an endlesse monument.  
F I N I S.



# FOVRE HYMNES,

MADE  
By *Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON  
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lowmes.*  
1611.





TO THE RIGHT HONOVRA-  
ble and most vertuous Ladies, the Ladie *Maga-*  
*ret*, Countesse of Cumberland, and the Lady *Mary*,  
Countesse of Warwicke.  
(..)

**H**Auing in the greener times of my youth, composed  
these former two Hymnes in the praye of Loue and  
Beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased  
those of like age and disposition, which beeing too ve-  
hemently caried with that kind of affection, do rather  
sucke out poyson to their strong passion, then hony to  
their honest delight; I was moued by the one of you  
two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same. But be-  
ing vnable so to doe, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scat-  
tered abroad, I resolued at least to amend, and by way of retraction to re-  
forme them, making (in stead of those two Hymnes of earthly or naturall  
loue and beautie) two others, of heavenly and celestiall. The which I doe  
dedicate ioyntly vnto you two honourable sisters, as to the most excellent  
and rare ornaments of all true loue and beautie, both in the one and the o-  
ther kind: humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and  
to accept this my humble seruice, in lieu of the great graces and honourable  
faouours which ye daily shew vnto mee, vntill such time as I may by better  
meanes, yeeld you some more notable testimony of my thankful mind  
and durifull deuotion. And euen so I pray for your  
happinesse. Greenwich, this first of  
September. 1596.  
(\*\*\*)

*Your Honours most bounden euer  
in all humble seruice,*

Edm. Sp.





## AN HYMNE, IN honour of Loue.

**L**OVE, that long since hast to thy mightie powre  
Perforce subdu'd my poore capined hart,  
And raging now therein with restless stowre,  
Doo'st tyrannize in every weaker part;  
Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart,  
By any service I might do to thee,  
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee.

And now t'assuage the force of this new flame,  
And make thee more propitious in my need,  
I meane to sing the prayles of thy name,  
And thy victorious conquests to reced;  
By which thou madest many harts to bleed  
Of mighty Victors, with wide wounds embrew'd,  
And by thy cruell darts to thee subdu'd.

Onely I feare my wits enfeebled late,  
Through the sharpe sorrowes, which thou hast me bred,  
Should faint, and words should faile me to relate  
The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-hed,  
But if thou wouldst vouchsafe to over-pled  
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing,  
I should enabled be thy acts to sing.

Come then, O come, thou mighty God of loue,  
Out of thy silver bowres and secret blisse,  
Where thou doost sit in VENUS lap above,  
Bathing thy wings in her Ambrosiall kisse,  
That sweeter farre then any Nectar is:  
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire  
With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And ye sweet Muses, which haue often prou'd  
The piercing points of his auengfull darts;  
And ye faire Nymphs, which oftentimes haue lou'd  
The cruell worker of your kindly smarts,  
Prepare your selues, and open wide your harts,  
For to receiue the triumph of your glory,  
That made you merry oft, when ye were sorie.

And yee faire blossomes of youths wanton breed,  
Which in the conquests of your beautie host,  
Wherewith your louers feeble eyes you feed,  
But sterue their harts, that needeth nurture most,  
Prepare your selues, to march amongst his host,  
And all the way this sacred Hymne doe sing,  
Made in the honour of your Soueraigne King.

**G**REAT god of might, that reignest in the mind,  
And all the bodie to thy hell doost frame,  
Victor of gods, subdewer of mankind,  
That doost the Lions and fell Tygers tame,  
Making their cruell rage thy soundfull game,  
And in their toring taking great delight,  
Who can expresse the glory of thy might?

Or who aloue can perfectly declare  
The wondrous cradle of thine infancie?  
When thy great mother VENUS first thee bare,  
Begot of Plentie and of Penurie,  
Though elder then thine owne nationie:  
And yet a child, renewing still thy yeares,  
And yet the eldest of the heavenly Peeres.

For ere this worlds still mourning mightie masse,  
Out of great Chaos vgly prison crept,  
In which his goodly face long hidden was  
From heauens view, and in deepe darknesse kept;  
LOVE, that had now long time securely slept  
In VENUS lap, warmed then and naked,  
Gan reare his head, by CLIO to beeing waked.

And taking to him wings of his owne hear,  
Kindled at first from beaueus life-giuing fire,  
He gan to moue out of his idle seat,  
Weakely at first, but after with desire  
Listed aloft, he gan to moue vp hier,  
And like fresh Eagle, made his hardie flight  
Through all that great wide waste, yet wanting light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandering way,  
His owne faire mother, for all creatures sake,  
Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray:  
Then through the world his way he gan to take,  
The world that was not, till he did it make:  
Whose sundry parts he from themselves did seuer,  
The which before had lye confused euer.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fire,  
Then gan to range themselves in huge array,  
And with contrary forces to conspire  
Each against other, by all meanes they may,  
Threatning their owne confusion and decay:  
Ayre hated earth, and water hated fire,  
Till LOVE relented their rebellious ire.



## An Hymne

He then them tooke, and tempering goodly well,  
Their contrary dislikes with loued meanes,  
Did place them all in order, and compell  
To keepe themselves within their sundry raines,  
Together linkt with Adamantine chaines;  
Yet so, as that in euerie living wight  
They mixe themselves, and shew their kindly might.

So euer since they firmly haue remain'd,  
And duly well obserued his behest;  
Through which, now all these things that are contain'd  
Within this goodly cope, both most and least  
Their being haue, and daily are increast,  
Through secret sparks of his infused fire,  
Which in the barmaine cold he doth inspire.

Thereby they all doe liue, and moued are  
To multiply the likenesse of their kind,  
Whilst they seeke onely, without further care,  
To quench the flame, which they in burning find:  
But Man, that breathes a more immortall mind,  
Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,  
Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie.

For hauing yet in his deducted spright,  
Some sparks remaining of that heauenly fire,  
He is columnd with that goodly light,  
Vnto like goodly semblant to aspire:  
Therefore in choice of loue, he doth desire  
That seemes on earth most heauenly, to embrace,  
That same is BEAUTEY, borne of heauenly race.

For sure of all, that in this mortall frame  
Contained is, nought more diuine doth seeme,  
Or that resembleth more th' immortall flame  
Of heauenly light, then BEAUTEY'S glorious beame.  
What wonder then, if with such rage extreme,  
Foule men, whose eyes seeke heauenly things to see,  
At sight thereof so much enrauisht bee?

Which well perceiuing, that imperious boy,  
Doth therewith tip his sharp empoisoned darts;  
Which glancing through the eyes with count'nance coy,  
Rest not, till they haue pierst the trembling harts,  
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,  
Which suckes the blood, and drinketh vp the life  
Of carefull wretches with consuming griefe.

Thenceforth they plaine, and makefull pitious mone  
Vnto the author of their balefull bane;  
The daies they waste, the nights they grieve and grone,  
Their hues they loathe, and heauens light disdain:  
No light but that, whose lampe doth yet remaine  
Fresh burning in the image of their eye,  
They deigne to see, and seeing it, still dye.

The whilst, thou tyrant LOVE doost laugh & scorne  
At their complaints, making their paine thy play:  
Whilst they lie languishing like thralls forlorne,  
The whilst thou doost triumph in their decay,  
And otherwhiles, their dying to delay,

Thou doost emmarble the proud hart of her,  
Whose loue before their life they doe prefer.

So hast thou often done (aye me the more)  
To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart,  
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so sore,  
That whole remains scarce any little part:  
Yet to augment the anguish of my smart,  
Thou hast enfrez'd her disdainfull brest,  
That no one drop of pittie there doth rest.

Why then doe I this honour vnto thee,  
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,  
Sith thou doost shew no fauour vnto mee,  
Ne once moue ruth in that rebellious Dame,  
Somewhat to slake the rigour of my flame?  
Certes, small glory doost thou winne hereby,  
To lether lue thus free, and me to die.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call,  
The worlds great Parent, the most kind preferer  
Of liuing wights, the soueraigne Lord of all,  
How falles it then, that with thy furious feruour,  
Thou doost afflict as well the not deseruer,  
As him that doth thy lovely heasts despise,  
And on thy subjects most doost tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glorie seemeth more,  
By so hard handling those which best thee serue,  
That ere thou doost them vnto grace restore,  
Thou maist well trie if they will euer serue,  
And maist them make it better to deserue:  
And hauing got it, may it more esteeme  
For things hard gotten, men more deerele deeme.

So hard those heauenly beauties be enfired,  
As things diuine, least passions doe impress,  
The more of stedfast minds to be admired,  
The more they stayd be on stedfastnesse:  
But baseborne minds such lamps regard the lesse,  
Which at first blowing take not hastie fire,  
Such fancies feele no loue, but loose desire.

For loue is Lord of truth and loyaltie,  
Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust,  
On golden plumes vp to the purest skie,  
Abooue the reach of loathly sinfull lust,  
Whose bale affect through cowardly distrust  
Of his weake wings, dare not to heauen flie,  
But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth lie.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselves enure  
To durie drosse, no higher dare aspire,  
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure  
The flaming light of that celestiall fire,  
Which kindleth loue in generous desire,  
And makes him mount aboue the narrow might  
Of heauie earth, vp to the heauens height.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion,  
That it all fordid basenesse doth expell,

And

## of Loue.

And the refined mind doth newly fashion  
Vnto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell  
In his high thought, that would it selfe excell;  
Which he beholding still with constant sight,  
Admires the mirrour of so heauenly light.

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,  
He thereon feeds his hungry fantasie,  
Still full, yet neuer satysfide with it,  
Like TANTALE, that in store doth starued ly:  
So doth he pine in most latietie:  
For nought may quench his infinite desire,  
Once kindled through that first conceiued fire.

Thereon his mind affixed wholly is,  
Ne thinks on ought, but how it to attaine;  
His care, his ioy, his hope is all on this,  
That seemes in it all blisses to containe,  
In sight whereof, all other blisse seemes vaine.  
Thrice happy man, might he the same possesse,  
He faues himselfe, and doth his fortune blisse.

And though he doe not win his wish to end,  
Yet thus faire happy he himselfe doth weene,  
That heauens such happy grace did to him lend,  
As thing on earth so heauenly, to haue scene,  
His harts enshrined Saint, his heauens queene,  
Fairer then fauest, in his fayning eye,  
Whose sole aspect he counts felicitie.

Then forth he casts in his vnquiet thought,  
What he may doe, her fauour to obtaine;  
What braue exploit, what perill hardly wrought,  
What puissant conquest, what aduenturous paine  
May please her best, and grace vnto him gaine:  
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,  
His faith, his fortune, in his breast he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guide,  
Thou being blind, lest him nor see his feares,  
But cariest him to that which he hath eyde,  
Through seas, through flames, through thousand  
(swords and speares:  
Ne ought so strong that may his force withstand,  
With which thou armet his resistlesse hand.

Witness LEANDER, in the Buxine waues,  
And stout AENEAS in the Troiane fire,  
ACHILLES preassing through the Phrygian glaues,  
And ORPHEVS, daring to pronoke the ire  
Of damned fiends, to get his loue retire:  
For both through heauen and hell thou makest way,  
To win them worship which to thee obey.

And if by all these perils and these paines,  
He may but purchase lyking in her eye,  
What heauens of ioy, then to himselfe he faues,  
Eftsoones he wipes quite out of memory  
What euerill before he did aby:  
Had it been death, yet would he die againe,  
To liue thus happy as her grace to gaine.

Yet when he hath found fauour to his will,  
He nathemore can so contented rest,  
But forceth further on, and strueth still  
T'approach more neare, till in her inmost brest,  
He may embosomed bee, and loued best:  
And yet not best, but to be lou'd alone:  
For loue cannot endure a Paragone.

The feare whereof, & how doth it torment  
His troubled mind with more then hellish paine!  
And to his fayning fantasie represent  
Sights neuer seene, and thousand shadowes vaine,  
To breake his sleepe, and waste his idle braine:  
Thou that hast neuer lou'd canst not helieue  
Least part of th' evils which poore Louers grieve.

The gnawing enuie, the hart-fretting feare,  
The vaine surmises, the distrustfull shewes,  
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,  
The doubts, the dangers, the delays, the woes,  
The fained friends, the vassall'd foes,  
With thousands more then any tongue can tell,  
Doe make a Louers life a wretches hell.

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,  
That canker-worme, that monster Icloffe,  
Which eates the hart, and feedes vpon the gall,  
Turning all loues delight to miserie,  
Through feare of losing his felicitie.  
Ah Gods, that euer ye that monster placed  
In gentle loue, that all his ioyes defaced.

By these, O LOVE, thou doost thy entrance make,  
Vnto thy heauen, and doost the more endere  
Thy pleasures vnto those which them partake,  
As after stormes when clouds begin to cleare,  
The sunne more bright & glorious doth appeare:  
So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie,  
Doost beate vnto thy blisse, and heauens glorie.

There thou them placest in a Paradise  
Of all delight, and ioyous happy rest,  
Where they doe feed on Nectar heauenly wise,  
With HERCVLES and HESPERIDES, and the rest  
OF VENVS dearlings, through her bountie blest,  
And lie like gods in luury beds arrayd,  
With rose and lillies ouer them displayd.

There, with thy daughter PLEASURE they do play  
Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or blame,  
And in her snowy bosome boldly lay  
Their quiet heads, deuoyd of guilty shame,  
After full ioyance of their gentle game:  
Then her they crowne their goddesse & their Queene,  
And decke with flowres thy altars well becene.

Aye me, deare Lord, that euer I might hope,  
For all the paines and woes that I endure,  
To come at length vnto the wished scope  
Of my desire; or might my selfe assure,  
That happy port for euer to recure.

Then



## An Hymne

Then would I thinke these paines no paines at all,  
And all my woes to be but penance small.

Then would I sing of thine immortall praise,  
An heavenly Hymne, such as the Angels sing,

And thy triumphant name then would I raise  
Boue all the gods, thee onely honouring.  
My guide, my God, my victor, and my King;  
Till then, drad Lord, vouchsafe to take of mee  
This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of thee.

FINIS.



## AN HYMNE, IN honour of Beautie.

**A**H! whither, LOVE, wilt thou now carry mee?  
What wondrous fury dost thou now inspire  
Into my feeble breaſt, too full of thee?  
Whilst ſeeking to aſſake thy raging fire,  
Thou in me kindeſt much more great deſire,  
And vp aloft about my ſtrength doſt raiſe  
The wondrous matter of my fire to praiſe.

That as I earſt, in praiſe of thine owne name,  
So, now in honour of thy Mother deare,  
An honourable Hymne I eke ſhould frame:  
And with the brightneſſe of her beautie cleare,  
The raviſht harts of gazefull men might reare,  
To admiration of that heavenly light,  
From whence proceeds ſuch ſoule enchanting might.

There to doe thou great Goddeſſe, queen of BEAUTY,  
Mother of LOVE, and of all worlds delight,  
Without whoſe ſoueraigne grace and kindly deitie,  
Nothing on earth ſeemes faire to fleſhly ſight,  
Doe thou vouchſafe with thy loue-kindling light,  
T'illuminate my dim and dullede cye,  
And beautifie this ſacred Hymne of thine.

That both to thee, to whom I meane it moſt,  
And eke to her, whoſe faire immortall beame  
Hath darted fire into my feeble gholt,  
That now it waſtes in woes extreme,  
It may ſo pleaſe, that ſhe at length will ſtreame  
Some dew of grace, into my withered hart,  
After long ſorrowe and conſuming ſmart.

**VV**Hat time this worlds great workmaſter didſt  
To make all things, ſuch as we now behold,  
It ſeemes that he before his eyes had plac't  
A goodly Patterne, to whoſe perfect mould  
He ſhiond them as comely as he could:  
That now ſo faire and ſeemly they appeare,  
As nought may be amended any where.

That wondrous Patterne whereſoeere it bee,  
Whether in earth layd vp in ſecreſt ſtore,  
Or eke in heauen, that no man may it ſee  
With ſinfull eyes, for feare it to deſtore,  
Is perfect BEAUTY, which all men adore:  
Whoſe face and feature doth ſo much excell  
All mortall ſenſe, that none the ſame may tell.

Thereof, as every earthly thing partakes  
Or more or leſſe by influence divine,  
So it more faire accordiogly it makes,  
And the groſſe matter of this earthly mine  
Which cloſeth it, thereafter doth reſine,  
Dooing away the droſſe which dims the light  
Of that faire beame, which therein is empight.

For through infuſion of celeftiall powre,  
The duller earth it quickneeth with delight,  
And life-full ſpirits priuily doth poure  
Through all the parts, that to the lookers ſight  
They ſeeme to pleaſe. That is, thy ſoueraigne might  
O Cyprian Queene, which flowing from the beame  
Of thy bright ſtarre, thou into them doſt ſtreame.

## of Heauenly Beautie.

That is the thing which giueth pleaſant grace  
To all things faire, that kindeleth liuely fire,  
Light of thy lampe, which ſhining in the face,  
Thence to the ſoule darts amorous deſire,  
And robs the harts of thoſe which it admire,  
Therewith thou pointeſt thy ſonnes poiſon'd arrow,  
That wounds the life, & waſtes the inmoſt marrow.

How vainely then doe idle wits inuent,  
That beautie is nought elſe, but mixture made  
Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament  
Of pure complexions, that ſhall quickly fade  
And paſſe away, like to a Sommers ſhade,  
Or that it is but comely compoſition,  
Of parts well meaſurd, with meet diſpoſition.

Hath white and red in it ſuch wondrous powre,  
That it can pierce through th'eyes vnto the hart,  
And therein ſtirre ſuch rage and reſleſſe ſtowre,  
As nought but death can ſtint his dolours ſmart?  
Or can proportion of the outward part,  
Moue ſuch affection in the inward mind,  
That it can rob both ſenſe and reaſon blind?

Why doe not then the bloſſoms of the field,  
Which are araid with much more orient hew,  
And to the ſenſe moſt dainty odours yield,  
Worke like impreſſion in the lookers view?  
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre ſhew,  
In which oft-times, we Nature ſee of Art  
Excell, in perfect limming every part.

But ah! belecue me, there is more then ſo,  
That workes ſuch wonders in the minds of men.  
I that haue often prou'd, too well it know:  
And who ſo liſt the like aſſayes to ken,  
Shall find by triall, and confeſſe it then,  
That BEAUTY is not, as fond men miſdeeme,  
An outward ſhew of things, that onely ſeeme.

For that ſame goodly hew of white and red,  
With which the cheekes are ſprinkled, ſhall decay.  
And thoſe ſweet roſe leaues ſo fairely ſpred  
Vpon the lips, ſhall fade and fall away  
To that they were, euen to corrupted clay.  
That golden wire, thoſe ſparkling ſtarres ſo bright,  
Shall turne to duſt, and loſe their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whoſe celeftiall ray  
That light proceeds, which kindeleth Louers fire,  
Shall neuer be exſtinguiſht nor decay.  
But when the vitall ſpirits doe expire,  
Vnto her native planet ſhall retire:  
For it is heauenly borne and cannot die,  
Being a parcell of the pureſt ſkie.

For when the ſoule, the which deriued was  
At firſt, out of that great immortall Spright,  
By whom all liue to loue, whilome did paſ  
Downe from the top of pureſt heauens light,  
To be embodied hart, it then tooke light

And liuely ſpirits from that faireſt ſtarre,  
Which lights the world forth from his fire come.

Which powre retaining ſtill or more or leſſe,  
When ſhe in fleſhly ſeed is eſt entrac'd,  
Through every part ſhe doth the ſame impreſſe,  
According as the beſouers haue her graced,  
And frames her houſe, in which ſhe will be plac'd,  
Fit for her ſelfe, adorning it with ſpoile  
Of th'heauenly riches, which ſhe robd erewhile.

Thereof it comes, that theſe faire ſoules, which haue  
The moſt reſemblance of that heauenly light,  
Frame to themſelues moſt beautifull and braue  
Their fleſhly bowre, moſt fit for their delight,  
And the groſſe matter by a ſoueraigne might  
Temper ſo trim, that it may well be ſcene,  
A palace fit for ſuch a virgin Queene.

So every ſpirit, as it is moſt pure,  
And hath in it the more of heauenly light,  
So it the fairer body doth procure  
To habit in, and it more fairely dight  
With chearefull grace and amiable ſight.  
For of the ſoule the bodie forme doth take:  
For ſoule is forme, and doth the body make.

Therefore where-euer that thou doſt behold  
A comely corpe, with beautie faire endow'd,  
Knooe this for certaine, that the ſame doth hold  
A beautifull ſoule, with faire conditions thow'd,  
Fit to receive the ſeed of verue ſtrow'd.  
For all that faire is, is by nature good:  
That is a ſigne to knowe the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falles, that many a gentle mind  
Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,  
Either by chaunce, againſt the courſe of kind,  
Or through vnaptneſſe in the ſubſtance found,  
Which it aſſumed offome ſlubberome ground,  
That will not yield vnto her formes direction,  
But is perform'd with ſome ſoule imperfection.

And oft it falles, (aye me the more to rewe)  
That goodly beautie, albe heauenly borne,  
Is ſoule abuſd, and that celeftiall hew,  
Which doth the world with her delight adorne,  
Made but the bait of ſinners, and ſinners ſcorne:  
Whilſt every one doth ſeeke and ſue to haue it,  
But every one doth ſeeke, but to depraue it.

Yet nathemore is that faire beauties blame,  
But theirs that doe abuſe it vnto ill:  
Nothing ſo good, but that through guilty ſhame  
May be corrupt, and wreſted vnto will.  
Nathelleſſe, the ſoule is faire and beautifull ſtill,  
How euer fleſhes fault it filthy make:  
For things immortall no corruption take.

But ye faire Dames, the worlds deare ornaments,  
And liuely images of heauenly light,  
E.



## An Hymne

Let not your beames with such disparagements  
Be dimd, and your bright glory darkned quight:  
But mindfull still of your first countries sight,  
Doe still preferue your first informed grace,  
Whose shadow yet shines in your beauntious face.

Loath that foule blot, that hellish fierbrand,  
Disloyall lust, faire BEAVTIES foulest blame,  
That bale affections, which your eares would bland,  
Commend to you by loues abused name;  
But is indeed the bond-slave of defame,  
Which will the garland of your glory marre,  
And quench the light of your bright shining starre.

But gentle LOVE, that loyall is and trew,  
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,  
And adde more brightnesse to your goodly hew,  
From light of his pure fire, which by like way  
Kindled of yours, your likeness doth display,  
Like as two mirrors by oppold reflexion,  
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore to make your beauntie more appeare,  
If you behoues to loue, and forth to lay  
That heavenly riches, which in you ye beare,  
That men the more admire their fountaine may.  
For else what booteth that celestiall ray,  
If it in darknes be enshrin'd euer,  
That it of louing eyes be viewed neuer?

But in your choice of Loues, this well aduise,  
That likest to your selues ye them select,  
The which your formes first sourse may sympathise,  
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt:  
For if you loofely loue, without respect,  
It is not loue, but a discordant warre,  
Whose vnlike parts amongst themselves do iarre.

For loue is a celestiall harmonie,  
Of likeli harts compold of starres concent,  
Which ioine together in sweet sympathy,  
To worke each others ioy and true content,  
Which they haue harbourd since their first descent  
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did see  
And knowe each other here belou'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine  
Should in loues gentle band combined bee,  
But those whom heauen did at first ordaine,  
And made out of one mould the more t'agree:  
For all that like the beauty which they see,  
Straight doe not loue: for loue is not so light,  
As straight to burne at first beholders sight.

But they which loue indeed, looke otherwise,  
With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,  
Drawing out of the object of their eyes,  
A more refined forme, which they present  
Vnto their mind, voyde of all blemishment;  
Which it reducing to her first perfection,  
Beholdeth free from fleshes fraile infection.

And then conforming it vnto the light,  
Which in it selfe it hath remaining still  
Of that first Sunne, yet sparkling in his sight,  
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill,  
An heavenly beauntie to his fancies will,  
And it embracing in his mind entire,  
The murour of his owne thought doth admire.

Which seeing now so inly faire to bee,  
As outward it appeareth to the eye,  
And with his spirits proportion to agree,  
He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,  
And fully setteth his felicitie,  
Counting it fairer, then it is indeed,  
And yet indeed her faireness doth exceed.

For Louers eyes more sharply sighted bee  
Then other mens, and in deare loues delight,  
See more then any other eyes can see,  
Through mutuall receipt of the beames bright,  
Which carry priue message to the spirit,  
And to their eyes that inmost faire display,  
As plaine as light discouers dawning day.

Therein they see through amorous eye-glances,  
Armies of loues still flying to and fro,  
Which dart at them their little fierie launces:  
Whom hauing wounded, backe againe they goe,  
Carrying compassion to their louely foe:  
Who seeing her fayre eyes so sharpe effect,  
Cures all their sorrowes with one sweet aspect.

In which, how many wonders doe they reed  
To their conceit, that others neuer see,  
Now of her smiles, with which their soules they feed,  
Like Gods with Nectar in their bankets free;  
Now of her looks, which like to Cordials bee:  
But when her words embassade forth she sends,  
Lord, how sweet musick that vnto them lends!

Sometimes vpon her forehead they behold  
A thousand Graces masking in delight,  
Sometimes within her eye-lids they vnfold  
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their sight  
Doe seeme like twinkling starres in frosty night:  
But on her lips, like rosie buds in May,  
So many millions of chaste pleasures play.

All those, O CYTHEREA, and thousands more  
Thy handmaids be, which doe on thee attend,  
To deck thy beauty with their dainties store,  
That may it more to mortall eyes commend,  
And make it more admyr'd of foe and friend:  
That in mens harts thou mayst thy throne enstall,  
And spread thy louely kingdom ouer all.

Then *Is triumph*, O great beauties Queene,  
Advanee the banner of thy conquest hie,  
That all this world, the which thy vassals beene,  
May drawe to thee, and with due fealtie,  
Adore the powre of thy great Maestie,

Sing-

## of Heauenly Loue.

Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,  
Compyld by me, which thy poore liegeman am.

In lieu whereof, grant, O great Soueraigne,  
That she whose conquering beauntie doth captiue  
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,  
One drop of grace at length will to me giue,  
That I her bounden thrall by her may liue:  
And this same life, which first from me she reaued,  
May owe to her, of whom I it receaued.

And you faire VENVS dearling, my deare deare,  
Freshe flowre of grace, great Goddess of my ioy,  
When your faire eyes these fearefull lines shall read,  
Deigne to let fall one drop of due reliefe,  
That may recure my harts long pynning grieffe,  
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,  
That can restore a damned wight from death.

FINIS.

## AN HYMNE, OF heauenly Loue.

LOVE, lift me vp vpon thy golden wings,  
From this base world vnto thy heauens hight,  
Where I may see those admirable things,  
Which there thou workest by thy soueraine might,  
Farre aboue feeble reach of earthly sight,  
That I thereof an heauenly Hymne may sing  
Vnto the god of LOVE, high heauens King.

Many lewd layes (ah woe is me the more)  
In praise of that mad fir, which fooles call loue,  
I haue in th'heat of youth made heretofore,  
That in light wits did loose affection moue.  
But all those follies now I doe reprove,  
And turned haue the tenor of my singing,  
The heauenly praises of true loue to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire,  
To read my fault, and wondering at my flame,  
To warme your selues at my wide sparkling fire,  
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,  
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame:  
For who my passed follies now pursues,  
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renews.

BEFORE this worlds great frame, in which all things  
Are now containd, found any beeing place,  
Ere sitting Time could wag his cyas wings  
About that mighty bound, which doth embrace  
The rolling Sphere, & parts their houres by space,  
That high Eternall powre, which now doth moue  
In all these things, mou'd in it selfe by loue.

If Iou'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire:  
(For faire is Iou'd;) and of it selfe begot  
Like to it selfe his eldest sonne and heire,  
Eternall, pure, and void of sinfull blot,  
The firstling of his ioy, in whom no iot  
Of loues dislike, or pride was to be found,  
Whom he therefore with equall honor crown'd.

With him he raignd, before all time prescribed,  
In endlesse glorie and immortall might,  
Together with that third from them deriued,  
Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright,  
Whose kingdoms throne, no thoughts of earthly wight  
Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse,  
With equall words can hope it to rehearse.

Yet O most blessed Spirit, pure lampe of light,  
Eternall spring of grace and wisdom true,  
Vouchsafe to liue into my barren spright,  
Some little drop of thy celestiall dew,  
That may my rimes with sweet inluise embrew,  
And giue me words equall vnto my thought,  
To tell the marueiles by thy mercy wrought.

Yet beeing pregnant still with powrefull grace,  
And full of fruitfull loue, that loues to get  
Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,  
His second brood, though not of powre so great,  
Yet full of beauntie, next he did beget  
An infinite inereffe of Angels bright,  
All glistering glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heauens illimitable hight  
(Not this round heauen, which wee from hence behold,  
Adorn'd with thousand lumps of burning light,  
And with ten thousand gemmes of shining gold)  
He gaue, as their inheritance to hold,  
That they might serue him in eternall blis,  
And be partakers of those ioyes of his.

There they in their triall triplicities  
About him wait, and on his will depend,  
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,  
When he them on his messiges doth send,  
Or on his owne dead presence to attend,  
Where they behold the glory of his light,  
And caroll Hymnes of loue both day and night.

Both day and night is vnto them all one,  
For he his beames doth vnto them extend,  
F 2.

That



## An Hymne

That darknes there appeareth neuer none,  
Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse an end,  
But there their termeless time in pleasure spend,  
Ne euer should their happinesse decay,  
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,  
Did puste them vp with greedy bold ambition,  
That they gan cast their state how to increase  
About the fortune of their first condition,  
And sit in Gods owne seate without commission:  
The brightest Angell, euen the Child of light,  
Drew millions more against their God to fight.

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,  
Kindled the flame of his consuming ire,  
And with his onely breath them blew away  
From heauens hight, to which they did aspire,  
To deepest hell, and lake of damned fire;  
Where they in darknes and drad horror dwell,  
Hating the happy light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Makers loue,  
Next to himselfe in glorious degree,  
Degenerating to hate, fell from about  
Through pride; (for pride and loue may ill agree)  
And now of sinne to all ensample bee:  
How then can sinfull flesh it selfe assure,  
Sith purest Angels fell to be impure?

But that eternall fount of loue and grace,  
Still flowing forth his goodnes vnto all,  
Now seeing left a waste and emptie place  
In his wide Palace, through those Angels fall,  
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall  
A new vnknown Colonie therein, (begin.)  
Whose roote from earths base ground-worke should

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,  
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might:  
According to an heauenly patterne wrought,  
Which he had fashion'd in his wise foresight,  
He man did make, and breath'd a liuing spright  
Into his face, most beautifull and faire,  
Endew'd with wisdoms riches, heauenly rare.

Such he him made, that he resemble might  
Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could;  
Him to be Lord of euer liuing wight,  
He made by loue out of his owne like mould,  
In whom he might his mightie selfe behold.  
For loue doth loue the thing below'd to see,  
That like it selfe in lowly shape may bee.

But Man, forgetfull of his Makers grace,  
No lesse then Angels, whom he did ensew,  
Fell from the hope of promist heauenly place,  
Into the mouth of death, to sinners dew,  
And all his off-spring into thraldome threw:  
Where they for euer should in bonds remaine,  
Of neuer dead, yet euer dying paine.

Till that great Lord of Loue, which him at first  
Made of mere loue, and after liked well,  
Seeing him lie like creature long accurst,  
In that deepe horror of despoiled hell,  
Him wretch in doole would let no longer dwell,  
But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,  
And pay the price, all were his debt extreme.

Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,  
In which he reigned with his glorious sire,  
He downe descended, like a most demisse,  
And abieft thrall, in fleshes fraile attire,  
That he for him might pay sinnes deadly hire,  
And him restore vnto that happy state,  
In which he stood before his haplesse fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,  
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfide:  
Nor spirit, nor Angell, though they man surpas,  
Could make amends to God for mans misguide,  
But onely man himselfe, who selfe did slide,  
So taking flesh of sacred Virgins wombe,  
For mans deare sake, he did a man become.

And that most blessed body, which was borne  
Without all blemish or reproachfull blame,  
He freely gaue to be both rent and torne  
Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame  
Reuiling him, that them most vile became,  
At length him nayled on a gallow tree,  
And slew the iust, by most vniust decree.

O huge and most vnspokeable impression  
Of loues deepe wound, that pierst the pitious hart  
Of that deare Lord with so entire affection,  
And sharply launcing euery inner part,  
Dolours of death into his soule did dart;  
Dooing him die, that neuer it deserued,  
To free his foes, that from his heaft had swerued.

What hart can feeble least touch of so sore launch,  
Or thought can thinke the depth of so deare wound?  
Whose bleeding source their streames yet neuer staunch,  
But still do flowe, and freshly still redound,  
To heale the sores of sinfull soules vnfound,  
And cleanse the guilt of that infected crime,  
Which was enrooted in all fleshy slime.

O blessed well of loue! O flowre of grace!  
O glorious Morning starre! O lampe of light!  
Most liuely image of thy fathers face,  
Eternall King of glory, Lord of might,  
Meeke lambe of God before all world behight,  
How can we thee requite for all this good?  
Or what can prize that thy most precious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this loue,  
But loue of vs, for guerdon of thy paine.  
Aye me! what can vs lesse then that behoue?  
Had he required life of vs againe,  
Had it bene wrong to aske his owne with gaine?

He

## of Heauenly Loue.

He gaue vs life, he it restored lost;  
Then life were least, that vs so little cost.

But he our life hath left vnto vs free,  
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band;  
Ne ought demands, but that we louing bee,  
As he himselfe hath lou'd vs afore-hand,  
And bound thereto with an eternall band,  
Him first to loue, that vs so dearly bought,  
And next, our brethren to his image wrought.

Him first to loue, great right and reason is,  
Who first to vs our life and being gaue;  
And after, when we fared had amis,  
Vs wretches from the second death did saue:  
And last, the food of life, which now we haue,  
Euen hee himselfe in his deare sacrament,  
To feede our hungry soules vnto vs lent.

Then next, to loue our brethren, that were made  
Of that selfe mould, and that selfe Makers hand,  
That we; and to the same againe shall fade,  
Where they shall haue like heritage of land,  
How-euer here on higher steps we stand;  
Which also were with selfe same price redeemed  
That we, how-euer of vs light esteemed.

And were they not, yet sith that louing Lord  
Commaunded vs to loue them for his sake,  
Euen for his sake, and for his sacred word,  
Which in his last bequest he to vs spake,  
We should them loue, & with their needs partake;  
Knowing, that whatsoere to them we giue,  
We giue to him, by whom we all doe liue.

Such mercy he by his most holy reed  
Vnto vs taught, and to approve it trew,  
Ensampl'd it by his most righteous deed,  
Shewing vs mercy (miserable crew)  
That we the like should to the wretches shew,  
And loue our brethren: thereby to approve,  
How much himselfe that loued vs, we loue.

Then rouse thy selfe, O earth, out of thy soyle,  
In which thou wallow'st like to filthy swine,  
And doost thy mind in dirty pleasures moyle,  
Vnmindfull of that dearest Lord of thine;  
Lift vp to him thy heauie clouded eyne,  
That thou his foueraigne bounty maist behold,  
And read through loue his mercies manifold.

Begin from first, where he enradled was  
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,  
Between the toylefull Oxe and humble Ass,  
And in what rags, and in how bale aray,  
The glory of our heauenly riches lay,  
When him the silly Shepheards came to see,  
Whom greatest Princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence read on the story of his life,  
His humble carriage, his vnfaultry waies,

His carred face, his fights, his toyle, his weale,  
His paines, his poverry, his sharpe affaies,  
Through which he past his miserable daies,  
Offending none, and dooing good to all,  
Yet being malist both of great and small.

And looke at last, how of most wretched wights  
He taken was, betrayd, and false accused,  
How with most scornfull taunts, & fell despights  
He was reuil'd, disgrac'd, and foule abused,  
How scourg'd, how crown'd, how buffeted, how brosed;  
And lastly, how twixt robbers crucifide, (fide)  
With bitter wounds, through hands, through feet, through

Then let thy flinty hart that feels no paine,  
Empierced be with pitifull remorde,  
And let thy bowels bleed in euery vaine,  
At sight of his most sacred heauenly corse,  
So torne and mangled with malicious force:  
And let thy soule, whose sinnes his sorrowes wrought,  
Melt into teares, and groane in griev'd thought.

With sense whereof, whilst so thy softned spirit  
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale,  
Through meditation of his endlesse merit,  
Lift vp thy mind to th' author of thy weale,  
And to his foueraigne mercy doe appeale:  
Learne him to loue, that loued thee so deare,  
And in thy breast his blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind,  
Thou must him loue, and his bechaits embrace:  
All other loues, with which the world doth blind  
Weake fancies, and stirre vp affections base,  
Thou must renounce, and vnto him displace,  
And giue thy selfe vnto him full and free,  
That full and freely gaue himselfe for thee.

Then shalt thou feeble thy spirit so posselt,  
And rauisht with deuouring great desire  
Of his deare selfe, that shall thy feeble breast  
Inflame with loue, and set thee all on fire  
With burning zeale, through euery part entire,  
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,  
But in his sweet and amiable light.

Thenceforth, all worlds desire will in thee die,  
And all earths glory, on which men doe gaze,  
Seeme durt and dross in thy pure sighted eye,  
Compar'd to that celestiall beaunies blaze,  
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze  
With admiration of their passing light,  
Blinding the eyes, and luminizing the sight.

Then shall thy rauisht soule inspired bee  
With heauenly thoughts, farre above humane kin,  
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see  
Th' Ider of his pure glory, present still  
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill  
With sweet engagement of celestiall loue,  
Kindled through sight of those fine things above.

F 3.

FINIS.



## AN HYMNE, OF HEA- uenlie Beautie.

**R**apt with the rage of mine owne raiſht thought,  
Through contemplation of thoſe goodly ſights,  
And glorious Images in heauen wrought,  
Whole wondrous beauty breathing ſweet delights,  
Doe kinde loue in high conceited ſprights:  
I ſaue to tell the things that I behold,  
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchſafe then, O thou moſt almightie Spright,  
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flowe,  
To ſhed into my breaſt ſome ſparkling light  
Of thine eternall Truth: that I may ſhowe  
Some little beames to mortall eyes belowe,  
Of that immortal beaue, there with thee,  
Which in my weake diſtraught mind I ſee.

That with the glorie of ſo goodly ſight,  
The hearts of men, which fondly here admire  
Faire-ſeeming ſhewes, and feede on vaine delight,  
Transported with celeftiall deſire  
Of thoſe faire formes, may liſt themſelues vp hier,  
And learne to loue with zealous humble dewy,  
Th'eternall fountaine of that heauenly beautie.

Beginning then belowe, with th'eaſie view  
Of this baſe world, ſubiection to fleſhly eye,  
From thence to mount aloft by order dew,  
To contemplation of th'immortall ſkie.  
Of the ſoare Faulcon ſo I learne to flie,  
That ſtags awhile her fluttering wings beneath,  
Till ſhe herſelfe for ſtronger flight can breath.

Then looke who liſt, thy gazeſull eyes to feed  
With ſight of that is faire, looke on the frame  
Of this wide Vniuerſe, and therein reed  
The endleſſe kinds of creatures, which by name  
Thou canſt not count, much leſſe their natures aime:  
All which are made with wondrous wiſe reſpect,  
And all with admirable beauty deckt.

Fiſt th'Earth, on Adamantine pillars founded,  
Amid the Sea, engirt with braſen bands:  
Then th'Ayre ſtill ſitting, but yet firmly bounded  
On euerie ſide, with pyles of flaming brands,  
Neuer conſum'd, nor quencht with mortall hands;  
And laſt, that mightie ſhining cryſtall wall,  
Wherewith he hath encompassed this All.

By view whereof, it plainly may appeare,  
That ſtill as euery thing doth vpward tend,  
And further is from earth, ſo ſtill more cleare  
And faire it growes, till to his perfect end  
Of pureſt beautie, it at laſt aſcend:  
Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,  
And heauen then fire appeares more pure and faire.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye,  
On that bright ſhine round ſtill moouing Maſſe,  
The houſe of bleſſed Gods, which men call SKY,  
All ſow'd with gliſtring ſtarres more thicke then graſſe,  
Whereof each other doth in brightneſſe paſſe:  
But thoſe two moſt, which ruling night and day,  
As King and Queene, the heauens Empire ſway.

And tell me then, what haſt thou euer ſeene,  
That to their beautie may compared bee,  
Or can the ſight that is moſt ſharpe and keene,  
Endure their Captaines flaming head to ſee?  
How much leſſe thoſe, much higher in degree,  
And ſo much fairer, and much more then theſe,  
As theſe are fairer then the land and ſeas?

For, faire about theſe heauens which here we ſee,  
Be others, faire exceeding theſe in light,  
Not bounded, nor corrupt, as theſe lame bee,  
But infinite in largeneſſe and in height,  
Vnmoouing, vncorrupt, and ſpotleſſe bright,  
That need no Sunne ſtill illuminate their ſpheres,  
But their owne natie light, faire paſſing theirs.

And as theſe heauens ſtill by degrees ariſe,  
Vntill they come to their firſt Movers bound,  
That in his mighty compaſſe doth compriſe,  
And carry all the reſt with him around:  
So thoſe likewiſe doe by degrees redound,  
And riſe more faire, till they at laſt ariue  
To the moſt faire, whereto they all doe ſtrive.

Faire is the heauen, where happy ſoules haue place,  
In full enioymment of felicitie,  
Whence they doe ſtill behold the glorious face  
Of the diuine eternall Maieſtie:  
More faire is that, where thoſe IDEES on hie  
Enranged be, which PLATO ſo admired,  
And pure INTELLIGENCES from God inspired.

Yet fairer is that heauen, in which doe raigne  
The ſouerain POUERS & mighty POTENTATES,  
Which in their high protections doe containe  
All mortall Princes, and imperiall States;  
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates  
And heauenly DOMINATIONS are ſet,  
From whom all earthly gouernance is ſet.

Yet far more faire be thoſe bright CHERUBINS,  
Which all with golden wings are ouer-dight,  
And thoſe eternall burning SERAPHINS,  
Which from their faces dart out fierie light:  
Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright  
Be th'Angels and Archangels, which attend  
On Gods owne perſon, without reſt or end.

These

## of Heauenly Beautie.

These thus in faire each other faire excell,  
As to the Higheſt they approach more neare,  
Yet is that Higheſt faire beyond all telling,  
Fairer then all the reſt which there appeare,  
Though all their beauties ioyn'd together were:  
How then can mortall tongue hope to expreſſe  
The image of ſuch endleſſe perfeſtneſſe?

Ceſe then my tongue, and lend vnto my mind  
Leaue to bethinke how great that beautie is,  
Whoſe vtmoſt parts ſo beautifull I find:  
How much more thoſe eſſentiall parts of his,  
His truth, his loue, his wiſedome, and his bliſ,  
His grace, his doome, his mercy and his might,  
By which he lends vs of himſelfe a ſight.

Thoſe vnto all he daily doth diſplay,  
And ſhew himſelfe in th' image of his grace,  
As in a looking glaſſe, through which he may  
Be ſeene, of all his creatures vile and baſe,  
That are vnable elſe to ſee his face,  
His glorious face which gliſteth elſe ſo bright,  
That th'Angels ſelues cannot endure his ſight.

But we fraile wights, whoſe ſight cannot ſuſtaine  
The Sun-bright beames, when he on vs doth ſhine,  
But that their points rebutted backe againe  
Are duld, how can we ſee with feeble eyne,  
The glory of that Maieſtie diuine:  
In ſight of whom both Sun and Moone are darke,  
Compared to his leaſt reſplendent ſparke?

The meanes therefore which vnto vs is lent  
Him to behold, is on his works to looke,  
Which he hath made in beautie excellent,  
And in the ſame, as in a braſen booke,  
To read enregiſtred in euery nooke  
His goodnes, which his beautie doth declare,  
For all that's good, is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect ſpeculation,  
To impe the wings of thy high flying mind,  
Mount vp aloft through heauenly contemplation,  
From this darke world, whoſe damps the ſoule do blind,  
And like the natie brood of Eagles kind,  
On that bright Sunne of glory fixe thine eyes,  
Clear'd from groſſe miſts of fraile infirmitie.

Humbled with feare and awfull reuerence,  
Before the footſtoole of his Maieſtie,  
Throwe thy ſelfe downe with trembling innocence,  
Ne dare looke vp with corruptible eye,  
On the dread face of that great DEITY,  
For feare, leaſt if he chance to looke on thee,  
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded bee.

But lowly fall before his Mercie ſeate,  
Cloſe couered with the Lambes integritie,  
From the iuſt wrath of his auengefull threat,  
That ſits vpon the righteous throne on hie:  
His throne is built vpon Eternitie,

More firme and durable then ſteele or braſe,  
Or the hard Diamond, which them both doth paſſe.

His ſcepter is the rod of Righteouſneſſe,  
With which he bruſeth all his foes to duſt,  
And the great Dragon ſtrongly doth repreſſe,  
Vnder the rigour of his judgement iuſt:  
His ſeate is Truth, to which the faithfull truſt;  
From whence proceed her beames ſo pure & bright,  
That all about him ſheddeth glorious light.

Light faire exceeding that bright bliſing ſparke,  
Which dardeth from TITANS flaming head,  
That with his beames cōlumineſeth the darke  
The darke damp ayre, whereby all things are darke:  
Whoſe nature yet ſo much is maruelled  
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze  
The greateſt Wiards, which thereon doe gaze.

But that immortal light which there doth ſhine,  
Is many thouſand times more bright, more cleare,  
More excellent, more glorious, more diuine,  
Through which to God all mortall actions here,  
And euen the thoughts of men, doe plaine appeare:  
For from th'eternall Truth it doth proceed,  
Through heauenly vertue, which her beames do breed.

With the great glory of that wondrous light,  
His throne is all encompassed around,  
And hid in his owne brightneſſe from the ſight  
Of all that looke thereon with eyes vnſound:  
And vnderneath his ſeate are to be found  
Thunder, and lightning, and tempeſtuous fire,  
The instruments of his auenging ire.

There in his boſome SAPIENCE doth ſit,  
The ſoueraine deſtine of the DISTRIN,  
Clad like a Queene in royall robes, moſt fit  
For ſo great powre and peerleſſe maieſtie;  
And all with gemmes and iewels gorgeouſly  
Adorn'd, that brighter then the ſtars appeare,  
And make her natie brightneſſe ſeeme more cleare.

And on her head a crowne of pureſt gold  
Is ſet, in ſigne of higheſt ſoueraintie,  
And in her hand a ſcepter ſhe doth hold,  
With which ſhe rules the houſe of God on hie,  
And menageth the euer-mouing ſky,  
And in the ſame theſe lower creatures all,  
Subiect to her powre imperiall.

Both heauen and earth obey vnto her will,  
And all the creatures which they both containe:  
For of her fulneſſe which the world doth fill,  
They all partake, and doe in ſtate remaine,  
As their great Maker did artiſt ordaine,  
Through obſeruation of her high becaſt,  
By which they fiſt were made, and ſtill increaſt.

The faireneſſe of her face no tongue can tell,  
For ſhe, the daughters of all wemens face,

And



# An Hymne

And Angels eke, in beautie doth excell,  
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,  
And more increast by her owne goodly grace,  
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,  
Ne can on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that Painter (had he liued yet)  
Which pictur'd VENUS with so curious quill,  
That all posteritie admired it,  
Haue purtrayd this, for all his maistring skill;  
Ne she herselfe, had she remained still,  
And were as faire, as fabling wits doe faine,  
Could once come neare this beautie soveraine.

But had those wits, the wonders of their dayes,  
Or that sweet T E I A N Poet, which did spend  
His plentifull veine in setting forth her praise,  
Seene but a glimpse of this, which I pretend,  
How wondrously would he her face commend,  
About that Idole of his faying thought,  
That all the world should with his rimes be fraught?

How then dare I, the nouice of his Art,  
Presume to picture so diuine a wight,  
Or hope to expresse her least perfections part,  
Whose beautie fillles the heauens with her light,  
And darkes the earth with shadowe of her sight?  
Ah gentle Muse, thou art too weake and faint,  
The pourtraict of so beauenly hew to paint.

Let Angels, which her goodly face behold,  
And see at will, her soveraigne praises sing,  
And those most sacred mysteries vnfold,  
Of that faire loue of mightie heauens King.  
Enough is me to admire so beauenly thing:  
And beeing thus with her huge loue possesst,  
In th'onely wonder of her selfe to rest.

But who so may, thrice happy man him hold,  
Of all on earth, whom God so much doth grace,  
And lets his owne Beloued to behold:  
For in the view of her celestiall face,  
All ioy, all blisse, all happinesse haue place,  
Ne ought on earth can want vnto the wight,  
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight.

For shee, out of her secret treasure,  
Plentie of riches forth on him will poure,  
Euen heauenly riches, which there hidden lie  
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,  
Th'eternall portion of her precious dowre,  
Which mighty God hath giuen to her free,  
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee  
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receiue,

And letteth them her louely face to see,  
Wherof such wondrous pleasures they conceiue,  
And sweet contentment, that it doth beare  
Their soule of sense, through infinite delight,  
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things,  
As carries them into an extasie,  
And heare such heauenly notes, and carolings  
Of Gods high praise, that fillles the brazen sky,  
And feele such ioy and pleasure inwardly,  
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,  
And onely thinke on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,  
Or idle thought of earthly things remaine:  
But all that earst seemed sweet, seemes now offence,  
And all that pleased earst, now seemes a paine.  
Their ioy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,  
Is fixed all on that which now they see,  
All other sights but fained shadowes bee.

And that faire lampe, which vseth to enflame  
The harts of men with selfe-consuming fire,  
Thenceforth seemes foule, and full of sinfull blame;  
And all that pompe to which proud minds aspire  
By name of honour, and so much desire,  
Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,  
And all mirth sadnes, and all lucre losse.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,  
And senses fraught with such iustitie,  
That in nought else on earth they can delight,  
But in th'aspect of that felicitie,  
Which they haue written in their inward eye:  
On which they feed, and in their fast'ned mind,  
All happy ioy and full contentment find.

Ah then my hungry soule, which long hast fed  
On idle fancies of my foolish thought,  
And with false beauties flattering bait misled,  
Hast after vaine deceitfull shadowes sought,  
Which all are fled, and now haue left thee nought,  
But late repentance through thy follies prieste;  
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy griefe.

And looke at last vp to that soveraigne light,  
From whose pure beames all perfect beautie springs,  
That kindleth loue in euery godly spright,  
Euen the true loue of God, which loathing brings  
Of this vile world, and these gay-seeming things:  
With whose sweet pleasures beeing so possesst,  
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for euer rest.

FINIS.



DAPHNAIDA.

AN ELEGIE VPON THE  
DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND  
vertuous *Douglas Howard*, daughter and heire of *Henrie*  
*Lord Howard*, Viscount Byndon, and wife of  
*Arthur Gorges*, Esquire.  
(\*)

*Dedicated*  
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY  
*Helena*, Marquesse of North-hampton.  
By *Edmunde Spenser*.



AT LONDON  
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lowmer*.  
1611.





TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
and vertuous Lady *Helena*, Marquesse of  
*North-hampton*.



Haue the rather presumed, humbly to offer vnto your Honour, the dedication of this little Poëme, for that the noble and vertuous Gentlewoman of whom it is written, was by match neere allied, and in affection greatly deuoted vnto your Ladiship. The occasion why I wrote the same, was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceased, as the particular good will which I beare vnto her husband Master *Arthur Gorges*, a louer of learning & vertue: whose house, as your Ladiship by mariage hath honoured, so do I find the name of them by many notable records, to be of great antiquitie in this Realme; and such as haue euer borne themselves with honourable reputation to the world, and vnspotted loyaltie to their Prince and country: besides, so lineally are they descended from the *Howards*, as that the Ladie *Anne Howard*, eldest daughter to *John Duke of Norfolk*, was wife to Sir *Edmund*, mother to Sir *Edward*, and grand-mother to Sir *William* and Sir *Thomas Gorges*, Knights. And therefore I doe assure my selfe, that no due honour done to the white Lyon, but will be most gratefull to your Ladiship, whose husband and children doe so neerly participate with the blood of that noble family. So in all dutie I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honorable fauour and protection. London this  
first of Ianuary. 1591.

*Your Honors humbly euer,*

Edm. Sp.





# DAPHNAIDA.

W<sup>H</sup>at-euer man he be, whose heavy mind  
With griefe of mournful great mishap oppress,  
Fit matter for his cares increase would find,  
Let read the rufull plaint herein exprest,  
Of one (I weene) the wofullst man aliue;  
Euen sad ALCYON, whose emperced brest,  
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces rive.

But whofo else in pleasure findeth sense,  
Or in this wretched life doth take delight,  
Let him be banisht farre away from hence:  
Ne let the sacred Sisters here be hight,  
Though they of sorrowe heavily can sing;  
For euen their heauie song would breed delight:  
But here no tunes, saue sobes and grones shall ring.

In stead of them, and their sweet harmonie,  
Let those three fatall Sisters, whose sad hands  
Doe weaue the direfull threds of destinie,  
And in their wrath breake off the vitall bands,  
Approach heere to: and let the dreadfull Queene  
Of darknes deepe come from the STYGIAN strands,  
And grisly Ghosts to heare this dolefull teene.

In gloomie euening, when the wearie Sun,  
After his dayes long labour drew to rest,  
And siccatie steedes now hauing ouer-run  
The compass skie, gan water in the West,  
I walkt abroad to breathe the freshing ayre  
In open fields, whose flowring pride oppress  
With early frosts, had lost their beaurie faire.

There came vnto my mind a troublous thought,  
Which daily doth my weaker wit possesse,  
Ne lets it rest, vntill it forth haue brought  
Her long borne Infant, fruit of heauinesse,  
Which she conceiued hath through meditation  
Of this worlds vaine, and lifes wretchednesse,  
That yet my soule it deeply doth compassion.

So as I mused on the miserie  
In which men liue, and I of many moste,  
Most miserable man: I did espy  
Where towards me a sory wight did crosse,  
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,  
And I ALCYON staffe in hand deuoutly crosse,  
Like to some Pilgrim, come from farre away.

His careless locks, vncombed and vnshorne,  
Hung long adowne, and beard all ouer-growne,  
That well he seemd to be some wight forlorne;  
Downe to the earth his heauie eyes were throwne,  
As soothing light: and euer as he went,  
He sighd oft, and inly deepe did grone,  
As if his hart in peeces would haue rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I viewed nere,  
And by the semblant of his countenance,  
Me seemd I had his person scene elsewhere,  
Most like ALCYON seeming at a glance;  
ALCYON hee, the iolly Shepheard swaine,  
That wont full merrily to pipe and daunce,  
And fill with pleasure euery wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguise,  
I softly said, ALCYON: There-withall  
He lookt aside as in disdainfull wise,  
Yet stayd not: till I againe did call.  
Then turning backe, he said with hollow sound,  
Who is it, that doth name mee, wofull thrall,  
The wretchedst man that treades this day on ground?

One, whom like wofulnesse impressed deepe,  
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare,  
And giuen like cause with thee to waile and weep:  
Griete finds some ease by him that like does beare:  
Then stay ALCYON, gentle shepheard stay  
(Quoth I) till thou haue to my trustie care  
Committed, what thee doth so ill repay.

Cease foolish man (said he, halfe wrothfully)  
To seeke to heare that which cannot be told:  
For the huge anguish, which doth multiply  
My dying paines, no tongue can well unfold:  
Ne doe I care, that any should bemoane  
My hard mishap or any weepe that would;  
But seeke alone to weepe, and die alone.

Then be it so, quoth I, that thou art bent  
To die alone, vnpietied, vnplained,  
Yet ere thou die, it were conuenient  
To tell the cause, which thee thereto constrained:  
Least that the world thee dead, accuse of guilt,  
And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,  
That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spillt.

G.

Who



# DAPHNAIDA.

Who life doest loath, and longs to be vabound  
From the strong shackles of fraile flesh, quoth hee,  
Nought cares at all, what they that liue on ground  
Deeme the occasion of his death to bee:  
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,  
Then question made of his calamitie.  
For harts deepe sorrowe hates both life and light.

Yet fith so much thou seem'st to rue my griefe,  
And ear'st for one that for himselfe cares nought,  
(Signe of thy loue, though nought for my reliefe:  
For my reliefe exceedeth liuing thought)  
I will to thee this heemie case relate.  
Then harken well till it to end be brought,  
For neuer didst thou heare more haplesse fate.

Whilome I vyle (as thou right well doost know)  
My little flocke on Westerne-downes to keepe,  
Not far from whence SABBINA's stream doth flow,  
And flowrie banks with siluer liquor steepe:  
Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce;  
For all my ioy was on my gentle sheepe,  
And to my pipe to caroll and to daunce.

It there befell, as I the fields did range  
Fearelesse and free, a faire young Lionesse,  
White as the native Rose before the change,  
Which VENUS blood did in her leaues impreffe,  
I spied playing on the grassie plaine  
Her youthfull sports and kindly wantonnesse,  
That did all other Beasts in beautie staine.

Much was I moued at so goodly sight,  
Whose like before, mine eye had seldome scene,  
And gan to cast, how I her compasse might,  
And bring to hand, that yet had neuer beene:  
So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,  
That I her caught disporting on the greene,  
And brought away fast bound with siluer chaine.

And afterwards, I handled her so faire,  
That though by kind she stout and saluage were,  
For being borne an ancient Lions heire,  
And of the race, that all wild beasts doe feare:  
Yet I her fram'd and wan so to my bent,  
That shee became so meeke and milde of cheare,  
As the least lambe in all my flock that went.

For shee in field, where-euer I did wend,  
Would wend with me, and wait by me all day:  
And all the night that I in watch did spend,  
If cause requir'd, or else in sleepe, if nay.  
She would all night by me or watch or sleepe;  
And euermore when I did sleepe or play,  
She of my flocke would take full wary keepe.

Safe then and safest were my fillie sheepe,  
Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast:  
All were I drown'd in carelesse quiet deepe:  
My louely Lions without behest  
So carefull was for them, and for my good,

That when I waked, neither most nor least  
I found miscaried or in plaine or wood.

Of did the Shepheards, which my hap did heare,  
And oft their Lasses, which my luck enuide,  
Daily resort to me from farre and neare,  
To see my Lionesse, whose praises wide  
Were spread abroad; and when her worthinesse  
Much greater then the rude report they tride,  
They her did praise, and my good fortune blesse.

Long thus I ioyed in my happinesse,  
And well did hope my ioy would haue no end:  
But oh! fond man, that in worlds ficklenesse  
Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy friend,  
That glories most in mortall miseries,  
And daily doth her changefull counsels bend  
To make new matter, fit for Tragedies.

For whilst I was thus without dread or doubt,  
A cruell SATYR with his murderous dart,  
Greedy of mischief, ranging all about,  
Gaued her the fatall wound of deadly smart:  
And rest from me my sweet companion,  
And rest from me my loue, my life, my hart:  
My Lionesse (ah woe is me) is gone.

Out of the world thus was she rest away,  
Out of the world, vnworthy such a spoyle:  
And borne to heauen, for heauen a fitter prey:  
Much fitter then the Lyon, which with toyle  
ALCYONES slew, and fixt in firmament:  
Her now I seekethroughout this earthly soyle,  
And seeking misse, and misling doe lament.

Therewith began afresh to waile and weepe,  
That I for pittie of his heavy plight,  
Could not abstaine mine eyes with teares to sleepe:  
But when I saw the anguish of his spright  
Some deale alayd, I him bespake againe:  
Certes ALCYON, painfull is thy plight,  
That it in me breeds almost equall paine.

Yet doth not my dull wit well vnderstand  
The riddle of thy loued Lionesse:  
For rare it seemes in reason to be skand,  
That man, who doth the whole worlds rule possesse,  
Should to a beast his noble hart embasse,  
And be the vassall of his vassallesse:  
Therefore more plaine aread this doubtfull case.

Then sighing sore, DAPHNE thou knew'st, quoth he,  
She now is dead; ne more endur'd to say:  
But fell to ground for great extremitie,  
That I beholding it, with deepe dismay  
Was much appald, and lightly him vprearing,  
Reuoked life, that would haue fled away,  
All were my selfe through griefe in deadly drearing.

Than gan I him to comfort all my best,  
And with milde counsaile stroue to mitigate

The

# DAPHNAIDA.

The stormy passion of his troubled brest;  
But he thereby was more empassionate:  
As stubborne steed, that is with curbe restrained,  
Becomes more fierce and feruent in his gate,  
And breaking forth at last, thus dearily plained;

1 What man henceforth that breatheth vitall ayre,  
Will honour heauen, or heauenly powers adore?  
Which so vnustly do their iudgements share  
Amongst earthly wights, as to assist so fore  
The innocent, as those which doe transgresse,  
And doe not spare the best or fairest, more  
Than worst or fowlest, but doe both oppress.

If this be right, why did they then create  
The world so faire, fith fairenesse is neglected?  
Or why be they themselves immaculate,  
If purest things be not by them respected?  
She faire, she pure, most faire, most pure she was,  
Yet was by them as thing impure reiected:  
Yet she in purenesse, heauen it selfe did pas.

In purenesse and in all celestiall grace,  
That men admire in goodly womankind,  
She did excell, and seem'd of Angels race,  
Liuing on earth like Angell new diuinde,  
Adorn'd with wisdom and with chastitie,  
And all the dowries of a noble mind,  
Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

No age hath bred (since faire SATYR was left  
The sinfull world) more vertue in a wight:  
And when she parted hence, with her she rest  
Great hope; and robd her race of bounty quight:  
Well may the shepheards Lasses now lament,  
For double losse by her hath on them light;  
To lose both her and bounties ornament.

Ne let ELISA, royall Shepheardeesse  
The prayes of my parted loue enuy,  
For she hath praises in all plentiousnesse,  
Pour'd vpon her, like showers of CASTALY  
By her owne Shepheard, COLIN her owne Shepheard,  
That her with heauenly hymnes doth deifie,  
Of rusticke Muse full hardly to be betterd.

She is the Rose, the glory of the day,  
And mine the Primrose in the lowly shade,  
Mine, ah! not mine; amisse I mine did say:  
Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her made:  
Mine to be his, with him to liue for aye:  
O that so faire a flowre so soone should fade,  
And through vntimely tempest fall away.

She fell away in her first ages spring,  
Whilst yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her rind,  
And whilst her branch faire blossomes forth did bring,  
She fell away against all course of kind:  
For age to die is right, but youth is wrong:  
She fell away like fruite blowne downe with wind:  
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnderlong.

2 What hart so stonie hard, but that would weepe,  
And poure forth fountaines of incessant teares;  
What TITAN, but would let compassion creepe  
Into his brest, and pierce his frozen eares?  
In stead of teares, whose brackish bitter well  
I wasted haue, my hart bloud dropping weares,  
To thinke to ground how that faire blossome fell.

Yet fell she not, as one ensoit to die,  
Ne dyed with dread and grudging discontent,  
But as one toyld with trauell, downe doth lye,  
So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,  
And close her eyes with carelesse quietnesse:  
The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,  
And soule asoyld from sinfull fleshlinesse.

Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,  
Sheall relou'd, and ready to remoue,  
Calling to me (ay me!) this wife bespake;  
ALCYON, ah! my first and latest loue,  
Ah! why does my ALCYON weepe and mourne,  
And grieue my ghost, that ill more him behoue,  
As if to me had chaunst some euill tourne?

I, fith the messenger is come for mee,  
That summons soules vnto the bridale feast  
Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,  
And straight obey his soueraine behest:  
Why should ALCYON then so sore lament,  
That I from misery should be releast,  
And free from wretched long imprisonment?

Our dayes are full of dolour and disease,  
Our life afflicted with incessant paine,  
That nought on earth may lessen or appease.  
Why then should I desire here to remaine?  
Or why should he that loues me, forme bee  
For my deliuerance, or at all complaine  
My good to heare, and toward ioyes to see?

I goe, and long desired haue to goe,  
I goe with gladnes to my wished rest,  
Whereas no worlds sad care, nor wasting woe  
May come, their happy quiet to molest,  
But Saints and Angels in celestiall thrones  
Eternally him praise, that hath them blest;  
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

Yet ere I goe, a pledge I leaue with thee  
Of the late loue, the which betwixt vs past,  
My young AMBROSIA, in lieu of mee  
Loue her: so shall our loue for euer last.  
Thus deare adieu, whom I expect ere long,  
So hauing said, away she softly past:  
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make mine vnderlong.

3 So oft as I record those piercing words,  
Which yet are deepe engrauen in my brest,  
And those last deadly accents, which like swords  
Did wound my hart, and rend my bleeding chest,  
With those sweet sugred speeches doe compare,



# DAPHNAIDA.

The which my soule first conquest and possest,  
The first beginners of my endlesse care:

And when those pallid cheekes and ashie hew,  
In which sad death his portraiture had writ,  
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,  
On which the cloud of ghastly night did sit,  
I match with that sweet smile and cheerefull brow,  
Which all the world subdued vnto it;  
How happy was I then, and wretched now?

How happy was I, when I saw her lead  
The Shepheards daughters dauncing in a round?  
How trimly would she trace and softly tread  
The tender grasse with roscie garland crown?  
And when she list aduance her heavenly voice,  
Both Nymphes & Muses high she made astound,  
And flocks and shepheards cauled to reioyce.

But now ye Shepheard Lasses, who shall lead  
Your wandring troupes, or sing your vielayes?  
Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead  
That was the Lady of your holy dayes?  
Let now your blisse be turned into bale,  
And into plaints conuert your ioyous playes,  
And with the same fill euery hill and dale.

Let Bagpipe neuer more be heard to shrill,  
That may allure the senses to delight;  
Ne ever Shepheard sound his Oaten quill  
Vnto the many, that prouoke them might  
To idle pleasure: but let ghastlineffe  
And drearie horror dim the chearfull light,  
To make the image of true heauineffe.

Let birds be silent on the naked spray,  
And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells:  
Let streaming floods their hastic courses stay,  
And parching drouth dry vp the crytall wells;  
Let th'earth be barren and bring forth no flowres,  
And th'ayre be fild with noyse of dolefull knells,  
And wandring spirits walke vntimely howres.

And Nature, nurse of euery living thing,  
Let rest her selfe from her long wearineffe,  
And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,  
But hidious monsters full of vglincesse:  
For she it is, that hath me done this wrong,  
No Nurse, but Stepdame, cruell, mercilesse,  
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnderfong.

4 My little flocke, whom earst I lou'd so well,  
And wont to feede with finest grasse that grew,  
Feede ye henceforth on bitter ASTROPHELL,  
And stinking Smillage, and vnfaurie Rew;  
And when your mawes are with those weeds corrupted,  
Be ye the pray of Wolves: ne will I rew,  
That with your carkasses wild beasts be glutted.

Ne worse to you my filly sleepe I pray,  
Ne forer vengeance wish on you to fall

Than to my felie, for whose confuside decay  
To careless heauens I doe daily call:  
But heauens refuse to heare a wretches cry,  
And cruell death doth scorne to come at call,  
Or grant his boone that most desires to die.

The good and righteous he away doth take,  
To plague th'vnrightrous which alieue remaine:  
But the vngodly ones he doth forsake,  
By liuing long to multiply their paine:  
Else surely death should be no punishment,  
As the great Iudge at first did it ordaine,  
But rather riddance from long languishment.

Therefore my DAPHNE they haue tane away;  
For worthy of a better place was she:  
But me vnworthy willed here to stay,  
That with her lack I might torment be.  
Sith then they so haue ordred, I will pay  
Penance to her, according their decree,  
And to her ghost doe serue day by day.

For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage,  
Throughout the world from one to other end,  
And in affliction waste my bitter age,  
My bread shall be the anguish of my mind,  
My drinke the teares which from mine eyes doeraine,  
My bed the ground that hardest I may find:  
So will I wilfully increafe my paine.

And she my Loue that was, my Saint that is,  
When she beholds from her celestiall throne  
(In which she ioyeth in eternall blis)  
My bitter penance, will my case bemone,  
And pittie me that liuing thus doe die:  
For heauenly spirits haue compassion  
On mortall men, and rue their miserie.

So when I haue with sorrowe satisfide  
Th'importune fates, which vengeance on me seeke,  
And th'heavens with long languor pacifide,  
She for pure pitie of my sufferance meeke,  
Will send for me; for which I daily long,  
And will tell then my painfull penance ceke:  
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnderfong.

5 Henceforth I hate what euer Nature made,  
And in her workmanship no pleasure find:  
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade.  
So soone as on them blowes the Northern wind,  
They tarry not, but flit and fall away,  
Leauing behind them nought but griefe of mind,  
And mocking such as thinke they long will stay.

I hate the heauen, because it doth with-hold  
Me from my Loue, and eke my Loue from me:  
I hate the earth, because it is the mould  
Of fleshy slime, and fraile mortalitie:  
I hate the fire, because to nought it flies,  
I hate the Ayre, because sighes of it be,  
I hate the Sea, because it reares supplies.

I hate

# DAPHNAIDA:

I hate the day, because it lendeth light  
To see all things, and not my Loue to see;  
I hate the darknes, and the dreary night,  
Because they breed sad balefulnesse in mee:  
I hate all times, because all times doe fly  
So fast away, and may not stayed bee,  
But as a speedy post that passeth by.

I hate to speake, my voice is spent with crying:  
I hate to heare, lowd plaints haue duld mine eares:  
I hate to taste, for foode with-holds my dying:  
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares:  
I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left:  
I hate to feele, my flesh is numb'd with feares:  
So all my senses from me are bereft.

I hate all men, and shun all womankind;  
The one, because as I they wretched are:  
The other, for because I doe not find  
My Loue with them, that wont to be their Starre:  
And life I hate, because it will not last,  
And death I hate, because it life doth marre,  
And all I hate, that is to come or past.

So all the world, and all in it I hate,  
Because it changeth euer to and fro,  
And neuer standeth in one certaine state,  
But still vnstedfast, round about doth goe,  
Like a Mill wheele, in midst of miserie,  
Driuen with streames of wretchednes and woe,  
That dying liues, and liuing still does die.

So doe I liue, so doe I daily die,  
And pine away in selfe-consuming paine:  
Sith she that did my vitall powres supply,  
And feeble spirits in their force maintaine  
Is fetcht from me, why seeke I to prolong  
My wearie dayes in dolour and disdain?  
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnderfong.

6 Why doe I longer liue in lifes despight,  
And doe not die then in despight of death?  
Why doe I longer see this loathsome light,  
And doe in darknes not abridge my breath,  
Sith all my sorrowe should haue end thereby,  
And cares finde quiet; is it so vneath  
To leaue this life, or dolorous to dye?

To liue I find it deadly dolorous;  
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe:  
Therefore to die must needs be ioyous,  
And withfull thing this sad life to forgoe.  
But I must stay; I may it not amend,  
My DAPHNE hence departing bad me so,  
She bad me stay, till she for me did send.

Yet whilst I in this wretched vale doe stay,  
My wearie feet shall euer wandring be,  
That still I may be ready on my way,  
When as her messenger doth come for me:  
Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse,

Ne will I rest my limmes for frailtie,  
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heauineffe.

But as the mother of the Gods, that sought  
For faire ERYDICE her daughter decre  
Throughout the world, with wofull heavy thought,  
So will I trauell whilst I tarry heere,  
Ne will I lodge, ne will I euer lin,  
Ne when as drouping TITAN draweth neere,  
To loose his teeme, will I take vp my Ione.

Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)  
Shall euer lodge vpon mine eye-lids more:  
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,  
Nor failing force to former strength restore:  
But I will wake and sorrow all the night  
With PHILVMENE, my fortune to deplore,  
With PHILVMENE, the partner of my plight.

And euer as I see the starre to fall,  
And vnder ground to goe, to giue them light  
Which dwell in darknes, I to mind will call,  
How my faire Starre (that shin'd on me so bright)  
Fell suddainly, and faded vnder-ground:  
Since whose departure, day is turn'd to night,  
And night without a VENUS starre is found.

But soone as Day doth shewe his deawie face,  
And cald forth men vnto their toylsome trade,  
I will withdrawe me to some darke some place,  
Or some deere caue, or solitarie shade:  
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,  
And the huge burden of my cares vnload:  
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnderfong.

7 Henceforth mine eyes shall neuer more behold  
Fairsthing on earth, ne feed on false delight  
Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,  
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight:  
For all I see is vaine and transitory,  
Ne will be held in any stedfast plight,  
But in a moment lose their grace and glory.

And ye fond men, on Fortunes wheele that ride,  
Or in ought vnder heauen repose assurance,  
Be it riches, beutie, or honours pride:  
Be sure that they shall haue no long endurance,  
But ere ye be aware will flit away:  
For nought of them is yours, but th'only yfance  
Of a small time, which none ascertain may.

And ye true Louers, whom disastrous chauce  
Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,  
To mourne in sorrowe and sad sufferance,  
When ye doe heare me in that desert place,  
Lamenting loud my DAPHNE'S Elegie,  
Helpe me to waile my miserable case,  
And when life parts, vouchsafe to clofe mine eye.

And ye more happy Louers, which enjoy  
The presence of your dearest lous delight.  
G 3.

Wiso



# DAPHNAIDA:

When ye doe heare my sorrowfull annoy,  
Yet pittie me in your empaffiond fpright,  
And thinke that fuch mishap, as chaunft to me,  
May happen vnto the moft happieft wight;  
For all mens ftates alike vntedftall be.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which do feed  
Your carelefle flocks on hils and open plaines,  
With better fortune, then did me fucceed;  
Remember yet my vnderferued paines:  
And when ye heare, that I am dead or flaine,  
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow fwaines;  
That fad A L C Y O N dyde in lifes difdaine.

And ye faire Damfels, Shepheards deare delights,  
That with your loues doe their rude harts poffeffe,  
When as my hearfe fhall happen to your fights,  
Vouchfafe to deck the fame with Cypareffe;  
And euer fprinkle brackilh teares among,  
In pittie of my vnderferu'd diftreffe,  
The which I wretch endured haue thus long.

And ye poore Pilgrims, that with reftlefle toyle  
Wearie your felues in wandring defert wayes,  
Till that you come, where ye your vowes alloyle,  
When paffing by, ye read thefe wofull layes,  
On my graue written, rue my D A P H N E S wrong,  
And mourne for me that languifh out my dayes:  
Ceafe Shepheard, ceafe, and end thy vnderlong.

Thus when he ended had his heauie plaint,  
The heauieft plaint that euer I heard found,

His cheekes wext pale, and fprights began to faint,  
As if againe he would haue fallen to ground;  
Which when I faw, I (ftepping to him light)  
Amooued him out of his ftonie fwound,  
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no way recomforted would be,  
Nor fuffer folace to approach him nie,  
But cafting vp a fdeignfull eye at me,  
That in his traunce I would not let him lie,  
Did rend his haire, and beate his blubbred face,  
As one difpofed wilfully to die,  
That I fore grieu'd to fee his wretched cafe.

Tho when the pang was fomewhat ouer-paft,  
And the outrageous paffion nigh appeald,  
I him defirde, fith day was ouer-caft,  
And darke night faft approached, to be pleafed  
To turne afide vnto my Cabinet,  
An ftay with me, till he were better eafed  
Of that ftrong ftownd, which him fo fore befet.

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,  
Ne longer him intreat with me to ftay;  
But without taking leaue he forth did goe  
With staggering pale and difmall lookes difmay,  
As if that death he in the face had feene,  
Or hellifh hags had met vpon the way:  
But what of him became, I cannot weene.

FINIS.

COM.



## COMPLAINTS CONTAINING SVNDRY SMALL POEMES OF THE Worlds Vanitie.

WHEREOF THE NEXT PAGE  
following maketh mention.

By *Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON  
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*  
1611.





A note of the sundry Poemes contained  
in this Volume.

- 1 *The Ruines of Time.*
- 2 *The Teares of the Muses.*
- 3 *Virgils Gnat.*
- 4 *The Ruines of Rome: by Bellay.*
- 5 *Muiopotmos, or The tale of  
the Butterflie.*
- 6 *Visions of the Worlds vanity.*
- 7 *Bellayes Visions.*
- 8 *Petrarches Visions.*



# THE RUINES OF TIME.

DEDICATED

To the right Noble and beautifull Ladie, the  
*Ladie Marie, Countesse of  
Pembroke.*

**M**OST Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there be long  
sithens deepe sowed in my breast, the seedes of most en-  
tire loue and humble affection vnto that most braue  
Knight your noble brother deceased; which taking  
roote, began in his life time somewhat to bud forth:  
and to shew themselves to him, as then in the weakness  
of their first spring; And would in their riper strength  
(had it pleased high God till then to drawe out his daies) spired forth  
fruite of more perfection. But sith God hath disdeigned the world of that  
most noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron  
of my young Muses; together with him both their hope of any further  
fruit was cut off, and also the tender delight of those their first blossomes  
nipped and quite dead. Yet sithens my late comming into England, some  
friends of mine (which might much preuaile with me, and indeede com-  
maund me) knowing with how straight bands of dutie I was tied to him,  
and also bound vnto that noble House, (of which the cheefe hope then re-  
sted in him) haue sought to reuiue them by vpbayding mee, for that I  
haue not shewed any thankful remembrance towards him or any of them;  
but suffer their names to sleepe in silence and forgetfulnesse. Whom chief-  
lie to satisfie, or else to auoyd that foule blot of vnthankfulnesse, I haue  
conceiued this small Poeme, intituled by a generall name of *The Worlds  
Ruines*: yet specially intended to the renowning of that noble Race, from  
which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe  
of them late deceased. The which I dedicate vnto your La. as whom it  
most specially concerneth: and to whom I acknowledge my selfe boun-  
den, by many singular fauours and great graces. I pray for your Honora-  
ble happinesse: and so humbly kisse your hands.

Your Ladships ener  
humbly at commaund,  
Edm. Sp.





## THE PRINTER TO THE gentle Reader.

**S**ince my late setting forth of the Faerie Queene, finding that it hath found a fauourable passage amongst you; I haue sithence endeoured by all good meanes (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights,) to get into my hands such small Poëmes of the same Authors, as I heard were disperst abroad in sundry hands, & not easie to be come by, by himselfe; some of them hauing been diuersly imbeziled and purloyned from him, since his departure ouer Sea. Of the which I haue by good meanes gathered together these fewe parcels present, which I haue caused to be imprinted altogether, for that they all seeme to containe like matter of argument in them: beeing all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie, verie graue and profitable. To which effect I vnderstand that he besides wrote sundry others, namely, Ecclesiastes, and Canticum canticorum translated, A scignits slumber, The hell of Louers, His Purgatorie, beeing all dedicated to Ladies; so as it may seeme, he meant them all to one volume. Besides, some other Pamphlets loosly scattered abroad: as, The dying Pellican, The houres of the Lord, The sacrifice of a Sinner, The seauen Psalmes, &c. Which when I can either by himselfe, or otherwise attaine to, I meane likewise for your fauour sake to set forth.

In the meane time, praying you gently to accept of these,  
and graciously to entertaine the new  
Poet; I take leaue.



## THE RVINES OF TIME.

**I**T chanced me one day beside the shore  
Of siluer-streaming THAMESIS to bee,  
Nigh where the goodly VERLAME stood of yore,  
Of which there now remaines no memorie,  
Nor any little monument to see,  
By which the trauailer, that fares that way,  
This once was thence, may warned be to say.

There, on the other side, I did behold  
A woman sitting sorrowfully wailing,  
Reading her yellowe locks, like wirie gold,  
About her shoulders carelesly downe trailing,  
And streames of teares fro her faire eyes forth railing.  
In her right hand a broken rod she held,  
Which towards heauen she seemd on high to weld.

Whether she were one of that Riuer Nymphes,  
Which did the losse of some deere loue lament,  
I doubt; or one of those three fatal Impes,  
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent;  
Or th'ancient GENVS of that Cittie brent;  
But seeing her so pittiouslie perplexed,  
I (to her calling) askt what her so vexed.

Ah! what delight (quoth she) in earthly thing,  
Or comfort can I wretched creature haue?  
Whose happinesse the heauens enuying,  
From highest staire to lowest step me draue,  
And haue in mine owne bowels made my graue,  
That of all Nations now I am forlorne,  
The worlds sad spectacle, and Fortunes scorne.

Much was I moued at her pittious plaint,  
And felt my hart nigh riuén in my breast

With tender ruth to see her sore constraind,  
That shedding teares awhile, I still did rest,  
And after, did her name of her request.  
Name haue I none (quoth she) nor any being,  
Bereft of both by Fates vnjust decreeing.

I was that Cittie, which the garland wore  
Of BRITAINES pride, deliuered vnto me  
By ROMANES Victors, which it wonne of yore;  
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,  
And lie in mine owne ashes, as ye see:  
VERLAME I was; what bootes it that I was,  
Sith now I am but weeds and wastefull gras?

O vaine worlds glorie, and vnto fast state  
Of all that liues on face of sinfull earth!  
Which from their first vntill their vanost date,  
Taste no one houre of happinesse or merrith,  
But like as at the ingate of their berth,  
They crying creepe out of their mothers wombe;  
So wailing, backe goe to their wofull tombe.

Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glas of breath,  
Hunt after honour and aduancement vaine,  
And reare a trophée for deuouring death,  
With so great labour and long lasting paine,  
As if his dayes for euer should remaine?  
Sith all that in this world is great or gay,  
Doth as a vapour vanish, and decay.

Looke backe, who list, vnto the former age,  
And tall to count, what is of them become;  
Where be those learned wits and antique Sages,  
Which of all wisdom knew the perfect loue: Where



## The Ruines of Time.

Where those great Warriors, which did overcome  
The world with conquest of their might and maine,  
And made one meare of th'earth and of their raigne?

What now is of th' *Assyrian* Lyonesse,  
Of whom no footing now on earth appeares?  
What of the *Persian* Beares outrageousnesse,  
Whose memory is quite worne out with yeares:  
Who of the *Grecian* Libbard now ought heares,  
That ouer-ran the East with greedy powre,  
And left his whelps their kingdoms to deuoure?

And where is that same great seven-headed beast,  
That made all Nations vassals of her pride,  
To fall before her feet at her behest,  
And in the necke of all the world did ride?  
Where doth she all that wondrous wealth now hide?  
With her owne weight downe pressed now she lies,  
And by her heapes her hugends testifies.

*O Rome*, thy ruine I lament and rue,  
And in thy fall, my fatal ouerthrowe,  
That whilom was, whilst heauens with equall view  
Deign'd to behold me, and their gifts bestowe,  
The picture of thy pride in pompous shewe:  
And of the whole world as thou wast the Empresse,  
So I of this small Northern world was Princesse.

To tell the beautie of my buildings faire,  
Adorn'd with purest gold, and precious stone;  
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,  
That by my foes are now all spent and gone:  
To tell my forces, matchable to none,  
Were but lost labour, that few would beleue,  
And with rehearsing, would me more agreeue.

High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,  
Strong walles, rich porches, princely palaces,  
Large streets, braue houses, sacred sepulchers,  
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,  
Wrought with faire pillours, and fine imageries,  
All those (O pittie) now are turn'd to dust,  
And ouer-grown with blacke obliuions rust.

Thereto for warlike power, and peoples store,  
In *Britannie* was none to match with mee,  
That many often did abie full fore:  
Ne *Troynovant*, though elder sister shee,  
With my great forces may compared bee:  
That stout *Pendragon* to his perill felt,  
Who in a siege-seauen yeares about me dwelt.

But long ere this, *Bynduca*, Brittonnesse  
Her mightie host against my bulwarks brought,  
*Bynduca*, that victorious conqueresse,  
That lifting vp her braue heroick thought  
Boue womens weaknes, with the *Romans* fought,  
Fought, and in field against them thrice prevailed:  
Yet was she foild, when as she me assailed.

And though at last, by force I conquer'd were  
Of hardie *Saxons*, and became their thrall;

Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full dere,  
And priz'd with slaughter of their Generall:  
The monument of whose sad funerall,  
For wonder of the world, long in me lasted,  
But now to nought through spoile of time is wast.

Wasted it is, as if it neuer were,  
And all the rest that me so honour'd made,  
And of the world admir'd eu'rie where,  
Is turn'd to smoake, that doth to nothing fade;  
And of that brightnes now appeares no shade,  
But grislie shades, such as doe haunt in hell,  
With fearefull fiends, that in deepe darkness dwell.

Where my high steeples whilome vs'd to stand,  
On which the lordly Faulcon wont to towre,  
There now is but an heape of lime and sand,  
For the Shrich-owle to build her balefull bowre:  
And where the Nightingale wont forth to poure  
Her restless plaints, to comfort wakefull Louers,  
There now haunt yelling Mewes & whining Plowers.

And where the crystall *Thamis* wont to slide  
In siluer channell, downe along the Lee,  
About whose flowrie banks on either side,  
A thousand Nymphes, with mirthfull iollitee  
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free;  
There now no riuers course is to be seene,  
But moorish fennes, and marshes euer greene.

Seemes, that that gentle Riuer for great grieue  
Of my mishap, which oft I to him plained;  
Or for to shun the horrible mischiefe,  
With which he saw my cruell foes me pained,  
And his pure streames with guiltles blood oft stained,  
From my vnhappy neighbourhood farre fled,  
And his sweet waters away with him led.

There also where the winged ships were seene  
In liquid waues to cut their fomie waie,  
And thousand Fishers numbred to haue been,  
In that wide Lake looking for plentiful pray  
Of fish, which they with baits vs'd to betray,  
Is now no Lake, nor any Fishers store,  
Nor euer ship shall saile there any more.

They are all gone, and all with them is gone,  
Ne ought to me remains, but to lament  
My long decay, which no man else doth mone,  
And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment.  
Yet is it comfort in great languishment,  
To be bemoaned with compassion kind,  
And mitigates the anguish of the mind.

But me no man bewaileth, but in game,  
Nesheddeth teares from lamentable eyes:  
Nor any liues that mentioneth my name  
To be remembred of posteritie,  
Sauc One, that maugre Fortunes iniurie,  
And times decay, and enuies cruell tort,  
Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort.

CAMDEN

## The Ruines of Time.

*CAMDEN*, the nourice of antiquitie,  
And lanterne vnto late succeeding age,  
To see the light of simple veritie,  
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage  
Of her owne people, led with warlike rage:  
*CAMDEN*, though time all monuments obscure,  
Yet thy iust labours euer shall endure.

But why (vnhappy wight!) doe I thus cry,  
And grieve that my remembrance quite is raced  
Out of the knowledge of posteritie,  
And all my antique monuments defaced?  
Sith I doe daily see things highest placed,  
So soone as Fates their vitall chred haue shorne,  
Forgotten quite, as they were neuer borne.

It is not long, since these two eyes beheld  
A mighty Prince, of most renowned race,  
Whom *England* high in count of honour held,  
And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace:  
Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,  
Sate in the bosome of his Soueraine,  
And *Right and loyall* did his word maintaine.

I saw him die, I saw him die, as one  
Of the meane people, and brought forth on beare,  
I saw him die, and no man left to mone  
His dolefull fate, that late him loued deare:  
Scarce any left to close his eye-lids neare;  
Scarce any left vpon his lips to lay  
The sacred sod, or *Requiem* to say.

O trustlesse state of miserable men,  
That build your blis on hope of earthly thing,  
And vainly thinke your selues halfe happy then,  
When painted faces with smooth flattering  
Doe fawne on you, and your wide praises sing,  
And when the courting masker louteth lowe,  
Him true in hart and trustie to you trowe.

All is but fained, and with Oaker dide,  
That euery shower will wash and wipe away,  
All things doe change that vnder heauen abide,  
And after death all friendship doth decay.  
Therefore, what-euer man beart worldly sway,  
Liuing, on God, and on thy selfe relie:  
For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

He now is dead, and all is with him dead,  
Sauc what in beauen's storehouse he vplaid:  
His hope is faild, and come to passe his dread,  
And euill men (now dead) his deedes vpbraid:  
Spight bites the dead, that liuing, neuer baid.  
He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept  
Into the hole, the which the Badger swept.

He now is dead, and all his glory gone,  
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,  
That as a glasse vpon the water shone,  
Which vanish quite, so soone as it was sought:  
His name is worne already out of thought,

Ne any Poet seekes him to reuiue;  
Yet many Poets honourd him about.

Ne doth his *Cozin*, careles *Cozin Cloyt*,  
Care now his idle bagpipe vp to raise,  
Ne tell his sorrow to the listening rout  
Of shepheard groomes, which wont his songs to praise:  
Praise who so list, yet I will him dispraise,  
Vntill he quite him of this guiltie blame:  
Wake shepheards boy, at length awake for shame.

And who so else did goodnes by him gaine,  
And who so else his bountious mind did try,  
Whether he shepheard be, or shepheards waine,  
(For many did, which doe it now denie)  
Awake, and to his Song a part applie:  
And I, the whilstt you mourne for his deafe,  
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increase.

He dide, and after him his brother dide,  
His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere,  
That whilst he liued, was of none enuide,  
And dead is now, as liuing, counted deere:  
Deare vnto all that true affection beare:  
But vnto thee most deare, O dearest Dame,  
His noble Spouse, and Paragon of Fame.

Hee, whilst he liued, happy was through thee,  
And being dead, is happy now much more:  
Liuing, that linked chaunc't with thee to bee,  
And dead, because him dead thou doost adore  
As liuing, and thy lost deare Loue deplore.  
So whilst that thou, faire flower of chastitie,  
Doost liue, by thee thy Lord shall neuer die.

Thy Lord shall neuer die, the whiles this verse  
Shall liue, and surely it shall liue for euer:  
For euer it shall liue, and shall rehearse  
His worthy praise, and vertues dying neuer,  
Though death his soule doe from his body seuer.  
And thou thy selfe, heerein shalt also liue:  
Such grace the heauens do to my verses giue.

Ne shall his Sister, ne thy Father die,  
Thy Father, that good Earle of rare renowne,  
And noble Patron of weake pauerie,  
Whose great good deeds in country and in towne,  
Haue purchast him in beauen a happy crowne:  
Where he now liueth in eternall blis,  
And left his sonne to ensue those steps of his.

He, noble bud, his Grandfathers lively heire,  
Vnder the shadow of thy countenance  
Now giues to shooote vp fast, and flourish faire  
In learned Arts, and goodly gouernance,  
That him to highest honor shall aduance.  
Braue Impe of *Bedford*, growe apace in beuatie,  
And count of wisdom more then of thy Countie.

Ne may I let thy husbands Sister die,  
That goodly Ladie, sith she eke did spring  
H

ONE



## The Ruines of Time.

Out of this stocke, and famous familie,  
Whose praises I to future age doe sing,  
And forth out of her happy wombe did bring  
The sacred brood of learning and all honour:  
In whom the heauens poured all their gifts vpon her,

Most gentle spirit breathed from aboue,  
Out of the bosome of the makers blis,  
In whom all bountie and all vertuous loue  
Appeared in their natie proprietie,  
And did enrich that noble breast of his,  
With treasure passing all this worldes worth,  
Worthy of heauen it selfe, which brought it forth.

His blessed spirit, full of power diuine,  
And influence of all celestiall grace,  
Loathing this sinfull earth and earthly slime,  
Fled backe too soone vnto his natie place:  
Too soone for all that did his loue embrace,  
Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he  
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

Yet ere his happy soule to heauen went  
Out of this fleshly gaole, he did deuise  
Vnto his heauenly Maker to present  
His body, as a spotlesse sacrifice:  
And chose, that guiltie hands of enemies  
Should poure forth th' offering of his guiltles blood:  
So life exchanging for his countries good.

O noble spirit, liue there euer blessed,  
The worlds late wonder, & the heauens new ioy,  
Liue euer there, and leaue me here distressed  
With mortall cares, and cumbrous worlds anoy.  
But where thou doost that happines enioy,  
Bid me, & bid me quickly come to thee,  
That happy there I may thee alwaies see.

Yet whilst the Fates afford me vitall breath,  
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,  
And sing to thee, vntill that timely death  
By heauens doome doe end my earthlie daies:  
Thereto doe thou my humble spirit raise,  
And into me that sacred breath inspire,  
Which thou there breathest, perfect and entire.

Then will I sing: but who can better sing,  
Then thine owne Sister, peereles Lady bright,  
Which to thee sings with deepe harts sorrowing,  
Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,  
That her to heare, I feeble my feeble spright  
Robbed of sense, and rauished with ioy,  
(O sad ioy!) made of mourning and anoy.

Yet will I sing: but who can better sing,  
Then thou thy selfe, thine owne selfes valiance,  
That whilst thou liuedst, mad'st the Forrests ring,  
And fields resound, and flocks to leape and daunce,  
And Shepheards leaue their lambes vnto mischaunce,  
To runne thy shrill *Arcadian* Pipe to heare:  
O happy were those daies, thrice happy were.

But now more happy thou, and wretched wee,  
Which want the wonted sweetnes of thy voice,  
Whiles thou now in *Elysian* fields so free,  
With *ORPHEVS*, with *LINVS*, and the choice  
Of all that euer did in times reioice,  
Conuersest, and doost heare their heauenly layes,  
And they heare thine, and thine doe better praise.

So there thou liuest, singing euermore,  
And here thou liuest, beeing euer long  
Of vs, which liuing, loued thee afore,  
And now thee worship, mongst that blessed throng  
Of heauenly Poets, and Heroes strong.  
So thou both here and there immortal art,  
And euerie where through excellent desert.

But such as neither of themselves can sing,  
Nor yet are sung of others for reward,  
Die in obscure obliuion, as the thing  
Which neuer was; ne euer with regard,  
Their names shall of the later age be heard,  
But shall in rustie darknes euer lie,  
Vnlesse they mentiond be with infamie.

What booteth it to haue been rich aliue?  
What to be great? what to be gracious?  
When after death no token doth suruiue,  
Of former beeing in this mortall hous,  
But sleepest in dust dead and inglorious,  
Like beast, whose breath but in his nostrils is,  
And hath no hope of happinesse or blis.

How many great ones may remembred be,  
Which in their daies most famously did flourish:  
Of whom no word we heare, nor signe now see,  
But as things wipt out with a sponge do perish,  
Because they liuing, cared not to cherish  
No gentle wits, through pride or couetize,  
Which might their names for euer memorize.

Provide therefore (ye Princes) whilst ye liue,  
That of the Muses ye may friended be:  
Which vnto men eternitie doe giue:  
For they be daughters of Dame *Memorie*,  
And *IOVE*, the Father of eternitie,  
And doe those men in golden thrones repose,  
Whose merits they to glorifie doe chose.

The seauen-fold yron gates of grisly Hell,  
And horrid house of sad *PROSERPINA*,  
They able are with power of mightie spell  
To breake, and thence the soules to bring away  
Out of drad darknes, to eternall day,  
And them immortal make, which else would die  
In foule forgetfulnesse, and namelesse lie.

So whilome raised they the puissant brood  
Of golden-girt *ALCMEANA*, for great merit,  
Out of the dust, to which the *OETAEAN* wood  
Had him consum'd, and spent his vitall spirit:  
To highest heauen, where now he doth inherit

All

## The Ruines of Time.

All happinesse in *HEBES* siluer bowre,  
Cholen to be her dearest *Paramoure*.

So raised they eke faire *LEDAE*s warlike twinnes,  
And interchanged life vnto them lent,  
That when th' one dies, th' other then begins  
To shew in heauen his brightnes orient:  
And they, for pittie of the sad wayment,  
Which *ORPHEVS* for *EURIDICE* did make,  
Her back againe to life sent for his sake.

So happy are they, and so fortunate,  
Whom the *PIERIAN* sacred Sisters loue,  
That freed from bands of impacable fate,  
And powre of death, they liue for aye aboue,  
Where mortall weaknes their blis may not remoue:  
But with the Gods, for former vertues meede,  
On *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* doe feede.

For deeds doe die, how euer noble donne,  
And thoughts of men doe in themselves decay,  
But wise words taught in numbers for to runne,  
Recorded by the Muses, liue for aye:  
Ne may with storming showers be washt away,  
Ne bitter breathing winds with harmfull blast,  
Nor age, nor enuie shall them euer wast.

In vaine doe earthly Princes then, in vaine  
Seek with *Pyramids*, to heauen aspired:  
Or huge *Colosses*, built with costly paine;  
Or brazen *Pillours*, neuer to be fired,  
Or Shrines, made of the metall most desired:  
To make their memories for euer liue:  
For how can mortall immortalitie giue.

Such one *MAVSOLVS* made, the worlds great wonder,  
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine:  
Such one *MARCELVS*, but was torne with thunder:  
Such one *LISIPPVS*, but is worne with raine:  
Such one King *EDMOND*, but was rent for gaine,  
All such vaine monuments of earthlie masse,  
Deuour'd of Time, in time to nought doe passe.

But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,  
Above the reach of ruinous decay,  
And with braue plumes doth beat the azure skie,  
Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away:  
Then who so will with vertuous deeds assay  
To mount to heauen, on *PEGASVS* must ride,  
And with sweet Poets verse be glorified.

For not to haue been dipt in *LETHA* like,  
Could saue the sonne of *THEBIS* from to die:  
But that blind Bard did him immortal make,  
With verses, dipt in dew of *CASTALIE*:  
Which made the Easterne Conquerour to crie,  
O fortunate young-man, whose vertue found  
So braue a Trompe, thy noble acts to found.

Therefore in this, halfe happie I doe read  
Good *MELIBAE*, that hath a Poet got,

To sing his liuing praises beeing dead,  
Deferring neuer here to be forgot,  
In spite of enuie, that his deedes would spot:  
Since whole decease, learning lies vnregarded,  
And men of Armes doe wander vnwarded.

These two be those two great calamities,  
That long agoe did grieue the noble spright  
Of *SALOMON*, with great indignities:  
Who whilome was aliue the wisest wight.  
But now his wisdom is disproued quight:  
For, such as now haue most the World at will,  
Scorne th' one and th' other in their deeper skill.

O griefe of griefes! O gall of all good harts!  
To see that vertue should despised bee  
Of such as first were raised for vertuous parts,  
And now broad spreading, like an aged tree,  
Let none shoote vp that nigh them planted bee:  
O! let not those, of whom the Mule is scorned,  
Aliue nor dead, be of the Mule adorned.

O vile worlds trust, that with such vaine illusion,  
Hith so wise men bewicht, and ouerkest,  
That they see not the way of their confusion,  
O vainesse to be added to the rest,  
That do my soule with inward griefe infect:  
Let them behold the pitious fall of mee,  
And in my case their owne ensample see.

And who so else that sits in highest seat  
Of this worlds glorie, worshipped of all,  
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threat,  
Let him behold the horror of my fall,  
And his owne end vnto remembrance call:  
That of like ruine he may warned bee,  
And in himselfe be mou'd to pittie mee.

Thus hauing ended all her piteous plaint,  
With dolefull srikes she vanished away,  
That I through inward sorrowe wizen faint,  
And all astonished with deepe dismay,  
For her departure, had no word to say:  
But fate long time in senselesse sad affright,  
Looking still, if I might of her haue sight.

Which when I missed, hauing looked long,  
My thought returned grieued home againe,  
Renewing her complaint with passion strong,  
For ruth of that same womans piteous paine:  
Whose words recording in my troubled braine,  
I felt such anguish wound my feeble hart,  
That frozen horror ran through euery part.

So inly grieuing in my groning brest,  
And deeply musing at her doubtfull speech,  
Whose meaning, much I laboured forth to wrest,  
Beeing aboue my slender reasons reach:  
At length, by demonstration me to teach,  
Before mine eyes strange sights presented were,  
Like tragicke Pageants seeming to appeare.

H 2.

I Gw



## The Ruines of Time.

**I** Saw an Image, all of massie gold,  
Placed on high vpon an Altar faire,  
That all, which did the same from far behold,  
Might worship it, and fall on lowest staire.  
Not that great Idoll might with this compare,  
To which th' *ASSYRIAN* Tyrant would haue made  
The holy brethren fallie to haue praid.

But th' Altar, on the which this Image staid,  
Was (o great pity) built of brittle clay,  
That shortly the foundation decayd,  
With shoures of heauen & tempests worne away:  
Then downe it fell, and lowe in ashes lay,  
Scorned of euery one, which by it went:  
That Ie seeing, dearely did lament.

**N**ext vnto this, a stately Towre appear'd,  
Built all of richest stone, that might be found,  
And nigh vnto the Heauens in height vpear'd,  
But placed on a plot of sandie ground.  
Not that great Towre, which is so much renown'd  
For tongues confusion in holie writ,  
King *NINVS* worke, might be compar'd to it.

But o vaine labours of terrestriall writ,  
That buildes so strongly on so fraile a soyle,  
As with each storme does fall away, and flit,  
And giues the fruit of all your trauailes toyle,  
To be the prey of Time, and Fortunes spoyle!  
I saw this Towre fall suddainly to dust,  
That nigh with griefe thereof my hart was brust.

**T**hen did I see a pleasant Paradise,  
Full of sweet flowres and daintiest delights,  
Such as on earth man could not more desire,  
With pleasures choice to feed his cheerefull sprights.  
Not that, which *MERLIN* by his Magick flights  
Made for the gentle Squire, to entertaine  
His faire *BELPHORE*, could this garden staine.

But o short pleasure, bought with lasting paine,  
Why will hereafter any flesh delight  
In earthly blis, and ioy in pleasures vaine,  
Sith that I saw this garden wasted quight,  
That where it was, scarce seemed any sight?  
That I, which once that beaunie did behold,  
Could not from teares my melting eyes with-hold.

**S**oone after this, a Giant came in place,  
Of wondrous powre, and of exceeding stature,  
That none durst view the horror of his face,  
Yet was he milde of speech, and meeke of nature.  
Not he, which in despite of his Creatour,  
With railing teames dede the Iewish host,  
Might with this mightie one in hugeness boast.

For from the one he could to th' other coast,  
Stretch his strong thighes, and th' Ocean ouerstride,  
And reach his hand into his enemies hoast,  
But see the end of pompe and fleshlie pride:  
One of his feete vnwares from him did slide,  
That downe he fell into the deepe Abyss,  
Where drown'd with him is all his earthly blisse.

**T**hen did I see a Bridge, made all of gold,  
ouer the Sea, from one to other side,  
Withouten prop or pillour it vphold,  
But like the coloured Rainbowe arch'd wide.  
Not that great Arche, which *TRAIAN* edifice,  
To be a wonder to all age ensuing,  
Was matchable to this in equall viewing.

But (ah!) what bootes it to see earthly thing  
In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,  
Sith time doth greates things to ruine bring?  
This goodly Bridge, one foote not fastned well,  
Gan faile, and all the rest downe shortlie fell,  
Ne of so braue a building ought remain'd,  
That griefe thereof my spirit greatly pain'd.

**I** saw two Beares, as white as any milke,  
Lying together in a mightie caue,  
Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,  
That saluage nature seemed not to haue,  
Nor after greedy spoile of blood to craue:  
Two fairer beafts might not else-where be found,  
Although the compast world were fought around.

But what can long abide about this ground  
In state of blis, or stedfast happinesse?  
The Caue, in which these Beares lay sleeping found,  
Was but of earth, and with her weightinesse  
Vpon them fell, and did vnwares oppresse,  
That for great sorrow of their suddain fate,  
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

**M**uch was I troubled in my heauie spright,  
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,  
That all my senses were bereaued quight,  
And I in mind remained fore agast,  
Distraught twixt feare and pittie; when at last  
I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called,  
That with the suddaine shrill I was appalled.

Behold (said it) and by ensample see,  
That all is vanitie and griefe of mind,  
Ne other comfort in this world can bee,  
But hope of heauen, and hart to God inclind;  
For all the rest must needs be left behind.  
With that it bade me, to the other side  
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide.

**V**pon that famous Riuer further shore,  
There stood a snouie Swan of heauenly hew,  
And

## The Ruines of Time.

And gentle kind, as euer Fowle afore;  
A fairer one in all the goodly crew  
Of white *TRIMONIAN* broad might no man view:  
There he most sweetly sung the prophetic  
Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie.

At last, when all his mourning melodie  
He ended had, that both the shores resounded,  
Feeling the fit that him foreward to die,  
With losie sight about the earth he boanded,  
And out of sight to highest heauen mounted:  
Where now he is become an heauenly signe;  
There now the ioy is his, here sorrow mine.

**V**illst thus I looked, loe, adowne the Lee  
I saw an Harpe strung all with siluer twine,  
And made of gold and costly Iuorie,  
Swimming, that whilome seemed to haue been  
The Harpe, on which *DAN ORPHEVS* was seene  
Wild beafts and Forrests after him to lead,  
But was th' Harpe of *PHILISIDES* now dead.

At length, out of the Riuer it was reard,  
And borne about the cloudes to be diuin'd,  
Whilst all the way most heauenly noyse was heard  
Of the strings, sturred with the warbling wind,  
That wrought both ioy and sorrow in my mind:  
So now in heauen a signe it doth appeare,  
The Harpe well knowne beside the Northerne Beare.

**S**oone after this, I saw on th' other side,  
A curious Coffre made of *HEBENWOOD*,  
That in it did most precious treasure hide,  
Exceeding all this baser worldes good:  
Yet through the overflowing of the flood  
It almost drowned was, and done to nought,  
That sight thereof much grieu'd my peniue thought.

At length, when most in perill it was brought,  
Two Angels downe descending with swift flight,  
Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught,  
And twixt their blessed armes it carried quight  
About the reach of any liuing sight:  
So now it is transform'd into that starr,  
In which all heauenly treasures locked are.

**L**ooking aside, I saw a stately Bed,  
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,  
That might for any Princes couch be red,  
And deckt with daintie flowres, as if it should  
Be for some Bride, her ioyous night to hold:  
Therein a goodly Virgine sleeping lay:  
A fairer wight saw neuer Sommers day.

I heard a voyce that called farre away,  
And her awaking, bad her quickly dight,

For loe, her Bridegrome was in ready ray  
To come to her, and seeke her loues delight:  
With that she started vp with cheerefull sight,  
When suddenly both bed and all was gone,  
And I in languor left there all alone.

**S**till as I gazed, I beheld where stood  
A Knight all arm'd, vpon a winged steed,  
The same that bred was of *MEDVSSES* blood,  
On which *DAN PERSEVS* borne of heauenly seed,  
The faire *ANDROMEDA* from perill freed:  
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,  
That streames of blood forth flowed on the gras.

Yet was he deckt (small ioy to him alas)  
With many garlands for his victories,  
And with rich spoyle, which late he did purchas  
Through braue archievements from his enemies.  
Fainting at last through long infirmities,  
He smote his steed, that straight to heauen him bore,  
And left me here his lesse for to deplore.

**L**astly, I saw an Arke of purest gold  
Vpon a brazen pillour standing hie,  
Which th' ashes seem'd of some great Prince to hold,  
Enclosde therein for endlesse memorie  
Of him, whom all the world did glorifie:  
Seemed the heauens with th' earth did disagree,  
Whether should of those ashes keeper bee.

At last, me seem'd, wing-footed *MERCURY*,  
From heauen descending to appease their strife,  
The Arke did beare with him about the skie,  
And to those ashes gaue a second life,  
To liue in heauen, where happinesse is rife:  
At which, the earth did grieve exceedingly,  
And I for dole was almost like to die.

### L: Envoy.

**I**mmortall spirit of *PHILISIDES*,  
Which now art made the heauens ornament,  
That whilome wast the worldes chieft riches:  
Giue leaue to him that lou'd thee, to lament  
His losse by lacke of thee, to heauen hent,  
And with last duties of this broken verse,  
Broken with sighes, to deck thy sable Herse.

And ye faire Lady, th' honour of your daies,  
And glory of the world, your high thoughts scorne:  
Vouchsafe this monument of his last praise,  
With some few siluer-dropping teares to adorne:  
And as ye be of heauenly off-spring borne,  
So vnto heauen let your high mind aspire,  
And leaue this drosse of sinfull worlds desire.

FINIS.

H 3.

THE





THE  
TEARES OF  
THE MVSES.

By *Edmunde Spenser.*



AT LONDON  
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lowmes.*  
1611.





TO THE RIGHT HONOV-  
rable, the Ladie *Strange*.

(\*)



MOST BRAVE AND NOBLE  
Ladie, the things that make yee so much ho-  
nored of the world as ye be, are such, as (with-  
out my simple lines testimonie) are throughly  
knowne to all men; namely, your excellent  
beautie, your vertuous behaiour, and your  
noble match with that most honourable Lord,  
the verie Patterne of right Nobilitie: But the  
causes for which ye haue thus deserved of mee  
to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are, both  
your particular bounties, and also some pri-  
uate bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge.  
Of which when as I found my selfe in no part woorthy, I deuised this last  
slender meanes, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladiship, &  
also to make the same vniuersallie knowne to the world; that, by honoring  
you, they might knowe me, and by knowing me, they might honour you.  
Vouchsafe noble Lady to accept this simple remembrance, though not  
worthy of your selfe, yet such, as perhaps by good acceptance thereof, yee  
may heereafter cull out a more meet and memorable euidence  
of your owne excellent deserts. So, recommen-  
ding the same to your Ladiships good  
liking, I humbly  
take leaue.

Your La: humblye ser,

Ed. Sp.





## THE TEARES OF THE MVSES.

(\*)

**R**ehearse to me, ye sacred Sisters nine,  
The golden brood of great APOLLO'S wit,  
Those pitious plaints and sorrowful sad time,  
Which late ye poured forth as ye did sit  
Beside the silver Springs of HELICONE,  
Making your musick of hart-breaking moone.

For since the time that PHOEBVS foolish sonne  
Ythundered through IOVS auengefull wrath,  
For trauersing the charret of the Sunne  
Beyond the compasse of his pointed path,  
Of you his mournfull Sisters was lamented,  
Such mournfull tunes were neuer since inuented.

Nor since that faire CALLIOPE did lose  
Her loued Twinnes, the dearlings of her ioy,  
Her PALICL, whom her vnkindly foes  
The fatal Sisters, did for spight destroy,  
Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space;  
Was euer heard such wailing in this place.

For all their groues, which with the heavenly noyses  
Of their sweet instruments were wont to sound,  
And th' hollow hills, from which their silver voices  
Were wont redoubled echoes to rebound,  
Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,  
And yelling shrieks throwne vp into the skies.

The trembling streames which wont in chancels cleare  
To rumble gently downe with murmur soft,  
And were by them right tunefull taught to beare  
A Bases part amongst their consorts oft;  
Now forst to ouerflow with brackish teares,  
With troublous noyse did dull their dainty eares.

The ioyous Nymphes, and lightfoote Faeries  
Which thither came to heare their musick sweet,  
And to the measure of their melodies  
Did learne to moue their nimble-shuffling feet;  
Now hearing them so heauilie lament,  
Like heauily lamenting from them went.

And all that else was wont to worke delight  
Through the diuine infusion of their skill,  
And all that else seemed faire and fresh in sight,  
So made by nature for to serue their will,  
Was turned now to dismal heauinesse,  
Was turned now to dreadfull vglinesse.

Aye me! what thing on earth that all thing breeds,  
Might be the cause of so impatient plight?  
What furie, or what fiend with felon deeds  
Hath stirred vp so mischieuous despight?  
Can griefe then enter into heavenly harts,  
And pierce immortall breasts with mortall smart?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concerns,  
To me those secret causes to display;  
For none but you, or who of you it learns,  
Can rightfully aread so dolefull lay.  
Begin thou eldest Sister of the crew,  
And let the rest in order thee ensue.

### CLIO.

**H**ear thou great Father of the Gods on hie,  
That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts:  
And thou our Sire that reignst in Cassiope,  
And Mount Parnasse, the God of goodly Arts:  
Heare and behold the miserable state  
Of vs thy daughters, dolefull desolate.

Behold the foule reproach and open shame,  
The which is day by day vnto vs wrought,  
By such as hate the honour of our name,  
The foes of learning, and each gentle thought;  
They, not contented vs themselves to scorne,  
Doe seeke to make vs of the world forlorne.

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly dust,  
The sonnes of darknes and of ignorance;  
But they, whom thou great IOVS by doome vniust  
Didst



## The Teares of the Muses.

Didst to the type of honour earst aduance;  
They now put vp with sdeignfull insolence,  
Despise the brood of blessed Sapience.

The sectaries of my celestial skill,  
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,  
And learned Impes that wont to shoote vp still,  
And grow to height of kingdoms gouernment,  
They vnder keepe, and with their spreading armes,  
Doe beate their buds, that perish through their harmes.

It most behoues the honourable race  
Of mightie Peeres, true wisdomes to sustaine,  
And with their noble countenance to grace  
The learned foreheads, without gifts or gaine:  
Or rather leard themselves behoues to bee;  
That is the girlond of Nobilitie.

But (ah!) all otherwise they doe esteeme  
Of th' heavenly gift of wisdomes influence,  
And to be learned, it a base thing deeme;  
Base minded they that want intelligence:  
For, God him selfe for wisdomes most is praised,  
And men to God thereby are highest raised.

But they doe onely strue themselves to raise  
Through pompous pride, and foolish vanitie;  
In th' eyes of people they put all their praise,  
And onely boast of Armes and Ancestrie:  
But vertuous deeds, which did those Armes first giue  
To their Grandfathers, they care not to atchieue.

So I, that doe all noble feates professe  
To register, and found in trumpe of gold,  
Through their bad dooings, or base slothfulnessse,  
Find nothing worthy to be writ, or told:  
For better farre it were to hide their names,  
Then telling them, to blazon out their blames.

So shall succeeding ages haue no light  
Of things forepast, nor monuments of time,  
And all that in this world is worthy high  
Shall die in darknesse, and lie hid in slime:  
Therefore I mourne with deepe hart sorrowing,  
Because I nothing noble haue to sing.

With that she rained such store of streaming teares,  
That could haue made a stonie hart to weepe,  
And all her Sisters rent their golden heares,  
And their faire faces with salt humour steepe.  
So ended shee: and then the next answ,.  
Began her grieuous plaint as doth ensue.

### MELPOMENE.

Who shall poure into my swollen eyes  
A sea of teares that neuer may be dride,  
A brazen voice that may with shrilling cries  
Pierce the dull heauens, and fill the ayres wide,  
So rested shee: and then the next in rewe,  
To waile the wretchednes of world impure?

Ah! wretched world, the den of wickednesse,  
Deformed with filth and foule iniquite;  
Ah! wretched world, the house of heauinessse,  
Fild with the wrecks of mortall miserie;  
Ah! wretched world, and all that is therein,  
The vassals of Gods wrath, and slaues of sin.

Most miserable creature vnder sky,  
Man without vnderstanding doth appeare;  
For all this worlds affliction he therby,  
And Fortunes freakes is wisely taught to beare:  
Of wretched life the onely ioy she is,  
And th' only comfort in calamities.

Shee armes the breast with constant patience,  
Against the bitter throes of dolours darts,  
Shee solaceth with rules of Sapience  
The gentle minds, in midst of worldly smart:  
When he is sad, shee seeks to make him merie,  
And doth refresh his sprights when they be wearie.

But he that is of reasons skill bereft,  
And wants the staffe of wisdomes him to stay,  
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left,  
Withouten helme or Pilot her to sway,  
Full sad and dreadfull is that ships euent:  
So is the man that wants intendment.

Why then doe foolish men so much despise  
The precious store of this celestial riches?  
Why doe they banish vs, that patronize  
The name of learning? Most vnhappy wretches,  
The which lie drowned in deepe wretchednesse,  
Yet doe not see their owne vnappinenesse.

My part it is, and my professed skill,  
The Stage with Tragick buskins to adorne,  
And fill the Scene with plaints and out-cries shrill  
Of wretched persons, to misfortune borne:  
But none more tragick matter I can find  
Then this, of men depriu'd of sense and mind.

For all mans life me seemes a Tragedie,  
Full of sad sights and sore Catastrophees;  
First comming to the world with weeping eyes,  
Where all his dayes, like dolorous Trophes,  
Are heapt with spoyles of fortune and of feare,  
And he at last laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with rufull spectacles is fild,  
Fit for MEGERA or PERSEPHONE;  
But I, that in true Tragedies am skild,  
The flowre of wit, find nought to busie me:  
Therefore I mourne, and pittifully more,  
Because that mourning matter I haue none.

Then gan she wofully to waile, and wring  
Her wretched hands in lamentable wise:  
And all her Sisters thereto answering,  
Threw forth lowd shriekes and drier dolefull cries:  
So rested shee: and then the next in rewe,  
Began her grieuous plaint as doth ensue.

THA-

## The Teares of the Muses.

### THALIA.

Here be the sweet delights of learnings trea-  
That wont with Comick sock to beautify (sire,  
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleasure  
The listners eyes, and eares with melodie:  
In which I late was wont to raigne as Queene,  
And maske in mirth with Graces well beleene?

O! all is gone: and all that goodly glce,  
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,  
Is layd abed, and no where now to see;  
And in her roome vnseemly Sorrow sits,  
With hollow browes and grisly countenance,  
Marring my ioyous gentle dalliance.

And him beside sits vgly Barbarisme,  
And brutish Ignorance, yerept of late  
Out of drad darknes of the deepe Abyssme,  
Where beeing bred, helight and heauen does hate:  
They in the minds of men now tyrannize,  
And the faire Scene with rudeness foule disguise.

All places they with folly haue possesse,  
And with vaine toyes the vulgar entertaine;  
But me haue banished, with all the rest  
That whilome wont to wait vpon my traine,  
Fine Counterfeits and vnhurtfull Sport,  
Delight and Laughter deckt in seemly fort.

All these, and all that else the Comick Stage  
With seasoned wit and goodly pleasure graced;  
By which mans life in his likeliest image  
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced:  
And those sweet wits which wont the like to frame,  
Are now despizd, and made a laughing game.

And he the man, whom Nature selfe had made  
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,  
With kindly counter vnder Mimick shade,  
Our pleasant WIT, ah! is dead of late:  
With whom all ioy and iolly merriment  
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

In stead thereof, scoffing Scurrilitie,  
And scorning Follie with Contempt is crept,  
Rolling in rymes of shamelesse ribaudry  
Without regard, or due Decorum kept,  
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,  
And doth the Learned taske vpon him take.

But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen  
Large streames of Honny & sweet Nectar flowe,  
Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,  
Which dare their follies forth so rashly throwe,  
Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,  
Then so him selfe to mockery to sell.

So am I made the seruant of the manie,  
And laughing stocke of all that list to scorne,

Not honored nor cared for of any,  
But loath'd of losels as a thing forlorne:  
Therefore I mourne and sorrow with the rest,  
Vntill my cause of sorrow be redrest.

Therewith she lowdly did lament and shrike,  
Pouring forth streames of teares abundantly,  
And all her Sisters with compassion like,  
The breaches of her singlets did supply.  
So rested shee: and then the next in rewe,  
Began her grieuous plaint, as doth ensue.

### EVTERPE.

Like as the darling of the Summers pride,  
Faire PHLOMEL, when Winters stormy wrath  
The goodly fields, that earst so gay were dyde  
In colours diuers, quite despoyled hath,  
All comfortlesse doth hide her cheerlesse head  
During the time of that her widow head:

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord  
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,  
Whilst fauourable times did vs afford  
Freeliberty to chaunt our charmes at will:  
All comfortlesse vpon the bared bow,  
Like wofull Cyprians doe sit wayling now.

For far more bitter storme then winters stowre  
The beautie of the world hath lately wasted,  
And those fresh buds, which wont so faire to flowre,  
Hath marred quite, and all their blossoms blasted:  
And those yong plants, which wont with fruit t' abound,  
Now without fruite or leaues are to be found.

A stonie coldnes hath benumbd the sense,  
And lively spirits of each living wight,  
And dimd with darknes their intelligence,  
Darknes more then Cymmerians daily night:  
And monstrous error flying in the ayre,  
Hath mard the face of all that seemed fayre.

Image of hellish horror, Ignorance,  
Borne in the bolome of the black Abyss,  
And fed with Furies milke for sustenance  
Of his weake infancie, begot amisse  
By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night;  
So he his Sonnes both Sire and brother hight.

He, armd with blindnes and with boldnes stout,  
(For blind is bold) hath our faire light defaced;  
And gathering vnto him a ragged rout  
Of Faunes and Satyres, hath our dwellings raced:  
And our chaste bowers, in which all vertue rained,  
With brutishnes and beastly filth hath stained.

The sacred springs of horse-foote Helicon,  
So oft bedewd with our learned layes,  
And speaking streames of pure Castalian,  
The famous wimes of our wonted praise,

1.

They



## The Teares of the Muses.

They trampled haue with their foule footings trade,  
And like to troubled puddles haue them made.

Our pleasant groues, which planted were with paines,  
That with our musick wont so oft to ring,  
And Arbors sweet, in which the Shepheards swaines  
Were wont so oft their Pastoralls to sing,  
They haue cut downe, and all their pleasure mard,  
That now no Pastorall is to be heard.

In stead of them, foule Goblins and Shriekowles,  
With fearefull howling doe all places fill;  
And feeble Echo now laments and howles,  
The dreadfull accents of their out-cries shrill.  
So all is turned into wilderness,  
Whilst ignorance the Muses doth oppresse.

And I whose ioy was earst with Spirit full  
To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft,  
My spirits now dismayd with sorrow dull,  
Doe mone my misery with silence soft.  
Therefore I mourne and waile incessantly,  
Till please the heauens afford me remedie.

Therewith she wailed with exceeding woe,  
And pittious lamentation did make,  
And all her Sisters seeing her doe so,  
With equall plaints her sorrow did partake.  
So rested shee: and then the next in rewe,  
Began her grieuous plaint as doth ensue.

### TERPSICHORE.

**V** Vho hath in the lap of soft delight (sweet,  
Been long time lull'd, and fedde with pleasures  
Fearelesse through his owne fault or Fortunes spight,  
To tumble into sorrow and regret,  
If chance him fall into calamitie,  
Finds greater burthen of his miserie.

So we that earst in ioyance did abound,  
And in the bosome of all blis did sit,  
Like virgin Queenes with laurell garlands crown'd,  
For vertues meed and ornament of wit.  
Sith ignorance our kingdome did confound;  
Be now become most wretched wights on ground.

And in our royall thrones which lately stood  
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,  
He now hath placed his accursed brood,  
By him begotten of foule infamie;  
Blind Error, scornfull Folly, and base Spight,  
Who hold by wrong, that we should haue by right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,  
And make them merry with their fooleries,  
They cheerefully chaunt, and rimes at random sing,  
The fruitfull spawn of their ranke fantasies:  
They feed the eares of fooles with flattery,  
And good men blame, and losels magnifie.

All places they doe with their toys possesse,  
And raigne in liking of the multitude,  
The schooles they fill with fond new-fanglenesse,  
And sway in Court with pride and rashnes rude:  
Mongst simple Shepheards they do boast their skill,  
And say their musick matcheth P *HO* V *S* quill.

The noble harts to pleasures they allure,  
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine,  
Faure Ladies loues they spot with thoughts impure,  
And gentle minds with lewd delights distaine:  
Clerks they to loathly idlenesse intice,  
And fill their bookes with discipline of vice.

So euery where they rule and tyrannize,  
For their vsurped kingdoms maintenance,  
The whiles we silly Maids, whom they despize,  
And with reproachfull scorn discountenance,  
From our owne native heritage exild,  
Walke through the world of euery one reild.

Nor any one doth care to call vs in,  
Or once vouchsafeth vs to entertaine,  
Vnlesse some one perhaps of gentle kin,  
For pitties sake compassion our paine,  
And yeeld vs some reliefe in this distresse:  
Yet to be so relieu'd is wretchednesse.

So wander we all carefull comfortlesse,  
Yet none doth care to comfort vs at all;  
So seeke we helpe our sorrow to redresse,  
Yet none vouchsafes to answer to our call:  
Therefore we mourne and pittiesse complaine,  
Because none liuing pittieeth our paine.

With that she wept and wofully waymented,  
That nought on earth her griefe might pacifie:  
And all the rest her dolefull din augmented,  
With shrieks and groanes and grieuous agonie.  
So ended shee: and then the next in rewe,  
Began her pittious plaint as doth ensue.

### ERATO.

**Y** E gentle Spirits breathing from above,  
Where ye in V *EN* V *S* siluer bowre were bred,  
Thoughts halfe diuine, full of the fire of loue,  
With beautie kindled, and with pleasure fed,  
Which ye now in securitie possesse,  
Forgetfull of your former beuinesse.

Now change the tenor of your ioyous layes,  
With which ye vse your loues to deifie,  
And blazon forth an earthly beauties praise,  
About the compasse of the arched skie:  
Now change your praises into pittious cries,  
And Eulogies turne into Elegies.

Such as ye wont whenas those bitter stounds  
Of raging loue first gan you to torment,

And

## The Teares of the Muses.

And launce your hearts with lamentable wounds  
Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,  
Before your Loues did take you vnto grace;  
Those now renew as fitter for this place.

For I that rule in measure moderate,  
The tempest of that stormie passion,  
And vse to paint in rimes the troublous state  
Of Louers life in likest fashion,  
Am put from practise of my kindlie skill,  
Banisht by those that Loue with leawdnes fill.

Loue wont to be schoole-master of my skill,  
And the deuicfull matter of my song;  
Sweet Loue deuoyd of villanie or ill,  
But pure and spotlesse, as at first he sprong  
Out of th' Almightyes bosome, where he nests;  
From thence infused into mortall breasts.

Such high conceit of that celestiall fire,  
The base-borne brood of blindnes cannot ghesse,  
Ne euer dare their dunghill thoughts aspire  
Vnto so losie pitch of perfectnesse,  
But rime at riot, and doe rage in loue:  
Yet little wote what doth thereto beloue.

Faire C *Y* T H E R E E, the Mother of delight,  
And Queene of beautie, now thou maist goe pack:  
For lo, thy Kingdome is defaced quight,  
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack,  
And thy gay Sonne, the winged God of Loue,  
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed Dove.

And yet three Twins to light by V *AN* V *S* brought,  
The sweet companions of the Muses late,  
From whom what-euer thing is goodly thought,  
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate;  
Go beg with vs, and be companions still,  
As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall any more  
Find entertainment, or in Court or Schoole:  
For that which was accounted heretofore  
The learneds meede, is now lent to the foole:  
He sings of loue, and maketh louing layes,  
And they him heare, and they him highly praise.

With that she poured forth a brackish flood  
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone;  
And all her Sisters seeing her sad mood,  
With lowd laments her answered all at one.  
So ended shee: and then the next in rewe,  
Began her grieuous plaint, as doth ensue.

### CALLIOPE.

**T** O whom shall I my euill case complaine,  
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,  
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,  
Or deignes to pittie a perplexed hart;

But rather seekes my sorrow to augment  
With foule reproach, and cruell banishment.

For they to whom I vsed to apply  
The faithfull seruice of my learned skill,  
The goodly of-spring of I *O* V *S* progenie,  
That won the world with famous acts to fill;  
Whose living praises in heroick stile,  
It is my chiefe profession to compile.

They all corrupted through the rust of time,  
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,  
Or through vnobedient loth, or full crime,  
That doth degenerate the noble race;  
Haue both desire of worthy deeds forlorne,  
And name of learning vnto doe scorne.

Ne doe they care to haue the auncestrie  
Of th' old Heroes memoriz'd anew:  
Ne doe they care that late posteritie  
Should know their names, or speak their praises dew:  
But die forgot from whence at first they sprong,  
As they themselves shalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious  
Forefathers, or to haue been nobly bred?  
What oddest twixt I *R* V *S* and old I *N* A C H Y S,  
Twixt best and worst, when both alike are ded:  
If none of neither mention should make,  
Nor out of dust their memories awake?

Or who would euer care to doe braue deed,  
Or strue in vertue others to excell;  
If none should yeeld him his deserued meed,  
Due praise, that is the spur of doing well?  
For if good were not praised more than ill,  
None would chuse goodnes of his owne face-will.

Therefore the nurse of vertue I am bight,  
And golden Trumpet of eternitie,  
That lowly thoughts lift vp to heauens hight,  
And mortall men haue powre to deifie:  
B *A* C C H Y S and H *E* R C Y L E S I raide to heauen,  
And C *H* A R L E M A I N E, amongst th' Starris seauen.

But now I will my golden Clarion reed,  
And will henceforth immortalize no more:  
Sith I no more find worthy to commend  
For prize of value, or for learned lore:  
For noble Peeres whom I was wont to raise,  
Now onely seeke for pleasure, nought for praise.

Their great reuenges all in sumptuous pride  
They spend, that nought to learning they may spare;  
And the rich fee which Poets wont diuide,  
Now Parasites and Sycophants doe share:  
Therefore I mourne and endlesse sorrow make,  
Both for my selfe, and for my Sisters sake.

With that she lowdly gan to waile and shrike,  
And from her eyes a sea of teares did powre,  
I 2.

And



## The Teares of the Muses.

And all her Sisters with compassion like,  
Did more increase the sharpnes of her showre.  
So ended she: and then the next in rew,  
Began her plaint, as doth herein ensue.

### VRANIA.

**V**Hat wrath of Gods, or wicked influence  
Of Starres conspiring wretched men t'afflict,  
Hath pourd on earth this noxious pestilence,  
That mortall minds doth inwardly infect  
With loue of blindness and of ignorance,  
To dwell in darknes without souerance?

What difference twixt man and beast is left,  
When th'heavenly light of knowledge is put out,  
And th'ornaments of wildome are bereft?  
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,  
Vnweeting of the danger hee is in,  
Through fleshes frailtie, and deceit of sin.

In this wide world in which they wretches stray,  
It is the onely comfort which they haue,  
It is their light, their loadstarre, and their day;  
But hell and darknes, and the grislie graue  
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace,  
That minds of men borne heauenly doth debace.

Through knowledge, we behold the worlds creation,  
How in his cradle first he fostered was;  
And iudge of Natures cunning operation,  
How things she formed of a formlesse mas:  
By knowledge we doe learne our selues to knowe,  
And what to man, and what to God we owe.

From hence, we mount aloft vnto the skie,  
And looke into the crystall firmament:  
There we behold the heauens great Hierarchie,  
The Starres pure light, the Spheres swift mouement,  
The Spirits and Intelligences faire,  
And Angels waighting on th'Almighties chaire.

And there, with humble mind and high insight,  
Th'eternall Makers maiestie wee view,  
His loue, his truth, his glorie, and his might,  
And mercie more then mortall men can view.  
O soueraigne Lord, O soueraigne happinesse,  
To see thee, and thy mercie measurelesse!

Such happinesse haue they, that doe embrace  
The precepts of my heauenlie discipline;  
But shame and sorrow and accursed case  
Haue they, that scorne the schoole of Arts diuine,  
And banish me, which doe professe the skill  
To make men heauenly wise, through humbled will.

How-euer yet they me despise and spight,  
I feed on sweet contentment of my thought,  
And please my selfe with mine owne selfe-delight,  
In contemplation of things heauenlie wrought:

So, loathing earth, I looke vp to the sky,  
And beeing driuen hence, I thither flie.

Thence I behold the miserie of men,  
Which want the blis that wisdom would them breed,  
And like brute beasts doe lie in loathsome den,  
Of ghostly darknes, and of gastly dread:  
For whom I mourne and for my selfe complaine,  
And for my Sisters eake whom they disdain.

With that, shee wept and waild so pitiously,  
As if her eyes had bene two springing wells:  
And all the rest her sorrow to supplie,  
Did throw forth shrakes and cries and dreery yells.  
So ended shee, and then the next in rew,  
Began her mournfull plaint as doth ensue.

### POLYHYMNIA.

**A**Dolefull case desires a dolefull song,  
Without vaine art or curious complements:  
And squalid Fortune into basenes siong,  
Doth scorne the pride of wonted ornaments.  
Then fittest are these ragged rimes for me,  
To tell my sorrowes that exceeding be.

For the sweet numbers and melodious measures,  
With which I wont the winged words to ty,  
And make a tunefull Diapase of pleasures;  
Now beeing let to runne at libertie  
By those which haue no skill to rule them right,  
Haue now quite lost their naturall delight.

Heapes of huge words vphoorded hideously,  
With horrid sound though hauing little sence,  
They thinke to be chiefe praise of Poëtry;  
And thereby wanting due intelligence,  
Haue mard the face of goodly Poësie,  
And made a monster of their fantasie.

Whilome in ages past none might professe  
But Princes and high Priests that secret skill.  
The sacred lawes therein they wont expresse,  
And with deepe Oracles their verses fill:  
Then was she held in soueraigne dignitie,  
And made the nourling of Nobilitie.

But now nor Prince nor Priest doth her maintaine,  
But suffer her prophaned for to be  
Of the base vulgar, that with hands vnclane,  
Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie;  
And treadeth vnder foote her holy things,  
Which was the care of Kefirs and of Kings.

One onely lines, her ages ornament,  
And mirror of her Makers maiestie,  
That with rich bountie and deare cherishment,  
Supports the praise of noble Poësie:  
Ne onely fauours them which it professe,  
But is her selfe a peerlesse Poëtesse.

Mo

## The Teares of the Muses.

Most peerlesse Prince, most peerlesse Poëtesse,  
The true PANDORA of all heauenly graces,  
Diuine ELIZA, sacred Emperesse,  
Liue she for euer, and her royall P'laces  
Be filld with praises of diuine wits,  
That her eternize with their heauenly writs.

Some few, beside, this sacred skill esteeme,  
Admirers of her glorious excellence;  
Which beeing lightned with her beauties beame,  
Are thereby filld with happy influence,  
And lifted vp about the worldes gaze,  
To sing with Angels her immortal praise.

But all the rest, as borne of saluage brood,  
And hauing bene with Acorns alwaies fed,  
Can no whit fauour this celestiall food;  
But with base thoughts are into blindness led,  
And kept from looking on the lightsome day:  
For whom I waile and weepe all that I may.

Essoones such store of teares she forth did powre,  
As if she all to water would haue gone;  
And all her sisters seeing her sad showre,  
Did weep and waile, and made exceeding more,  
And all their learned instruments did breake.  
The rest, vtold, no liuing tongue can speake.

FINIS.

I 3.

VIR-







# VIRGILS GNAT.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED  
To the most noble and excellent Lord, the Earle  
of Leicester, deceased.

(\*\*\*)

**W**Rongd, yet not daring to expresse my paine;  
To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,  
In clowdie teares my case I thus complaine  
Vnto your selfe, that onely priuie are:  
But if that any *Oedipus* vnware,  
Shall chaunce, through power of some diuining spright,  
To read the secret of this riddle rare,  
And knowe the purport of my euill plight,  
Let him be pleased with his owne insight,  
Ne further seeke to glose vpon the text:  
For grieve enough it is to grieued wight  
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.  
But what-so by my selfe may not be shewn,  
May by this *Gnat*s complaint be easily knowen.





# VIRGILS GNAT.

**W**hen have plaid (A V G V S T V S) wantonly,  
Tuning our song unto a tender Muse;  
And like a cobweb weaving slenderly,  
Have onely playd: let thus much then excuse  
This G N A T small Poeme, that th' whole historie  
Is but a rest, though enuie it abuse:  
But who such sports and sweet delights doth blame,  
Shall lighter seeme then this G N A T idle name.

Hereafter, when as season more secure  
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak to thee  
In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,  
And for thy worth frame some fit Poësie:  
The golden offspring of L A T O N A pure,  
And ornament of great I O V E S progenie,  
P R O E B V S, shall be the Author of my song,  
Playing on Ivorie harp with silver strong.

He shall inspire my verse with gentle mood  
Of Poets Prince, whether he wooon beside  
Faire X A N T H V S sprinkled with C H I M A E R A S  
Or in the woods of A s i e r y abide; (blood;  
Or whereas mount P a r n a s s e, the Muses brood,  
Doth his broad forehead like two homes divide,  
And the sweet waues of sounding C a s t a l y,  
With liquid foote doth slide downe easily.

Wherefore ye Sisters which the glorie be  
Of the P i e r i a n streames, fayre N A I A D E S,  
Goe to, and dauncing all in companie,  
Adore that God: and thou holy P A L E S,  
To whom the hopest care of husbandrie  
Returneth by continuall successe,  
Have care for to pursue his footing light: (dight.  
Through the wide woods, and groues, with greene leaues

Professing thee, I listed am aloft  
Betwixt the Forrest wide and starrie sky:  
And thou most drad (O C T A V I V S) which oft  
To learned wits giu'st courage worthily,  
O come (thou sacred child) come sliding soft,  
And fauour my beginnings graciously:

For not these leaues do sing that dreadfull sound,  
When Giants blood did staine P h e g r a s ground.

Nor how th' halfe-horse people, C E N T A V R E S bight,  
Fought with the bloudie L A P T H A E s a t b o r d,  
Nor how the East with tyrannous despight  
Burnt th' A t t i c k t o w r s, and people flew with sword;  
Nor how mount A t h o s through exceeding might  
Was digged downe, nor yron bands aboard  
The P o n t i c k sea by their huge Naue call,  
My volume shall renowne, so long since past.

Nor H e l l e s p o n t trampled with hordes feet,  
When flocking P e r s i a n s did the G r e e k e s affray;  
But my soft Muse, as for her power more meet,  
Delights (with P H O E B V S friendly leaue) to play  
A n e a s i e running verse with tender feet.  
And thou (drad sacred child) to thee alwaie,  
Let euermore light some glorie steepe,  
Through the worlds eodlesle ages to continue.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee  
Mongst heavenly ranks, where blessed soules doe rest;  
And let long lasting life with ioyous glee,  
As thy due meede that thou deservest best,  
Hereafter many yeeres remembered bee  
Amongst good men, of whom thou oft art blest.  
Live thou for ever in all happinesse:  
But let vs turne to our first businesse.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight,  
Vp to the heavenly towers, and shot each where  
Out of his golden Chares glistering light;  
And faire A V R O R A with her rosie heare,  
The hatefull darknes now had put to flight,  
When as the shepherd seeing day appeare,  
His little Goats gan drive out of their stalls,  
To feede abroad, where pasture best befalle.

To an high mountaine top he with them went,  
Where thickest grasse did cloathe the open hills:  
They now, amongst the woods and thickets ment,  
Now



# VIRGILS GNAT.

Now in the valleyes wandring at their wills,  
Spread themselves farre abroad through each descent;  
Some on the soft greene grassie feeding their fills,  
Some clambing through the hollow cliffes on hie,  
Nibble the bushe shrubs, which growe thereby.

Others, the vtmost boughes of trees doe crop,  
And brouze the woodbine twigges, that freshly bud;  
This with full bit doth catch the vtmost top  
Of some soft Willow, or new growen stud;  
This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaues doth lop,  
And chaw the tender prickles in her Cud;  
The whiles another, high doth ouerlook  
Her owne like image in a crytall brooke.

O the great happines, which shepheards haue,  
Who-to loathes not too much the poore estate,  
With mind that ill vfe doth before depraue,  
Ne measures all things by the costly rate  
Of riotise, and semblants outward braue:  
No such sad cares, as wont to macerate  
And rend the greedie minds of conetous men,  
Doe euer creepe into the shepheards den.

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him arays  
Be not twice steeped in Assyrian die;  
Ne glistering of gold, which vnderlayes  
The Summer beames, doe blind his gazing eye;  
Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rayes  
Of precious stones, whence no good commeth by;  
Ne yet his cup embost with Imagery  
Of BASIS, or of ALCONS vanity.

Ne ought the welky pearles esteemeth hee,  
Which are from Indian Seas brought far away:  
But with pure brest from carefull sorrow free,  
On the soft grassie his limbs doth oft display,  
In sweet Spring time, when flowres varietie  
With sundry colours paints the sprinkled lay:  
There lying all at ease, from guile or spight,  
With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himselfe, with palme bedight,  
His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine:  
There his milke-dropping Goats be his delight,  
And fruitfull PALES, and the Forrest greene,  
And darksome caues in pleasant vallies pighe,  
Whereas continuall shade is to be scene,  
And where fresh springing wells, as crytall neate,  
Doe alwaies flowe, to quench his thirstie heate.

O! who can lead then a more happy life,  
Then he, that with cleane mind and hart sincere,  
No greedy riches knowes, nor bloudie strife,  
No deadly sight of warlike fleete doth feare,  
Ne runnes in perill of foes cruell knife,  
That in the sacred temples he may reare  
A trophee of his glittering spoiles and treasure,  
Or may abound in riches aboue measure.

Of him his God is worshipt with his sythe,  
And not with skill of craftiman polished:

He ioyes in groues, and makes himselfe full blythe,  
With sundry flowres in wilde fields gathered;  
Ne frankincense he from *Panchaea* buyth,  
Sweet quiet harbours in his harmelefs head,  
And perfect pleasure buildes her ioyous bowre,  
Free from sad cares, that rich mens harts deuoure.

This all his care, this all his whole endeuour  
To this, his mind and senses he doth bend,  
How he may flowe in quiet marchels treasure,  
Content with any tood that God doth send,  
And how his limbs, resolu'd through idle leifour,  
Vnto sweet sleepe he may securely lend,  
In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,  
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds doe eate.

O flocks! O Faunes! and O ye pleasant springs  
Of *Tempe*, where the country Nymphs are rise,  
Through whose not costly care each shepheard singe  
As merry notes vpon his rusticke Fife,  
As that *Asrean* Bard, whose fame now rings  
Through the wide world, and leades as ioyfull life;  
Free from all troubles, and from worldly toyle,  
In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

In such delights, whilst thus his carelesse time  
This shepheard driues, vpleaning on his batt,  
And on shrill reeds chaunting his rusticke rime,  
*Hyperion* throwing forth his beames full hott,  
Into the highest top of heauen gan clime;  
And the world parting by an equall lott,  
Did shed his whirling flames on either side,  
As the great Ocean doth himselfe diuide.

Then gan the shepheard gather into one  
His stragling Goates, and draue them to a foord,  
Whole cærule stream, rombling on Pibble stone,  
Crept vnder mosse as greene as any goord.  
Now had the Sun halfe heauen ouergone,  
When he is heard back from that water foord,  
Draue from the force of *Phæbus* boyling ray,  
Into thicke shadowes, there themselves to lay.

Soone as he them, plac't in thy sacred wood,  
(O *Delian* Goddess!) saw, to which of yore  
Came the bad daughter of old *Cadmus* brood,  
Cruell *Alce*, flying vengeance sore  
Of king *Nictæus*, for the guilte blood,  
Which she with curst hands had shed before;  
There she halfe frantick hauing slaine her sonne,  
Did throwd her selfe, like punishment to shonne.

Heere also playing on the grassie greene,  
Woodgods, and Satyres, and swift Dryades,  
With maney Fairies oft were dauncing scene,  
Not so much did Dan *Orpheus* repress  
The streames of *Hebrus* with his songs I weene,  
As that faire troupe of wooddie Goddesses  
Staid there, (O *Phæbus*!) pouring forth to thee,  
From cheerfull lookes, great mirth, & glad some glee.

# VIRGILS GNAT.

The verie nature of the place, resounding  
With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,  
A pleasant bowre with all delights abounding  
In the fresh shadowe did for them prepare,  
To rest their limbs with wearisles redounding.  
For first, the high Palme trees with branches faire,  
Out of the lowly vallies did arise,  
And high shoote vp their heads into the skyes.

And them amongst the wicked *Lotos* grew,  
Wicked, for holding guilfully away  
Vlisses men, whom rapt with sweetnes new,  
Taking to hoste, it quite from him did stay,  
And eke those trees, in whose transformed hew,  
The Sunnes sad daughters waild the rash decay  
Of *Phæton*, whose limbs with lightening rent,  
They gathering vp, with sweet teares did lament.

And that same tree, in which *Demophon*,  
By his disloyaltie lamented sore,  
Eternall hurt left vnto many one:  
Who als accompanied the Oake, of yore  
Through fatall charmes transformd to such an one:  
The Oake, whose Acornes were our fooode, before  
That *Ceres* seed of mortall men was knowne,  
Which first *Triptoleme* taught how to be sowne.

Here also grew the rougher-rinded Pine,  
The great *Argan* ships braue ornament,  
Whom golden Fleece did make an heauenly signe,  
Which coueting with his high tops extent,  
To make the mountaines touch the starres diuine,  
Decks all the Forrest with embellishment,  
And the blacke Holme that loues the warrerie vale,  
And the sweet Cypresse, signe of deadly bale.

Emongst the rest, the clambing Yui grew,  
Knitting his wanton armes with grasping hold,  
Least that the Poplar happily should rew  
Her brothers strokes, whose boughs she doth enfold  
With her lythe twigs, till they the top surwey,  
And paint with pallid greene her buds of gold.  
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,  
Not yet vnmindefull of her olde reproach.

But the small Birds in their wide boughs embowring,  
Chaunted their sundry tunes with sweet consent,  
And vnder them a siluer Spring forth pouring  
His trickling streames, a gentle murmure sent:  
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring  
Of the moist moores, their iarring voyces bent;  
And shrill grasshoppers chirped them a round:  
All which the ayrie *Eecho* did resound.

In this so pleasant place, this Shepheards flock  
Lay euerie where, their wearie limbs to rest,  
On euerie bush, and euerie hollow rock,  
Where breathe on them the whistling wind mote best:  
The whiles the Shepheard selfe tending his flock,  
Sat by the fountaine side, in shade to rest,  
Where gentle slumbring sleepe oppressed him,  
Displaid on ground, and seized euerie lim.

Of trecherie or traires noughtooke he keepe,  
But loollie on the grassie greene dispreed,  
His dearest life did trust to carelesse sleepe;  
Which weighing down his drouping drowsie head,  
In quiet rest his molten hart did sleepe,  
Deuoid of care, and feare of all fallshed:  
Had not inconstant fortune, bent to ill,  
Bid strange mischaunce his quietnes to spill.

For at his wonted time, in that same place,  
An huge great Serpent all with speckles pide,  
To drench himselfe in moonish lime did trace,  
There from the boyling heat himselfe to hide:  
He passing by with railing wreathed pace,  
With brandisht tongue the empty ayre did gride,  
And wrapt his scalye boughs with fell despight,  
That all things seem'd appalled at his sight.

Now more and more hauing himselfe enrold,  
His glittering brest he listeth vp on hie,  
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth hold;  
His crest aboue spotted with purple die,  
On euerie side did shine like scale gold,  
And his bright eyes glauncing full dreadfully,  
Did seeme to flame out flakes of flashing fire,  
And with sterne lookes to threaten kindled fire.

Thus wile long time he did himselfe dispace  
There round about, when as at last hee spide  
Lying along before him in that place,  
That flocks grand Captaine, and most trustie guide:  
Eftsoones more fierce in visage, and in pace,  
Throwing his fire eyes on euerie side,  
He commeth on, and all things in his way  
Full sternely rends, that might his passage stay.

Much he misdaines, that any one should dare  
To come vnto his haunt: for which intent  
He ioly burns, and gins straight to prepare  
The weapons, which to him Nature had lent:  
Felly he hiseth, and doth fiercely stare,  
And hath his iawes with angry spirits rent,  
That all his track with bloodie drops is stained,  
And all his folds are now in length outstrained.

Whom thus at point prepared, to preuent,  
A little nourling of the humid ayre,  
A *Gnat*, vnto the sleepe Shepheard went,  
And marking where his eye-lids twinkling rare,  
Shewd the two pearles, which sight vnto him lent,  
Through their thin coverings appearing faire,  
His little needle there infixing deepe,  
Warn'd him awake, from death himselfe to keepe.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan vpstart,  
And with his hand him rashly bruizing, flew,  
As in auengement of his heedlesse smart,  
That straight the spirit out of his senses flew:  
And life out of his members did depart  
When suddenly casting aside his view,  
He spide his foe with felonous intent,  
And feruent eyes to his destruction bent.

All



VIRGILS GNAT.

All suddainly dismayd, and hartlesse quight,  
He fled abacke, and catching hastie hold  
Of a young Alder hard beside him pight,  
It rent, and streight about him gan behold,  
What God or Fortune would asist his might,  
But whether God or Fortune made him bold,  
Its hard to read: yet hardy will he had  
To ouercome, that made him lesse adrad.

The scalie back of that most hideous Snake,  
Enwrapp'd round, oft faining to retire,  
And oft him to assaile, he fiercely strake  
Whereas his temples did his crest-front tyre;  
And for he was but slowe, did sloth off shake,  
And gazing ghastly on (for feare and ire  
Had blent so much his sense, that lesse he feard;) )  
Yet when he saw him slaine, himselfe he cheard.

By this, the night forth from the darksome bowre  
Of HEREBVS her teemed steeds gan call,  
And lazie VESPER in his timely howre,  
From golden OETA gan proceed withall:  
Whenas the Shepheard after this sharpe stowre,  
Seeing the doubled shadowes lowe to fall,  
Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward fare,  
And vnto rest his wearie ioynts prepare.

Into whose sense so soone as lighter sleepe  
Was entred, and now loosing euery lim,  
Sweet slumbring deaw in carelesnes did sleepe,  
The image of that GNAT appeard to him,  
And in sad tearmes gan sorrowfully weepe,  
With grisly countenance and visage grim,  
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,  
In steed of good, hastning his cruell fate.

Said he, what haue I wretch deseru'd, that thus  
Into this bitter bale I am out-cast,  
Whilst that thy life more deare and precious  
Was then mine owne, so long as it did last?  
I now in lieu of paines so gracious,  
Am tost in th'ayre with euery windy blast:  
Thou safe deliuered from sad decay,  
Thy careless limbs in loose sleepe doost display.

So liuest thou: but my poore wretched ghost  
Is forst to ferry ouer LETHE'S Riuer,  
And spoyld of CHARON, to and fro am tost.  
Seest thou not, how all places quake and quier,  
Lightned with deadly lamps on euery post?  
TISIPHONE each where doth shake and shiuer  
Her flaming fier brond, encountering me,  
Whose lockes vncombed cruell Adders be.

And CERBERVS, whose many mouthes do bay,  
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed;  
Adowne whose neck in terrible array,  
Ten thousand Snakes cralling about his hed  
Doe hang in heapes, that horribly affray,  
And bloody eyes doe glister fire red:  
He oftentimes me dreadfully doth threaten,  
With painfull torment to be sorely beaten.

Ay me, that thanks so much should faile of meed,  
For that I thee restord to life againe,  
Euen from the doore of death and deadly deed.  
Where then is now the guerdon of my paine?  
Where the reward of my so pittious deed?  
The praise of pittie vanisht is in vaine,  
And th'antique faith of Iustice long agone  
Out of the Land is fled away and gone.

I saw anothers fate approaching fast,  
And left mine owne, his safety to tender;  
Into the same mishap I now am cast,  
And suund destruction doth destruction render:  
Not vnto him that neuer hath trespast,  
But punishment is due to the offender.  
Yet let destruction be the punishment,  
So long as thankfull will may it relent.

I carried am into waste wilderness,  
Waste wilderness, amongst Cymmerian shades,  
Where endlesse paines, and hideous heauinesse  
Is round about me heapt in darksome glades.  
For there huge OTTOS sits in sad distresse,  
Fast bound with Serpents that him oft inuades:  
Farre off beholding EPHEALTES side,  
Which once affraid to burne this world so wide.

And there is mournfull TITYVS, mindfull yet  
Of thy displeasure, O LATONA faire;  
Displeasure too implacable was it,  
That made him meate for wild foules of the ayre:  
Much doe I feare among such fiends to sit,  
Much doe I feare back to them to repaire,  
To the black shadowes of the STYGIAN shore,  
Where wretched ghosts sit wailing euer more.

There next the vrmost brinke doth he abide,  
That did the bankets of the Gods bewray,  
Whose throat through thirst to nought nigh being dride,  
His sense to seeke for ease turnes euery way:  
And he that in auengement of his pride,  
For scorning to the sacred Gods to pray,  
Against a mountaine rolls a mighty stone,  
Calling in vaine for rest, and can haue none.

Goe ye with them, goe cursed Damofells,  
Whose bridall torches foule ERYNNIS tynde,  
And Hymen at your sponfalls sad, foretells  
Tydings of death, and massacre vnkind:  
With them, that cruell COLCHID mother dwells,  
The which conceiu'd in her reuengefull mind,  
With bitter wounds her owne deere babes to slay,  
And mured troupes vpon great heapes to lay.

There also those two Pandionian maides,  
Calling on ITIS, ITIS euer more,  
Whom (wretched boy) they slew with guiltie blades:  
For whom the Thracian king lamenting sore,  
Turn'd to a Lapwing, fouliethem vpbraides,  
And fluttering, round about them still does fore:  
There now they all eternally complaine  
Of others wrong, and suffer endles paine.

But

VIRGILS GNAT.

But the two brethren borne of CADMY'S blood,  
Whilst each does for the Soueraignty contend,  
Blind through ambition, and with vengeance wood,  
Each doth against the others bodie bend  
His curst Steele, of neither well withstood,  
And with wide wounds their carcases doth rend;  
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,  
Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was slaine.

Ah! (weladay) there is no end of paine,  
Nor change of labour may intreated bee:  
Yet I beyond all these am carried faine,  
Where other Powers farre different I see,  
And must passe ouer to th'Elysian Plaine:  
There grim PERSEPHONE encountering mee,  
Doth yrge her fellow Furies earnestly,  
With their bright firebrands me to terrifie.

There chast ALCESTE liues inuolate,  
Free from all care, for that her husbands daies  
She did prolong by changing fate for fate,  
Lo there liues also the immortal praise  
Of womankind, most faithfull to her mate,  
PENELOPE: and from her fate awaies  
A rule of rout of young-men, which her woo'd,  
All slaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

And sad EYRIDICE thence now no more  
Must turne to life, but there detained bee,  
For looking back, becing forbid before:  
Yet was the guilt thereof, ORPHEVS, in thee.  
Bold sure he was, and worthy spirit bore,  
That durst those lowest shadowes goe to see,  
And could beleue that any thing could please  
Fell CERBERVS, or Stygian Powres appeale.

Ne feard the burning waues of Phlegeton,  
Nor those same mournful kingdoms, compassed  
With rustie horror and foule fashion,  
And deepe digd vawtes, and Tartar couered  
With bloodie night, and darke confusion,  
And iudgement eates, whose Iudge is deadly dred;  
A Iudge, that after death doth punish sore  
The faults, which life hath trespassed before.

But valiant fortune made DAN ORPHEVS bold:  
For the swift running riuers still did stand,  
And the wilde beasts their furie did with-hold,  
To follow ORPHEVS musick through the land:  
And th'Oakes deepe grounded in the earthly mold  
Did moue, as if they could him vnderstand:  
And the shrill woods, which were of sense bereau'd,  
Through their hard barke his silver sound receau'd.

And eke the Moone her hastie steeds did stay,  
Drawing in teemes along the starrie skie,  
And didst (O monthly Virgin) thou delay  
Thy nightly course, to heare his melodie?  
The same was able with like louely lay  
The Queene of hell to moue as easly,  
To yeeld EYRIDICE vnto her fere,  
Backe to be borne, though it vnlawfull were.

Shee (Lady) hauing well before approoued,  
The fiends to be too cruell and severe,  
Obscu'd th'appointed way, as her behooued,  
Ne euer did her eye-sight turne arere,  
Ne euer spake, ne cause of speaking moued:  
But cruell ORPHEVS, thou much crueller,  
Seeking to kille her, brok'st the Gods decree,  
And thereby mad'st her euer damn'd to be.

Ah! but sweet loue of pardon worthy is,  
And doth deserue to haue small faults remitted:  
If Hell at least things lightly done amits  
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted:  
Yet are ye both receiued into blis,  
And to the seates of happy soules admitted.  
And you, beside the honourable band  
Of great Heroes, doe in order stand.

There be the two stout sonnes of ABACVS,  
Fierce PILEVS, and the hardie TELAMON,  
Both seeming now full glad and ioyeous  
Through their Sires dreadfull iurisdiction,  
Becing the Iudge of all that horrid hous:  
And both of them by strange occasion,  
Renown'd in choyce of happy marriage  
Through VENVS grace, and vertues cariage.

For th'one was rauisht of his own bond-maid,  
The faire IXTONE, captiu'd from Troy:  
But th'other was with THETIS loue affraid,  
Great NEREVS his daughter, and his ioy.  
On this side them there is a yong-man laid,  
Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce, and coy:  
That from th'Argolick ships, with furious ire,  
Bett back the furie of the Trojan fire.

O! who would not recount the strong diuorces  
Of that great warr, which Troyans oft beheld,  
And oft beheld the warlike Greeklis forces,  
When Teucian foyle with bloody rigers sweld,  
And wide Sigeon shores were spred with carces,  
And Simois and Xanthus blood out-weld,  
Whilst HECTOR rag'd with outrageous mind,  
Flames, weapons, wounds in Greekes fleet to haue synd.

For Ida selfe, in ayde of that fierce fight,  
Out of her mountaines ministred supplies,  
And like a kindly nurse, did yeeld (for spight)  
Store of firebrands out of her nurseries,  
Vnto her foster children, that they might  
Inflame the Name of their enemies,  
And all the Rhesean shore to allies turne,  
Where lay the ships, which they did leeke to burne.

Gainst which the noble sonne of TELAMON  
Oppos'd himselfe, and thwarting his huge shield,  
Them battell bad, gainst whom appeard anon  
HECTOR, the glory of the Trojan field:  
Both fierce and furious in contention  
Encountred, that their mighty strokes so shrill,  
As the great clap of thunder, which doth rive  
The rattling heauens, and cloudes alunder diue.

K.

50



# VIRGILS GNAT.

So th' one with fire and weapons did contend  
To cut the ships, from turning home againe  
To Argos, th' other stroue for to defend  
The force of VYLCANE with his might and maine.  
Thus th' one AECIDE did his fame extend:  
But th' other ioy'd, that on the Phrygian plaine  
Hauing the blood of vanquish't HECOR shed,  
He compast Troy thrice with his body ded.

Againe great dole on either partie grew,  
That him to death vnfaithfull PARIS sent:  
And also him that false VLYSSES slewe,  
Drawne into danger through close ambusment:  
Therefore from him LAERTES sonne his vewe  
Doth turne aside, and boasts his good euent  
In working of Strymonian Rhesus fall,  
And eest in Dolons subtle surprisall.

Againe the dreadfull Cyclops him dismay,  
And blacke Lestrigones, a people stout:  
Then greedie Scilla, vnder whom there bay  
Many great bandogs, which her gird about:  
Then doe the Aetnean Cyclops him affray,  
And deepe Charybdis gulphing in and out:  
Lastly, the squalid lakes of Tartarie,  
And grieftly Fiends of hell him terrifie.

There also goodly AGAMEMNON boasts  
The glorie of the stocke of TANTALVS,  
And famous light of all the Greeckish hosts,  
Vnder whose conduct most victorious,  
The Dorick flames consum'd the Iliack posts.  
Ah! but the Greekes themselves more dolourous,  
To thee, O Troy, paid penance for thy fall,  
In th' Hellespont being nigh drowned all.

Well may appeare by prooffe of their mischance,  
The changefull turning of mens slipperie state,  
That none, whom fortune freely doth aduance,  
Himselfe therefore to heauen should cleare:  
For lostie type of honour through the glance  
Of enuies dart, is downe in dust prostrate:  
And all that vaunts in worldly vanitie,  
Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie.

Th' Argelike power returning home againe,  
Enrich't with spoyle of th' Eriethonian towre,  
Did happie wind and weather entertaine,  
And with good speed the fornic billowes scowre:  
No signe of storme, no feare of future paine,  
Which soone ensued them with heauie stowre.  
Nereis to the Seas a token gaue,  
The whiles their crooked keeles the furies claue.

Suddenly, whether through the Gods decree,  
Or haplesse rising of some froward starre,  
The heauens on euerie side enclouded bee:  
Black stormes and fogs are blowen vp from farre,  
That now the Pylote can no loadstarre see,  
But skies and seas doe make most dreadfull warre:  
The billowe striving to the heauens to reach,  
And th' heauens striving them for to impeach.

And in auengement of their bold attempt,  
Both Sun and starres, and all the heauenly powres  
Conspire in one to wreake their rash contempt,  
And down on them to fall from highest towres:  
The skie in peeces seeming to berent,  
Throwes lightning forth, & haile, & harmfull showres,  
That death on euerie side to them appeares  
In thousand formes, to worke most ghastly feares.

Some in the greedy fouds are sunke and drent,  
Some on the rocks of Caphareus are throwne:  
Some on th' Euboick Cliffs in peeces rent:  
Some scattred on the Hercan shores vnkowne:  
And many lost, of whom no monument  
Remaines, nor memorie is to be showne:  
Whilst all the purchase of the Phrygian pray  
Toft on salt billowes, round about doth stray.

Heere many other like Heroes bee,  
Equall in honour to the former crew,  
Whom ye in goodly leates may placed see,  
Descended all from Rome by linage due,  
From Rome, that holds the world in soueraignie,  
And doth all Nations vnto her subdue:  
Heere Fabij and Decij doe dwell,  
Horatij that in vertue did excell.

And here the antique fame of stout CAMILVS  
Doth euer liue, and constant CVRTIVS,  
Who stiffe bent his vowed life to spill  
For Countries health, a gulfe most hideous  
Amidst the Towne with his owne corps did fill,  
T'appease the Powers; and prudent MVTIVS,  
Who in his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,  
To daunt his foe by ensample of the same.

And here wife CVRIVS, his companion  
Of noble vertues, liues in endless rest:  
And stout FLAMINIVS, whose deuotion  
Taught him the fires scornd furie to detest,  
And heere the praise of either SCIPION  
Abides in highest place aboue the best,  
To whom the ruind walls of Carthage vowd,  
Trembling their forces, sound their praises lowd.

Liue they for euer through their lasting praise:  
But I, poore wretch, am forced to retourne  
To the sad lakes, that PHOEBVS sunny rayes  
Doe neuer see, where soules doe alwaies mourne,  
And by the wailing shores to waste my dayes,  
Where Phlegeton with quenchlesse flames doth burne:  
By which iust MARS righteous soules doth seuer  
From wicked ones, to liue in blisse for euer.

Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell  
Girt with long snakes, & thousand yron chaines,  
Through doome of that their cruell Iudge, compell  
With bitter torture and impatient paines,  
Cause of my death, and iust complaint to tell.  
For thou art he, whom my poore ghost complains  
To be the Authour of her ill vnwares,  
That careless hear'st my intollerable cares.

Them

# VIRGILS GNAT.

Them therefore as bequeathing to the wind,  
I now depart, returning to thee neuer,  
And leaue this lamentable plaint behind.  
But doe thou haunt the soft downe rolling riuer,  
And wilde Greene woods, and fruitfull pastures mind,  
And let the flitting ayre my vaine words seuer,  
Thus hauing said, he heauily departed  
With pittious cry, that any would haue smarted.

Now, when the slothfull fit of lifes sweet rest  
Had left the heauie Shepheard, wondrous cares  
His inly grieued minde full sore oppress:  
That balefull sorrow he no longer beares,  
For that GNATs death, which deeply was imprest:  
But bends what-euer power his aged yeeres  
Him lent, yet being such, as through their might  
He lately slue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that same Riuer lurking vnder Greene,  
Eftsoones he gins to fashion forth a place;  
And figuring it in compasse well becene,  
There plotteth out a tombe by measured space:  
His yron headed spade tho making cleene,  
To dig vp lods out of the flowrie grasse,  
His worke he shortly to good purpose brought,  
Like as he had concei'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded vp on hie,  
Enclosing it with banks on euerie side,  
And thereupon did raise full busily  
A little Mount, of Greene turfs edifice;  
And on the top of all, that passers by

Might behold, the tombe he did prouide  
Of smoothest Marble-stone in order set,  
That neuer might his luckie scape forget.

And round about he taught sweet flowres to grow;  
The Rose engrained in pure scarlet die,  
The Lilly fresh, and Violet belowe,  
The Marigold, and cheerfull Rosemarie,  
The Spartan Myrtle, whence sweet gum does flowe,  
The purple Hyacinth, and fresh Costmarie,  
And Saffron sought for in Cilician soyle,  
And Laurell th' ornament of PHOEBVS toyle.

Fresh Rhododaphne, and the Sabine flowre  
Matching the wealth of th' ancient Frankincence,  
And pallid Iuie building his owne bowre,  
And Box yet mindefull of his old offence,  
Red Amaranthus, lucklesse Paramour,  
Ox-eye still green, and bitter Patience;  
Ne wants there pale Narcisse, that in a well  
Seeing his beantie, in loue with it fell:

And whatsoever other flowre of worth,  
And whatsoever herb of lowly hew  
The ioyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,  
To clothe her selfe in colours fresh and new:  
He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,  
In whose high front was writ as doth ensue.

To thee, small GNAT, in lieu of his life saued,  
The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraued.  
FINIS.

K 2.

THE







# THE RUINES OF ROME:

BY BELLAY.

I

YE heavenly Spirits, whose ashie cinders lie  
Vnder deepe ruines, with huge walls opprest,  
But not your praise, the which shall neuer die  
Through your faire verses, ne in ashes rest:  
If to be shrilling voyce of wight alive,  
May reach from hence to depth of darkest hell,  
Then let those deepe Abysses open riuie,  
That ye may vnderstand my shrieking yell.  
Thrice hauing seene vnder the heavens veale  
Your tombs deuoted compals ouer all,  
Thrice vnto you with lowd voyce I appeale,  
And for your antique furie heere doe call,  
The whiles that I with sacred horror sing  
Your glorie, fairest of all earthly thing.

2

Great BABYLON her haughtie walls will praise,  
And sharped steeples high shot vp in ayre;  
Greece will the old Ephesian buildings blaze;  
And Nylus nurslings their Pyramides faue:  
The same yet vaunting Greece will tell the storie  
Of IOVES great Image in Olympus placed,  
MAVSOLVS worke will be the Carians glorie,  
And Crete will boast the Labyrinth, now rased;  
The antique Rhodian will likewise set forth  
The great Colosse, erect to Memorie;  
And what else in the world is of like worth,

Some greater learned wit will magnifie,  
But I will sing about all monuments  
Seuen *Romane Hills*, the worlds seuen wonderments.

3

Thou stranger, which for Rome in Rome her seekest,  
And nought of Rome in Rome perceiuest at all,  
These same old walls, olde arches, which thou seest,  
Oide Palaces, is that, which Rome men call.  
Behold what wreake, what ruine, and what wast,  
And how that she, which with her mighty powre  
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd her selfe at last,  
The pray of time, which all things doth deuoure.  
Rome now of Rome is th' onely funerall,  
And onely Rome, of Rome hath victorie:  
Ne ought saue Tyber, halting to his fall  
Remaines of all: O worlds inconstancie!  
That which is firme, doth sit and fall away,  
And that is sitting, doth abide and stay.

4

Shee, whose high top above the staires did fore,  
One foot on TIBERIS, th' other on the Morning,  
One hand on Scythia, th' other on the *Mare*,  
Both heauen and earth in roundels compassing,  
I o' a fearing, least if shee should greater grow,  
The Giants old should once againe vprise,  
K 3.

Her



The Ruines of Rome: by Bellay.

Her wheel'd with hills, these 7. hills, which be now  
Tombs of her greatnes, which did threat the skies:  
Vpon her head be heapt Mount Saturnall,  
Vpon her belly th'antique Palatine,  
Vpon her stomack laid Mount Quirinall,  
On her left hand the noysome Esquiline,  
And Caelian on the right; but both her feet,  
Mount Firminal and Auentine doe meet.

5

Who lists to see, what-euer Nature, Art,  
And Heauen could doe, & Rome, thee let him see,  
In case thy greatnes be can ghesse in hart,  
By that which but the picture is of thee.  
Rome is no more: but if the shade of Rome  
May of the body yeeld a seeming sight,  
Its like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe  
By Magick skill out of eternall night:  
The corps of Rome in ashes is entomb'd,  
And her great spirit reioyned to the spirit  
Of this great masse, is in the same enwomb'd;  
But her braue writings, which her famous merite  
In sight of time, out of the dust doth reare,  
Doe make her Idole through the world appeare.

6

Such as the Bercynthian Goddesse bright  
In her swift charret, with high turrets crown'd,  
Proud that so many Gods she brought to light:  
Such was this Citie in her good dayes found:  
This Citie, more then that great Phrygian mother,  
Renownd for fruite of famous progenie,  
Whose greatnes, by the greatnes of none other,  
But by her selfe her equall match could see:  
Rome onely might to Rome compared bee,  
And onely Rome could make great Rome to tremble:  
So did the Gods by heauenly doome decree,  
That other earthly power should not resemble  
Her that did match the whole earths puissaunce,  
And did her courage to the heauens aduance.

7

Ye sacred ruines, and ye tragick sights,  
Which onely doe the name of Rome retaine,  
Old monuments, which of so famous sprights  
The honour yet in ashes doe maintaine:  
Triumphant Arks, spyres neighbours to the skie,  
That you to see doth th'heauen it selfe appall,  
Alas, by little ye to nothing flie,  
The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all:  
And though your frames doe for a time make warre  
Gainst time, yet time in time shall ruinate  
Your workes and names, and your last reliques marre.  
My sad desires, rest therefore moderate:  
For if that time make end of things so sure,  
It als will end the paine which I endure.

8

Through armes and vassals Rome the world subdu'd,  
That one would weene, that one sole Cities strength  
Both land and sea in roundnes had surwe'd,  
To be the measure of her bredth and length:  
This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was  
Of vertuous nephewes, that posteritie  
Striuing in power their grandfathers to passe,  
The lowest earth ioyn'd to the heauen hie:  
To th'end that hauing all parts in their powre,  
Nought from the Romane Empire might be quight,  
And that though time doth Common-wealths deuoure,  
Yet no time should so lowe embale their hight,  
That her head earth'd in her foundation deepe,  
Should not her name and endles honour keepe.

9

Ye cruell starres, and eke ye Gods vnkind,  
Heauen enuious, and bitter stepdame Nature,  
Be it by fortune, or by course of kind  
That ye do wield th'affaires of earthly creature;  
Why haue your hands long sithence traueled  
To frame this world that doth endure so long?  
Or why were not these Romane palaces  
Made of some matter no lesse firme & strong?  
I say not, as the common voice doth say,  
That all things which beneath the Moone haue beeing,  
Are temporall, and subiect to decay:  
But I say rather, though not all agreeing  
With some, that weene the contrarie in thought;  
That all this whole shall one day come to nought.

10

As that braue sonne of Aefon, which by charmes  
Atchiu'd the golden Fleece in Colchid land,  
Out of the earth engendred men of armes  
Of Dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand;  
So this braue Towne, that in her youthly daies  
An Hydra was of warriours glorious,  
Did fill with her renowned nourlings praise  
The fire sunnes both one and other house:  
But they at last, there being then not liuing  
An Hercules, so ranke seed to repress;  
Amongst themselves with cruell furie striuing,  
Mow'd down themselves with slaughter merclesse;  
Renewing in themselves that rage vnkind,  
Which whilom did those earth-borne brethren blind.

11

Mars, shaming to haue given so great head  
To his off-spring, that mortall puissaunce  
Pust vp with pride of Romane hardiehead,  
Seem'd aboue heauens powre it selfe to aduance:  
Cooling againe his former kindled heat;  
With which he had those Romane spirits fill'd,  
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath,

Into

The Ruines of Rome: by Bellay.

Into the Gothicke cold hot rage infl'd:  
Then gan that Nation, th'earth's new Giants brood,  
To dart abroad the thunder-bolts of warre,  
And beating downe these walls with furious mood  
Into her mothers bosome, all did marre:  
To th'end that none, all were it I o v e his fire  
Should boast himselfe of the Romane Empire.

12

Like as whilome the children of the earth  
Heapt hills on hills, to scale the starrie skie,  
And fight against the Gods of heauenly berth,  
Whiles I o v e at them his thunder-bolts let flie;  
All suddenly with lightning overthrowne,  
The furious squadrons downe to ground did fall,  
That th'earth vnder her childrens weight did grone,  
And th'heavens in glorie triumph ouer all:  
So did that haughtie front which heaped was  
On these seuen Romane hills, it selfe vpreare  
Ouer the world, and lift her loslie face  
Against the heauen, that gan her force to feare.  
But now the scorned fields bemone her fall,  
And Gods secure feare not her force at all.

13

Nor the swift furie of the flames aspiring,  
Nor the deepe wounds of Victors raging blade,  
Nor ruthlesse spoyle of souldiers blood-desiring,  
The which so oft thee (Rome) their conquest made;  
Ne stroke on stroke of fortune variable,  
Ne rust of age hating continuance,  
Nor wrath of Gods, nor spight of men vnstable,  
Nor thou oppold gainst thine owne puissaunce;  
Nor th'horrible vprore of windes high blowing,  
Nor swelling streames of that God snake-paced,  
Which hath so often with his ouerflowing  
Thee drenched, haue thy pride so much abaced;  
But that this nothing, which they haue thee left,  
Makes the world wonder, what they from thee rest.

14

As men in Summer fearlesse passe the foord,  
Which is in Winter Lord of all the plaine,  
And with his tumbling streames doth beare aboard  
The ploughmans hope, and shepherds labour vaine:  
And as the coward beasts vse to despise  
The noble Lion after his liues end,  
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foole-hardise  
Daring the foe, that cannot him defend:  
And as at Troy most dastards of the Greekes  
Did braue about the corps of Hector cold;  
So those which whilome wont with pallid cheeks  
The Romane triumphs glory to behold,  
Now on these alhie tombes shew boldnes vaine,  
And conquerd dare the Conquerour disdain.

15

Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashie ghosts,  
Which ioing in the brightnes of your day,

Brought forth those signes of your prethumpous  
Which now their dully reliques doe bewray,  
Tell me ye spirits (sith the darksome roote  
Of Styx, not passable to soules returning,  
Enclosing you in thrice three wards for euer,  
Doe not retrain your images still mourning)  
Tell me then (for perhaps some one of you  
Yet heer about him secretly doth hide)  
Doe ye not feeble your torments to accrew,  
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride  
Of these old Romane workes built with your hands,  
Now to becom nought elie, but heaped lands?

16

Like as yee see the wrathfull sea from farre,  
In a great mountaine heapt with hideous noyle,  
Eftsoones of thousand billowes shouldred narre,  
Against a Rock to breake with dreadfull poyle:  
Like as yee see fell Boreas with sharpe blast,  
Tossing huge tempests through the troubled sky,  
Eftsoones hauing his wide wings spent in wast,  
To stop his wearie carriere suddenly:  
And as yee see huge flames spred diuerslie,  
Gathered in one vp to the heauens to spire,  
Eftsoones consum'd to fall downe feebly:  
So whilom did this Monarchie aspire  
As waves, as wind, as fire spred ouer all,  
Till it by fittall doome adowne did fall.

17

So long as I o v e s great Bird did make his flight,  
Bearing the fire with which heauen doth vs fray,  
Heauen had not feare of that presumptuous might,  
With which the Giants did the Gods assay.  
But all so soone, as scorching Sunne had brent  
His wings, which wont the earth to ouerspred,  
The earth out of her massie wombe forth feer  
That antique horror, which made heauen adred.  
Then was the Germane Rauens in disguise  
That Romane Eagle leene to cleaue asunder,  
And towards heauen freshly to arise  
Out of these mountains, now consum'd to powder.  
In which the foule that serues to beare the lightning,  
Is now no more seene flying, nor alighting.

18

These heapes of stones, these old walls which yee see,  
Were first enlosures but of saluage foyle:  
And these braue Palaces which maistr'd bee  
Of time, were shepherds cottages some while.  
Then tooke the shepherds Kingly ornament,  
And the stout hynd armd his right hand with Steele:  
Eftsoones their rule of yecrely Presidents  
Grew great, and fixe months greater a great deale:  
Which made perpetuall, role to so great might,  
That thence th'Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,  
Till th'heauen it selfe opposing gainst her might,

He



The Ruines of Rome: by Bellay.

Her power to PETER'S successor betooke:  
Who Shepheard-like (as Fates the same foreseeing)  
Doth shew, that all things turne to their first being.

19

All that is perfect, which th'heaven beautifies;  
All that's imperfect, borne belowe the Moone;  
All that doth feed our spirits and our eyes;  
And all that doth consume our pleasures soone;  
All the mishap, the which our daies outweares,  
All the good hap of th'oldest times afore,  
Rome in the time of her great ancestors,  
Like a PANDORA, locked long in store.  
But destinie this huge Chaos turmoyleing,  
In which all good and euill was enclod,  
Their heavenly vertues from these woes alloying,  
Caried to heaven, from sinfull bondage losed:  
But their great finnes, the causers of their paine,  
Vnder these antique ruines yet remaine.

20

No otherwise then rainie cloud, first fed  
With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,  
Eftsoones in compass archt, to steepe his hed,  
Doth plunge himselfe in TARSUS bofome faire;  
And mounting vp againe, from whence he came,  
With his great belly spreads the dimmed world,  
Till at the last dissolving his moist frame,  
In raine, or snowe, or haile he forth is hord;  
This Citie, which was first but Shepherds shade,  
Vprising by degrees, grew to such height,  
That Queene of land and sea her selfe she made,  
At last not able to beare so great weight,  
Her power disperst, through all the world did vade:  
To shew that all in th'end to nought shall fade.

21

The same which PERSEUS, and the puissance  
Of AFRICK could not tame, that same braue Citie,  
Which with stout courage armd against mischaunce,  
Sustained the shock of common enmitie;  
Long as her ship tost with so many fireakes,  
Had all the world in armes against her bent,  
Was neuer scene, that any fortunes wreakes  
Could breake her course begun with braue intent.  
But when the obiect of her vertue failed,  
Her power it selfe against it selfe did arme:  
As he that hauing long in tempest failed,  
Faine would arise, but cannot for the storme,  
If too great wind against the port him driue,  
Doth in the port it selfe his vessell riuie.

22

When that braue honour of the Latine name,  
Which mead her rule with AFRICA and BYZ,

With Thames inhabitants of noble fame,  
And they which see the dawning day arise;  
Her nourlings did with mutinous vprore  
Harten against her selfe, her conquerd spoile,  
Which she had wonne from all the world afore,  
Of all the world was spoyld within a while.  
So when the compass course of th'vniuerse  
In fixe and thirtie thousand yeares is runne,  
The bands of th'elements shall backe reuerse  
To their first discord, and be quite yndonne:  
The feedes, of which all things at first were bred,  
Shall in great Chaos wombe againe be hid.

23

O warie wisdom of the man, that would  
That Carthage towres from spoile should be forborne:  
To th'end that his victorious people should  
With cankring leisure not be ouerborne:  
He well foresawe, how that the Romane courage,  
Impatient of pleasures faint desires,  
Through idleness would turne to ciuill rage,  
And be her selfe the matter of her fires.  
For in a people giuen all to ease,  
Ambition is engendred easily:  
As in a vicious body, grosse disease  
Soone growes through humours superfluitie.  
That came to passe, when swaine with plenties pride,  
Nor Prince, nor Peere, nor kin they would abide.

24

If the blind furie, which warres breedeth oft,  
Wonts not t'enrage the hearts of equall beasts,  
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,  
Or armed be with clawes, or scale creasts;  
What fell ERYNNIS with hot burning tongs,  
Did grype your hearts, with noysome rage imbew'd,  
That each to other working cruell wrongs,  
Your blades in your own bowels you embrew'd?  
Was this (ye Romanes) your hard destinie?  
Or some old sinne, whose vnappeased guilt  
Powrd vengeance forth on you eternally?  
Or brothers blood, the which at first was spilt  
Vpon your walles, that God might not endure,  
Vpon the same to set foundation sure?

25

O that I had the Thracian Poets harpe,  
For to awake out of th'infernall shade  
Those antique CAESARS, sleeping long in darke,  
The which this ancient Citie whilome made:  
Or that I had AMPHION'S instrument,  
To quicken with his vitall notes accord,  
The stonie ioynts of these old walls now rent,  
By which th'Ausonian light might be restord:  
Or that at least I could with pensill fine,  
Fashion the pourtraicts of these Palacis,

By

The Ruines of Rome: by Bellay.

By paterne of great VIRGIL'S spirit diuine;  
I would assay with that which in me is,  
To build with leuell of my loftie stile,  
That which no hands can euermore compile;

26

Who list the Romane greatnes forth to figure,  
Him needeth not to seeke for vsage right  
Of line, or lead, or rule, or square, to measure  
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight:  
But him behooues to view in compasse round.  
All that the Ocean graspes in his long armes;  
Be it where th'yeerely starre doth scorche the ground,  
Or where cold BORRAS blowes his bitter stormes.  
Rome was th'whole world, & all the world was Rome.  
And if things nam'd their names doe equalize,  
When land and sea ye name, then name ye Rome;  
And naming Rome, ye land and sea comprize:  
For th'ancient Plot of Rome, displayed plaine,  
The map of all the wide world doth containe.

27

Thou that at Rome astonisht doost behold  
The antique pride, which menaced the skie,  
These haughtie heapes, these palaces of old,  
These wals, these arks, these baths, these temples hie;  
Iudge by these ample ruines view, the rest  
The which inurious time hath quite outworne,  
Since of all workmen held in reckning best,  
Yet these old fragments are for patternes borne:  
Then also marke, how Rome from day to day,  
Repaying her decayed fashion,  
Renewes herselfe with buildings rich and gay:  
That one would iudge, that the Romaine Demon  
Doth yet himselfe with fatal hand enforce,  
Again on foote to reare her pouldred corse.

28

Hee that hath scene a great Oake dry and dead,  
Yet clad with reliques of some Trophees old,  
Lifting to heauen her aged hoarie head,  
Whole tooke on ground hath left but feeble hold;  
But halfe disboweld lies about the ground,  
Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,  
And on her trunk all rotten and vnfound,  
Onely supports herselfe for meat of wormes;  
And though she owe her fall to the first wind,  
Yet of the deuout people is ador'd,  
And many yong plants spring out of her rind:  
Who such an Oake hath scene, let him record  
That such this Citie's honour was of yore,  
And mongst all Citie's flourish'd much more.

29

All that which Egypt whilome did deuise,  
All that which Greece their temples to embrace,

After th'lonick, Attick, Dorick guise,  
Or Corinth, skild in curious works to graue:  
All that LYSIPPVS practike arte could forme,  
APOLLON'S wit, or PHIDIAS his skill,  
Was wont this ancient Citie to adorne,  
And beuen it selfe with her wide wonders fill.  
All that which Athens euer brought forth wife,  
All that which Africk euer brought forth strange,  
All that which Asie euer had of prise,  
Was hers to see. O meruallous great change!  
Rome, liuing, was the worlds sole ornament,  
And dead, is now the worlds sole monument.

30

Like as the seeded field Greene grassie first shewes,  
Then from Greene grassie into a stialke doth spring,  
And from a stialke into an eare forth growes,  
Which eare the fruitfull graine doth shortly bring:  
And as in season due the husband mowes  
The waving locks of thole faire yellow heares,  
Which bound in sheaves, and layd in comly rowes,  
Vpon the naked fields in stacks he reares:  
So grew the Romane Empire by degree,  
Till that Barbarian hands it quite did spill,  
And left of it but these old markes to see,  
Of which all passers by doe loomewhat pill:  
As they which gleane, the reliques vie to gather,  
Which th'husbandman behind him chaunc to scatter.

31

That same is now nought but a champaign wide,  
Where all this worlds pride once was situate,  
No blame to thee, who loquer doost abide  
By Nile, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate:  
Ne Africk thereof guiltie is, nor Spayne,  
Nor the bold people by the Thamis brinks,  
Nor the braue warlike broode of Alemaine,  
Nor the borne soul'diour which Rhine running drinks:  
Thou onely cause, O Ciuill furie art,  
Which sowing in th'Aemathian fields thy spight,  
Didst arme thy hand against thy proper hart;  
To th'end that when thou wast in greatest hight  
To greatnes growne, through long prosperitie,  
Thou then adowne might'st fall more horribly.

32

Hope ye my verses that posteritie  
Of age ensuing shall you euer read?  
Hope ye that euer immortalitie  
So meane Harpes work may challenge for her need?  
If vnder heauen any endurance were,  
These monuments, which now in paper writ,  
But in Porphyre and Marble doe appear,  
Might well haue hop't to haue obtained it.  
Nath'lesse my Lute, who PAPHOS a deignd to giue,  
Cease



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Ceate not to found these old antiquities:  
For if that time doe let thy glory liue,  
Well maist thou boast, how euer bafe thou be,  
That thou art first, which of thy Nation song  
Th'oldc honour of the people gowned long.

L' Envoy.

BELLAY, first garland of free Poësie  
That France brought forth, though fruitfull of braue  
Well worthy thou of immortalitie, (wits,

That long hast traueled by thy learned writs,  
Old Rome out of her ashes to reuiue,  
And giue a second life to dead decayes:  
Needs must heall eternitie suruiue,  
That can to other giue eternall dayes.  
Thy dayes therefore are endless, and thy praise  
Excelling all, that euer went before:  
And after thee, gins BARTAS hie to raise  
His heavenly Muse, th'Almighie to adore,  
Liue happy spirits, th'honour of your name,  
And fill the world with neuer-dying fame.

FINIS.

MVIO-



MVIO POTMOS,

OR

THE FATE OF  
THE BUTTERFLY.

By *Edmunde Spenser.*

Dedicated to the most faire and vertuous Lady,  
*the Ladie CAREY.*



Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lowmes.*  
1611.





TO THE RIGHT WORTHY  
and vertuous Ladie; the Lady  
*Carey.*



Oft braue and bountifull Lady, for so excellent fauours as I haue receiued at your sweet hands, to offer these few leaues as in recompence, should bee as to offer flowers to the Gods for their diuine benefites. Therefore I haue determined to give my selfe whollie to you, as quite abandoned from my selfe, and absolutely vowed to your seruices: vvhich in all right is euer held for full recompence of debt or damage, to haue the person yeilded. My person I wor well how little worth it is. But the faithfull mind and humble zeale which I beare vnto your Ladiship, may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and vse the poore seruice thereof; which taketh glory to aduance your excellent parts and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in honouring you: not so much for your great bountie to my selfe, which yet may not be vminded, nor for name or kindred sake by you vouchsafed, being also regardable; as for that honourable name, which ye haue by your braue deserts purchast to your selfe, and spred in the mouthes of all men: vvhich I haue also presumed to grace my verses, and vnder your Name, to commend to the world this small Poëme. The which beseeching your Ladiship to take in worth, & of all things therein according to your wonted gracioufnes to make a milde construction, I humbly pray for your happinesse.

(\*)

*Your La: euer humbly;*

Ed. Sp.

L

MVIO-





## MVIOPOTMOS:

OR

### *The Fate of the Butterflie.*

**I** Sing of deadly dolorous debate,  
Surre'd vp through wrathfull NEMESIS despight,  
Betwixt two mighty ones of great estate,  
Drawne into armes, and proofe of mortall fight,  
Through proud ambition, and hart-swelling hate,  
Whilst neither could the others greater might  
And sdeignfull scorne endure; that from small iarre  
Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect,  
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournfull Muse of nine,  
That wont'st the tragick stage for to direct,  
In funerall complaints and wailefull tunc,  
Retéale to me, and all the meanes detect,  
Through which sad CLARION did at last decline  
To lowest wretchednes; And is there then  
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?

Of all the race of silver-winged Flies  
Which doe possesse the Empire of the ayre,  
Betwixt the centred earth, and azure skies,  
Was none more fauourable, nor more faire,  
Whilst heauen did fauour his felicities,  
Then CLARION, the eldest sonne and heire  
Of MYSCAROLL, and in his fathers sight  
Of all aliue did seeme the fairest wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed  
Of future good, which his young toward yeares,  
Full of braue courage and bold hardyhed  
Aboveth'ensample of his equall Peares,  
Did largely promise, and to him fore-red,  
(Whilst oft his hart did melt in tender teares)  
That he in time would sure prove such an one,  
As should be worthy of his fathers throne.

The fresh young Fly, in whom the kindly fire  
Of lustfull youth began to kindle fast,  
Did much disdain to subiect his desire  
To lothsome sloth, or houres in ease to wast,  
But ioy'd to range abroad in fresh attire;  
Through the wide compas of the ayrie coast,  
And with vnweari'd wings each part inquir'd  
Of the wide rule of his renowned fire.

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,  
That from his lower tract he dar'd to stie  
Vp to the clowdes, and thence with pinnons light,  
To mount aloft vnto the crystall skie,  
To view the workmanship of heauens high;  
Whence downe descending he along would flie  
Vpon the streaming riuers, spart to find;  
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous wind.

So, on a Summers day, when season milde  
With gentle calme the world had quieted,  
And high in heauen HYPERION's fierie childe  
Ascending, did his beames abroad disspred,  
Whiles all the heauens on lower creatures smilde;  
Young CLARION with vauntfull lustiched,  
After his guise did cast abroad to fare;  
And thereto gan his furnitures prepare.

His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure,  
Before his noble hart he firmly bound,  
That mought his life from iron death assure,  
And ward his gentle corps from cruell wound:  
For it by arte was framed, to endure  
The bit of balefull Steele and bitter shoud,  
No lesse then that which VULCAN made to shield  
ACHILLES life from fate of Trojan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw  
An haire hide of some wilde beast, whom hee  
In saluage Forrest by aduenture slew,  
And rest the spoyle his ornament to bee:  
Which spreading all his back with dreadfull view,  
Made all that him so horrible did see,  
Thinke him ALCIDES with the Lyons skin,  
When the Nemean conquest he did win.

Vpon his head his glittering Burginets,  
The which was wrought by wondrous deuitie,  
And curiously engrauen, he did set:  
The metall was of rare and passing price;  
Not Bilbo Steele, nor brasse from Canoth set,  
Nor costly Oricalbe from strange Rhodis;  
But such as could both PNEUMON arrows ward,  
And th'ailing darts of heauens beaping hard.

L. 1.

Thou



MVIOPOTMOS.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,  
Strongly outlaunced towards either side,  
Like two sharpe speares, his enemies to gore:  
Like as a warlike Brigandine, applyde  
To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore,  
The engines which in them sad death doe hyde:  
So did this flie out-stretch his fearefull hornes,  
Yet so as him their terrour more adorne.

Lastly, his shynie wings as siluer bright,  
Painted with thousand colours, passing farre  
All Painters skill, he did about him dight:  
Not halfe so many sundry colours are  
In Iris bowe, ne heauen doth shine so bright,  
Distinguished with many a twinkling starre,  
Nor Iris Bird in her eye-spotted traine  
So many goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken)  
The Archer God, the sonne of CYTHEREE,  
That ioyes on wretched louers to be wroken,  
And heaped spoiles of bleeding hartes to see,  
Heares in her wings so many a changefull token.  
Ah my liege Lord, forgiue it vnto mee,  
If ought against thine honour I haue told,  
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifold.

Full many a Lady faire, in Court full oft  
Beholding them, him secretly enuide,  
And wisht that two such fannes, so silken soft,  
And golden faire, her Loue would her prouide,  
Or that when them the gorgeous flie had doft,  
Some one that would with grace be gratifide,  
From him would steale them priuily away,  
And bring to her so precious a pray.

Report is that dame VENVS on a day,  
In spring when flowres doe clothe the fruitfull ground,  
Walking abroad with all her Nymphes to play,  
Bad her faire damzels flocking her around,  
To gather flowres, her forehead to array:  
Emongst the rest a gentle Nymph was found,  
Hight ASTRY, excellling all the crewe  
In curteous vsage, and vnstained hewe.

Who being nimbler ioynted then the rest,  
And more industrious, gathered more store  
Of the fields honour, than the others best;  
Which they in secret hartes enuying sore,  
Told VENVS, when her as the worthiest  
She praisd, that CYPRIS (as they heard before)  
Did lend her secret ayde, in gathering  
Into her lap the children of the Spring.

Whereof the Goddesse gathering ielous feare,  
Not yet vnmyndfull, how not long agoe  
Her sonne to PSECHUS secret loue did beare,  
And looq it close conceald, till mickle woe  
Thereof arose, and many a rusfull teare;  
Reason with sudden rage did ouergoe,  
And giuing halfe credit to the accuser,  
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Estfoones that Damzell by her heavenly might,  
Shee turn'd into a winged Butterflie,  
In the wide ayre to make her wandring flight;  
And all those flowres, with which so plentifully  
Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,  
She placed in her wings, for memorie  
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:  
Since which that flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the fresh CLARION being readie dight,  
Vnto his journey did himselfe addresse,  
And with good speed began to take his flight:  
Ouer the fields in his franke lustinesse,  
And all the champaine o're he soared light,  
And all the countrey wide he did possesse,  
Feeding vpon their pleasures bountifullie,  
That none gaine said, nor none did him enuie.

The woods, the riuers, and the meadowes greene,  
With his ayre-cutting wings he measured wide,  
Ne did he leaue the mountaines bare vnscene,  
Nor the ranke grassie fennes delights vntride.  
But none of these, how euer sweet they beene,  
Mote please his fancie, nor him cause to abide:  
His choicefull sense with euer change doth flit,  
No common things may please a wauering wit.

To the gay gardens his vnstaid desire  
Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights:  
There lauish Nature in her best attire,  
Poures forth sweet odors, & alluring sights;  
And Art with her contending, doth aspire,  
T'excelle the naturall, with made delights:  
And all that faire or pleasant may be found,  
In riotous excelsse doth there abound.

There he arriuing, round about doth flie,  
From bed to bed, from one to oither border,  
And takes suruey with curious busie eye,  
Of euery flowre and herbe there set in order;  
Now this, now that he tasteth tenderly,  
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,  
Ne with his feete their silken leaues deface;  
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And euermore with most varietie,  
And change of sweetnesse (for all change is sweet)  
He casts his glutton sense to satysfie,  
Now sucking of the sap of herbes most meet,  
Or of the dew, which yet on them does lie,  
Now in the same bathing his tender feete:  
And then he pearceth on some branch thereby,  
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play,  
To spoyle the pleasures of that Paradise:  
The wholsome Salge, and Lauender still gray,  
Ranke smelling Rue, and Cummin good for eyes,  
The Roses raising in the pride of May,  
Sharpe Sloe, good for Greene wounds remedies,  
Faire Marigolds, and Bees alluring Thyme,  
Sweet Marioram, and Daylies decking prime.

Goole

MVIOPOTMOS.

Coole Violets, and Orpine growing still,  
Embathed Balmie, and cheertull Galingale,  
Fresh Costmarie, and breathfull Camomill,  
Pill Poppy, and drinke quickning Setuale  
Vaine-healing Veruen, and head-purging Dill,  
Sound Sauorie, and Bazill barne-hale,  
Pill Colwort, and comforting Perselline,  
Cold Lettuce, and refreshing Rofmarine.

And whatso else of vertue good or ill  
Grew in this Garden, fetcht from farre away,  
Of euery one he takes, and tastes at will,  
And on their pleasures greedily doth pray.  
Then when he hath both plaid, and fed his fil,  
The warme Sonne he doth himselfe embay,  
And there him rests in riotous luth faunee  
Of all his gladfulls, and kingly ioyaunee.

What more felicitie can fall to creature,  
Then to enioy delight with liberty,  
And to be Lord of all the workes of Nature,  
To raigoe in th'aire from earth to highest sky,  
To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious feature,  
To take what euer thing doth please the eye:  
Who rests not pleased with such happinesse,  
Well worthy he to taste of wretchednesse.

What on earth can long abide in state?  
Or who can him assure of happy day:  
With morning faire may bring foule euening late,  
And least mishap the most blisse alter may:  
For thousand perills lie in close awaite  
About vs daily, to worke our decay:  
That none, except a God, or God him guide,  
May them auoyde, or remedy prouide.

And whatso heuens in their secret doome  
Ordained haue, how can fraille fleshly wight  
Pre-cast, but it must needs to issue come?  
The sea, the ayre, the fire, the day, the night,  
And th'armies of their creatures all and some  
Do serue to them, and with importune might  
Warre against vs the vassals of their wil.  
Who then can saue, what they dispose to spill?

Not thou, O CLARION, though fairest thou  
Of all thy kinde, vnhappy happy flie,  
Whole cruell fate is woven eu'n now  
Of IOVES owne hand, to worke thy miserie:  
Ne may thee help the many hartie vow,  
Which thy old Sire with sacred piety  
Hath powred forth for thee, and th'altars sprent:  
Nought may thee saue from heu'ens auengement.

It fortune (as heu'ens had bechight)  
That in this garden, where yong CLARION  
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight  
The foe of faire things, th'author of confusion,  
The shame of Nature, the bond slave of spight,  
Had lately built his harefull mansion,  
And lurking closely, in awate now lay,  
How he might any in his trap betray.

But when he spide the ioyous Butterflie  
In this faire plot displacing to and fro,  
Fearelesse of foes and hidden iopardie,  
Lord how he gan for to bestirre him tho,  
And to his wicked worke each part apply!  
His hart did yerne against his hated foe,  
And bowels so with rankling payson sweld,  
That scarce the skin the strong contagion held.

The cause why he this flie so maliced,  
Was (as in stories it is written found)  
For that his mother which him bore and bred,  
The most fine-bugred workwoman on ground,  
A RACHNE, by his meanes was vanquished  
OF PALLAS, and in her owne skill confound,  
When she with her for excellence contended,  
That wrought her shame, and sorrow neuer ended.

For the Tritonian Goddesse hauing hard  
Her blazed fame, which all the world had bld,  
Came downe to proue the truth, and due reward  
For her praise-worthy workmanship to yield:  
But the presumptuous Damzell rashly dar'd  
The Goddesse tose to chalenge to the field,  
And to compare with her in curious skill  
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

MINERVA did the challenge not refuse,  
But deign'd with her the paragon to make:  
So to their worke they sit, and each doth chuse  
What storie she will for her taper take.  
A RACHNE sign'd how IOVE did abuse  
EVROPA like a Bull, and on his back  
Her through the Sea did beare; so liuely scene,  
That it true Sea, and true Bull ye would weare.

Shee seem'd still backe vnto the land to looke,  
And her play-fellowes ayde to call, and feare  
The dashing of the waves, that vp she tooke  
Her dauntie feet, and garments gathered neare:  
But (Lord) how she in euery member shooke,  
When as the Land she saw no more appeare,  
But a wilde wilderness of waters deepe:  
Then gan she greatly to lament and weepe.

Before the Bull she pictur'd winged Loue,  
With his yong brother Spott, light fluttering  
Vpon the waues, as each had been a Dove;  
The one his bowe and filafes, the other spring  
A burning Teade about his head did moue,  
As in their Sires new loue both triumphing:  
And many Nymphes about them flocking round,  
And many Tritons which their hornes did found.

And round about, her worke she did empale  
With a faire border wrought of sundry flowres,  
Enwoven with an Iue-winding traile:  
A goodly worke, full fit for kingly bowres,  
Such as Dame PALLAS, such as Enue pale,  
That all good things with venemous tooth deuoures,  
Could not accuse. Then gan the Goddesse bright  
Her selfe likewise vnto her worke to dight.



MVIOPOTMOS.

She made the storie of the old debate,  
Which she with NAPTUNE did for Athens try:  
Twelve Gods do sit around in royall state,  
And IONA in midst with awfull Maestie,  
To iudge the strife between them stirred late:  
Each of the Gods by his like visnomie  
Eaeth to be knowne; but IONA about them all,  
By his great lookes and power Imperiall.

Before them stands the God of Seas in place,  
Clayming that sea-coast Citie as his right,  
And strikes the rocks with his three-forked mace;  
Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight,  
The signe by which he challengeth the place;  
That all the Gods, which saw his wondrous might,  
Did surely deeme the victorie his due:  
But seldome seene, foreiudgement proueth true.

Then to herselfe she giues her *Aegide* shield,  
And steel-head speare, and motion on her hedd,  
Such as she oft is seene in warlike field:  
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dredd  
Shee smote the ground, the which streight forth did  
A fruitfull Olyue tree, with berries spreadd, (yield  
That all the Gods admir'd; then all the storie  
She compass with a wreath of Olyues boarie.

Emongst these leaues she made a Butterflie  
With excellent deuice and wondrous sight,  
Fluttering among the Olyues wantonly,  
That seem'd to liue, so like it was in sight:  
The velvet nap which on his wings did lie,  
The silken dounce with which his backe is dight,  
His broad outstretched hornes, his ayrie thies,  
His glorious colours, and his glistering eyes.

Which when ARACHNE saw, as overlaid,  
And mistred with workmanship so rare,  
She stood astonied long, ne ought gainesayd,  
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare,  
And by her silence, signe of one dismayd,  
The victorie did yeeld her as her share:  
Yet did she inly fret, and felly burne,  
And all her blood to poisonous rancor turne.

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,  
Such as she was when PALLAS she attempted,  
She grew to hideous shape of dryribed,  
Pined with griefe of folly late repented:  
Eftsoones her white streight legs were altered  
To crooked crawling shanks, of marrowe emptied,  
And her faire face to foule and loathsome hewe,  
And her fine corpes to a bag of venom grewe.

This cursed creature, mindefull of that olde  
Infested grudge, the which his mother felt,  
So soone as CLARION he did behold,  
His hart with vengefull malice inly swelt;  
And weaving straight a net with many a fold  
About the caue, in which he lurking dwelt,  
With fine small cords about it stretched wide,  
So finely sponne, that scarce they could be spide,

Nor any damzell, which her vaunteth most  
In skilfull knitting of soft silken twine;  
Nor any weauer, which his worke doth boast  
In diaper, in damaske, or in lynes;  
Nor any skild in workmanship embost;  
Nor any skild in loupes of fingring fine,  
Might in their diuers cunning euer dare,  
With this so curious net worke to compare.

Ne doe I thinke, that that same subtile gin,  
The which the *Lemnian* God framde craftily,  
MARS sleeping with his wife to compasse in,  
That all the Gods with common mockerie  
Might laugh at them, and scorne their shamefull sin,  
Was like to this. This same he did apply,  
For to entrap the carelesse CLARION,  
That rang'd each where without suspition.

Suspicion of friend, nor feare of foe,  
That hazarded his health, had he at all,  
But walkt at will, and wandred to and fro,  
In the pride of his freedome principall:  
Little wist he his fatall future woe,  
But was secure, the liker he to fall.  
He likest is to fall into mischaunce,  
That is regardless of his gouernaunce.

Yet still ARACHNE (so his foe was hight)  
Lay lurking covertly him to surprise,  
And all his gins that him entangle might,  
Drest in good order as he could deuise.  
At length, the foolish Flie without foresight,  
As he that did all danger quite despise,  
Toward those parts came flying carelesly,  
Where hidden was his fatall enemy.

Who seeing him, with secret ioy therefore  
Did tickle inwardly in euery vaine,  
And his false hart fraught with all treasons store,  
Was fill'd with hope, his purpose to obtaine:  
Himselfe he close vpgathered more and more  
Into his den, that his deceitfull traine  
By his there being might not be bewraid,  
Ne any noyse, ne any motion made.

Like as a wily Foxe, that hauing spide,  
Where on a sunny bankethe Lambes doe play,  
Full closely creeping by the hinder side,  
Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,  
Ne stirreth limbe, till seeing readie tide,  
He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away  
One of the little yonglings vnawares:  
So to his worke ARACHNE him prepares.

Who now shall giue vnto my beaucie eyes  
A well of teares, that all may overflow?  
Or where shall I find lamentable cries,  
And mournfull tunes enough my griefe to show?  
Help O thou tragick Muse, me to deuise  
Notes sad enough, to expresse this bitter throw:  
For loe, the drerie stownd is now arriued,  
That of all happines hath vs depriued.

MVIOPOTMOS.

The lucklesse CLARION, whether cruell Fate,  
Or wicked Fortune faultles him mistled,  
Or some vngracious blast out of the gate,  
Or AEOLUS raine perforce him droue on hed,  
Was (O sad hap and houre vnfortunate!)  
With violent swift flight forth caried  
Into the curied cobweb, which his foe  
Had framed for his fiiall ouerthrowe.

There the fond Flie estangled, strugled long,  
Himselfe to free therout; but all in vaine.  
For struing more, the more in laces strong  
Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his winges twaine

In lymie soares the subtile loupes amoug;  
That in the ende he breathlesse did remaine,  
And all his youthly forces idly spent,  
Him to the mercy of th'auenger lent.

Which when the grieu'd tyrant did espy,  
Like a grumme Lyon rushing with fierce might  
Out of his den, he seized greedily  
On the resistles prey, and with fell spight,  
Vnder the left wing strooke his weapon lie  
Into his hart, that his deepe groaning spight  
In bloody streames forth fled into the aire,  
His bodie left the spectacle of care.

FINIS.

VISIONS







# VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE.

(\*)

**O**ne day, whiles that my daily cares did sleepe,  
My spirit, shaking off her earthly prison,  
Began to enter into meditation deepe  
Of things exceeding reach of common reason;  
Such as this age, in which all good is geason,  
And all that humble is and meane debaced,  
Hath brought forth in her last declining season,  
Griefe of good minds, to see goodnesse disgraced.  
On which when as my thought was thoroughly placed,  
Vnto my eyes strange shewes presented were,  
Picturing that, which I in mind embraced,  
That yet those sights empaffion me full nere.  
Such as they were (faire Lady) take in worth,  
That when time serues, may bring things better forth.

**2**  
In Summers day, when Phoebus fairly shone,  
I saw a Bull as white as driven snowe,  
With gilden hornes embowed like the Moone,  
In a fresh flowring meadow lying lowe:  
Vp to his eares the verdant grasse did growe,  
And the gay flowres did offer to be eaten;  
But he with farnesse so did ouer-flowe  
That he all wallowed in the weedes downe beaten,  
Ne ear'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten:  
Till that a Brize, a scorned little creature,  
Through his faire hide his angry sting did threaten,  
And vexed so sore, that all his goodly feature,  
And all his plentious pasture nought him pleased:  
So by the small, the great is oft diseased.

**3**  
Beside the fruitfull shore of muddy Nile,  
Vpon a sunnie bank outstretched lay

In monstrous length, a mightie Crocodile.  
That cramd with guiltles blood, and greedy pray  
Of wretched people trauieling that way,  
Thought all things lesse then his disdainfull pride.  
I saw a little Bird, call'd *Tedala*,  
The least of thousands which on earth abide,  
That forst this hideous beast to open wide  
The grieelly gates of his deuouring bell,  
And let him feede, as Nature doth prouide,  
Vpon his iawes, that with blacke venime swell.  
Why then should greatest things the least disdain,  
Sith that so small so mightie can constrain?

**4**  
The kingly Bird, that beares Ioue's thunder-clap,  
One day did scorne the simple Scarabee,  
Proud of his highest seruice, and good hap,  
That made all other Fowles his thralls to bee:  
The silly Flie, that no redresse did see,  
Spide where the Eagle built his tousing nest,  
And kindling fire within the hollow tree,  
Burnt vp his young ones, and himselfe distrest:  
Ne suffred him in any place to rest,  
But droue in Ioue's owne lap his eggs to lay;  
Where gathering also filth him to infect,  
Forst with the filth his eggs to fling away:  
For which when as the Fowle was wroth, *saide Ioue*,  
Lo how the least the greatest may reprove.

**5**  
Toward the Sea turning my troubled eye,  
I saw the fish (if fish I may in sleepe)  
That makes the sea before his face to flie,  
And with his flaggy finnes doth seeme to sweepe

The



## Visions of the worlds vanitie.

The fomic wanes out of the dreadfull deep,  
The huge Leviathan, dame Natures wonder,  
Making his sport, that many makes to weepe:  
A sword-fish small him from the rest did funder,  
That in his throat him pricking softly vnder,  
His wide Abyffe him forced forth to spewe,  
That all the sea did roare like heauens thunder,  
And all the waves were stain'd with filthy hewe.  
Heereby I learned haue, not to despise,  
What-euer thing seemes small in common eyes.

6

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,  
Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of speare,  
With shields of Brasse, that shone like burnisht gold,  
And forked sting, that death in it did beare,  
Stroue with a Spider, his vnequall peare:  
And bad defiance to his enemye.  
The subtil vermin creeping closely neare,  
Did in his drinke shed poyson priuile;  
Which through his entrailes spreading diuersly,  
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowels burst,  
And him enforst to yeeld the victorie,  
That did so much in his owne greatness trust.  
O how great vaine is it then to lorne  
The weakke, that hath the strong so oft forlorne!

7

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,  
Of wondrous length, and straight proportion,  
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe,  
Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,  
Her match in beautie was not any one.  
Shordy, within her inmost pith there bred  
A little wicked worme, perceiu'd of none,  
That on her sap and vitall moysture fed:  
Thenceforth her garland so much honoured  
Began to die, (O great ruth for the same)  
And her faire locks fell from her loffie head,  
That shortly bald, and bared she became.  
I, which this sight beheld, was much dismay'd,  
To see so goodly thing so soone decay'd.

8

Soone after this, I saw an Elephant,  
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeously,  
That on his backe did beare (as batteilant)  
A gilden towre, which shone exceedingly;  
That he himselfe through foolish vanitie,  
Both for his rich attire and goodly forme,  
Was puffed vp with passing turquedry,  
And shortly gan all other beasts to scorne.  
Till that a little Ant, a silly worme,  
Into his nostrills creeping, so him pained,  
That casting downe his towres, he did deforme  
Both borrowed pride, and native beautie stained.

Let therefore nought that great is, therein glory,  
Sith so small thing his happines may varie.

9

Looking farre forth into the Ocean wide,  
A goodly ship with banners brauely dight,  
And flagge in her top-gallant I espide,  
Through the maine sea making her merry flight:  
Faile blew the wind into her bosome right;  
And th'heavens looked louely all the while,  
That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,  
And at her owne felicitie did smile.  
All suddainly there cloued vnto her keele  
A little fish, that men call *Remora*,  
Which stopp'd her course, and held her by the heele,  
That winde nor tide could moue her thence away.  
Strange thing me seemeth, that so small a thing  
Should able be so great an one to wring.

10

A mightie Lyon, Lord of all the wood,  
Hauing his hunger throughly satisfide,  
With pray of beasts, and spoile of liuing blood,  
Safe in his dreadles den him thought to hide:  
His sternesse was his praise, his strength his pride,  
And all his glory in his cruell claws.  
I saw a Walpe, that fiercely him defide,  
And bad him battaile euen to his iawes:  
Sore he him stung, that it the blood forth drawes,  
And his proud hart is filld with fretting ire:  
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his pawes;  
And from his bloody eyes doth sparkle fire;  
That dead himselfe he wisheth for despight.  
So weakest may annoy the most of might.

11

What time the Romañe Empire bore the raine  
Of all the world, and florish't most in might,  
The Nations gan their soueraignie disdain,  
And cast to quit them from their bondage quight:  
So when all shrouded were in silent night,  
The Gallies were, by corrupting of a maid,  
Possess't nigh of the Capitoll through slight,  
Had not a Goole the treachery bewrayd.  
If then a Goole, great Rome from ruine stayd,  
And I o v e himselfe, the Patron of the place,  
Prefer'd from beeing to his foes betrayd,  
Why doe vaine men meane things so much deface,  
And in their might repose their most assurance,  
Sith nought on earth can challenge long endurance!

12

When these sad sights were over-past and gone,  
My spright was greatly moued in her rest,  
With inward ruth and deare affection,

T.

## The Visions of Bellay.

To see so great things by so small distress.  
Thenceforth I gan in my engriued brest  
To scorne all difference of great and small,  
Sith that the greatest often are oppress,  
And vnwares doe into danger fall.  
And ye, that read these ruines tragicall

Leame by their losse to loue the lowe degree,  
And if that fortune chaunce you vp to call  
To honours seat, forget not what you bee:  
For he that of himselfe is most secure,  
Shall finde his state most fickle and vnure.  
FINIS.



## THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

1

It was the time, when rest soft sliding downe  
From heauens hight into mens heauie eyes,  
In the forgetfulness of sleepe doth drowne  
The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries:  
Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare,  
On that great riuers banke, that runnes by Rome,  
Which calling me by name, bad me to reare  
My lookes to heauen, whence all good gifts doe come;  
And crying lowd, Loe now behold (quoth hee)  
What vnder this great temple placed is:  
Loe, all is nought but flying vanitee.  
So I that know this worlds inconstancies,  
Sith onely God surmounts all times decay,  
In God alone my confidence doth stay.

2

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,  
An hundred cubits high by iust assize,  
With hundreth pillours fronting faire the same,  
All wrought with Diamond after Dorick wize:  
Nor brick, nor marble was the wall in view,  
But shining crySTALL, which from top to base  
Out of her wombe a thousand rayons threw,  
One hundred steps of *Africke* gold's enchise.  
Golde was the Parget, and the feeling bright  
Did shine all fealy with great plates of gold;  
The floore of Iasp and Emeraude was dight.  
O worlds vaine isle! Whiles thus I did behold,

An earthquake shooke the hill from lowell seat,  
And ouerthrew this frame with ruine great.

3

Then did a sharped spyre of Diamond bright,  
Ten feet each way in square, appeare to mee,  
Iustly proportion'd vp vnto his hight,  
So faire as Archer might his lenel see:  
The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,  
Made of the metall which we all doe honour,  
And in this golden vessell couched were  
The ashes of a mightie Emperour.  
Vpon foure corners of the base were pight,  
To beare the frame, foure Lyons great of gold;  
A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight.  
Alas! this world doth nought but grievance hold.  
I saw a tempest from the heauen descend,  
Which this braue monument with flash did rend.

4

I saw rayde vp on luorio pillowes tall,  
Whose bases were of richest metalls warke,  
The chapters Alabaster, the fryles crySTALL.  
The double front of a triumphall Arke:  
On each side portraied was a Victorie,  
Clad like a Nymph, that wings of siluer weares,  
And in triumphant chayre was set on hie,  
The auncient glory of the Romañe Peeres.

No



## The Visions of Bellay.

No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,  
But rather wrought by his owne industry,  
That thunder-darts for lovs his fire doth sit,  
Let me no more see faire thing vnder sky,  
Sith that mine eyes haue seene so faire a sight  
With suddaine fall to dust consumed quight.

5

Then was the faire *Dodonian* tree farre seene,  
Vpon seauen hills to spread his glad some gleame,  
And Conquerours bedecked with his greene,  
Along the banks of the *Ansonian* streame:  
There many an auncient *Trophee* was addrest,  
And many a spoyle, and many a goodly show,  
Which that braue races greatnes did attest,  
That whilome from the *Trojan* bloud did flow.  
Raisht I was so rare a thing to view,  
When lo, a barbarous troupe of clownish fone  
The honour of these noble boughs downe threw,  
Vnder the wedge I heard the tronke to grone:  
And since I saw the roote in great disdaine  
A twinne of forked trees fend forth againe.

6

I saw a Wolfe vnder a rockie caue  
Nursing two whelps; I saw his little ones  
In wanton dalliance the teate to craue,  
While she her neck wreath'd from them for the nones:  
I saw her range abroad to seeke her food,  
And roming through the field with greedy rage  
T'embrew her teeth & claws with lukewarme bloud  
Of the small beads, her thirst for to assuage.  
I saw a thousand huntmen, which descended  
Downe from the mountaines bordering *Lombardie*,  
That with an hundred speares her flanke wide rended.  
I saw her on the *Plaine* outstretched lie,  
Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne soyle:  
Soone on a tree vphangd I saw her spoyle.

7

I saw the Bird that can the Sun endure,  
With feeble wings assay to mount on hight,  
By more and more she gan her wings assure,  
Following th' ensample of her mothers sight:  
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight  
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinnecons  
To measure the most haughty mountaines hight,  
Vntill she raught the Gods owne mansions:  
There was she lost, when suddaine I beheld,  
Where tumbling through the ayre in fire fold;  
All flaming downe she on the *Plaine* was feld,  
And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes cold.  
I saw the fowle that doth the light despise,  
Out of her dust like to a worme arise.

8

I saw a river swift, whose forme hollowes  
Did wash the ground-works of an old great wall:

I saw it couer'd all with grisly shadowes,  
That with black horror did the ayre appall:  
Thereout a strange beast with seauen heads arose,  
That townes and castles vnder her breast did coure,  
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes  
Alike with equall rauine to deuoure.  
Much was I mazde, to see this monsters kind  
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew,  
When as at length I saw the wrathfull wind,  
Which blows cold storms, burit out of *Scythian* mew,  
That spert these cloudes, and in so short as thought,  
This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought.

9

Then all astonied with this mightie ghost,  
An hideous body big and strong I sawe,  
With side-long beard, and locks down hanging loose,  
Sterne face, and front full of *Saturne*-like awe:  
Who leaning on the belly of a pot,  
Pound forth a water, whose out-gushing flood  
Ran bathing all the creakie shore about,  
Whereon the *Trojan* Prince spilt *Tyrus* blood;  
And at his feet a bitch-wolfe sucke did yield  
To two young babes: his left, the *Palme*-tree stout,  
His right hand did the peacefull *Oliue* wield,  
And head with *Laurell* garnisht was about,  
Sudden both *Palme* and *Oliue* fell away,  
And faire greene *Laurell* branch did quite decay.

10

Hard by a riuers side a virgin faire,  
Folding her armes to heauen with thousand throbs,  
And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,  
To falling riuers sound thus tun'd her sobbs.  
Where is (quoth she) this whilome honored face?  
Where the great glory and the ancient praise,  
In which all worlds felicitie had place,  
When Gods and men my honour vp did raise?  
Suffis'd it not that ciuill warres me made  
The whole worlds spoyle, but that this *Hydranew*,  
Of hundred *HERCVLES* to be assaid,  
With seauen heads, budding monstrous crimes anew,  
So many *HEROES* and *CALIGVLAS*  
Out of these crooked shores must daily raise?

11

Vpon an hill a bright flame I did see,  
Waung aloft with triple point to skie,  
Which like incense of precious Cedar tree,  
With balmie odours fill'd th' ayre farre and nie.  
A Bird all white, well feather'd on each wing,  
Hercout vp to the throne of Gods did flie,  
And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,  
Whilst in the smoake she vnto heauen did flie.  
Of this faire fire the scattered rayes forth threw  
On euerie side a thousand shining beames:

When

## The Visions of Bellay.

When sudden dropping of a siluer dew  
(O grieuous chance) gan quench those precious flames:  
That it which earli so pleasant sent did yeld,  
Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld.

12

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,  
As cleare as Crystall gainst the Sunny beames,  
The bottome yellow, like the golden grayle  
That bright *PACROLYS* washeth with his streames;  
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled  
All pleasures there, for which mans hart could long:  
And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled,  
Of many accords more sweet then Mermaids song:  
The scates and benches shone of *Iuorie*,  
And hundred Nymphes fate side by side about;  
When from nigh hills with hideous out-cry,  
A troupe of Satyres in the place did rout,  
Which with their villaine feet the streame did ray,  
Threw downe the seats, and droue the Nymphs away.

13

Much richer then that vessel seem'd to bee,  
Which did to that *Id* *Flortine* appeare,  
Casting mine eyes farre off, I chaunst to see,  
Vpon the *Latine* Coast herselfe to reare:  
But suddenly arose a tempest great,  
Bearing close enie to these riches rare,  
Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull threat,  
This ship, to which none other might compare.  
And finally the storme impetuous  
Sunke vp these riches, second vnto none,  
Within the gulfe of greedy *Nereus*.  
I saw both ship and mariners each one,

And all that treasure drowned in the maine:  
But I the ship saw after raisd againe.

14

Long haniug deeply gron'd these visions lid,  
I saw a Cittie like vnto that time,  
Which saw the messenger of *Idings* glad;  
But that on land was built the goodly frame:  
It seem'd her top the firmament did raise,  
And no lesse rich then faire, right worthie sure  
(If ought beere worthy) of immortal dayes,  
Or if ought vnder heauen might firme endure.  
Much wondred I to see so faire a wall:  
When from the Northerne coast a storme arose,  
Which breathing furie from his inward gall  
On all, which did against his courte oppose,  
Into a clowde of dust spert in the aire  
The weake foundations of this Cittie faire.

15

At length, euen at the time, when *MORPHEVS*  
Most trulie doth vnto our eyes appeare,  
Wearie to see the heauens still wauning thus,  
I saw *TYPHAEVS* sister comming neare;  
Whose head full brauely with a morion bidd,  
Did seeme to match the Gods in Maieslie.  
She by a riuers banke that swift downe slid,  
Over all the world did raise a *Trophee* hie;  
An hundred vanquishd Kings vnder her lay,  
With armes bound at their backs in shamefull wise;  
Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,  
I saw the heauens in warre against her rise:  
Then downe she stricken fell with clap of thonder,  
That with great noyse I wakke in sudden wonder.

FINIS.

M.







10



